

JULIUS CAESAR

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

By William Shakespeare

CAST

	CAESAR Julius Caesar, (later his GHOST) CALPURNIA, his wife
Triumvirs	OCTAVIUS Caesar, ANTONY, Mark Anthony LEPIDUS, Aemilius Lepidus
Senators	CICERO PUBLIUS POPILIUS Lena
Tribunes	FLAVIUS MARULLUS
Conspirators	BRUTUS, Marcus Brutus, chief conspirator PORTIA, wife to Brutus CASSIUS, Caius Cassius CASCA TREBONIUS LIGARIUS Caius Ligarius DECIUS Brutus METELLUS Cimber CINNA
Their Friends	LUCILIUS TITINIUS MESSALA YOUNG CATO VOLUMNIUS
Servants to Brutus	VARRO CLITUS CLAUDIUS STRATO LUCIUS DARDANIUS
Servant to Cassius	PINDARUS SERVANT to Caesar SERVANT to Octavius SERVANT to Antony ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric SOOTHSAYER CINNA, a Poet POET another poet COBBLER CARPENTER MESSENGER CITIZEN, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and others SOLDIER, serving Cassius and Brutus 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and others SOLDIER, serving Octavius and Caesar 1st, 2nd, and others

Scene: During a great part of the play at Rome; afterwards near Sardis, and near Philippi.

ACT 1.

Scene 1. Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, a COBBLER, a CARPENTER, and certain other COMMONERS over the stage.

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

1st Citizen 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?

2nd Citizen 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.

2nd Citizen 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?

2nd Citizen Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2nd Citizen Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2nd Citizen Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

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

2nd Citizen 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
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 climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a 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

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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 the COMMONERS.

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

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 plucked from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt

Scene 2. Rome. A Public Place.

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY stripped for the course, CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, a SOOTHSAYER, and a great CROWD; after them MARULLUS and FLAVIUS.

Caesar Calpurnia!

Casca Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Caesar Calpurnia!

Calpurnia Here, my lord.

Caesar Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. - Antonius!

Antony Caesar, my lord?

Caesar Forget not, in you speed, Antonius,
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 performed.

Caesar Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[Music.
Soothsayer Caesar!

Caesar Ha! Who calls?

Casca Bid every noise be still! Peace yet again!
[Music ceases.

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

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

Caesar What man is that?

Brutus A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caesar Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caesar What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

Caesar He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.
[Sennet.

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 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 veiled 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 behaviours;
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 wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself

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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 laughter, 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 honour in one eye and death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius I know that virtue be in you, Brutus,
As well as I know your outward favour.
Well, honour 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 "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon my word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow. So indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
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 colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. 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",

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As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such 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 honours that are heaped on Caesar.
- Cassius Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable 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 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 talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed 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 brooked
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
- Brutus That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
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

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Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cassius Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caesar Antonius!

Antony Caesar?

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

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

Caesar Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
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 mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what it is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[Sennet.

Exeunt CAESAR and his TRAIN.

Casca You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Brutus Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today
That Caesar looks so sad.

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 a-shouting.

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, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at
every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius Who offered him the crown?

Casca Why, Antony.

Brutus Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It 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 have 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

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still he refused it the rabblement shouted, 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 Caesar swoon?
- Casca He fell down in the market-place, 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 tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
- 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 I had been a man of my 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.
- Cassius Did Cicero say anything?
- Casca Ay, he spoke Greek.
- Cassius To what effect?
- Casca Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i'th' 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 I could remember it.
- Cassius Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?
- Casca No, I am promised forth.
- Cassius Will you dine with me tomorrow?
- Casca Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
- Cassius Good; I will expect you.
- Casca Do so. Farewell, both.
- 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 honourable metal 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 humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
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

Scene 3. Rome. A Street.

Thunder and lightning.

Enter CASCA with his sword drawn, and CICERO, meeting.

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

Casca Are you not 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
Th' 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 joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides - I ha' not since put up my sword -
Against the Capitol I met a lion
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 market-place,
Hooting 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?

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

Cicero Good night then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

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 walked about the streets
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

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 eruptions are.

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

Cassius Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! - our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits.
Or 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,

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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 armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca You speak to Casca, and to such a man
There 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 furthest.

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 honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour'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 stayed for, Cinna?

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

Cassius Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

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

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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 offence 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
We will awake him and be sure of him.

Exeunt

ACT 2.

Scene 1. Rome. The Home of Brutus.

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 Called you, my lord?

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

Lucius I will, my lord.

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 crowned.
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.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, so to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
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 colour 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, hatched, 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
This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[He 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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[Knock 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 No, sir, there are more with him.

Brutus Do you know them?

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

Brutus Let 'em enter.

Exit LUCIUS.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st 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, 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.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cassius Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours 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?
[BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper apart.

Decius He lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Casca No.

Cinna O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey 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 valour
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 th' 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 passed from him.

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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Casca Let us not leave him out.

Cinna No, by no means.

Metellus O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase 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 touched but only Caesar?

Cassius Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
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 called 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 ingrafted love he bears 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;

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol today.

Decius Never fear that. If he be so resolved
I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
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 humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

Brutus By the eighth hour: - is that the uttermost?

Cinna Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus 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, fiends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
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. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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 humours
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;
You have some sick offence within your mind
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of;
[She kneels.
and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia [Rising] I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
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 I be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia If this were true then I should 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 fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
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,

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.

Exit PORTIA.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS, with LIGARIUS with a kerchief about his head.

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

Brutus Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside.

Exit LUCIUS.

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 of the name of honour.

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.
[Removing the kerchief.
Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable 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 we must 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.
[Thunder.
Brutus Follow me then.

Exeunt

Scene 2. Rome. A Room in 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,

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Calpurnia Caesar, I never 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 yawned and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought 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,
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 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 littered 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.
[Kneeling] Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
[CALPURNIA rises.]

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 stretched 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 laughed at when I tell them so.

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

Decius This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, 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 rendered for someone to say
"Break up the Senate till another time
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams".
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius Good morrow, Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Caesar Welcome, Publius.
 What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?
 Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
 Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is't o'clock?

Brutus Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caesar I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

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

Antony So to most noble Caesar.

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 earns to think upon.

Exeunt

Scene 3. Rome. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, with a paper.

Artemidorus [Reads] "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 mayst live;
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Exit

Scene 4. Another Part of the same Street. Before Brutus' House.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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.
[Aside] O constancy, be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
- 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 hear a bustling rumour, like a fray;
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter 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
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 crown 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.
[Aside] Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of a woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thy enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me.
[To LUCIUS] 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,

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt severally.

ACT 3.

Scene 1. Rome. Before the Capitol.

Enter, at one door, CITIZENS, ARTEMIDORUS, and the SOOTHSAYER.

[Flourish]

Enter, at another door, CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and SENATORS.

Caesar The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

Artemidorus Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Decius Trebonyus doth desire you to o'erread,
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 this fellow mad?

Publius Sirrah, give place.

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

CAESAR enters the Capitol, the REST following.

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 wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark 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 Trebonyus 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 go
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Brutus He is addressed. Press near and second him.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cinna Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

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

Metellus [Kneeling]
Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart -

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

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

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

Caesar What, Brutus?

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

Caesar I could be well moved if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world, 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna [Kneeling] O Caesar -

Caesar Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius [Kneeling] Great Caesar -

Caesar Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca Speak, hands, for me!
[They stab CAESAR.]

Caesar Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar!
[Dies.]

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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cassius Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Exeunt SENATORS and CITIZENS in confusion.

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.

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 market-place,
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 called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius What, shall we forth?

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

Enter Antony's SERVANT.

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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Servant [Kneeling] Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
 Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
 Say I feared Caesar, honoured 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 honour,
 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,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die.
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As by our hands and this our present act
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done.
 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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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 bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

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 pricked in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

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

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Brutus [Aside to CASSIUS] 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 that Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

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

Brutus Mark Antony, here take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
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,
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 quartered 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 Octavius's 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!

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;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 Into the market-place. 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.

Scene 2. Rome. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with the PLEBIANS.

Plebian 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.

1st Plebian I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Plebian I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit CASSIUS, with some of the PLEBIANS.
 [BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.

3rd Plebian 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 honour, and have respect to mine honour, 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 liv-
 ing, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As
 Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was
 valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his
 love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; 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.

Plebian 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 extenu-
 ated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences 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.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Plebian Live, Brutus! Live, live!

1st Plebian Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2nd Plebian Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd Plebian Let him be Caesar.

4th Plebian Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1st Plebian We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus My countrymen -

2nd Plebian Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Plebian Peace, ho!

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

Exit

1st Plebian Stay, ho! - and let us hear Mark Antony.

3rd Plebian 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 up into the pulpit.
4th Plebian What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Plebian He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4th Plebian 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1st Plebian This Caesar was a tyrant.

3rd Plebian Nay, that's certain.
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Plebian Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony You gentle Romans -

Plebian 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 answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest -
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable 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 honourable 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;

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable 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 honourable 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.

1st Plebian Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Plebian If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Caesar has had great wrong.

3rd Plebian Has he, masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in this place.

4th Plebian Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Plebian If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Plebian Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3rd Plebian There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4th Plebian 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 honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable 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 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.

And they would go and kiss

4th Plebian We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Plebian 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?

4th Plebian Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony.
 You shall read us the will. Caesar's will!

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

4th Plebian They were traitors. Honourable men!

Plebian The will! The testament!

2nd Plebian 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?

Plebian Come down.

2nd Plebian Descend.

3rd Plebian You shall have leave.
[ANTONY comes down.
4th Plebian A ring. Stand round.

1st Plebian Stand from the hearse! Stand from the body!

2nd Plebian Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

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

Plebian 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 stabbed,
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
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 flourished 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, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1st Plebian O piteous spectacle!

2nd Plebian O noble Caesar!

3rd Plebian O woeful day!

4th Plebian O traitors, villains!

1st Plebian O most bloody sight!

2nd Plebian We will be revenged.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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

Antony Stay, countrymen.

1st Plebian Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2nd Plebian 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 honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 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 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.

Plebian We'll mutiny.

1st Plebian We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Plebian Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

Antony Yet hear me countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Plebian Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

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

Plebian 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.

2nd Plebian Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

3rd Plebian O royal Caesar!

Antony Hear me with patience.

Plebian Peace, ho!

Antony Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever - common pleasures
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

1st Plebian 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.

2nd Plebian Go fetch fire.

3rd Plebian Pluck down benches.
 4th Plebian Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
Exeunt PLEBIANS with the body.
 Antony Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;
 Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter Octavius's SERVANT.

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
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
 Antony Belike they had some notice of the people,
 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt

Scene 3. Rome. 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 PLEBIANS.

1st Plebian What is your name?
 2nd Plebian Whither are you going?
 3rd Plebian Where do you dwell?
 4th Plebian Are you a married man or a bachelor?
 2nd Plebian Answer every man directly.
 1st Plebian Ay, and briefly.
 4th Plebian Ay, and wisely.
 3rd Plebian 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.
 2nd Plebian 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.
 1st Plebian As a friend or an enemy?
 Cinna As a friend.
 2nd Plebian That matter is answered directly.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

4th Plebian For your dwelling, briefly.

Cinna Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3rd Plebian Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna Truly, my name is Cinna.

1st Plebian Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

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

4th Plebian Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4th Plebian It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3rd Plebian Tear him, tear him!
[The PLEBIANS attack CINNA.
Come, brands, ho! Fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'! Burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

Exeunt the PLEBIANS with CINNA.

ACT 4.

Scene 1. Rome. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.

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

Octavius Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus I do consent.

Octavius Prick him down, Antony.

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 threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

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

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

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

Antony So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
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 stretched;
And let us presently go sit in council

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1st Soldier Stand!

2nd Soldier Stand!

3rd 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 Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Scene 3.

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

Brutus You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

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

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

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

Brutus The name of Cassius honours 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 touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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.

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

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 frighted when a madman stares?

Cassius O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Brutus All this? Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break.
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? 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 You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in you threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold - which you denied me -
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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 answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock some 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 aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
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 be'st 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 loved'st him better
Than ever thou loved'st Cassius.
- Brutus Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
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-tempered vexeth him?
- Brutus When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
- Cassius Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
- Brutus And my heart too.
- Cassius O Brutus -
- Brutus What's the matter?
- Cassius Have you not love enough to bear with me
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Brutus Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are overearnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a POET, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

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

Lucilius You shall not come to them.

Poet Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cassius How now! What's the matter?

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

Cassius Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

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

Cassius Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus I'll know his humour 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 I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

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

Cassius And died so?

Brutus Even so.

Cassius O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Brutus Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
 In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
 [He drinks.
Cassius My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
 Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
 [He drinks.

Exit LUCIUS.

 Brutus Come in, Titinius!

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 tenor.

Brutus With what addition?

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

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

Cassius Cicero one?

Messala Cicero is dead,
 And by that order of proscription.
 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.

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.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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 offence, whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand in but 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 refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do not 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 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, every one.

Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

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?

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Varro Calls my lord?

Brutus I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

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

Brutus I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Lucius I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile
And touch the 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.
[LUCIUS plays and sings, falling asleep as he does so.

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous 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 turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

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 any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus Why com'st thou?

Ghost To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus Well, then I shall see thee again?

Ghost Ay, at Philippi.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Lucius The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus He thinks he is still at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Lucius My lord?

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

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

Brutus Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Lucius Nothing, my lord.

Brutus Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[To VARRO] Fellow thou, awake!

Varro My lord?

Claudius My lord?

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

Varro &

Claudius Did we, my lord?

Brutus Ay; saw you anything?

Varro No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius Nor I, my lord.

Brutus Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro &

Claudius It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt

ACT 5.

Scene 1. 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.

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.

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;
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 stolen their buzzing, Antony,

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And very wisely threat before you sting.

- Antony Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!
- Cassius Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so today
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 honourable.
- Cassius A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Joined with a masquer and a reveller!
- 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 Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark;
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
- Brutus Ho, Lucilius! Hark, a word with you.
- Lucilius My lord?
[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS stand apart.
Cassius Messala!
- Messala What says my general?
- Cassius Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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
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.
For ever, and for ever, 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

Scene 2. The Plains of Philippi. 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 demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala! Let them all come down.

Exeunt

Scene 3. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums.

Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
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 not'st 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.
[To PINDARUS] 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.
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.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.
[PINDARUS stabs him.

Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed 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 will well comfort Cassius.

Messala Where did you leave him?

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

Messala Is that not he that lies upon the ground?

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

Messala Is that not 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 com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Titinius What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go 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;

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' Heart.
[Kills himself.]

Alarum.

Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

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 crowned dead Cassius.]

Brutus Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt

Scene 4. Another part of the field.

Alarum.

Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, LUCILIUS, and FLAVIUS.

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

Exeunt BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIUS.

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!

Enter SOLDIERS, and fight.

Lucilius And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, !!
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[CATO is overpowered, and dies.]

Lucilius O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honoured, being Cato's son.

1st Soldier Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius Only I yield to die.
[Offering money]
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.

1st Soldier We must not. A noble prisoner!

2nd Soldier Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

Enter ANTONY.

1st Soldier I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.
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 whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.

Exeunt, with Cato's body.

Scene 5. Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

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

Clitus Statilius showed the torchlight, but, my lord,
He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[Whispers to him.]

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 to him.]
Dardanius Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus O Dardanius!

Dardanius O Clitus!
[CLITUS and DARDANIUS stand apart.]

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?

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Brutus Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius Not so, my lord.

Brutus 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;
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 that 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 laboured 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 good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour 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. Caesar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[He runs on his sword, and 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 honour 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?

JULIUS CAESAR BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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 mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

Octavius According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt
