

# Julius Caesar

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## JULIUS CAESAR SYNOPSIS

Victorious first over the Gauls, and then over the Roman general Pompey, Julius Caesar enters Rome on the Feast of Lupercal as a hero beloved by the common people. Individuals in the upper class of Rome fear Caesar's ambition to become Emperor, which would not only destroy the republic, but could also diminish the power and wealth of those not closely connected to Caesar. In the first scene the tribunes Flavius and Marullus, whose job it is to protect the laws of the Republic, chastise and disperse a group celebrating Caesar's triumphant return.

While offstage, Caesar is being offered a mock crown by Marc Antony. Cassius, the leader of a growing conspiracy to thwart Caesar's ambition, makes overtures to Marcus Brutus, a nobleman admired for his integrity and idealism. Brutus, who admits to being "at war with himself" and deeply concerned about the subversion of the republic, promises to speak further with Cassius the next day.

As a metaphor for the coming action, a great storm besets Rome that night. As Brutus wrestles with the dilemma of killing his personal friend for the good of the general population, the conspirators visit him, and they all pledge to kill Caesar the next day at the Senate. Brutus' beloved wife Portia, who has become deeply concerned with the conflict she senses within her husband, finally persuades Brutus to share his secret with her. Human voices as well as cataclysmic signs in nature sound warnings of danger to Caesar. He is, however, so self-confident that next morning he pays a visit to the Senate. There he is stabbed to death by Brutus, Cassius and the rest.

Mark Antony, whom Cassius could not convince Brutus to assassinate with Caesar, strikes a truce with the conspirators, asking to accompany Caesar's body and speak at his funeral. Although Brutus with his straightforward rhetoric is able at first to convince the crowd that Caesar's death was necessary, Marc Antony uses his personal grief and political savvy to inflame the emotions of the crowd. In an instant, the hunters become the hunted. Marc Antony leads a military campaign to revenge Caesar's death and the conspirators and their allies either die on the battlefield or are executed. The ultimate irony is that the spirit of Julius Caesar survives, as Octavius becomes Caesar Augustus, the first in a long line of Emperors.

## JULIUS CAESAR

### NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

JULIUS CAESAR	
OCTAVIUS CAESAR	Triumvir
MARC ANTONY	Triumvir
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS	Triumvir
CICERO	A Senator
PUBLIUS	A Senator
POPILIUS LENA	A Senator
CASSIUS	A Conspirator
CASCA	A Conspirator
DECIUS BRUTUS	A Conspirator
MARCUS BRUTUS	A Conspirator
METELLUS CIMBER	A Conspirator
TREBONIUS	A Conspirator
LEGARIUS	A Conspirator
CINNA	A Conspirator
FLAVIUS	A Tribune
MARULLUS	A Tribune
ARTEMIDORUS	A Teacher of Rhetoric
SOOTHSAYER	A Truthsayer
CINNA	A Poet
LUCILIUS	A Friend to Brutus and Cassius
TITINIUS	A Friend to Brutus and Cassius
MESSALA	A Friend to Brutus and Cassius
LUCIUS	Servant to Brutus
STRATO	Servant to Brutus
PINDARUS	Servant to Cassius
CALPHURNIA	Wife of Caesar
PORTIA	Wife of Brutus

Senators, guards, attendants, citizens, soldiers, etc.

SCENE Rome; near Sardis; near Philippi

**Act 1, Scene 1**      **Rome. A street**

*(Enter Tribunes\* FLAVIUS, MARULLUS and certain COMMONERS.)*

FLAVIUS

Hence you idle creatures, get you home. Is this a holiday?  
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

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 meanest 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 am indeed sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they are in great danger, I recover them.

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?

*Tribunes* - magistrates who protected the rights of the common people, *awl* - a small, pointed tool for making holes in leather

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! Knew you not Pompey?\*

Many a time and oft have you climbed up to walls and battlements, your infants in your arms,  
and there have sat the livelong day to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.  
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!

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.

*(Exeunt all the COMMONERS.)*

Go you down that way towards the Capitol; this way will I.  
Disrobe the images\* if you do find them decked with ceremonies.

MARULLUS

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

FLAVIUS

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

*(Exeunt)*

*Pompey* - defeated by Caesar, later murdered, *cull out* - steal,  
*Tiber* - the river Tiber, *images* - statues,  
*feast of Lupercal* - fertility festival, *pitch* - height

## Act 1, Scene 2    Rome. A public place

*(Flourish. Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, for the race, CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER.)*

CAESAR  
Calpurnia.

CASCA  
Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR  
Calpurnia.

CALPURNIA  
Here my lord.

CAESAR  
Stand you directly in Antonius' way when he doth run his course.\* Antonius.

ANTONY  
Caesar my lord?

CAESAR  
Forget not in your speed Antonius, to touch Calpurnia;  
for our elders say the barren, touched in this holy chase, shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY  
I shall remember. When Caesar says 'Do this,' it is performed.

CAESAR  
Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*(Music.)*

SOOTHSAYER  
Caesar!

CAESAR  
Ha! Who calls?

CASCA  
Bid every noise be still.

CAESAR  
Who is it in the press that calls on me?

*run his course* - racing naked through the city striking bystanders with a goatskin thong

SOOTHAYER

Beware the ides of March.\*

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer\* bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me, let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

What sayest thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer. Let us leave him.

*(Horns. Exeunt all except 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.  
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

Brutus, 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.  
Vexed I am of late with passions of some difference, conceptions only proper to myself.

*ides of March* - 15th of March, *soothsayer* - truthsayer, *order* - events,  
*gamesome* - sport-loving, *wont* - accustomed

Do not 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 thought of great value.

*(Flourish and shout.)*

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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? What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,\* set honor in one eye and death in 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 roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews.  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
So from the waves of Tiber did I the tired Caesar upon my shoulder bear.  
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. I did hear him groan.  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
'Alas,' it cried 'give me some drink Titinius,' as a sick girl!  
Ye gods, it doth amaze me a man of such a feeble temper should so get the start of the majestic world  
and bear the palm\* alone.

*(Shout. Flourish.)*

*general good* - welfare of the state, *favor* - appearance, *lief* - rather,  
*flood* - river, *accoutred* - dressed, *fit* - periodic chill, *mark* - observe, *palm* - prize of victory

BRUTUS

Another general shout?

I do believe that these applauses are for some new honors that are heaped 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 them: '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?

When could they say (till now) that talked of Rome, that her wide walls encompassed but one man?

BRUTUS

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 be any further moved.

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.

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 to day.

*(Re enter CAESAR and his train.)*

BRUTUS

I will do so.

But look you Cassius, the angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow, and all the rest look like a chidden train.

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR

Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar?

*Colossus* - gigantic statue, *start* - raise up, *work* - persuade, *aim* - idea

CAESAR

Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep at 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 mocked himself.  
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 feared than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, and tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

*(Horns. Exeunt CAESAR and all his train but CASCA.)*

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Why you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him thrice?\*

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

But soft I pray you. What, did Caesar swound?

CASCA

He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

BRUTUS

'Tis very like:\* he hath the falling sickness.\*

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down.

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

*thrice* - as in Shakespeare's uncut text, Brutus and Cassius only mention the crowd shouting twice.  
The director needs to put in a third shout at his./-her discretion, *coronets* - small crowns of laurel, *fain* - willingly,  
*swounded* - fainted, *Tis very like:* - that sounds probable, *the falling sickness* - epilepsy

CASCA

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked open his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.

And I had been a man of any occupation,\*

if I would not have taken him at a word I would I might go to hell among the rogues.

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

Those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads;

but for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.\*

Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS

Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA

No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Good. I will expect you.

CASCA

Do so. Farewell both.

*(Exit CASCA.)*

*occupation* - action, *put to silence* - deprived of their tribuneships and exiled; executed (?)

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.

BRUTUS

For this time I will leave you.

Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you;  
or if you will, come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

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

*(Exit BRUTUS.)*

Well Brutus, thou art noble;

yet I see thy honorable metal may be wrought from that it is disposed.\*

I will this night, in several hands,\* in at his windows throw, as if they came from several citizens,  
writings 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 CASSIUS.)*

*quick mettle* - lively temperament, *wrought...disposed* - worked upon to change its natural qualities,  
*several hands* - different handwritings, *him sure* - firmly in power, *shake him* - from his dominant position

**Act 1, Scene 3    Rome. A street**

*(Thunder and lightning. Enter (from opposite sides) CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.)\**

CICERO

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

CASCA

Are not you moved when all the sway of earth shakes like a thing unfirm?  
A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
held up his left hand, which did flame and burn like twenty torches joined,  
and yet his hand, not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.  
Opposite the Capitol I met a lion, who glazed\* upon me, and went surly by without annoying me.  
There were crowded together a hundred ghastly women, transformed with their fear,  
who swore they saw men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
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.  
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

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

CICERO

Good night then Casca. This disturbed sky is not to walk in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero.

*(Exit CICERO.)*

*(Enter CASSIUS.)*

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good, Cassius. What a night is this?

*glazed* - gazed, *prodigies* - events that inspire wonder, *portentous* - ominous, *climate* - region

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets, submitting me unto the perilous night, and thus unbraced\* Casca, as you see, have bared my bosom to the thunder stone;\* and when the cross blue lightning seemed to open the breast of heaven, I did present myself even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
when the most mighty gods 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, why all these things change from their ordinance\* to monstrous\* quality,—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.

But woe the while, our fathers' minds are dead, and we are governed with our mothers' spirits.

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

And then will Caesar be a tyrant.

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.\*

*unbraced* - jacket unbuttoned, *thunder-stone* - deafening thunder crashes, *heralds* - messengers, *ordinance* - established nature, *monstrous* - unnatural, *eruptions* - disturbances, *hinds* - deer

But perhaps I speak this before a willing bondman.\*

CASCA

You speak to Casca.

Here is 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

*(They shake hands.)* 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.

They stay for me in Pompey's porch.

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait.\* He is a friend.

*(Enter CINNA.)*

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

No, it is Casca; one incorporate\* to our attempts.

Am I not stayed\* for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on it. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS

Be you content.

Good Cinna take this paper, and look you lay it in the praetor's\* chair, where Brutus may but find it.

And throw this in at his window. Set this up with wax upon old Brutus' statue.

All this done, repair to Pompey's porch where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*bondman* - slave, *factionous* - politically active, *gait* - walk,

*incorporate* - associated, *stayed* - waited, *praetor's* - magistrate's; Brutus' chair

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.

*(Exit CINNA.)*

CASSIUS

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.

CASCA

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
and that which would appear offence in us, his countenance\* will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS

Let us go, for it is after midnight; and ere day we will awake him and be sure of him.

*(EXEUNT.)*

**Act 2, Scene 1    Rome. Brutus' orchard**

*(BRUTUS.)*

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! Lucius!

*(Enter LUCIUS.)*

LUCIUS

Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

*(Exit LUCIUS.)*

BRUTUS

It must be by his death; yet for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, but for the general.

He would be crowned. How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,\* and that craves wary walking.

Crown him and then we put a sting in him, that at his will he may do danger with.

Then lest he may, prevent.

*(Re enter LUCIUS.)*

LUCIUS

The taper burneth in your closet\* sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found this paper, thus sealed up;

and I am sure it did not lie there when I went to bed.

*(Gives him the letter.)*

BRUTUS

Get you to bed again.

Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS

I know not sir.

*taper* - candle, *adder* - small poisonous snake of Europe, *closet* - bedroom

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

*(Exit LUCIUS.)*

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, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake!'

Such instigations have been often dropped where I have took them up.

*(Re enter LUCIUS.)*

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

*(Knocking within.)*

BRUTUS

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

*(Exit LUCIUS.)*

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like a hideous dream.

The genius\* and the mortal instruments\* are then in council,

and the state of a 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.

*exhalations* - meteors, *whet* - sharpen; stimulate, *genius* - guardian spirit,

*mortal instruments* - intellectual and emotional faculties

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No sir. Their hats are plucked about their ears and half their faces buried in their cloaks.

BRUTUS

Let them enter.

*(Exit LUCIUS.)*

They are the faction.

O conspiracy, shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, when evils are most free?

O, then by day where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough to mask thy monstrous visage?\*

Seek none conspiracy; hide it in smiles and affability.

*(Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER and TREBONIUS.)*

CASSIUS

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.

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.

Give me your hands one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

*visage* - appearance

BRUTUS

No, not an oath.

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?

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 CIMBER

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

It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands; and our youths and wildness shall 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 BRUTUS

Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

Decius, well urged.

I think it is not meet,\* Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar, should outlive Caesar.

We shall find of him a shrewd contriver;\*

and you know, his means\* 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;  
for Antony is but a limb of Caesar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers Caius.

And gentle friends, let's kill Caesar boldly, but not wrathfully;

let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

*prick us to redress* - motivate us to act, *palter* - quibble; prevaricate

*gravity* - solemnity, *meet* - appropriate, *shrewd contriver* - formidable plotter, *means* - friends and wealth; power

This shall make our purpose necessary and not envious;\*  
 which so appearing to the common eyes, we shall be called purgers,\* not murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
 for he can do no more than Caesar's arm when Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him; for in the ingrafted\* love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.  
 If he love Caesar, all that he can do is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar.

TREBONIUS

There is no fear of him.

*(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 to day or no;  
 for he is superstitious grown of late.  
 It may be these apparent prodigies,\* the unaccustomed terror of this night, and the persuasion of his augurers\*  
 may hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Never fear that. I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermost?

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*envious* - of Caesar's position; malicious, *purgers* - healers; those who get rid of impurities,  
*ingrafted* - deeply implanted, *prodigies* - signs of disaster,  
*augurers* - priests who foretell events by interpreting omens

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you Brutus.  
And friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember what you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily. Bear it as our Roman actors do, with untired spirits.  
And so good morrow to you every one.

*(Exeunt all but BRUTUS.)*

Boy! Lucius!

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

*(Enter PORTIA.)*

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither.  
You've ungently, Brutus, stole from my bed.  
And yesternight at supper you suddenly arose and walked about, musing and sighing with your arms across;  
and when I asked you what the matter was, you stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urged you further; then you scratched your head and too impatiently stamped with your foot.  
Yet I insisted; yet you answered not, but with an angry wafter of your hand gave sign for me to leave you.  
So I did, fearing to strengthen your impatience and hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep,  
and could it work so much upon your shape as it hath much prevailed on your condition,\*  
I should not know you Brutus.  
Dear my lord, make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

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

BRUTUS

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

*condition* - disposition

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 offence within your mind, which by the right and virtue of my place I ought to know of.

*(PORTIA kneels.)*

And upon my knees I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
 by all your vows of love, and that great vow\* which did incorporate and make us one,  
 that you unfold to me, your self, your half,\* why you are heavy,  
 and what men tonight have had to 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 accepted 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 fathered and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose them. I have made strong proof of my constancy.

BRUTUS

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

Portia, go in with me, and you shall partake the secrets of my heart.

*(Exeunt BRUTUS and PORTIA.)*

*vile contagion* - night air was thought to be poisonous, *rheumy* - moist,

*unpurged* - not purified by the sun, *great vow* - wedding vow,

*your self, your half* - self and half could refer to Brutus or Portia,

*harlot* - prostitute, *Cato* - a nobleman, famous for his moral integrity

## Act 2, Scene 2    Rome. Caesar's house

*(Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR in his nightgown.)*

CAESAR

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

*(Enter SERVANT.)*

SERVANT

My lord?

CAESAR

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

SERVANT

I will my lord.

*(Exit SERVANT.)*

*(Enter CALPURNIA.)*

CALPURNIA

What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?  
There is one within, recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped\* in the streets; and graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, in ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.  
The noises 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.

*(Re enter SERVANT.)*

What say the augurers?

*whelped* - given birth,    *use* - normal experience

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.

Danger knows full well that Caesar is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions littered\* in one day, and I the elder and more terrible, and Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

Alas my lord, your wisdom is consumed in confidence. Do not go forth today.

Call it my fear that keeps you in the house and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house, and he shall say you are not well to day.

Let me upon my knee prevail in this. (*CALPURNIA kneels.*)

CAESAR

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

(*Enter DECIUS BRUTUS.*)

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time\* to bear my greeting to the senators

and tell them that I will not come today.

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser: I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far to be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

The cause is in my will. I will not come. That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction, because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays\* me at home.

*littered* - born as twins, *happy time* - opportune moment, *stays* - keeps

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.

DECIUS BRUTUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted.

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 know it now: the senate have concluded to give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come, their minds may change.

Besides, it were a mock apt to be rendered,\* for someone to say 'break up the senate till another time, when Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

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, TREBONIUS and CINNA)*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS

Good morrow Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome Publius. Brutus, are you stirred so early too? What is it o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*(Enter ANTONY.)*

See! Antony, that revels late at nights, is 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, Trebonius! I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me today. Be near me that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS\*

Caesar, I will: *(Aside.)* and so near will I be, that your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*mock apt to be rendered* - sarcastic remark likely to be made,

**TREBONIUS** - Trebonius doesn't actually stab Caesar in Act 3, scene 1, but lures Marc Antony aside

CAESAR

Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me, and we (like friends) will straightway go together.

*(Exeunt.)*

**Act 2, Scene 3    Rome. A street near the Capitol**

*(Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.)*

ARTEMIDORUS

'Caesar, beware 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. 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.  
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live; if not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.\*

*(Exit ARTEMIDORUS.)*

*suitor* - one who requests or petitions, *contrive* - scheme

**Act 2, Scene 4    Rome.**  
**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

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 it o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER

About the ninth hour lady.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER

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

*take good note* - observe well, *bustling...fray* - confused noise of a battle

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit\* to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER

That I have, lady.

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

PORTIA

Why, knowest 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 of senators and 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 SOOTHSAYER.)*

PORTIA

I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is!

O Brutus, the heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

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 in different directions.)*

*suit* - request

### Act 3, Scene 1 Rome. Before the Capitol

*(A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS LENA, PUBLIUS and others.)*

CAESAR

*(To the SOOTHSAYER.)* The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS

Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Trebonius doth desire you to overread, 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 following.)*

POPILIUS LENA

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS LENA

Fare you well.

*(Advances to CAESAR.)*

BRUTUS

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done?

If this be known, Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, for I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius be constant.

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

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his time; for look you Brutus, he draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*(Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS.)*

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

BRUTUS

He is addressed. Press near and second him.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

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

METELLUS CIMBER

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

*(METELLUS CIMBER kneels.)*

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies might fire the blood of ordinary men, but be not fond to think that Caesar bears such rebel\* blood.

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.

*puissant* - powerful, *rebel* - untrue to its own nature, *cur* - dog of mixed breed; mongrel

METELLUS CIMBER

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

BRUTUS

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,  
but I am constant as the northern star, of whose true-fixed quality there is no fellow in the firmament.\*  
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks, they are all fire and every one doth shine;  
but there's but one in all doth hold\* his place.  
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men, and men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
yet in the number I do know but one that unassailable holds on his rank, unshaked of motion.  
That I am he, let me a little show it, even in this;  
that I was constant Cimber should be banished, and constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

O Caesar,—

CAESAR

Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?\*

DECIUS BRUTUS

Great Caesar—

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak hands for me!

*(CASCA first, then the other conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR.)*

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute? Then fall Caesar.

*(CAESAR dies.)*

*Publius Cimber* - the brother of Metellus Cimber, *fellow in the firmament* - equal in the heavens,  
*hold* - remain fixed in, *Olympus* - mountain home of the Greek gods

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.

*(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

Stoop Romans, stoop, and let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood up to the elbows and besmear our swords. Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,\* and waving our red weapons over our heads, let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

CASSIUS

Stoop, then, and wash.

How many ages hence shall this our lofty scene be acted over in states unborn and accents yet unknown?

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport?

CASSIUS

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

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.

***ambition...paid*** - the price of Caesar's ambition, ***market place*** - the Roman Forum

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 feared Caesar, honored 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 of noble Brutus through the hazards of this untrod state with all true faith.  
 So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

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

SERVANT

I'll fetch him presently.

*(Exit SERVANT.)*

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.

BRUTUS

Here comes Antony.

*(Re enter ANTONY.)*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?  
 Fare thee well.  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, who else must be let blood, who else is rank.\*  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit as Caesar's death 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.

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,  
 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 hath done this deed on Caesar.

*prostrate* - lying flat, *vouchsafe* - assure, *rank* - diseased; grown strong enough to murder

To you Mark Antony our arms and our hearts do receive you 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.

CASSIUS

What compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be pricked\* in number of our friends, or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all, upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle.

Our reasons are so full of good regard that were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, you should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek; and am moreover suitor that I may produce his body to the market place and in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, speak in the order\* of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.

(*Aside to BRUTUS.*) You know not what you do. Do not consent that Antony speak at his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be moved by that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

I will myself into the pulpit first and show the reason of our Caesar's death, and that we are contented Caesar shall have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

*conceit* - judge, *pricked* - marked down; identified as, *order* - ceremony

What Antony shall speak, I will proclaim he speaks by leave and by permission.  
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 it 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, a curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
domestic fury and fierce civil strife shall cumber\* all the parts of Italy;  
blood and destruction shall be so in use and dreadful objects so familiar  
that mothers shall but smile when they behold their infants quartered with the hands of war;  
and Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
shall in these confines with a monarch's voice cry 'Havoc!' and let slip\* the dogs of war.

*(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—  
*(Seeing the body.)* O Caesar!

*tide of times* - course of history, *cumber* - burden, *let slip* - unleash

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 to night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Back with speed and tell him what hath chanced.  
Lend me your hand.

*(Exeunt with CAESAR'S body.)*

**Act 3, Scene 2 Rome. The Forum**

*(Enter BRUTUS, 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 them 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.

*(Exeunt CASSIUS, with some of the CITIZENS. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.)*

THIRD CITIZEN

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRUTUS

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause,\* and be silent that you may hear.

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.

*(Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR'S body.)*

*cause* - i.e. the cause of freedom, *bondman* - slave, *rude* - barbarous or ignorant

## BRUTUS

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I 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 crowned 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 corpse, and grace his speech\* tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allowed to make.

*(Exit BRUTUS.)*

## FIRST CITIZEN

Stay, and let us hear Mark Antony.

## THIRD CITIZEN

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

*race...speech* - respect Caesar's corpse by listening to Antony's speech

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding\* to you.

(ANTONY 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—

CITIZENS

Peace! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

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

The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones; so let it be with Caesar.

The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Caesar answered\* it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest— for Brutus is an 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 judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason.

*beholding* - indebted, *answered* - paid the penalty of, *general coffers* - public treasury

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

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN

Marked 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.

FOURTH CITIZEN

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

ALL

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

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it. It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

and being men, hearing the will of Caesar, it will inflame you, it will make you mad.

*dear abide it* - pay a heavy penalty for it, *closet* - study

'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 overshot myself\* to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN

They were traitors. Honorable men!

ALL

The will! The testament!

SECOND CITIZEN

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

ANTONY

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

SEVERAL CITIZENS

Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN

Descend.

THIRD CITIZEN

You shall have leave.

*(ANTONY comes down.)*

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.

*overshot myself* - gone further than I intended

## SEVERAL CITIZENS

Stand back! Room! Bear back!

## ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle.\* I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on.

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent, that day he overcame the Nervii.\*

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through. See what a rent the envious Casca made.

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed; and as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
mark how the blood of Caesar followed it.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
for when the noble Caesar saw him stab, ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, quite vanquished him.

Then burst his mighty heart and great Caesar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint\* of pity.

## 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!

*mantle* - toga, *Nervii* - a tribe defeated by Caesar in a decisive battle of the Gallic wars, *dint* - force

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
I am no orator, as Brutus is; but as you know me all, a plain blunt man, that loved my friend.  
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

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 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!

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, to walk abroad and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

## FIRST CITIZEN

Never, never! Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place and with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

## SECOND CITIZEN

Go fetch fire.

## THIRD CITIZEN

Pluck down benches.

## FOURTH CITIZEN

Pluck down forms, windows, anything!

*(Exeunt CITIZENS with the body.)*

## ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt!

*(Enter a SERVANT.)*

How now, fellow?

## SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

## ANTONY

Where is he?

## SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

## ANTONY

And thither will I straight to visit him. He comes upon a wish.\*

Fortune is merry, and in this mood will give us anything.

## SERVANT

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

## ANTONY

Belike they had some notice\* of the people, how I had moved them.

Bring me to Octavius.

*(Exeunt.)*

*upon a wish* - just as I might have wished, *notice* - news about

### Act 3, Scene 3 Rome. A street

*(Enter CINNA THE POET.)*

CINNA THE POET

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

*(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 THE POET

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor?  
Then, to answer every 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.  
Proceed directly.

CINNA THE POET

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN

As a friend or an enemy?

*forth* - out

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN

For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA THE POET

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN

Your name sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN

Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

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 THE POET

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN

It is no matter, his name's Cinna! Pluck his name out of his heart!

THIRD CITIZEN

Tear him, tear him! (*They kill him.*)

Come, brands ho! Fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'! Burn all!

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

*(Exeunt all with the body of CINNA.)*

**Act 4, Scene 1    A house in Rome**

(ANTONY, OCTAVIUS and LEPIDUS.)

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent—

OCTAVIUS

Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS

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

ANTONY

He shall not live. Look, with a spot\* I damn him.

But Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house.

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine how to cut off some charge in legacies.\*

LEPIDUS

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Here or at the Capitol.

(Exit LEPIDUS.)

ANTONY

This is a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands.

Is it fit, the three-fold world\* divided, he should stand one of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS

So you thought him, and took his voice who should be pricked to die in our black\* sentence.

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;

*spot* - mark, *cut...legacies* - reduce the expense of the will,

*three-fold world* - the world divided among the three triumvirs (Europe, Africa and Asia), *black* - death,

*ease...loads* - lighten for ourselves some of the charges that will be brought against us

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, his corporal\* motion governed by my spirit.

Do not talk of him but as a property.

And now, Octavius, listen great things.

Brutus and Cassius are levying\* powers. We must straight make head.\*

Therefore let our alliance be combined, our best friends made, our means stretched,

and let us presently go sit in council how open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so; for we are at the stake\* and bayed about with many enemies;

and some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischiefs.\*

*(Exeunt.)*

*appoint him store of provender* - give him a supply of dry food for livestock,  
*corporal* - bodily, *levying* - raising, *straight make head* - immediately raise an army,  
*at the stake* - like a bear baited by dogs, *mischiefs* - schemes to harm us

## Act 4, Scene 2 Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent

*(Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS and soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.)*

BRUTUS

Lucilius! Is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS

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

BRUTUS

Your master, Pindarus, in his own change, or by ill officers,\*  
hath given me some worthy cause to wish things done, undone.

PINDARUS

I do not doubt but that my noble master will appear full of regard and honor.

BRUTUS

He is not doubted.  
A word Lucilius, how he received you.

LUCILIUS

With courtesy and with respect enough, but not with such free and friendly conference\* as he hath used of old.

BRUTUS

Thou hast described a hot friend cooling. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.\*  
The horse in general\* are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS

Hark! He is arrived.

*(Enter CASSIUS and his powers.)*

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*in...officers* - whether from his own changed feelings, or the acts of his incompetent subordinates,  
*conference* - conversation, *be quartered* - camp, *the horse in general* - all the cavalry

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content. Speak your griefs softly.

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.)*

**Act 4, Scene 3 Camp near Sardis. Brutus' tent**

(Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.)

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:  
you have condemned and noted\* Lucius Pella for taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
wherein my letters, praying on his side, because I knew the man, were slighted off.\*

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Let me tell you Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm.\*

CASSIUS

I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak 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's sake? What villain touched his body that did stab and not for justice?  
What, shall one of us, that struck the foremost man of all this world but for supporting robbers\*—  
shall we now contaminate our fingers with base bribes, and sell our honors for so much trash?\*

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.

*noted* - publicly disgraced, *slighted off* - contemptuously dismissed, *nice...comment* - every trivial offense should be criticized, *itching palm* - greedy personality, *chastisement* - punishment, *supporting robbers* - having backed those that would have robbed Romans of their freedom, *trash* - money, *bay* - howl, *bait* - harass, *hedge me in* - limit my authority, *make conditions* - manage affairs

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more! I shall forget myself. Have mind upon your health. Tempt me no further.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is it possible?

BRUTUS

Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash cholera? Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.

Go show your slaves how choleric you are. Must I crouch under your testy humor?

You say you are a better soldier.

Let it appear so; make your vaunting\* true, and it shall please me well.

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?

*cholera* - anger, *vaunting* - boasting, *durst* - dare

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.

I did send to you for gold to pay my legions, which you denied me; for I can raise no money by vile means. Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not. He was but a fool that brought my answer back.

Brutus hath rived\* my heart.

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

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come! Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius.

For Cassius is aweary of the world; hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; chequed\* like a bondman.

There is my dagger, and here 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.

*rived* - split, *infirmities* - weaknesses, *chequed* - scolded, *scope* - freedom

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus when grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS

O Brutus!

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Have 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 over-earnest with your Brutus,  
he'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.  
Lucilius and Titinius!

*(Enter LUCILIUS, TITINIUS and LUCIUS.)*

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.  
Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Ha! Portia? How escaped I killing when I crossed you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatient of my absence, and grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony have made themselves so strong;  
with this she fell distract, and (her attendants absent) swallowed fire.\*

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

*(Re enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.)*

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius!

*(Exit LUCIUS and re enter TITINIUS and MESSALA.)*

Welcome, good Messala. Now sit we close about this taper here and call in question\* our necessities.

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

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

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

With what addition?

MESSALA

Octavius, Antony and Lepidus have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree. Mine speak of seventy senators that died, Cicero being one.

*swallowed fire* - swallowed hot burning coals, *call in question* - deliberate upon

CASSIUS  
Cicero one?

MESSELA  
Cicero is dead.

BRUTUS  
Well, to our work alive.  
What do you think of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS  
I do not think it good.

BRUTUS  
Your reason?

CASSIUS  
This it is: 'Tis better that the enemy seek us.  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, doing himself offence,  
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 in a forced affection; for they have grudged us contribution.  
The enemy, marching along by them shall make a fuller number up, come on refreshed and encouraged;  
from which advantage shall we cut him off, if at Philippi we do face him there, these people at our back.

CASSIUS  
Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS  
Under your pardon.  
You must note beside 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. There is no more to say?

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

*flood* - high tide, *omitted* - not taken, *ventures* - investments; ships on the high seas

BRUTUS

Lucius!

*(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 between our souls! Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Everything is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

*(Exeunt.)*

**Act 5, Scene 1 The plains of Philippi**

*(Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY and their army.)*

OCTAVIUS

Now Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down, but keep the hills and upper regions. It proves not so.

ANTONY

I am in their bosoms, and I know wherefore they do it.

They 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.

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.

*(Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY and their army.)*

*bloody sign* - red flag, *battle softly* - army slowly, *cross me in this exigent* - oppose me at this critical moment

## Act 5, Scene 2 The plains of Philippi

*(Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS and their army.)*

CASSIUS

Why now blow wind, swell billow\* and swim bark!\*

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

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 this is the very last time we shall speak together.

What are you then determined to do?

Will you be contented to be led in triumph through the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman, that ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.

But this same day must end that work the ides of March begun.

If we do meet again, why we shall smile; if not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS

For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!

BRUTUS

That a man might know the end of this day's business ere\* it come!

Come, away!

*(Exeunt.)*

*billow* - sail, *bark* - boat, *on the hazard* - at stake, *ere* - before

### Act 5, Scene 3 The plains of Philippi. Part of the battlefield

*(Alarums. CASSIUS, TITINIUS and a dead ensign.)*

CASSIUS

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

TITINIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, who, having some advantage on Octavius, took it too eagerly.  
His soldiers fell to spoil,\* whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*(Enter PINDARUS.)*

PINDARUS

Fly further off, my lord. Fly further off!

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius! Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS

They are my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him till he have brought thee up to yonder troops and back again,  
that I may rest assured whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS

I will be here again even with a thought.

*(Exit TITINIUS.)*

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 is my birthday, the very day that Cassius was born.  
My life is run his compass. Time is come round, and where I did begin, there shall I end.  
Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS

*(Above.)* O my lord!

*villains* - his own troops, *ensign* - standard bearer, *it* - his standard, *spoil* - looting, *thick* - dim

CASSIUS  
What news?

PINDARUS  
(*Above.*) Titinius is enclosed round about with horsemen. O, he's taken and they shout for joy.

CASSIUS  
Come down; behold no more.  
O, coward that I am to live so long to have my best friend taken.

(*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 and now be a freeman.  
With this good sword, that ran through Caesar's bowels, search\* this bosom.  
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts and guide thou the sword.

(*PINDARUS stabs him.*)

Caesar, thou art revenged even with the sword that killed thee.

(*CASSIUS 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 PINDARUS.*)

(*Re enter TITINIUS, finding CASSIUS slain by his own sword.*)

TITINIUS  
O, 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.

(*Kills himself.*)

(*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and STRATO, discovering the dead CASSIUS and TITINIUS.* )

*search* - penetrate

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords in our own entrails.

STRATO

Brave Titinius! Look whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these? It is impossible that ever Rome should breed thy fellows.

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, while I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato.

*(BRUTUS runs on his sword.)*

Caesar, now be still. I killed not thee with half so good a will.

*(BRUTUS dies.)*

*(Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS and the army.)*

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

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

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

The conquerors can but make a fire of him; for Brutus only overcame himself, and no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILIUS

So Brutus should be found.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators save only he did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

he, only in a general honest thought and common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,

'This was a man!'

*(The end.)*

*smatch* - taste