
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR
(1599)



by William Shakespeare

Styled by LimpidSoft

CONTENTS

Dramatis Personae	1
ACT I	3
SCENE I	3
SCENE II	4
SCENE III	7
ACT II	11
SCENE I	11
SCENE II	14
SCENE III	16
SCENE IV	16
ACT III	19
SCENE I	19
SCENE II	22
SCENE III	25
ACT IV	27
SCENE I	27
SCENE II	27
SCENE III	28
ACT V	33
SCENE I	33
SCENE II	34
SCENE III	34
SCENE IV	36
SCENE V	36

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John Redmond
Sydney, Australia

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JULIUS CAESAR, Roman statesman and general

OCTAVIUS, Triumvir after Caesar's death, later Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome

MARK ANTONY, general and friend of Caesar, a Triumvir after his death

LEPIDUS, third member of the Triumvirate

MARCUS BRUTUS, leader of the conspiracy against Caesar

CASSIUS, instigator of the conspiracy

Conspirators against Caesar:

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

CAIUS LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA.

CALPURNIA, wife of Caesar

PORTIA, wife of Brutus

Senators:

CICERO,

POPILIUS,

POPILIUS LENA.

Tribunes:

FLAVIUS,

MARULLUS.

Supporters of Brutus:

CATO,

LUCILIUS,

TITINIUS,

MESSALA,

VOLUMNIUS.

ARTEMIDORUS, a teacher of rhetoric

CINNA, a poet

Servants to Brutus:

VARRO,

CLITUS,

CLAUDIO,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS,

PINDARUS.

The Ghost of Caesar

A Soothsayer

A Poet

Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Commoners, Messengers, and Servants

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE: ROME, THE CONSPIRATORS'
CAMP NEAR SARDIS, AND THE PLAINS
OF PHILIPPI

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners

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

FIRST COMMONER Why, sir, a carpenter

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

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

MARULLUS But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly

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

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

SECOND COMMONER Nay, I beseech you, sir,
be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can
mend you.

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

SECOND COMMONER Why, sir, cobble you

FLAVIUS Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

FLAVIUS But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

MARULLUS Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

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

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

Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

Exeunt all Commoners

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

MARULLUS May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A public place. Flourish
Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia,
Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and
Casca; a great crowd follows, among them a
Soothsayer

CAESAR Calpurnia!

CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks
Music ceases

CAESAR Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA Here, my lord

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

ANTONY Caesar, my lord?

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

ANTONY I shall remember
 When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

CAESAR Set on, and leave no ceremony out

SOOTHSAYER Caesar!

CAESAR Ha! Who calls?

CASCA Bid every noise be still

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

SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March

CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS A soothsayer you beware the ides of
 March

CAESAR Set him before me let me see his face

CASSIUS Fellow, come from the throng; look
 upon Caesar

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

SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March

CAESAR He is a dreamer; let us leave him
Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius

CASSIUS Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS Not I

CASSIUS I pray you, do

BRUTUS I am not gamesome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
 I'll leave you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Flourish and shout

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

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

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

CASSIUS I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow. So indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
I, as Aeneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods! It doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone. Shout. sdFlourish

BRUTUS Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Caesar.

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

The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS Casca will tell us what the matter is

CAESAR Antonio!

ANTONY Caesar?

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

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

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

CASCA You pull'd me by the cloak; would you
speak with me?

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

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

BRUTUS I should not then ask Casca what had
chanced

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

BRUTUS What was the second noise for?

CASCA Why, for that too

CASSIUS They shouted thrice

CASCA Why, for that too

BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA Ay, marry, wast, and he put it by thrice,

every time gentler than other, and at every putting
by mine honest neighbors shouted.

CASSIUS Who offered him the crown?

CASCA Why, Antony

BRUTUS Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca

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

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

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

BRUTUS 'Tis very like

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

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

BRUTUS What said he when he came unto
himself?

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

BRUTUS And after that he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA Ay

CASSIUS Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA Ay, he spoke Greek

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you
i' the face again; but those that understood him

smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if could remember it.

CASSIUS Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA No, I am promised forth

CASSIUS Will you dine with me tomorrow?

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

CASSIUS Good, I will expect you

CASCA Do so, farewell, both

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
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

Exit Brutus

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

*A street. Thunder and lightning.
Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword
drawn, and Cicero*

CICERO Good even, Casca
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

CASCA Are not you moved, when all the sway of
earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

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

CICERO Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

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

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

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

CICERO Good then, Casca
Is not to walk in.

CASCA Farewell, Cicero
Enter Cassius

CASSIUS Who's there?

CASCA A Roman

CASSIUS Casca, by your voice

CASCA Your ear is good

CASSIUS A very pleasing night to honest men

CASCA Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS I know where I will wear this dagger then:

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

CASCA So can I
So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?

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

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

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

Enter Cinna

CASCA Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste

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

CINNA To find out you

CASSIUS No, it is Casca, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA I am glad on't
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS Am I not stay'd for? Tell me

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

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

CINNA All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre

Exit Cinna

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

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

CASSIUS Him and his worth and our great need of
him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. *Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I

Enter Brutus in his orchard

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

Enter Lucius

LUCIUS Call'd you, my lord?

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

LUCIUS I will, my lord

BRUTUS It must be by his death, and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder
And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power, and, to speak truth of
Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow
mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius

LUCIUS The taper burneth in your closet, sir
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter

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

LUCIUS I know not, sir

BRUTUS Look in the calendar and bring me word

LUCIUS I will, sir

BRUTUS The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

Opens the letter and reads

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see
thyself!
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out.
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius

LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days
Knocking within

BRUTUS 'Tis good

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 pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

BRUTUS Let 'em enter

They are the faction. O Conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability;

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Cinna,

Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius

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

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

CASSIUS Yes, every man of them, and no man
here

But honors you, and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS He is welcome hither

CASSIUS This, Decius Brutus

BRUTUS He is welcome too

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

BRUTUS They are all welcome

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper*

DECIUS Here lies the east

CASCA No

CINNA O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yongrey lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA You shall confess that you are both
deceived

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS Give me your hands all over, one by one

CASSIUS And let us swear our resolution

BRUTUS No, not an oath

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse-
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word
And will not palter? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CASSIUS But what of Cicero? Shall we sound
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA Let us not leave him out

CINNA No, by no means

METELLUS O, let us have him, for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS O, name him not; let us not break with
him,

For he will never follow anything

That other men begin.

CASSIUS Then leave him out

CASCA Indeed he is not fit

DECIUS Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Caesar?

CASSIUS Decius, well urged

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,

Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all, which to prevent,

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs

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

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

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

TREBONIUS There is no fear in him-let him not
 die,
 For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
Clock strikes

BRUTUS Peace, count the clock

CASSIUS The clock hath stricken three

TREBONIUS 'Tis time to part

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

DECIUS Never fear that
 I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work;
 For I can give his humor the true bent,

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

BRUTUS By the eighth hour

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
 And, friends, 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
 Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry waiter of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

PORTIA Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS Why, so I do

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

BRUTUS Kneel not, gentle Portia

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

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

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

BRUTUS O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! Knocking
within.
Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. (*Exit Portia*) Lucius, who's
that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius

LUCIUS Here is a sick man that would speak with
you

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

LIGARIUS Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue

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

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

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

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

BRUTUS A piece of work that will make sick men
whole

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

BRUTUS That must we also
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

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

BRUTUS Follow me then

SCENE II

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

CAESAR Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
tonight

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant

SERVANT My lord?

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

SERVANT I will, my lord
Enter Calpurnia

CALPURNIA What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house today.

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

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

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

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

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

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?

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

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

CALPURNIA Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today. Call it my fear

That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
And he shall say you are not well today.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

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

Enter Decius

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Caesar!

I come to fetch you to the Senate House.

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

CALPURNIA Say he is sick

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

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

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

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

CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it

DECIUS I have, when you have heard what I can
say
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for someone to say
"Break up the Senate till another time,

When Caesar's wife shall meet with better
dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

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

PUBLIUS Good morrow, Caesar
CAESAR Welcome, Publius
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis stricken eight
CAESAR I thank you for your pains and courtesy
Enter Antony
See, Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY 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
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
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! Exeunt.

SCENE III

A street near the Capitol.
Enter Artemidorus, reading paper.

ARTEMIDORUS
"Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye
to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well
Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee
not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.
There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not

immortal, look about you. Security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods
defend thee!
Thy lover, Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. *Exit*

SCENE IV

*Another part of the same street, before the house
of Brutus.
Enter Portia and Lucius*

PORTIA I prithee, boy, run to the Senate House;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
LUCIUS To know my errand, madam
PORTIA I would have had thee there, and here
again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
LUCIUS Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
PORTIA Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS I hear none, madam
PORTIA Prithee, listen well
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
LUCIUS Sooth, madam, I hear nothing
Enter the Soothsayer

PORTIA Come hither, fellow;
Which way hast thou been?
SOOTHSAYER At mine own house, good lady
PORTIA What is't o'clock?
SOOTHSAYER About the ninth hour, lady
PORTIA Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
SOOTHSAYER Madam, not yet
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
PORTIA Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou
not?
SOOTHSAYER That I have, lady

To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

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

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

PORTIA I must go in
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt severally

ACT III

SCENE I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people, among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others

CAESAR The ides of March are come

SOOTHSAYER Ay, Caesar, but not gone

A HAIL, CAESAR! READ THIS SCHEDULE

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

ARTEMIDORUS O Caesar, read mine first, for
mine's a suit

That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR What touches us ourself shall be last
served

ARTEMIDORUS Delay not, Caesar; read it
instantly

CAESAR What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS Sirrah, give place

CASSIUS What, urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol.

Caesar goes up to the Senate House, the rest follow

POPILIUS I wish your enterprise today may thrive

CASSIUS What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS Fare you well
Advances to Caesar

BRUTUS What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS He wish'd today our enterprise might
thrive

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS Look, how he makes to Caesar

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

BRUTUS Cassius, be constant

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS Trebonius knows his time, for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt Antony and Trebonius

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

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

CINNA Casca, you are the first that rears your hand

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

METELLUS Most high, most mighty, and most
puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart. *Kneels*

CAESAR I must prevent thee, Cimber
These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men

And turn preordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools- I mean sweet

words,

Low-crooked court'sies, and base

spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished.

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS Is there no voice more worthy than
my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR What, Brutus?

CASSIUS Pardon, Caesar! Caesar, pardon!

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

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

CINNA O Caesar-

CAESAR Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS Great Caesar-

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA Speak, hands, for me!

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

CAESAR Et tu, Brute?— Then fall, Caesar! *Dies*

CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

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

BRUTUS People and senators, be not affrighted,
 Fly not, stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA Go to the pulpit, Brutus

DECIUS And Cassius too

BRUTUS Where's Publius?

CINNA Here, quite confounded with this mutiny

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

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

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

BRUTUS Do so, and let no man abide this deed
 But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius

CASSIUS Where is Antony?

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

BRUTUS Fates, we will know your pleasures
 That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time

And drawing days out that men stand upon.

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

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

CASSIUS Stoop then, and wash
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

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

CASSIUS So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd
 The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS What, shall we forth?

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

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

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

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

SERVANT I'll fetch him presently

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

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

BRUTUS O Antony, beg not your death of us!
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act
 You see we do, yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done.
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome-
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity-
 Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
 Antony;
 Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

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

ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
 Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good
 Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all- alas, what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true!
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! In the presence of thy corpse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart,
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethé.
 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 prick'd in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY Therefore I took your hands, but was
 indeed
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on
 Caesar.
 Friends am I with you all and love you all,
 Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

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

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

BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony

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

BRUTUS By your pardon,
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Caesar shall
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS I know not what may fall; I like it not

BRUTUS Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body

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

ANTONY Be it so,
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS Prepare the body then, and follow us
Exeunt all but Antony

ANTONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,
And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT I do, Mark Antony

ANTONY Caesar did write for him to come to Rome

SERVANT He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth-
O Caesar! *Sees the body*

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

SERVANT He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome

ANTONY Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanced

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile,
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt with Caesar's body*

SCENE II

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens

CITIZENS We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS Then follow me and give me audience, friends
Cassius, go you into the other street
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN I will hear Brutus speak

SECOND CITIZEN I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
Exit Cassius, with some Citizens
Brutus goes into the pulpit

THIRD CITIZEN The noble Brutus is ascended

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

ALL None, Brutus, none

BRUTUS Then none have I offended than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is

enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated,
wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses
enforced, for which he suffered death.
Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body
Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony,
who, though he had no hand in his death, shall
receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the
commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With
this I depart— that, as I slew my best lover for the
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL Live, Brutus, live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN Bring him with triumph home
unto his house

SECOND CITIZEN Give him a statue with his
ancestors

THIRD CITIZEN Let him be Caesar

FOURTH CITIZEN Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

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

BRUTUS My countrymen—

SECOND CITIZEN Peace! Silence! Brutus
speaks

FIRST CITIZEN Peace, ho!

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

FIRST CITIZEN Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark
Antony

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

ANTONY For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you
Goes into the pulpit

FOURTH CITIZEN What does he say of Brutus?

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

FOURTH CITIZEN 'Twere best he speak no harm
of Brutus here

FIRST CITIZEN This Caesar was a tyrant

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

SECOND CITIZEN Peace! Let us hear what
Antony can say

ANTONY You gentle Romans—

ALL Peace, ho! Let us hear him

ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears!

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

FIRST CITIZEN Methinks there is much reason
in his sayings

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

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

FOURTH CITIZEN Mark'd ye his words? He
would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN If it be found so, some will dear
abide it

SECOND CITIZEN Poor soul, his eyes are red as
fire with weeping

THIRD CITIZEN There's not a nobler man in
Rome than Antony

FOURTH CITIZEN Now mark him, he begins
again to speak

ANTONY But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! If I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament-
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read-
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's
 wounds
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN We'll hear the will

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

ANTONY Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
 read it;

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

FOURTH CITIZEN Read the will; we'll hear it,
 Antony

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

ANTONY Will you be patient? Will you stay
 awhile?

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

FOURTH CITIZEN They were traitors

ALL The will! The testament!

SECOND CITIZEN They were villains,
 murderers
 Read the will!

ANTONY You will compel me then to read the
 will?

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

ALL Come down

SECOND CITIZEN Descend
He comes down from the pulpit

THIRD CITIZEN You shall have leave

FOURTH CITIZEN A ring, stand round

FIRST CITIZEN Stand from the hearse, stand
 from the body

SECOND CITIZEN Room for Antony, most

noble Antony

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

ALL Stand back; room, bear back!

ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them
 now

You all do know this mantle. I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty
 heart,
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN O noble Caesar!

THIRD CITIZEN O woeful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN O traitors villains!

FIRST CITIZEN O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN We will be revenged

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

ANTONY Stay, countrymen

FIRST CITIZEN Peace there! Hear the noble
 Antony

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

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honorable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it. They are wise and
 honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend, and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL We'll mutiny

FIRST CITIZEN We'll burn the house of Brutus

THIRD CITIZEN Away, then! Come, seek the
 conspirators

ANTONY Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
 speak

ALL Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

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

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

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

SECOND CITIZEN Most noble Caesar! We'll
 revenge his death

THIRD CITIZEN O royal Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience

ALL Peace, ho!

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

FIRST CITIZEN Never, never
 We'll burn his body in the holy place
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN Go fetch fire

THIRD CITIZEN Pluck down benches

FOURTH CITIZEN Pluck down forms, windows,
 anything

Exeunt Citizens with the body

ANTONY Now let it work
 Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow?

SERVANT Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome

ANTONY Where is he?

SERVANT He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house

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

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

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

SCENE III

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet

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

Enter Citizens

FIRST CITIZEN What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN Are you a married man or a
 bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN Answer every man directly

FIRST CITIZEN Ay, and briefly

FOURTH CITIZEN Ay, and wisely

THIRD CITIZEN Ay, and truly, you were best

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

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

CINNA Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral

FIRST CITIZEN As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA As a friend

SECOND CITIZEN That matter is answered

directly

FOURTH CITIZEN For your dwelling, briefly

CINNA Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol

THIRD CITIZEN Your name, sir, truly

CINNA Truly, my name is Cinna

FIRST CITIZEN Tear him to pieces, he's a
conspirator

CINNA I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet

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

CINNA I am not Cinna the conspirator

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

THIRD CITIZEN Tear him, tear him! Come,
brands, ho, firebrands Brutus', to Cassius'; burn
all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's,
some to Ligarius'. Away, go! *Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I

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

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

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

LEPIDUS I do consent-

OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony

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

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

LEPIDUS What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS Or here, or at the Capitol

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

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

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

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

ANTONY So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

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

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

SCENE II

*Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent. Drum.
Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers;
Titinius and Pindarus meet them*

BRUTUS Stand, ho!

LUCILIUS Give the word, ho, and stand

BRUTUS What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?

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

BRUTUS He greets me well
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

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

BRUTUS He is not doubted
How he received you. Let me be resolved.

LUCILIUS With courtesy and with respect
enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

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

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

CASSIUS Stand, ho!

BRUTUS Stand, ho! Speak the word along

FIRST SOLDIER Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER Stand!

THIRD SOLDIER Stand!

CASSIUS Most noble brother, you have done me
 wrong

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

CASSIUS Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
 wrongs,
 And when you do them-

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

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

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

SCENE III

Brutus' tent.
Enter Brutus and Cassius

CASSIUS That you have wrong'd me doth appear
 in this:
 You have condemn'd 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 wrong'd yourself to write in such a
 case

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS Chastisement?

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

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

BRUTUS Go to, you are not, Cassius

CASSIUS I am

BRUTUS I say you are not

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

BRUTUS Away, slight man!

CASSIUS Is't possible?

BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak
 Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

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

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

When you are waspish.

CASSIUS Is it come to this?

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

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

BRUTUS If you did, I care not

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

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

CASSIUS I durst not?

BRUTUS No

CASSIUS What, durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS For your life you durst not

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

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

CASSIUS I denied you not

BRUTUS You did

CASSIUS I did not
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;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
If that thou best a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS Sheathe your dagger
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

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

CASSIUS Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand

BRUTUS And my heart too

CASSIUS O Brutus!

BRUTUS What's the matter?

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

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

POET [Within
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS [Within

POET [Within
*Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and
Lucius*

CASSIUS How now, what's the matter?

POET For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

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

BRUTUS Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion

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

CASSIUS Away, away, be gone! *Exit Poet*

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

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

BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine! *Exit Lucius*

CASSIUS I did not think you could have been so angry

BRUTUS O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs

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

BRUTUS No man bears sorrow better

CASSIUS Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS She is dead

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

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

CASSIUS And died so?

BRUTUS Even so

CASSIUS O ye immortal gods!
Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper

BRUTUS Speak no more of her
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *Drinks*

CASSIUS My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge

FILL, LUCIUS, TILL THE WINE O'ERSWELL THE CUP;

I CANNOT DRINK TOO MUCH OF BRUTUS' LOVE
Drinks

BRUTUS Come in, Titinius! *Exit Lucius*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala

Welcome, good Messala.

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

CASSIUS Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS No more, I pray you
Messala, I have here received letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA Myself have letters of the selfsame tenure

BRUTUS With what addition?

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

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

CASSIUS Cicero one!

MESSALA Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS No, Messala

MESSALA Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS Nothing, Messala

MESSALA That, methinks, is strange

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

MESSALA No, my lord

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

MESSALA Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS Why, farewell, Portia
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
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS I do not think it good

BRUTUS Your reason?

CASSIUS This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense, whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS Good reasons must of force give place to better

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS Hear me, good brother

BRUTUS Under your pardon
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 Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS No more
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

BRUTUS Farewell, everyone
Exeunt all but Brutus
Re-enter Lucius, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS Here in the tent

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

LUCIUS Varro and Claudio!
Enter Varro and Claudio

VARRO Calls my lord?

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

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

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

LUCIUS I was sure your lordship did not give it me

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

LUCIUS Ay, my lord, an't please you

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

LUCIUS It is my duty, sir

BRUTUS I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already

BRUTUS It was well done, and thou shalt sleep
again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. *Music, and a song*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. *Sits down*
Enter the Ghost of Caesar

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

Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST Thy evil spirit, Brutus

BRUTUS Why comest thou?

GHOST To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi

BRUTUS Well, then I shall see thee again?

GHOST Ay, at Philippi

BRUTUS Why, I will see thee at Philippi then

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

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

Claudio!

LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false

BRUTUS He thinks he still is at his instrument

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS My lord?

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

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

BRUTUS Yes, that thou didst

LUCIUS Nothing, my lord

BRUTUS Sleep again, Lucius

[To Varro.] Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO My lord?

CLAUDIO My lord?

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

VARRO CLAUDIO

BRUTUS Ay, saw you anything?

VARRO No, my lord, I saw nothing

CLAUDIO Nor I, my lord

BRUTUS Go and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

BOTH It shall be done my lord.

Exeunt VARRO, CLAUDIO

ACT V

SCENE I

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army

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

ANTONY Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Prepare you, generals
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS Upon the right hand I, keep thou the
left

ANTONY Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS I do not cross you, but I will do so
*March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their
Army;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others*

BRUTUS They stand, and would have parley

CASSIUS Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and
talk

OCTAVIUS Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

ANTONY No, Caesar, we will answer on their
charge
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS Stir not until the signal not until the
signal

BRUTUS Words before blows

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 stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY Villains! You did not so when your vile
daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar.
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Strooke Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

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

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS A peevish school boy, worthless of such
honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler!

ANTONY Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army

CASSIUS Why, now, blow and, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS Ho, Lucilius! Hark, a word with you

LUCILIUS [Stands forth

Brutus and Lucilius converse apart

CASSIUS Messala!

MESSALA [Stands forth

CASSIUS Messala,

This is my birthday, as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion. Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA Believe not so

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

BRUTUS Even so, Lucilius

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

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

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

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

BRUTUS Why then, lead on
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 II

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala

BRUTUS Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. *Loud alarum*
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavia's wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down.
Exeunt

SCENE III

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius

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

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

Enter Pindarus

PINDARUS Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS This hill is far enough
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

CASSIUS Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

Pindarus ascends the hill

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS *Above*

CASSIUS What news?

PINDARUS *Above*

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.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. *Pindarus stabs him*
Caesar, thou art revenged, Even with the sword
that kill'd thee. *Dies*

PINDARUS So, I am free, yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *Exit*
Re-enter Titinius with Messala

MESSALA It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS These tidings would well comfort
Cassius

MESSALA Where did you leave him?

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

MESSALA Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS He lies not like the living

MESSALA Is not that he?

TITINIUS No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA Mistrust of good success hath done
this deed

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TITINIUS What, Pindarus! Where art thou,
Pindarus?

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

TITINIUS Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *Exit*
Messala
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Kills himself.

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young
Cato, and others

BRUTUS Where, where, Messala, doth his body
lie?

MESSALA Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it

BRUTUS Titinius' face is upward

CATO He is slain

BRUTUS O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *Low alarums*

CATO Brave Titinius!

Look whe'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS Are yet two Romans living such as
these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
 Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
 Labio and Flavio, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o'clock, and Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies;
 then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others*

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

CATO What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my name about the field.
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

BRUTUS And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
Exit

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

FIRST SOLDIER Yield, or thou diest

LUCILIUS Only I yield to die
(Offers money) There is so much that thou wilt
 kill me straight:
 Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER We must not

SECOND SOLDIER Room, ho! Tell Antony,
 Brutus is ta'en

FIRST SOLDIER I'll tell the news
Enter Antony
 Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY Where is he?

LUCILIUS Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough
 I dare assure thee that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness; I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see wheer Brutus be alive or dead,
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
 How everything is chanced. *Exeunt*

SCENE V

Another part of the field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
 Volumnius*

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

CLITUS Statilius show'd the torchlight, but, my lord,
 He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS Sit thee down, Clitus
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
Whispers

CLITUS What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world

BRUTUS Peace then, no words

CLITUS I'll rather kill myself

BRUTUS Hark thee, Dardanius

DARDANIUS Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS O Clitus!

CLITUS What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS To kill him, Clitus

CLITUS Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word

VOLUMNIUS What says my lord?

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

VOLUMNIUS Not so, my lord

BRUTUS Nay I am sure it is, Volumnius
 Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit; *Low alarums*
 It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
 Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
 Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
 Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
 Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS That's not an office for a friend, my lord
Alarum still

CLITUS Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here

BRUTUS Farewell to you, and you, and you,
 Volumnius

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
 Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
 I found no man but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history.
 Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would
 rest
 That have but labor'd to attain this hour.
Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"

CLITUS Fly, my lord, fly

BRUTUS Hence! I will follow
Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius
 I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO Give me your hand first

BRUTUS Farewell, good Strato
 Caesar, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dies*
Alarum. Retreat.
Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and
the Army

OCTAVIUS What man is that?

MESSALA My master's man

STRATO Free from the bondage you are in,
 Messala:
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILIUS So Brutus should be found
 That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS All that served Brutus, I will entertain
 them
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you

OCTAVIUS Do so, good Messala

MESSALA How died my master, Strato?

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

MESSALA Octavius, then take him to follow thee
 That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY This was the noblest Roman of them all
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
 He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
 OCTAVIUS According to his virtue let us use him
 With all respect and rites of burial.
 Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
 So call the field to rest, and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt*