

Julius Caesar

By William Shakespeare

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Meghan's Cast List

JULIUS CAESAR
CALPHURNIA, his wife
Servant to them

MARCUS BRUTUS
PORTIA, his wife
LUCIUS, their servant

Patricians who, with Brutus, conspire against Caesar:
CAIUS CASSIUS
CASCA
CINNA
METELLUS CIMBER
TREBONIUS

Rulers of Rome in Acts 4 and 5:
MARK ANTONY
LEPIDUS
OCTAVIUS CAESAR

A Soothsayer / ARTEMIDORUS / CINNA the poet

Officers and soldiers in the armies

A Messenger to the armies

CASTING TRACKS: *(Subject to change based on auditions)*

**NOTE cast will also fill in as officers and soldiers in the armies.*

JULIUS CAESAR / GHOST OF CAESAR
CALPHURNIA, his wife / LEPIDUS
SERVANT to them / MESSENGER / Soldier in Octavius' Army

MARK ANTONY

MARCUS BRUTUS
PORTIA, his wife / OCTAVIUS CAESAR
LUCIUS, their servant

Patricians who, with Brutus, conspire against Caesar:
CAIUS CASSIUS
CASCA
CINNA
METELLUS CIMBER
TREBONIUS

SOOTHSAYER / ARTEMIDORUS / CINNA the poet / Soldier in
Octavius' Army

Commented [ML1]: Edited by Barbara A. Mowat and Paul
Werstine
with Michael Poston and Rebecca Niles
Folger Shakespeare Library
<https://shakespeare.folger.edu/shakespeares-works/julius-caesar/>

Characters in the Play *Full cast list from original text*

JULIUS CAESAR	Officers and soldiers in the armies
CALPHURNIA, his wife	of Brutus and Cassius:
Servant to them	LUCILIUS
	TITINIUS
MARCUS BRUTUS	MESSALA
PORTIA, his wife	VARRO
LUCIUS, their servant	CLAUDIUS
	YOUNG CATO
Patricians who, with Brutus,	STRATO
conspire against Caesar:	VOLUMNIUS
CAIUS CASSIUS	LABEO (nonspeaking)
CASCA	FLAVIUS (nonspeaking)
CINNA	DARDANUS
DECIUS BRUTUS	CLITUS
CAIUS LIGARIUS	
METELLUS CIMBER	A Carpenter
TREBONIUS	A Cobbler
	A Soothsayer
Senators:	ARTEMIDORUS
CICERO	First, Second, Third, and Fourth
PUBLIUS	Plebeians
POPILIUS LENA	CINNA the poet
	PINDARUS, slave to Cassius,
Tribunes:	freed upon Cassius's death
FLAVIUS	First, Second, Third, and Fourth
MARULLUS	Soldiers in Brutus's army
	Another Poet
Rulers of Rome in Acts 4 and 5:	A Messenger
MARK ANTONY	First and Second Soldiers in
LEPIDUS	Antony's army
OCTAVIUS	Citizens, Senators, Petitioners,
Servant to Antony	Plebeians, Soldiers
Servant to Octavius	

**Note that words/phrases/lines in [brackets] have been edited/alterd from the original text.*

ACT 1

[Scene 1]

OMITTED – We will use pre-show to establish Caesar's joyous and celebratory return to Rome through video, sound, etc.

Scene 2

Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, [Calphurnia, Portia,] Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer; after them Commoners.

SOOTHSAYER Caesar. 15

CAESAR Ha! Who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still. Peace, yet again!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue shriller than all the music

Cry "Caesar." Speak. Caesar is turned to hear. 20

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me. Let me see his face.

[ANTONY

When Caesar says "Do this," it is performed.]

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng. 25

The Soothsayer comes forward.

Look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass.

Sennet. All but Brutus and Cassius exit.

CASSIUS

Will you go see the [progress of the games]? 30

BRUTUS Not I.

CASSIUS I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome. I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires. 35
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late.
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand 40
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS

Cassius,
Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am 45
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors.
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one) 50
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried 55
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS 'Tis just. 60

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard 65
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself 70
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear.
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself 75
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know 80
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout.

BRUTUS

What means this shouting? I do fear the people 85
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long? 90
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love 95
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 100
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 105
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood 110
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside 115
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder 120
 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. // 125
 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 130
 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, [Cassius]"
 As a sick girl. You gods, it doth amaze me 135
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world
 And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish.

BRUTUS Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are 140
 For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS
 Why, man, he doth stride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves. 145
 Men at some times 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"? 150
 Why should that name be sounded more than
 yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em, 155
 "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!]
 [When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man? 170

BRUTUS
 That you do love me, I am nothing [doubtful].
 What you would work me to, I have some aim.
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you, 175
 Be any further moved. What you have said
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: 180
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under [such] hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS
 I am glad that my weak words 185
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.
Enter Caesar and his train.

BRUTUS
 The games are done, and Caesar is returning. [

] CAESAR Antonio. 200

ANTONY Caesar.

CAESAR
 Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
 He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous. 205

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 210
 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 215
 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at anything.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous. 220
 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.

*Sennet. Caesar and his train exit
 but Casca remains behind.*

BRUTUS.
 [Casca!]
 Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath chanced today
 That Caesar [seems] so [strange].

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

BRUTUS	I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.	230
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.	235
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.	240
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 chopped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar, for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.	245 250 255 260
CASSIUS	But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?	

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

BRUTUS
'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness. 265

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

CASCA
I know not what you mean by that, but I am
sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not
clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and
displeased them, as they use to do the players in the
theater, I am no true man. 270

BRUTUS
What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA
[]When he came to himself again, he said if he 280
had done or said anything amiss, he desired their
Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four
wenches where I stood cried "Alas, good soul!" and
forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no
heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed 285
their mothers, they would have done no less. [
And] I could tell you more news too: 295
[any found] pulling [wreaths] off Caesars' likeness
[are to be] put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS
Will you sup with me tonight, Casca? 300

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. 305

CASCA
Do so. Farewell both. *He exits.*

BRUTUS
What a blunt fellow [he has] 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, 310
 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. 315
 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.
Brutus exits.
 Well, Brutus, thou art noble. Yet I see 320
 Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
 From that it is disposed. Therefore it is meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
 Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus. 325
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not humor me. I will this night
 In several hands in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion 330
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
 Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at
 And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
He exits.

Scene 3
Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca and [Trebonius].

[TREBONIUS]
 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? [Trebonius],
 [] Either there is a civil strife in heaven, 10
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

[TREBONIUS]
 Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA
 A common [man] - you know him well by sight - 15
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.

Besides [] Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glazed upon me and went surly by [] 30
[Nay] I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

[TREBONIUS]
Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time.
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

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

[TREBONIUS]
 Good night then, Casca. This disturbèd sky
 Is not to walk in. 40

CASCA Farewell, [Trebonius]. *Trebonius exits.*

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS
Who's there?

CASCA A Roman.

CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.

CASCA
Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this! 45

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. []

CASSIUS	
[]	
But if you would consider the true cause	65
[] Why all these things change from their ordinance,	
Their natures, and preformèd faculties,	70
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find	
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits	
To make them instruments of fear and warning	
Unto some monstrous state.	
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man	75
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	

[] Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformèd faculties,

To monstrous quality—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man 75
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. 80

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

CASSIUS
Let it be who it is. [] Our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits. 85
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA
Indeed, they say the Senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king,

CASSIUS
I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, you gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, you gods, you tyrants do defeat. 90
[] If I know this, know all the world besides, 100
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

CASCA So can I.
So every bondman in his own hand bears 105
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS
And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
[] Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this 115
Before a willing bondman; then, I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA
You speak to Casca, and to such a man 120
That is no fleering telltale. Hold. My hand. *They shake hands.*

CASSIUS There's a bargain made. 125
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence.
And I do know by this they stay for me 130
In Pompey's Porch. [] 135

Enter Cinna.

CASCA
Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS
'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait. []

CINNA
To find out you. [] 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 145
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS, *handing him papers*
Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it [Where Brutus may] find it
In at his window; [once] All this done,
Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.

CINNA [NODS] *Cinna exits.*

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 160
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA
O, he sits high in all the people's hearts,
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 165

CASSIUS
Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go. []
They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

BRUTUS

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

5

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS

Called you, my lord?

[BRUTUS Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of march?]

[LUCIUS I know not sir]

[BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, bring me word] [and]
Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

He exits.

BRUTUS

It must be by his death. And for my part 10
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, 15
And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And,—[]-'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round, 25
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is, 30
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities.
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous, 35
And kill him in the shell.

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.

40

Gives him the letter.

[] 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."

50

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

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

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

55

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

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

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

60

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knock within.

BRUTUS

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

Lucius exits.

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

65

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,

70

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

75

LUCIUS

No, sir. There are more with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir. Their hats are plucked about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks, 80
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

BRUTUS Let 'em enter. *Lucius exits.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night, 85
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; [] 90

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

CASSIUS
I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you? 95

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 100
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS He is welcome hither.
[] 105

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? 110
Brutus and Cassius whisper.

[]
BRUTUS, *coming forward with Cassius*
Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS
And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS
No, not an oath. If not the face of men, 125
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed.
So let high-sighted tyranny range on

16

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these— As I am sure they do—bear fire enough To kindle cowards and to steel with valor The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress? What other bond Than secret Romans that have spoke the word And will not palter? And what other oath Than honesty to honesty engaged That this shall be or we will fall for it?	130 135
TREBONIUS Shall no man else be touched, but only Caesar?	
CASSIUS [Metellus], 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.	170
BRUTUS Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off and then hack the limbs, Like wrath in death and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Caesar. Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar, And in the spirit of men there is no blood. O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully. Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds. [] 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.	175 180 185 195
CASSIUS Yet I fear him, For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—	
BRUTUS Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him. If he love Caesar, all that he can do Is to himself: take thought and die for Caesar. And that were much he should, for he is given To sports, to wildness, and much company.	200
METELLUS CIMBER [We have no fear of him.] Let him not die, For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.	205
	17

Clock strikes.

BRUTUS

Peace, count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet

210

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 unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol today.

215

CASCA

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

220

225

CASSIUS

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

CINNA

By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

230

BRUTUS

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

[] And, friends, disperse yourselves, but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

240

All but Brutus exit.

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.

250

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.

255

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, 260
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, 265
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 270
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, 275
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. 280

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? And is it physical
To walk unbracèd 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 285
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of. And upon my knees 290
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, 295
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia. 300
He lifts her up.

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self
But, as it were, in sort or limitation, 305
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. 310

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 315
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? 320
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets? 325

BRUTUS

O you gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[Come in with me] thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart. 330
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows. *They exit.*

[]

Scene 2
*Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Caesar in his
nightgown.*

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor Earth have been at peace tonight.
Thrice hath Calphurnia 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, 5
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT I will, my lord.

He exits.

Enter Calphurnia.

CALPHURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR

Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me 10
Ne'er looked but on my back. When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPHURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within, 15
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds 20
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. 25
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 30
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPHURNIA

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. 35
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers? 40

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 45
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well

That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
 We are two lions littered in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible. 50
 And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPHURNIA 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. 55
 We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
 And he shall say you are not well today.
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. *She kneels.*

CAESAR
 Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 And for thy humor I will stay at home. 60
 He lifts her up.
 Enter [Casca]

Here's [Noble Casca]; he shall tell them so.

[CASCA]
 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 65
 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, [Casca].

CALPHURNIA
 Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie? 70
 Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
 To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
 [Casca], go tell them Caesar will not come.

[CASCA]
 Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so. 75

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.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. 80
 She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings and portents 85
 And evils imminent, and on her knee
 Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

22

[CASCA]
This dream is all amiss interpreted.
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 90
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. 95

CAESAR
And this way have you well expounded it.

[CASCA]
I have, when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now: the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come, 100
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for someone to say
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper 105
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR
How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia! 110
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, and Cassius.

And look where [Cassius] is come to fetch me.

[CASSIUS]
Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR Welcome, [Cassius]. 115
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?—
What is 't o'clock? 120

BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

CAESAR
I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

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

ANTONY So to most noble Caesar. 125

CAESAR, *to Servant* Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for. *Servant exits.*

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius,
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me today; 130
Be near me that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS
Caesar, I will. *Aside.* And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR
Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together. 135
They exit.

Scene 3
Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.

ARTEMIDORUS *Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of
Cassius, come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna,
trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber.
[] There is but one mind in all these 5
men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not
immortal, look about you. Security gives way to
conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! []*

He exits.

Scene 4
Enter Portia and Lucius.

PORTIA
[Lucius!!!!]
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 5
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
Aside. O constancy, be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue. 10
[] 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, 15
For he went sickly forth. And take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy, what noise is that?

24

LUCIUS I hear none, madam.

PORTIA Prithee, listen well. 20
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. 25

PORTIA
What is 't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA
Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER
Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol. 30

PORTIA
Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

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

PORTIA
Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him? 35

SOOTHSAYER
None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you.— *He exits.*

PORTIA
I must go in. *Aside.* Ay me, how weak a thing 45
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure the boy heard me. *To Lucius.* Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. *Aside.* O, I grow faint. 50
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.
They exit separately.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Antony; Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna; the Soothsayer, and other Senators and Petitioners [if possible].

CAESAR

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

[TREBONIUS]

Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.

[CASCA]

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

5

[METELLUS CIMBER]

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.

Caesar goes forward, the rest following.

[ANTONY], to Cassius

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

[]

He walks away.

BRUTUS What said the noble Antony?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

20

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.

25

[he] 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.

Trebonius and Antony exit.

[CASCA]
 [Now] Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go 30
 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? 35

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

CAESAR I must prevent thee, Cimber.
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies 40
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men
 And turn preordinance and first decree
 Into the law of children. Be not fond
 To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
 That will be thawed from the true quality 45
 With that which melteth fools—I mean sweet words,
 Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banishèd.
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 50
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know: Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS
 Is there no voice more worthy than my own
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear 55
 For the repealing of my banished brother?

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

CAESAR
 What, Brutus? 60

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

CAESAR
 I could be well moved, if I were as you.
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me. 65
 But I am constant as the Northern Star,

27

Of whose true fixed and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine. 70
 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, 75
 Unshaked of motion; and that I am he
 Let me a little show it, even in this:
 That I was constant Cimber should be banished
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA, *kneeling*
 O Caesar— 80

CAESAR Hence. Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

[CASCA] *kneeling*
 Great Caesar—

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA Speak, hands, for me!
As Casca strikes, the others rise up and stab Caesar.

CAESAR *Et tu, Brutè?*—Then fall, Caesar. 85
He dies.

TREBONIUS
 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. 90
 Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Enter Trebonius.

CASSIUS Where is Antony? 105

CINNA. 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. 110
 That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA
 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. 115
 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, 120
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"
They smear their hands and swords with Caesar's blood.

CASSIUS
 Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over 125
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
 [] So often shall the knot of us be called 130
 The men that gave their country liberty.

[CASCA]
 What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS Ay, every man away.
 Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 135
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter [Lucius].

BRUTUS
 Soft, who comes here?

[LUCIUS]
 Thus, [Antony me to my master sent]
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: 140
 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 145
 May safely come to him and be resolved
 How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 150
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. []

BRUTUS
 [Antony] is a wise and valiant Roman.
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 155
 He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
 Depart untouched.

[LUCIUS]. I'll fetch him presently.
Lucius exits.

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

I wish we may; but yet have I a mind 160
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony!

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils 165
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument 170
Of half that worth as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 175
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us! 180
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; 185
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 190
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 195
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. 200
 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 yours, Metellus;— 205
 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 210
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—
 [--] 230

CASSIUS 235
 [] But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be pricked in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on and not depend on you?

ANTONY 240
 [] 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 245
 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, 250
 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. 255
Aside to Brutus. You know not what you do. Do not consent
 That Antony speak in his funeral.
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS, *aside to Cassius* By your pardon, 260
 I will myself into the pulpit first
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
 What Antony shall speak I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 [] It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS, *aside to Brutus*
 I know not what may fall. I like it not.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us 270
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar
And say you do 't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral.

ANTONY Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

All but Antony exit.

ANTONY

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 280
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 285
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; 290
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds; 295
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 300
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter Lepidus (Octavius' Servant).

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

[LEPIDUS]

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

[LEPIDUS]

He did receive his letters and is coming, 305
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!

ANTONY

Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 310
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

[LEPIDUS]

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 315
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
Hie hence and tell him so.—Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take 320
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

They exit with Caesar's body.

Scene 2

Enter Brutus and Cassius with the Plebeians.

[--]

BRUTUS Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my
cause, and be silent that you may hear. Believe me 15
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 20
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 25
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 30
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 35
offended. I pause for a reply. *Silence from the crowd*

[] BRUTUS

Then none have I offended.

Enter Mark Antony

Here comes [] Mark Antony,
who, though he had no hand in [Caesar's] death, shall
receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the 45
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.

[CASSIUS] Live, Brutus, live, live! 50

[CASCA] Let him be Caesar!

[CINNA] Give him a statue with his ancestors!

BRUTUS
My countrymen—

[CASSIUS] Peace, silence! Brutus speaks. 60

BRUTUS
[Hearken to his speech, that numbers Caesar's glories
Which by our permission he is allowed to make.] 65
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.
He descends and exits.

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 interrèd with their bones. 85
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 90
(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, 95
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; 100
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that [at our festival]
I thrice presented him a kingly crown, 105
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. 110
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!—Bear with me; 115
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. *He weeps.*

[--]

ANTONY
 But yesterday the word of Caesar might 130
 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, 135
 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. 140
 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— 145
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
 We'll hear the will. [Read it], Mark Antony. 150

PLEBEIANS
 [The will, the will!] We will hear Caesar's will. [Read the 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, 155
 It will inflame you; it will make you mad.
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
 For if you should, O, what would come of it?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
 [Read the will!] We'll hear it, Antony.

PLEBEIANS
 [You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.] 160

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

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
 They were traitors. Honorable men? 165

PLEBEIANS The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will.

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
 Shall I [attend]? And will you give me leave? 180
 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. 185
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
 See what a rent the envious Casca made.
 Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,
 And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it, 190
 As rushing out of doors to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all. 195
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then 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 205
 The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Antony lifts Caesar's cloak.
 Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honorable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, 225
 That made them do it. They are wise and honorable
 And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
 I am no orator, as Brutus is,
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man 230
 That love my friend, and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on. 235
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony 240
 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.

PLEBEIANS

We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus. 245

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Away then. Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

PLEBEIANS

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? 250
Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal:
To every Roman citizen he gives, 255
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

PLEBEIANS

Peace, ho! 260

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
Plebeians exit in a near riot.
Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot; 275
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter [Lepidus].

How now, fellow?

[LEPIDUS]

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

LEPIDUS

He [is] at [noble] Caesar's house. 280

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.

LEPIDUS
 I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. 285

ANTONY
 Belike they had some notice of the people
 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
They exit.

Scene 3
Enter Cinna the poet and after him the Plebeians.

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

FIRST PLEBEIAN
 What is your name? 5

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN
 Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
 Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 Answer every man directly. 10

FIRST PLEBEIAN
 Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
 Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
 Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]
 What is my name? Whither am I going? Where
 do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? 15
 Then to answer every man directly and briefly,
 wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 That's as much as to say they are fools that marry.
 You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed directly. 20

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]
 Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

38

FIRST PLEBEIAN

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]

As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

For your dwelling—briefly.

25

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]

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

30

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

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

CINNA [SOOTHSAYER/ARTEMIDORUS]

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

It is no matter. His name's Cinna.

Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

35

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho, firebrands!

To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all! Some to Trebonius' house, and
some to Casca's, some to Metellus. Away, go!

40

All the Plebeians exit, carrying off Cinna.

[INTERMISSION]

GCT JULIUS CAESAR – PART II

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent.

OCTAVIUS

Prick him down, Antony.

5

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 [reduce the people's] legacies.

10

LEPIDUS

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Lepidus exits.

ANTONY

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

15

OCTAVIUS

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

20

ANTONY

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

25

40

(Like to the empty ass) to shake his ears
And graze in commons. 30

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

ANTONY
So is my horse, Octavius.
It is a creature that I teach to fight, 35
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit;
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so.
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth—
A barren-spirited fellow, [talk of him not][
]But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius 45
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 covert matters may be best disclosed 50
And 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. 55
They exit.

Scene 2
Drum. Enter Brutus, Metellus Cimber, and the Army.

BRUTUS
Stand ho!

METELLUS CIMBER
Give the word, ho, and stand!

BRUTUS
What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?

METELLUS CIMBER
He is at hand.[

BRUTUS
]A word, [Metellus], 15
How he received you. Let me be resolved.

METELLUS
With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old. 20

41

BRUTUS
 Thou hast described
 A hot friend cooling. Ever note, [Metellus],
 When love begins to sicken and decay
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; 25
Low march within.
Enter Cassius and [Trebonius].

METELLUS
 Hark, he is arrived.

BRUTUS
 March gently on to meet him. 35

CASSIUS
 Stand ho!

BRUTUS
 Stand ho! Speak the word along.

TREBONIUS
 Stand!

CASSIUS
 Most noble brother, you have done me wrong. 40

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

CASSIUS
 Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
 And when you do them— 45

BRUTUS
 Cassius, be content.
 Speak your griefs softly. I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our armies here
 (Which should perceive nothing but love from us),
 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away. 50
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS
 [Trebonius,]
 Bid our commanders lead their charges off
 A little from this ground. 55

BRUTUS
 [Metellus], do you the like, and let no man
 Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
All but Brutus and Cassius exit.

Scene 3

CASSIUS

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

5

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,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

10

CASSIUS

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

15

]BRUTUS

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

20

25

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.

30

BRUTUS

Go to! You are not, Cassius.

35

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more. I shall forget myself.

43

BRUTUS		
Away, slight man!		40
CASSIUS		
Is 't possible?		
BRUTUS	Hear me, for I will speak.	
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?		
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?		
CASSIUS		
O you gods, you gods, must I endure all this?		45
BRUTUS		
All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.		
Go show your slaves how choleric you are		
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?		
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch		
Under your testy humor? By the gods,		50
You shall digest the venom of your spleen		
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,		
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,		
When you are waspish.		
CASSIUS	Is it come to this?	55
BRUTUS		
You say you are a better soldier.		
Let it appear so, make your vaunting true,		
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,		
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.		
CASSIUS		
You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.		60
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.		65
BRUTUS		
Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.		
CASSIUS		
I durst not?		
BRUTUS	No.	
CASSIUS		
What? Durst not tempt him?		
BRUTUS	For your life you durst not.	70
		44

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, 75
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means. 80
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, 85
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts; 90
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart. 95
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practice them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS I do not like your faults. 100

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, 105
For Cassius is aweary of the world—
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,

Checked like a bondman, all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep 110
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
Offering his dagger to Brutus.
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that denied thee gold will give my heart. 115
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. 120
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.[
]O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 125
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him? 130

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. *They clasp hands; Call in the guards.*

BRUTUS
[Metellus Cimber go and] bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight. 160

CASSIUS
And come [Trebonius] bring [Casca] with you
Immediately to us. *Metellus and Trebonius exit.*

BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine. *Lucius exits.*

CASSIUS
I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS
O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs. 165

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

BRUTUS
No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS
Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS She is dead. 170

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

BRUTUS Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony 175
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

CASSIUS
And died so? 180

BRUTUS Even so.

CASSIUS O you immortal gods!

Enter Lucius with wine.

BRUTUS
Speak no more of her. [Come Lucius,] a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *He drinks.*

CASSIUS
My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.— 185
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *He drinks.*
Lucius clears the wine.

Enter [Trebonius and Casca].

BRUTUS
Come in, [Trebonius]. Welcome, good [Casca]. 190

CASSIUS
Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS No more, I pray you.—
[Casca], I have here receivèd letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power, 195
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

[CASCA]
Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS
With what addition?

[CASCA]
That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators. 200

BRUTUS
Therein our letters do not well agree.
Mine speak of seventy senators that died

[CASCA]
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS No, [Casca].

[CASCA]
Nor nothing in your letters writ of her? 210

BRUTUS Nothing, [Casca].

[CASCA] That methinks is strange.

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

[CASCA]
No, my lord.

BRUTUS
Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true. 215

[CASCA]
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, [Casca].
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now. 220

[CASCA]
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? 225

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, 230
 Doing himself offense, whilst we, lying still,
 Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS
 Good reasons must of force give place to better.
 [Our] 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; 250
 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. 255

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. 260

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

BRUTUS
 Lucius.

My gown. *Enter Lucius.*
Lucius exits.
 Farewell, good [Casca].— 265
 Good night, [Trebonius].—Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night and good repose.

CASSIUS O my dear brother,
 This was an ill beginning of the night. 270
 Never come such division 'tween our souls!
 Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the gown.

BRUTUS Everything is well.

CASSIUS
 Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS Good night, good brother. 275

[TREBONIUS/CASCA]
 Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS Farewell, everyone.

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Ghost exits. 330

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, Lucius!

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

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

340

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

[LUCIUS]

It shall be done, my lord.

355

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.
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, 5
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. [And] They[]come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter [Lepidus].

[LEPIDUS]

Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show.
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, 15
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand, I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent? 20

OCTAVIUS

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

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army including
Trebonius, and Metellus.*

BRUTUS

They stand and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, [Trebonius.] We must out and talk.

ANTONY

Make forth. The Generals would have some words. 25

OCTAVIUS, *to his Officers*
 Stir not until the signal.

The Generals step forward.

BRUTUS
 Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS
 Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS
 Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. 30

ANTONY
 In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.
 Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
 Crying "Long live, hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS
 Antony,
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown, 35
 But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
 And leave them honeyless.

BRUTUS
 And soundless too,
 For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony, 40
 And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY
 Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
 Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
 You showed your teeth like apes and fawned like hounds 45
 And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet,
 Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
 Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS
 Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself!
 This tongue had not offended so today 50
 If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS
 Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
 Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

He draws.

When think you that the sword goes up again? 55
 Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
 Be well avenged,
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

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

CASSIUS
 A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor, 65
 Joined with a masker and a reveler!

53

And whether we shall meet again, I know not. 125
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
Forever and forever farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS
Forever and forever farewell, Brutus. 130
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS
Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end, 135
And then the end is known.—Come ho, away!

Scene 2
Alarum. Battle begins.

CASSIUS [*CUT FROM 5.1.66-67*]
Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

They exit into battle.

Scene 3
Alarums. Enter Cassius carrying a standard and Trebonius.

CASSIUS
O, look, [Trebonius], 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.

[TREBONIUS]
O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, 5
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter [Cinna]

[CINNA]
Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. 10
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS
This hill is far enough.—Look, look, [Trebonius,]
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

[TREBONIUS]
They are, my lord.

CASSIUS [Trebonius,] if thou lovest me, 15

55

Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

[TREBONIUS]

I will be here again even with a thought.

He exits. 20

CASSIUS

Go [up, Cinna,] get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick. Regard [Trebonius]
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

Cinna goes up.

This day I breathèd first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news? 25

[CINNA], *above.* O my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

[CINNA],

[Trebonius] is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur, 30
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now [Trebonius]! Now some [dismount.] O, he [dismounts] too.
He's ta'en. *Soldiers shout.*

And hark, they shout for joy.

CASSIUS

Come down, behold no more.— 35
O, coward that I am to live so long
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[Cinna] comes down.

Come hither, sirrah [] and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom. 45
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts,
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. *[Cinna] stabs him.*

Caesar, thou art revenged 50
Even with the sword that killed thee. *He dies.*

[CINNA]

[That] I have done thy will.—O Cassius!—
Far from this country [Cinna] shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. 55

He exits.

Enter Trebonius and Casca.

[CASCA]

It is but change, [Trebonius], for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

[TREBONIUS]

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

[CASCA]
Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

[TREBONIUS]
He lies not like the living. O my heart!

[CASCA]
Is not that he? 65

[TREBONIUS] No, this was he, [Casca],
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone; 70

[CASCA]
Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child, 75
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?

TREBONIUS Hie you, [Casca, hence]
And I will seek for [Cinna yet] the while.
Casca exits.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they 90
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.
[---]
Alarum. Enter Brutus, Casca, Metellus Cimber, and Lucius

BRUTUS
O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet; 105
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. 110
Low alarums.
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— 115
I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body.
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. 120
Let us to the field and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
They exit.

Scene 4 [---]
*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Casca, Metellus Cimber and Octavius' men,
fighting.*

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

57

Brutus, Casca and Metellus Cimber exit.

[SECOND SOLDIER]

What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
A foe to tyrants and my country's friend.

5

Enter Cinna into the fight, he is taken immediately

[CINNA]

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!
Brutus, my country's friend! Know me for Brutus.

[SECOND SOLDIER]

seizing Cinna

Yield, or thou diest.

[CINNA]

Only I yield to die.

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

Offering money.

Kill Brutus and be honored in his death.

15

FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

SECOND SOLDIER

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

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll tell the news. Here comes the General.—
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY

Where is he?

20

[CINNA]

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

25

ANTONY

This is not Brutus, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe.
[Go] see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent.

30

They exit in different directions.

Scene 5

Enter Brutus, Casca, Metellus Cimber, Lucius; in a fray.

[CASCA]

Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS

Hence. I will follow.

Come hither, [my] good Lucius. List a word.

What says my lord?

BRUTUS Why this, [dear] Lucius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me 20
Two several times by night—at Sardis once
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

BRUTUS	
Nay, I am sure it is, [good Lucius.]	25
Thou seest the world, [Lucius], how it goes.	
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.	<i>Low alarums.</i>
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves	
Than tarry till they push us. Good Lucius, [
]Even for that our love of old, I prithee,	30
Hold thou my sword hilts whilst I run on it.	

Alarum continues.

Fly, fly, my lord! There is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

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 40
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once,] [my bones would rest, 45
That have but labored to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within "Fly, fly, fly!"

I prithee, [Lucius], stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 50
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, [boy]?

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

BRUTUS
Farewell, good [Lucius]. 55

Brutus runs on his sword.

Caesar, now be still.

I killed not thee with half so good a will. *He dies.*

59

OCTAVIUS
What man is that?

[CINNA]
[‘Tis Brutus] man. [Lucius,] where is thy master?

[LUCIUS]
Free from the bondage you are in, [Cinna.] 60
The conquerors can but make a fire of him,
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

[OCTAVIUS]
So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee [sir]. 65

OCTAVIUS
All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—
How died my master, [Lucius]? 70

[LUCIUS]
I held the sword, and he did run on it.

[ANTONY]
Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to [his] master.

[OCTAVIUS]
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?]

ANTONY
This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he 75
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 80
And say to all the world “This was a man.”

OCTAVIUS
According to his virtue, let us use him
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably. 85
So call the field to rest, and let’s away
To part the glories of this happy day.