

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar
by
William Shakespeare.

Paraphrase

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

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

Flavius.

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

First Commoner.

Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius.

Act I, Scene 1

A street in Rome

Flavius.

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

First Commoner.

Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

Why, sir, cobble you.

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.

Chained to the wheels of his chariot?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel people of Rome!
Didn't you know Pompey? Many times
You climbrd h

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.*

Act I, Scene 2

[A public place in Rome]

[A flourish of trumpets announces the approach of Caesar.

A large crowd of Commoners has assembled

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..

With strong muscles, throwing it aside
And conquering it with our spirit of competition.
But before we could arrive at the designated spot,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I will sink!"
Just like Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Carried the old Anchises from the flames of Troy
On his shoulder, I from the waves of Tiber
Carried the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now considered a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bow down
If Caesar even carelessly nods at him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when he was having fits, I saw clearly
How he shook. It is true, this god shook.
His lips turned pale,
And that same eye whose glance awes the world
Lost his shine. I heard him groan.
Yes, and that tongue of his that persuaded the Romans
To watch him closely and writ 510.48dlas

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.

He is a noble Roman, and your supporter.

Caesar.

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

Casca.

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

Brutus.

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

Casca.

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

Brutus.

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

Casca.

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

Brutus.

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca.

I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown (yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets) and, as I told you, he put it by once. But for all

Brutus.

Tell us how it happened, gentle Casca.

Cassius.

Did Cicero say anything?

Casca.

Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius.

To what effect?

Casca.

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

Cassius.

Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

Casca.

No, I am promised forth.

Cassius.

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Casca.

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

Cassius.

Good, I will expect you.

Casca.

Do so, farewell, both.

Exit

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cassius.

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

Cassius.

Did Cicero say anything?

Casca.

Yes, he spoke Greek.

Cassius.

What did he say?

Casca.

No, if I tell you that, I'll never look you in the face again.

But those who understood him smiled at each other and shook their heads; but as far as I was concerned, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling decorations off Caesar's statues, are put to silence. Good day to you. There was even more foolishness, if I could remember it.

Cassius.

Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

Casca.

No, I have made other plans.

Cassius.

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Casca.

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

Cassius.

Good, I will expect you.

Casca.

Do so. Farewell to both of you.

[Exit.]

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

I will do so. Until then-24(e8t)15(h)-Tm [(Br)-9A.

SCENE III.

A street.

Thunder and lightning Enter, from opposite sides,

Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cicero.

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

Casca.

Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds,
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Act I, Scene 3

[Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,

Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.]

Cicero.

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

Casca.

Doesn't it disturb you when the natural order of things
Shakes like something that is unstable? O, Cicero,
I have seen storms when the scolding winds
Have torn the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! Our fathers' minds are dead,

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.

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

We will awake him and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

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

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

Brutus.

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

Lucius.

I know not, sir.

Brutus.

Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Lucius.

I will, sir.

Exit.

Brutus.

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

Opens the letter and reads.

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

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out.

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius.

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knocking within.

Brutus.

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

Exit Lucius.

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council, and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius.

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus.

Is he alone?

Lucius.

This paper, sealed up, and I am sure
It wasn't there when I went to bed.
[Gives him the letter.]

Brutus.

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

Lucius.

I don't know, sir.

Brutus.

Look in the calendar and come tell me.

Lucius.

I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Brutus.

The meteors, falling through the air,

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

[Opens the letter and reads.]

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

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

Brutus, you are asleep. Wake up!"

Suggestions like this have often been dropped

Where I have picked them up.

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

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

What, Rome?

My ancestors drove the Tarquin

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

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

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

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

you will get

Everything you ask for from Brutus!

[Reenter Lucius.]

Lucius.

Sir, we are fifteen days into March.

[Knocking within.]

Brutus.

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

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first aroused my suspicions concerning
Caesar,

I have not slept.

The time between the earliest thought of a terrible act

And the actual performance of it is

Like a nightmare or a hideous dream.

The heart and mind

Debate the subject, while the man himself,

Like a small country, undergoes

A civil war.

[Reenter Lucius.]

Lucius.

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

Who wants to see you.

Brutus.

Is he alone?

Lucius.

No, sir, there are more with him.

Brutus.

Do you know them?

Lucius.

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

Brutus.

Let 'em enter.

Exit Lucius.

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

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

He is welcome hither.

Cassius.

This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus.

He is welcome too.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius.

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

Casca.

No.

No, sir, there are more people with him.

Brutus.

Do you know them?

Lucius.

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

Brutus.

Let them in.

conspiracy

[Exit Lucius.]

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

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

Hide your plans in smiles and friendliness!

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

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

He is welcome here.

Cassius.

This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus.

He is welcome too.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Could I speak with you privately?

[They whisper.]

Decius.

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

Casca.

No.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

Metellus.

O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus.

O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cassius.

Then leave him out.

Casca.

Indeed he is not fit.

Decius.

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

Cassius.

Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all, which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Cinna.

Yes, by all means.

Metellus.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Then leave him out.

Casca.

Indeed, he is not suitable.

Decius.

Shall we kill only Caesar?

Cassius.

Decius, good point. I think it is not proper
That Mark Anto

Trebonius.

'Tis time to part.

Cassius.

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

Decius.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Exeunt all but Brutus.

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

Enter Portia.

Portia.

Brutus, my lord!

Brutus.

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

Portia.

Nor for yours neither. have ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry waiver of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus.

Good gentlemen, look rested and happy.
 Let's not let our appearances reveal what we are planning
 to do,
 But carry it off like our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits and consistent dignity,
 And so good day to each of you.

[Exit all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It doesn't matter.
 Enjoy your rest.
 You have no dreams
 Which busy worry puts in the brains of men;
 That's why you sleep so soundly.

[Enter Portia, Brutus' wife.]

Portia.

Brutus, my lord!

Brutus.

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

Portia.

It is not good for you, either. You have unkindly, Brutus,
 Sneaked out of my bed. And last night at supper
 You suddenly got up and walked around,
 thinking and sighing with your arms crossed;
 And when I asked you what the matter was,
 You stared at me with unfriendly expressions.
 I asked again, then you scratched your head
 And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
 Still I insisted, and still you

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.

To make him even sicker? No, my Brutus,
You have a sickness of the mind,
Which, because I am your wife,
I ought to know about; and on my knees
I beg you, by my onceou, by my oy knees

Brutus.

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

Brutus.

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.

Act II, Scene 2

Caesar's house in Rome

[Enter Caesar in his nightgown.]

Caesar

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

[Enter a servant.]

Servant

My lord?

Caesar

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

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,

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

[Reenter servant.]

What do the fortune tellers say?

So to most noble Caesar.

Caesar.

Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

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

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

Remember that you call on me today;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius.

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

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Caesar.

Good friends will be near me.

And to you, most noble Caesar.

Caesar

Ask them to set out refreshments inside.

It is my fault that everyone is waiting for me.

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

I have an hour's talk waiting for you;

Remember that you call on me today;

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

Trebonius

Caesar, I will. [*Aside.*] Ah! I will be near you.

That your best friends will wish that I had been further

away.

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
Trebolius; 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. SecuriBT /F8 0.9981 9981 0 0 i you. .4()-1212()-2(r)-24(332(u.)-12()-15(r)-24(us)0 1 123.12 580.08 Tm

Act II, Scene 3

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

[Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.]

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.

Act II, Scene 4

In front of Brutus' house

[Enter Portia and Lucius.]

Portia

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

Lucius

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

Portia

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

Lucius

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

Portia

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

Lucius

I don't hear anything, madam.

Portia

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

Lucius

Truthfully, madam, I hear nothing.

[Enter the Soothsayer.]

Portia

Come here, fellow. Where have you been?

Soothsayer

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

Portia.

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

Soothsayer.

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

Exit.

Portia.

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

Exeunt severally.

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

Portia

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

Soothsayer

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

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

[Exit.]

Portia

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

[Exit in different directions.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above. A

Act III, Scene 1

Casca,

Cassius.

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

Caesar.

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

Cinna.

O Caesar-

Caesar.

Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius.

Great Caesar-

Caesar.

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca.

Speak, hands, for me!

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

Caesar.

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

Dies.

Cinna.

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius.

Some to the common pulpits and cry out

Cassius

Pardon me, Caesar! Caesar, pardon me!

Cassius falls as low as your foot

To beg for freedom for Publius Cimber.

Caesar

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

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

But I am as steady as the Northern Star,

Which has no equal in the sky

Of its true and immovable nature.

The skies are painted with uncounted sparks;

They are all fire, and every one shines;

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

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

And men are flesh and blood, and intelligent,

Yet out of all of them I know only one

That, unable to be attacked, holds his position,

Unmoved; and that I am that man,

Let me show you, even in this example,

That I was firm that Cimber should be banished.

And I am still firm to keep him that way.

Cinna

O Caesar!

Caesar

Get away! Will you lift up Mt. Olympus?

Decius

Great Caesar!

Caesar

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

Casca

My hands will speak for me!

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

Caesar

Et tu, Brute?--Then fall Caesar!

[Dies.]

Cinna

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

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

Cassius

Metellus.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cassius.

Where is Antony?

Trebonius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

So oft as that shall be,

Metellus

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

[Reenter Trebonius.]

Cassius

Where is Antony?

Trebonius

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

Brutus

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

Casca

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Antony.

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all- alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! In the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius.

Mark Antony-

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

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

Antony

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

Cassius

Mark Antony--

Antony.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius.

The enemies of Caesar shall say this:

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius.

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

Antony.

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

Brutus.

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

Antony.

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

Brutus.

You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius.

Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to Brutus.]

You know not what you do. Do not consent

Antony

Forgive me, Caius Cassius.

Even the enemies of Caesar will say these things,

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

Cassius

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

Antony

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

Brutus

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

Antony

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

Brutus

You shall, Antony.

Cassius

Brutus, I'd like a word with you.

[Aside to Brutus.]

After my speech is ended.

Antony.

Be it so,

I do desire no more.

Brutus.

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

Antony

So be it.

That's all I want.

SCENE II.

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

Citizens.

We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Brutus.

Then follow me and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

First Citizen.

I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen.

I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit Cassius, with some Citizens.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Citizen.

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus.

Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe.

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

All.

None, Brutus, none.

Brutus.

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of

Act III, Scene 2

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

Citizens

We want an explanation! Give us an explanation!

Brutus

Then follow me and listen to me, friends.

Cassius, you go into the other street

And divide the crowd.

Let those who want to hear me speak stay here;

Let those who want to follow Cassius go with him;

And we will tell the people of our reasons

For killing Caesar.

First Citizen

I will listen to Brutus.

Second Citizen

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

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

Third Citizen

The noble Brutus has reached the pulpit. Silence!

Brutus

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

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

If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none!

offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

which he was killed.

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.

Third Citizen

No, that's for sure.

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

Second Citizen

Quiet! Let us listen

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

Therefore it is certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen

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

Second Citizen

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

Third Citizen

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

Fourth Citizen

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

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

O horrible sight!

Second Citizen

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen

O sad day!

Fourth Citizen

O traitors, villains!

First Citizen

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen

We will get revenge.

All

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

Slay! Don't let a traitor live!

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony.

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

Exeunt.

Have ridden like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony

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

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A street. Enter Cinna the poet.

Cinna.

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

Act III, Scene 3

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

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

Fourth Citizen.

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

Cinna.

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Citizen.

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

Third Citizen.

Tear him, tear him!

Come, brands, ho, firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius';
burn all.

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

Exeunt.

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

Fourth Citizen

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

Cinna

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Citizen

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

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

Third Citizen

Tear him, tear him!

[They attack Cinna.]

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

Burn all!

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

[Exit all the citizens.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

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

Antony.

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

Octavius.

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus.

I do consent-

Octavius.

Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus.

Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony.

He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house,

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Act IV, Scene 1

[Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.]

Antony

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

Octavius

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

Lepidus

I agree--

Octavius

Mark his name, Antony.

Lepidus

On the condition that Publius will not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony

He will not live; look, with a mark I condemn him.

But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house; Bring the will here,

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

Stand, ho!

Stand ho!

SCENE III.

Brutus' tent. Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Chastisement?

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

Go to, you are not, Cassius.

Cassius.

I am.

Brutus.

I say you are not.

Act IV, Scene 3

Cassius

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

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

Punishment?

Brutus

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

Cassius

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

Brutus

Give it up; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius

I am.

Brutus

I say that you are not.

Cassius.

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!

You have done something you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

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

Sheathe your dagger.

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

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

Oh Cassius, you are partnered with a lamb

That withstands anger like a flint withstands fire,

Which, under stress, shows a quick spark,

And immediately is cold again.

Cassius

Has Cassius lived

To be nothing but a joke to his Brutus,

When unhappiness and a bad mood bothers him?

Brutus

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

Cassius

You will admit that much? Give me your hand.

Brutus

And my heart too.

Cassius

Oh Brutus!

Brutus

What's the matter?

Cassius

Do you have enough love to bear with me,

When that irritable t-8(v)22(e)14()-1 Tf 0 0 0 Bri-14(t)- enough love t

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!

Brutus

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

What should the wars do with these poetic fools?

Fellow, get away!

Cassius

Away, away, be gone!

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-

Cassius

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

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

Brutus

Come in, Titinius. Welcome, good Messala.
Now we sit close together around this candle here,
And discuss our vital needs.

Messala.

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

Brutus.

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala.

Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

I do not think it good.

Brutus.

Your reason?

Cassius.

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense, whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

Brutus.

Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;

Messala

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

Brutus

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

Messala

That is how great men should handle great losses.

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

I do not think it's a good idea.

Brutus

Your reason?

Cassius

It is this:

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

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

Lucius!

Re-enter Lucius.

My gown.

Exit Lucius.

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

Then as you wish go ahead;
We'll go along also, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus

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

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

There is nothing else to say?

Cassius

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

Brutus

Lucius!

[Enter Lucius.]

My gown.

[Exit Lucius.]

Farewell, good Messala.
Goodnight, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

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

Brutus.

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

Lucius.

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus.

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

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

Brutus

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

[Varrus and Claudio lie down.]

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

Lucius

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

Brutus

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus.

Well, then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus.

Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

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

Claudio!

Lucius.

The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus.

To tell you that you will see me at Philippi.

Brutus

Well; then I will see you again?

Ghost

Yes, at Philippi.

Brutus

Then I will see you at Philippi.

[Exit Ghost.]

Now that I have found my courage you disappear.

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

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

Claudio!

Lucius

The strings are out of tune, my lord.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

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

Octavius.

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

Antony.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

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

Antony.

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

Act V, Scene 1

[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.]

Octavius

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

Antony

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

[Enter a messenger.]

Messenger

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

Antony

Octavius, lead your force slowly on
Up to the left side of the battle; do not to be

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! Hail, Caesar!"

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

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.

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

The storm is here, and everything is at stake.

Brutus

Ho, Lucilius, listen, a word with you.

[Lucilius and then Messala step forward.]

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.

Because of fear of what might happen, to shorten
The time of your life

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,

Act V, Scene 2

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

Brutus

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these written orders
To the forces on the other side.

[Loud call to arms.]

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,

Act V, Scene 3

[Call to arms sounds. Enter Cassius and Titinius.]

Cassius

Oh, look, Titinius, look, the villains run!
My own people have become their own enemy.
This standard-bearer of mine was turning back;
I killed the coward, and took the flag from him.

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.

Messala

Look for him, Titinius, while I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears; I may say "thrusting" it;
 For piercing steel, and poisoned darts,
 Will be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As news of this sight.

Titinius

Hurry, Messala,
 And I will look for Pindarus in the meantime.

[Exit Messala.]

Why did you send me out, brave Cassius?
 Didn't I meet your friends? and didn't they
 Put on my head this wreath of victory,
 And ask me to give it to you? Didn't you hear their
 shouts?

Alas, you have misconstrued everything.
 But wait, take this garland on your head;
 Your Brutus asked me to give it to you, and I
 Will do what he asks. Brutus, come quickly,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 With your permission, gods!--this is a Roman's part.
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.]

*[Call to arms sounds. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato,
 Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.]*

Brutus

Where, where, Messala, does his body lie?

Messala

See over ther

Exeunt.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

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

Brutus.

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

Cato.

What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

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

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Brutus.

And I am Brutus, Marcus B C981 0 0 12(a)14(m)-9(0)] TJ ET4ET Q q4m [(W)08 Tf 0 0 0 rgrg 0.4 TJ9g 0.9981-12(I)22()am BTm

Act V, Scene 4

*[Call to arms. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato,
Lucilius, and Flavius.]*

Brutus

Still, countrymen! Oh still, hold up your heads!

[Exit.]

Cato

What bastard does not? Who will go with me?

I will shout my name all around the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Enter soldiers and fight.]

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.
Exeunt.

And bring for us a message to Octavius' tent
Telling how everything turned out.

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.

If only because of that old friendship, I ask you
To hold my sword hilts, while I run on it.

Volumnius

That's not a job for a friend, my lord.

[Calls to arms continue.]

Clitus

Run, run, my lord, there is no waiting here.

Brutus

Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, you have been asleep all this time;

Farewell to you too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart rejoices that still in all my life

I met no man who wasn't true to me.

I shall have glory from this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

Will gain from this evil victory.

So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue

Has almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs on my eyes, my bones want to rest,

They have only worked to reach this hour.

[Call to arms. Cry within, "Run, run, run!"]

Clitus

Run, my lord, run.

Brutus

Go! I will follow.

[Exit Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

Strato.

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius.

Do so, good Messala.

Messala.

Strato

Yes, if Messala will recommend me to you.

Octavius

Do so, good Messala.