

E. K. Chambers, ed. *Julius Caesar*. Red Letter Shakespeare. London: Gresham,  
[1906].

## Introduction

---



ULIUS CÆSAR, which most recent scholars—betrayed, perhaps, by the notion of a “tragic period” in Shakespeare’s development beginning only after the last of the “joyous comedies” had been completed—have agreed to date in 1601, is found, upon a closer re-reading of the facts of literary history, to belong rather to 1599. The point is not wholly unimportant, and is at least interesting as a refutation of that extreme school of philosophical and æsthetic criticism which too often affects to dismiss the nice investigation of dates and occasions of production as no more than a profitless pedantry. In itself the establishment of the chronological order of the plays matters but little; it becomes of significance when it helps to determine the relations in which those plays stand to each other, and to fix the stations by which the poet’s unresting thought moved in its progress across the vast issues of time and eternity. In the interpretation of *Julius Cæsar* it is of the first moment to realize that it was probably written immediately after *Henry*

*the Fifth*, and that its speculative outlook upon life begins precisely where that of *Henry the Fifth* leaves off. The similarity of the two plays, both in theme and in manner, only needs to be stated in order to carry conviction. There is the same preoccupation with a political problem in the relations of leader and mob, and the same flow of inexhaustible eloquence in which, as at no other period of Shakespeare's career, speech is aptly and lucidly fitted to the precise ideas which it undertakes to convey. This is wholly true of *Henry the Fifth*, and it is true of the greater part of *Julius Cæsar*, although here there is already from time to time some foretaste of the more troubled expression of later plays in which the pink and white of perfect rhetoric is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. But this slight divergence of style is only symptomatic of a far more deep-seated opposition of temper, which may be briefly but accurately summed up in the formula that *Henry the Fifth* and *Julius Cæsar* treat the same subject-matter, the one as an heroic play, the other as a tragedy. *Henry the Fifth* is a pæan of the superman in the guise of the popular hero. Its emotional basis is triumphant nationalism, the exultation of a folk in the "efficient" champion, who incarnates their dreams of military glory none the less surely than in the glamour the strains of hardness which enable him to rise by trampling upon the hearts of his friends pass unperceived.

It is the superman, again, who is dealt with in *Julius Cæsar*, in a very different mood indeed to that of Agincourt, but with no less unhesitating recognition of his efficiency and his inevitableness. The Cæsar of Shakespeare is the Cæsar of Mommsen, "the born ruler, who governs the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds". He stands alone and unparalleled. His bodily infirmities, the falling-sickness and the fever, only serve to throw into stronger relief the powers of will and personal magnetism whereby he gets the start of the majestic world and bears the palm alone. For the dramatic value of this effect, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch and falsifies history, representing the competent athlete, who in fact saved his own life by swimming in the harbour of Alexandria, as indebted to Cassius for bearing him, spent and wearied, out of the torrent of Tiber. It is noteworthy in the play that the impression which it yields of Cæsar's greatness is largely afforded by his own self-conscious utterances. He speaks of himself more than once with a touch of awe in the third person, and is ready to dwell upon his own steadfastness of soul and withdrawal from the weaknesses of his fellows.

"I am constant as the northern star";

and—

"Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thawed from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools”;

and—

“Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We are two lions littered in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible.”

This self-laudation, which is not perhaps wholly inconsistent with the view of Decius Brutus that Cæsar is “then most flatterèd” when he is told that he hates flatterers, serves in its turn Shakespeare’s dramatic purpose. It creates an atmosphere of *ὑβρις*, of greatness becoming overripe and toppling to its fall, which hangs the earlier scenes of the play about with dramatic irony. And none the less it carries conviction, as an estimate, not merely of what Cæsar would be taken to be, but of what he is. It is reinforced by that finer, if only because less self-conscious, saying upon which the whole fate of the conspiracy against Cæsar hangs—

“What touches us ourself shall be last served”;

and by the independent testimony of two such quite different personalities as Antony and Brutus. It is to himself, and not as a lure to the conspirators or a goad to the populace, that Antony murmurs before Cæsar’s corpse—

“Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever livèd in the tide of times”.

Even in the glow of moral indignation against tyranny, Brutus acknowledges—

“I have not known when his affections swayed  
More than his reason”;

and long after, he reminds Cassius of the obligation to high ideals imposed upon those—

“That struck the foremost man of all this world”.

The superman falls in Cæsar, but supermanity does not fall with him, for Antony is at once ready to step into the vacant place, and to become the heir of Cæsar, just as Cæsar himself had been the heir of “great Pompey”. In Antony you have a second type of the “efficient” man, none the less complete and dangerous because he hides his efficiency under a Bacchic mask and a wreath of flowers. Antony is “gamesome”; he has a “quick spirit” which “loves plays”; he—

“is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company”.

This deceives Brutus, but it does not deceive Shakespeare, or the audience who have already, with Shakespeare, watched the emergence of a Henry the Fifth from a wanton and roistering youth. Antony teaches Octavius to ride Lepidus as a horse—

“It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion governed by my spirit”;

and the amazing scene in the market-place, in which under the very menace of death he makes himself instant master of the situation, winds the conspirators, themselves "the choice and master-spirits of this age", round his little finger, and seizes the one opportunity afforded to turn the passions of the mob irrevocably against them, shows clearly enough that his power over his fellow-men is by no means confined to such slight unmeritable creatures as Lepidus. One may stop to point out the delight which, here as elsewhere, and notably in certain scenes of *Richard the Third*, Shakespeare takes in painting from inside the processes of the born actor, and the musician-touches with which he plays upon hearts.

But if *Henry the Fifth* and *Julius Cæsar* have it in common that they are dominated by the conception of the superman, they differ most profoundly in the sentiments and emotions which the spectacle of the superman is used to evoke. In *Henry the Fifth* your sympathy is claimed from beginning to end for the hero; the play is a glorification of leadership, a dramatized epic. *Julius Cæsar* reverses this point of view; the superman still triumphs, but your sympathy is to be transferred from him to the idealist who makes head against him and who is doomed in the end to go down before the Durandal of his efficiency. Not exultation, but pity and awe, are the burden of the event. It was perhaps natural that Cæsar should provide

a title, as he had done for so many earlier dramas of the Renaissance, including that in which Polonius played the title-rôle, and was killed like a calf in the university of Wittenberg; but it is in Brutus rather than either in Cæsar or in Antony that the centre of emotional interest is to be found. And so the last note on which you leave the theatre is a memory from the mouth of Antony, not of Cæsar, but of Brutus—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all".

Brutus, murdering from philosophy, stands for the revulsion of humanity against the superman, who, when you get him out of the circumstance of war into that of peace, and out of the mediæval atmosphere into that of a free community, becomes revealed for nothing else than what he is—plain tyrant. The stand of freedom against tyranny is elementary righteousness, and in Brutus the conscience of freedom is personified. Antony, posing as Chorus, admits that his action was taken "in a general honest thought and common good to all". When the call came to him, he was "with himself at war". The tradition of his house, the established reputation of one who for his virtue "sat high in all the people's hearts", formed claims which could not be set aside without disloyalty to an exalted sense of honour. He had no personal cause to spurn at Cæsar, whom he loved and admired; nor was there anything

congenial to him in conspiracy with the "dangerous brow". His resolution was determined by nothing meaner than—

"The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse".

To such idealism a foil is provided by the less respectable motives of some at least of the other conspirators, who—

"Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar".

Cassius is not without sparks of greatness in him, but Cassius himself would have been a superman if fate had willed it so. What irks him is not so much that the old civic ideals of freedom and equality should be set at nought, as that he personally should be an underling, and live in awe of such a thing as he himself. This is not to say that he is all hypocrite. A completer analysis might disentangle strains of sincerity and of self-seeking curiously interwoven in his composition. But when he puts the antique Roman on and voices his formulas of liberty to conspirator after conspirator, one has an uneasy feeling that the toga does not wholly fit him, and it is not quite a surprise when it comes to be whispered amongst his colleagues that Cassius has an itching palm. And here comes in the irony of the play, that after all it is Cassius, and not the idealist Brutus, who might, if the opportunity had been his, have brought to the conspiracy just that element of efficiency which was needed to

turn it into a triumphant revolution. Moral enthusiasms have not blinded his eyes to plain facts and their consequences—

"He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men".

Cæsar is no mean judge of a man, and had the name of Cæsar been liable to fear, it is the spare, seldom-smiling Cassius that he would have held dangerous. But efficiency is but as dust in the balance when weighed against character; the conspirators are hopelessly under the spell of Brutus, Cassius himself no less than the rest, as it is the dramatic function of the famous, although perhaps somewhat disproportionate, quarrel-scene to show; and once again lofty ethical ideals are allowed to wreak their full havoc in the world. Three several times Cassius urges the course of practical wisdom, and the headstrong and optimistic sentiment of Brutus decides against him with fatal results. He would have Antony fall with Cæsar, and the idealist, who has no conception of the hidden Antony, replies—

"Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius".

He would intervene again to keep Antony out of the pulpit in the market-place, but Brutus, bent on doing the generous thing, will not heed the twitch at his elbow, and Antony gets the ear of the people, which is all he needs for his  $\pi\omicron\upsilon\ \sigma\tau\hat{\omega}$ . Finally, after the quarrel, he is over-

ruled by the fatalistic desire of Brutus to take the tide of fortune at its flood, and meet the enemy at Philippi, although he is indeed the better soldier, and knows that the wiser policy would be to keep the hills and upper regions.

It is to a despondent view of life, then, that Shakespeare has passed from the light-hearted and complacent heroics of *Henry the Fifth*. Between this Brutus and this Antony a plain issue is set. It is righteousness matched against efficiency and showing itself clearly impotent in the unequal contest. Had we only to do with the fate of individuals, it might pass. But the selection of the artist makes his puppets more than individuals. They stand for cosmic forces, and in the cosmic order the triumph of efficiency over righteousness is tragic stuff.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

January, 1906.

There is no extant edition of *Julius Cæsar*, and it does not appear from the Stationers' Register that any such edition was ever printed, before it was included in the First Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays in 1623. The date of the play can be fixed within fairly close limits. It is not included in the list of Shakespeare's writings given in the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres in the autumn of 1598. On the other hand there is a clear allusion to it in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*. This was published in 1601, but attention has recently been called to a passage in the author's Dedication which states that the book was "made fit for the print" two years earlier. *Julius Cæsar*, therefore, must almost certainly have been produced in 1599. The actors were probably the Lord Chamberlain's (Lord Hunsdon's) men, playing at the recently opened Globe. Earlier plays upon the subject are recorded, but there is no evidence that Shakespeare used any other source than Sir Thomas North's translation, originally published in 1580, of Jaques Amyot's French version of Plutarch's *Parallel Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans*.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

LEPIDUS.

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

} Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CAIUS CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

FLAVIUS,

MURELLUS,

} Tribunes.

} Conspirators against  
Julius Cæsar.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Chidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,

TITINIUS,

MESSALA,

Young CATO,

VOLUMNIUS,

} Friends to Brutus and Cas-  
sius.

LUCIUS and other Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

&c.

## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar

### ACT I

#### SCENE I. *Rome. An open place.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MURELLUS, and certain Commoners  
over the stage.*

*Flavius.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get  
you home!

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*Carpenter.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Murellus.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy  
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?  
—You, sir! what trade are you?

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

*Murellus.* But what trade art thou? Answer me  
directly!

*Cobbler.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with

a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Murellus.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

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

*Murellus.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*Cobbler.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flavius.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

*Flavius.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

*Murellus.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

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

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,

29. *neat*, bullock.

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?

50

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

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

*Flavius.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

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

60

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

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

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

70

49. *replication*, echo.

52. *cull*, choose.

64. *mettle*, the stuff they are made of.



*Flavius.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers, plucked from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY for the course, CALPHURNIA,  
PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,  
CASCA, a Soothsayer; after them MURELLUS  
and FLAVIUS.*

*Cæsar.* Calphurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæsar.* Calphurnia!

*Calphurnia.* Here, my lord.

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

*Antony.* Cæsar, my lord!

*Cæsar.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonio,  
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Antony.* I shall remember.  
When Cæsar says 'Do this', it is performed.

*Cæsar.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Soothsayer.* Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* Ha! who calls?

76. *pitch*, the height to which a hawk soars (a term of falconry).

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still! Peace yet again!

*Cæsar.* Who is it in the press that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, 'Cæsar'. Speak! Cæsar is turned to hear.

*Soothsayer.* Beware the Ides of March!

*Cæsar.* What man is that?

*Brutus.* A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of  
March. 20

*Cæsar.* Set him before me; let me see his face!

*Cassius.* Fellow, come from the throng; look  
upon Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* What sayest thou to me now? Speak  
once again!

*Soothsayer.* Beware the Ides of March!

*Cæsar.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass!  
[*Sennet. Exeunt. Manent Brutus  
and Cassius.*]

*Cassius.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Brutus.* Not I.

*Cassius.* I pray you, do.

*Brutus.* I am not gamesome; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. 30  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

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

*Brutus.* Cassius,

16. *press*, crowd.25. *sennet*, a trumpet-call.

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

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

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

*Cassius.* 'T is just;  
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
 Where many of the best respect in Rome—  
 Except immortal Cæsar—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  
 For that which is not in me?

41. *difference*, contention amongst themselves.

60. *respect*, repute.

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

[*Flourish and shout.*]

*Brutus.* What means this shouting? I do fear,  
 the people  
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

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

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

*Cassius.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.

74. *stale*, make common.

77. *scandal*, slander.

I cannot tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;  
 We both have fed as well; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,  
 And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.  
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
 I, as Æneas, 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 Cæsar. And this man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him I did mark  
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan.  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

96. *lief*, gladly.

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
 'Alas!' it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius!'  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*  
*Brutus.* Another general shout!  
 I do believe that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.  
*Cassius.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
 world  
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates.  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was famed with more than with one man?  
 When could they say till now that talked of Rome  
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked 16  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king!

*Brutus.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.  
What you would work me to, I have some aim.  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further moved. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear; and find a time 170  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this.  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cassius.* I am glad  
That my weak words have struck but thus much  
show  
Of fire from Brutus.

*Enter CÆSAR and his train.*

*Brutus.* The games are done, and Cæsar is return-  
ing.

*Cassius.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the  
sleeve; 180  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Brutus.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train.  
Calphurnia's check is pale, and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

*Cassius.* Casca will tell us what the matter is. 190

*Cæsar.* Antonio!

*Antony.* Cæsar?

*Cæsar.* 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.

*Antony.* Fear him not, Cæsar! he's not dangerous.  
He is a noble Roman and well given.

*Cæsar.* Would he were fatter! But I fear him  
not.

Yet if my name were liable to fear, 200  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves; 210  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be feared  
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou thinkest of him.

*[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.]*

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

*Brutus* Ay, Casca! tell us what hath chanced to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca*. Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Brutus*. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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

*Brutus*. What was the second noise for?

*Casca*. Why, for that too.

*Cassius*. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

*Casca*. Why, for that too.

*Brutus*. Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

*Cassius*. Who offered him the crown?

*Casca*. Why, Antony.

*Brutus*. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca*. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was 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 loth 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 night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cassius*. But, soft, I pray you! What, did Cæsar swoon?

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

*Brutus*. 'T is very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cassius*. No, Cæsar 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 Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Brutus*. What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca*. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing 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 Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Brutus.* And after that, he came thus sad away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cassius.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cassius.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, and 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. Murellus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cassius.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cassius.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

*Cassius.* Good! I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so! Farewell both! [*Exit Casca.*]

*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.

(B 514)

*Brutus.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you.

To-morrow 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. 310

*Cassius.* I will do so. Till then, think of the world. [*Exit Brutus.*]

—Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable 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? Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night In several hands in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at. And after this let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure. 320

[*Exit.*]SCENE III. *The same.*

*Thunder and lightning.* Enter *CASCA* and *CICERO*.

*Cicero.* Good even, Casca! Brought you Cæsar 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 infirm? O Cicero,

3. *sway*, equilibrium.

(B 514)

C

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 to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cicero.* Why, saw you any thing more wonder-  
 ful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by  
 sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
 Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,  
 Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.  
 Besides—I have not since put up my sword—  
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
 Who glazd upon me, and went surly by  
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women  
 Transform'd with their fear, who swore they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
 Even at noonday upon the market-place,  
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
 'These are their reasons; they are natural';  
 For, I believe, they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cicero.* Indeed, it is a strange-dispos'd time.  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,

6. *rived*, split.

21. *glazed*, glared.

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonio  
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cicero.* Good night, then, Casca! this disturb'd  
 sky

Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero! [*Exit Cicero.* 40

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cassius.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cassius.* Casca, by your voice!

*Casca.* Your ear is good. [*Thunder and lightning.*]

*Cassius,* what night is this?

*Cassius.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cassius.* Those that have known the earth so full  
 of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets,  
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
 And thus unbrac'd, Casca, as you see,  
 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;  
 And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open 50  
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the  
 heavens?

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

48. *unbrac'd*, with loosened garments.

*Cassius.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, 60  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,  
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures and pre-form'd faculties,  
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,  
Cassius?

*Cassius.* Let it be who it is; for Romans now 80  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cassius.* I know where I will wear this dagger,  
then.

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

*Casca.* So can I; 100  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cassius.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant,  
then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate 110  
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman. Then I know  
My answer must be made; but I am armed,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man



That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand!  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cassius.* There's a bargain made. 120  
[Grasping Casca's hand.]

Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch, for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets,  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 13

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in  
haste!

*Cassius.* 'T is Cinna. I do know him by his gait!  
He is a friend.—[Enter CINNA.] Cinna, where haste  
you so?

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

*Cassius.* No, it is Casca, one incorporate  
To our attempt. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

*Cinna.* I am glad on it. What a fearful night is  
this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cassius.* Am I not stayed for? Tell me!

*Cinna.* Yes, you are.

117. *fleering*, sneering.

118. *factions*, a party man.

123. *element*, sky.

O Cassius, if you could 140  
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Cassius.* Be you content! Good Cinna, take this  
paper,

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

*Cinna.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cassius.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.  
[Exit Cinna.]

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

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

*Cassius.* Him and his worth and our great need  
of him  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

143. *prætor*, a municipal officer.

162. *conceited*, formed a conception of.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome.**Enter BRUTUS in his orchard.**Brutus.* What, Lucius! ho!

—I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!

—I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

—When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What,  
Lucius!*Enter LUCIUS.**Lucius.* Called you, my lord?*Brutus.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.*Lucius.* I will, my lord. [*Exit. Lightning.*]*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,  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him! that!  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections swayed 20  
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost roundHe then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30  
Would run to these and these extremities,  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which hatched would, as his kind, grow mis-  
chievous,  
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.[*Gives him the letter.*]*Brutus.* Get you to bed again! it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March? 40*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 sleepest; awake, and see thyself!  
Shall Rome, etcetera. Speak, strike, redress!'  
'Brutus, thou sleepest; awake!'Such instigations have been often dropped  
Where I have took them up. 50

'Shall Rome, etcetera.' Thus must I piece it out.

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

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.  
'Speak, strike, redress!'—Am I entreated  
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee pro-  
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Lucius.* Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

*Brutus.* 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody  
knocks! [*Exit Lucius.* 60

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar  
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.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Lucius.* Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door, 70  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Brutus.* Is he alone?

*Lucius.* No, sir; there are moe with him.

*Brutus.* Do you know them?

65. *phantasma*, hallucination.

66. *genius*, ruling spirit.

72. *moe*, more.

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

*Brutus.* Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*  
They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
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 80  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-  
spiracy!

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 90  
But honours you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Brutus.* He is welcome hither.

*Cassius.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Brutus.* He is welcome too.

76. *favour*, looks.

83. *path*, walk abroad.

*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.* 100

*Decius.* Here lies the east; doth not the day break  
here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cinna.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both de-  
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher towards the north  
He first presents his fire, and the high east 110  
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

*Brutus.* Give me your hands all over, one by one!

*Cassius.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Brutus.* No, not an oath! If not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

104. *fret*, pattern.

108. *weighing*, if you consider.

What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress, what other bond  
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter, and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engaged  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130  
That welcome wrongs! Unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt! But do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath passed from him. 140

*Cassius.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound  
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cinna.* No, by no means.

*Cimber.* O, let us have him; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.  
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;  
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; 150

126. *paltter*, equivocate. 129. *cautelous*, over-cautious.

134. *insuppressive*, that cannot be suppressed.

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cassius.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Decius.* Shall no man else be touched but only  
Cæsar?

*Cassius.* Decius, well urged! I think it is not  
meet

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar. 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, 160  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Brutus.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be called purgers, not murderers. 180  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cassius.* Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

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

*Trebonius.* There is no fear in him; let him not  
die, 190  
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Brutus.* Peace! count the clock!

*Cassius.* The clock has stricken three.

*Trebonius.* 'T is time to part.

*Cassius.* But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day 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 200  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Decius.* Never fear that! If he be so resolved,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.  
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flatter'd.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

*Brutus.* By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

*Cinna.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Climber.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Brutus.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him.  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

*Cassius.* The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave you, Brutus.

—And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Brutus.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
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. Manet Brutus.*]

—Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter.  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber! 230

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Portia.* Brutus, my lord!

*Brutus.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Portia.* Nor for yours, neither. You have un-  
gently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose and walked about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240

And, when I asked you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.

I urged you further; then you scratched your head,  
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.

Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,  
But with an angry wafture of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

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

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

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

*Brutus.* Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed! 260

*Portia.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical

To walk unbrac'd and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus!  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of, and, upon my knees, 270  
 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 to-night  
 Have had resort to you; for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Brutus.* Kneel not, gentle Portia!

*Portia.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
*Brutus.*

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280  
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
 suburbs  
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Brutus.* You are my true and honourable wife,  
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart. 290

266. *rheumy*, like to give a cold.

*Portia.* If this were true, then should I know this  
 secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.  
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so fathered and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels! I will not disclose 'em.  
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300  
 Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,  
 And not my husband's secrets?

*Brutus.* O ye gods,  
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
 [*Knocking within.*

—Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the charactery of my sad brows.  
 Leave me with haste! [*Exit Portia.*

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

—Lucius, who 's that knocks?

*Lucius.* Here is a sick man that would speak with  
 you. 310

*Brutus.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.  
 —Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Ligarius.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble  
 tongue.

308. *charactery*, signs.

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

*Ligarius.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

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

*Ligarius.* By all the gods that Romans bow  
before, 320  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up  
My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible,  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Brutus.* A piece of work that will make sick men  
whole.

*Ligarius.* But are not some whole that we must  
make sick?

*Brutus.* That must we also. What it is, my  
Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330  
To whom it must be done.

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

*Brutus.* Follow me, then! [Exeunt.]

323. *exorcist*, caller up of spirits.

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

*Thunder and lightning.* Enter JULIUS CÆSAR in  
*his night-gown.*

*Cæsar.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace  
to-night.  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!'—Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* My lord!

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

*Servant.* I will, my lord. [Exit.]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Calphurnia.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think  
you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæsar.* Cæsar shall forth. The things that  
threatened me 10  
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

*Calphurnia.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;  
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;



The noise of battle hurtled in the air;  
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

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

*Calphurnia.* When beggars die, there are no  
comets seen; 30  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
princes.

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

*Enter a Servant.*

4 —What say the augurers?  
*Servant.* They would not have you to stir forth  
to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

*Cæsar.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice;  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

*[Exit Servant.]*

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well

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

*Calphurnia.* Alas! my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day! Call it my fear 50  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,  
And he shall say you are not well to-day.  
Let me, upon my knees, prevail in this.

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

*Enter DECIUS.*

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

*Decius.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar!  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæsar.* And you are come in very happy time 60  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day.  
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

*Calphurnia.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæsar.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,  
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Decius.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some  
cause,  
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so. 70

*Cæsar.* 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.  
She dreamed to-night she saw my statuë,  
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  
Of evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

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

*Cæsar.* And this way have you well expounded  
it.

*Decius.* I have, when you have heard what I can  
say.  
And know it now! The senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,  
'Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams'.

80

90

100

90. *cognizance*, memorials.

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is liable.

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

[*Exit Calphurnia.*]

*Publius.* Good morrow, Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* Welcome, Publius! 110  
—What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?  
—Good morrow, Casca!—Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.  
—What is't a'clock?

*Brutus.* Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

*Cæsar.* 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 Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Bid them prepare within!  
I am to blame to be thus waited for. 120  
—Now, Cinna!—Now, Metellus!—What, Tre-  
bonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day;  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Trebonius.* Cæsar, I will—[*aside*] and so near  
will I be  
That your best friends shall wish I had been  
further.

*Cæsar.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine  
with me.  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.  
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

*Brutus.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [Exit. 130]

SCENE III. *An open place.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*Artemidorus.* 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of  
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;  
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius  
Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.  
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent  
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about  
you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty  
gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this. 10  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*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.  
—[*Aside.*] O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
—Art thou here yet?

*Lucius.* Madam, what should I do? 10  
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 Cæsar 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 rumour like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Lucius.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Portia.* Come hither, fellow! which way hast  
thou been?

*Soothsayer.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Portia.* What is 't a'clock?

*Soothsayer.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Portia.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Soothsayer.* Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Portia.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Soothsayer.* That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

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

30

*Portia.* Why, knowest thou any harm's intended towards him?

*Soothsayer.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you! Here the street is narrow.  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar 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 Cæsar 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.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. Before the Capitol.

*Flourish.* Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA,  
DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA,  
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, ARTE-  
MIDORUS and the Soothsayer.

*Cæsar.* The Ides of March are come.

*Soothsayer.* Ay, Cæsar! but not gone.

*Artemidorus.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule!

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

*Artemidorus.* O, Cæsar, read mine first! for mine's  
a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* What touches us ourself shall be last  
served.

*Artemidorus.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly!

*Cæsar.* What! is the fellow mad?

*Publius.* Sirrah, give place! to

*Cassius.* What! urge you your petitions in the  
street?

Come to the Capitol!

*Popilius.* [To Cassius.] I wish your enterprise to-  
day may thrive.

*Cassius.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Popilius.* Fare you well! [Advances to Cæsar.

*Brutus.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cassius.* He wished to-day our enterprise might  
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discover'd.

*Brutus.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him!

*Cassius.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.  
—Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Brutus.* Cassius, be constant!  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

*Decius.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Brutus.* He is addressed; press near and second  
him.

*Cinna.* Casca, you are the first that rears your  
hand. 30

*Cæsar.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Cimber.* Most high, most mighty, and most  
puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart—

*Cæsar.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood, 40  
That will be thawed from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools—I mean sweet words,

29. *addressed*, prepared.

39. *fond*, foolish

Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banish'd;  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Cimber.* Is there no voice more worthy than my  
own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50  
For the repealing of my banished brother?

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

*Cæsar.* What, Brutus!

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

*Cæsar.* 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, 60

[*Cassius rises.*  
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
So, in the world; 't is furnished well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he, 70

67. *apprehensive*, intelligent.

Let me a little show it, even in this,  
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cinna.* O Cæsar!—

*Cæsar.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Decius.* Great Cæsar!—

*Cæsar.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[*They stab Cæsar.*

*Cæsar.* *Et tu, Brute!*—Then, fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

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

*Cassius.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry  
out, 80

‘Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement!’

*Brutus.* People, and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still! Ambition’s debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus!

*Decius.* And Cassius too.

*Brutus.* Where’s Publius?

*Cinna.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Cimber.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Cæsar’s

Should chance—

*Brutus.* Talk not of standing!—Publius, good  
cheer! 90

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.

75. *bootless*, without result.

77. *Et tu, Brute!* Thou too, Brutus!

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

*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. 100  
That we shall die, we know; ’t is 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.  
So are we Cæsar’s friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop!  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar’s blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, 110  
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 o’er  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Brutus.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in  
sport,  
That now on Pompey’s basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cassius.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be called  
The men that gave their country liberty. 120

117. *basis*, pedestal.

*Decius.* What! shall we forth?

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

*Enter a Servant.*

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

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

*Brutus.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; 140  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouched.

*Servant.* I'll fetch him presently.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

133. *resolved*, shown plainly.

144. *presently*, at once.

*Brutus.* I know that we shall have him well to  
friend.

*Cassius.* I wish we may. But yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Brutus.* But here comes Antony!

*Enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony!

*Antony.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low? 150  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!  
—I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, 160  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die.  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Brutus.* O Antony, beg not your death of us!  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done.  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful.  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome

154. *rank*, overgrown.

—As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. 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. 180

*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 Cæsar when I strook 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; 190  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-  
bonius.

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, Cæsar, O, 't is 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, 200

184. *strook*, struck.194. *conceit*, suppose.

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy lethe.  
—O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. 210  
—How like a deer stroken by many princes  
Dost thou here lie!

*Cassius.* Mark Antony!

*Antony.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius!  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cassius.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so.  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Antony.* Therefore I took your hands; but was  
indeed 220  
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar 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 Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Antony.* That's all I seek;

206. *bayed*, brought to bay (a term of venery).208. *lethe*, the stream of death.211. *stroken*, struck.



And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place, 230  
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!  
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!  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest 240  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cassius.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.

*Brutus.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's  
body!  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
And say you do it by our permission.  
Else shall you not have any hand at all 250  
About his funeral. And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Antony.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Brutus.* Prepare the body then, and follow us!  
[*Exeunt. Manet Antony.*]

*Antony.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of  
earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever livèd in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood! 260  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quartered with the hands of war, 270  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;  
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,  
With Até by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war,  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

—You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Servant.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Antony.* Cæsar did write for him to come to  
Rome. 280

*Servant.* He did receive his letters and is coming;  
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—  
O Cæsar!

271. *fell*, cruel.

275. *havoc!* the signal to give no quarter.

*Antony.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep!

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Servant.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Antony.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 290  
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 corse  
Into the market-place. There shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand! [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II. *The market-place.*

*Enter BRUTUS, and goes into the pulpit; and CASSIUS, with the Plebeians.*

*Plebeians.* 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 Cæsar's death.

*First Plebeian.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Second Plebeian.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit Cassius.*]

*Third Plebeian.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

*Brutus.* Be patient till the last!

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that 20 Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, 'Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more'. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour 30 for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none!

*Brutus.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to 40  
*Brutus.* The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter MARK ANTONY, with CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, 50 when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

*First Plebeian.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

*Second Plebeian.* Give him a statue with his ancestors!

*Third Plebeian.* Let him be Cæsar!

*Fourth Plebeian.* Cæsar's better parts Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

*First Plebeian.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Brutus.* My countrymen!

*Second Plebeian.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Plebeian.* Peace, ho!

*Brutus.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 60  
 And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
 Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony  
 By our permission is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

*First Plebeian.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Plebeian.* Let him go up into the public chair.

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up!

*Antony.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. 70

*Fourth Plebeian.* What does he say of Brutus?

*Third Plebeian.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
 He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Plebeian.* 'T were best he speak no harm  
 of Brutus here.

*First Plebeian.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Plebeian.* Nay, that's certain.  
 We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Second Plebeian.* Peace! let us hear what Antony  
 can say.

*Antony.* You gentle Romans!

*All.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
 your ears!

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interr'd with their bones.

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me; 90  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransom did the general coffers fill.  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal 100  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me! 110  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Plebeian.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Plebeian.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Plebeian.* Has he, masters?  
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Plebeian.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
 Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

*First Plebeian.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Second Plebeian.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 120

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

*Fourth Plebeian.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak!

*Antony.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world. Now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose 130  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar; I found it in his closet; 't is 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 Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

*Fourth Plebeian.* We'll hear the will; read it,  
 Mark Antony!

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Antony.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.  
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs; 150  
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

*Fourth Plebeian.* Read the will! we'll hear it,  
Antony!  
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

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

*Fourth Plebeian.* They were traitors! Honourable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Second Plebeian.* They were villains, murderers! 160  
The will! Read the will!

*Antony.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?

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

*All.* Come down!

*Second Plebeian.* Descend!

*Third Plebeian.* You shall have leave!

*Fourth Plebeian.* A ring; stand round!

*First Plebeian.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body!

*Second Plebeian.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

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

*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Antony.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.  
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii.  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;  
See what a rent the envious Casca made; 180  
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;  
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, 190  
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty  
heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold <sup>200</sup>  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

*First Plebeian.* O piteous spectacle!

*Second Plebeian.* O noble Cæsar!

*Third Plebeian.* O woeful day!

*Fourth Plebeian.* O traitors, villains!

*First Plebeian.* O most bloody sight!

*Second Plebeian.* We will be revenged!

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!  
Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

*Antony.* Stay, countrymen! <sup>210</sup>

*First Plebeian.* Peace there! Hear the noble  
Antony!

*Second Plebeian.* We'll hear him, we'll follow  
him, we'll die with him.

*Antony.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not  
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honour-  
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts. <sup>220</sup>

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me; but, were I Brutus, <sup>230</sup>

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Plebeian.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Plebeian.* Away, then! come, seek the con-  
spirators!

*Antony.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
speak!

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-  
tony!

*Antony.* Why, friends, you go to do you know  
not what. <sup>240</sup>

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not. I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true!—the will!—let's stay and hear  
the will.

*Antony.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

[*Reading.*] To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Second Plebeian.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll re-  
venge his death.

*Third Plebeian.* O royal Cæsar!

*Antony.* Hear me with patience! <sup>250</sup>

<sup>247.</sup> *drachma*, a silver coin.

*All.* Peace, ho!

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

*First Plebeian.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 260  
Take up the body!

*Second Plebeian.* Go, fetch fire!

*Third Plebeian.* Pluck down benches!

*Fourth Plebeian.* Pluck down forms, windows,  
any thing! [*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

*Antony.* Now let it work.—Mischief, thou art  
afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,  
fellow?

*Enter a Servant*

*Servant.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Antony.* Where is he?

*Servant.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Antony.* And thither will I straight to visit him.  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 270  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

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

*Antony.* Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter CINNA the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cinna.* I dreamed to-night that I did feast with  
Cæsar,  
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?

*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!

*First Plebeian.* Ay, and briefly! 10

*Fourth Plebeian.* Ay, and wisely!

*Third Plebeian.* Ay, and truly, you were best!

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

*Second 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.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*First Plebeian.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cinna.* As a friend.

*Second Plebeian.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Plebeian.* For your dwelling—briefly!

*Cinna.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Plebeian.* Your name, sir—truly!

*Cinna.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Plebeian.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator! 30

*Cinna.* I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Plebeian.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses!

*Cinna.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

*Third Plebeian.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; 40 burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius! Away! go! [*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Rome. A house.*

*Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.*

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

*Octavius.* Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

*Lepidus.* I do consent—

*Octavius.* Prick him down, Antony!

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

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

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lepidus.* What, shall I find you here? 10

*Octavius.* Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

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

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

*Antony.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you, And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears And graze in commons.

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

*Antony.* So is my horse, Octavius, and for that I do appoint him store of provender. 30 It is a creature that I teach to fight,



To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
 His corporal motion governed by my spirit.  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so.  
 He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth,  
 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds  
 On objects, arts, and imitations,  
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,  
 But as a property!—And now, Octavius, 40  
 Listen great things! Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers; we must straight make head.  
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretched  
 out;

*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, 50  
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS and the  
 Army. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

*Brutus.* Stand, ho!

*Lucilius.* Give the word, ho! and stand!

*Brutus.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

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

48. *stake*, used for bear-baiting. 49. *bayed*, held at bay.

*Brutus.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-  
 darus,  
 In his own change, or by ill officers,  
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,  
 I shall be satisfied.

*Pindarus.* I do not doubt 10  
 But that my noble master will appear  
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Brutus.* He is not doubted. [*Exit Pindarus.*]—A  
 word, Lucilius!  
 How he received you, let me be resolved.

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

*Brutus.* Thou hast described  
 A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
 When love begins to sicken and decay 20  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.  
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,  
 But when they should endure the bloody spur  
 They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades  
 Sink in the trial. [*Low march within.*] Comes  
 his army on?

*Lucilius.* They mean this night in Sardis to be  
 quartered.

16. *instances*, importunities.

26. *fall*, let fall. 26. *jades*, inferior horses.

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

*Brutus.* Hark, he is arrived! 30  
March gently on to meet him!

*Cassius.* [*Without.*] Stand, ho!

*Enter CASSIUS and his Powers.*

*Brutus.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along!

*First Soldier.* Stand!

*Second Soldier.* Stand!

*Third Soldier.* Stand!

*Cassius.* Most noble brother, you have done me  
wrong.

*Brutus.* Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine  
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cassius.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides  
wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

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

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

*Brutus.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no  
man 50  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cassius.* That you have wronged me doth appear  
in this.

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

*Brutus.* You wronged yourself to write in such a  
case.

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

*Brutus.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 10  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

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

*Brutus.* The name of Cassius honours this cor-  
ruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cassius.* Chastisement!

*Brutus.* Remember March, the Ides of March  
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab, 20  
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

2. *noted*, marked with infamy.

8. *nice*, trivial.

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasp'd 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, 30  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Brutus.* Go to! you are not, Cassius.

*Cassius.* I am.

*Brutus.* I say you are not.

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

*Brutus.* Away, slight man!

*Cassius.* Is't possible?

*Brutus.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

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

*Brutus.* All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud  
heart break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

27. bay, bark at.

28. bait, harass.

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cassius.* Is it come to this? 50

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

*Cassius.* You wrong me every way; you wrong  
me, Brutus.

I said an elder soldier, not a better.  
Did I say better?

*Brutus.* If you did, I care not.

*Cassius.* When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have  
moved me.

*Brutus.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*Cassius.* I durst not? 60

*Brutus.* No.

*Cassius.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Brutus.* For your life you durst not.

*Cassius.* Do not presume too much upon my  
love!

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Brutus.* You have done that you should be sorry  
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am 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; 70  
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 answered Caius Cassius so?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces!

*Cassius.* I denied you not.

*Brutus.* You did.

*Cassius.* I did not; he was but a fool  
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived  
 my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Brutus.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cassius.* You love me not.

*Brutus.* I do not like your faults.

*Cassius.* A friendly eye could never see such  
 faults.

*Brutus.* A flatterer's would not, though they do  
 appear 90  
 As huge as high Olympus.

*Cassius.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
 come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!  
 For Cassius is awearied of the world;  
 Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,  
 Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

75. *indirection*, want of straightness.

84. *rived*, split.

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100  
 Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.  
 If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth!  
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar! for I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him  
 better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Brutus.* Sheathe your dagger!

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,  
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
 And straight is cold again.

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

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

*Cassius.* Do you confess so much? Give me your  
 hand!

*Brutus.* And my heart too.

*Cassius.* O Brutus!

*Brutus.* What's the matter?

*Cassius.* Have not you love enough to bear with  
 me,  
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful?

*Brutus.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, 120

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Enter a Poet to LUCILIUS and TITINIUS at  
the door.*

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

*Lucilius.* You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Cassius.* How now? What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What do you  
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; 130  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cassius.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic  
rime!

*Brutus.* Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow,  
hence!

*Cassius.* Bear with him, Brutus! 't is his fashion.

*Brutus.* I'll know his humour when he knows his  
time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools!  
—Companion, hence!

*Cassius.* Away! away! be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

*Brutus.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-  
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cassius.* And come yourselves, and bring Mes-  
sala with you, 140

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Brutus.* Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

A bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*

*Cassius.* I did not think you could have been so  
angry.

*Brutus.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

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

*Brutus.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia is  
dead.

*Cassius.* Ha! Portia?

*Brutus.* She is dead.

*Cassius.* How scaped I killing, when I crossed  
you so?

O insupportable and touching loss! 150  
Upon what sickness?

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

*Cassius.* And died so?

*Brutus.* Even so.

*Cassius.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Brutus.* Speak no more of her!—Give me a bowl  
of wine!

—In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

*Cassius.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.  
—Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup! 160  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks. Exit Lucius.*

*Enter* TITINIUS *and* MESSALA.

*Brutus.* Come in, Titinius! — Welcome, good  
Messala!

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

*Cassius.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Brutus.* No more, I pray you!  
Messala, I have here receiv'd letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Messala.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour. 170

*Brutus.* With what addition?

*Messala.* That by proscription and bills of out-  
lawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

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

*Cassius.* Cicero one?

*Messala.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.  
—Had you your letters from your wife, my lord? 180

*Brutus.* No, Messala.

*Messala.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Brutus.* Nothing, Messala.

*Messala.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Brutus.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her  
in yours?

*Messala.* No, my lord.

*Brutus.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

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

*Brutus.* Why, farewell, Portia! We must die,  
Messala.

With meditating that she must die once, 190  
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.  
'T is better that the enemy seek us.  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still 200  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Brutus.* Good reasons must, of force, give place  
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand 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 refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there, 210  
These people at our back.

*Cassius.* Hear me, good brother!

*Brutus.* Under your pardon! You must note  
beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends;  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

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

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

*Cassius.* No more. Good night!  
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

*Brutus.* Lucius, my gown!—[*Exit Lucius.*] Fare-  
well, good Messala!— 230  
Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose!

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

*Enter LUCIUS with the gown.*

*Brutus.* Every thing is well.

*Cassius.* Good night, my lord!

*Brutus.* Good night, good brother!

*Titinius, Messala.* Good night, Lord Brutus!

*Brutus.* Farewell, every one!

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

—Give me the gown! Where is thy instrument?

*Lucius.* Here, in the tent.

*Brutus.* What! thou speakest drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched. 240  
Call Claudius and some other of my men.  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Lucius.* Varrus and Claudius!

*Enter VARRUS and CLAUDIUS.*

*Varrus.* Calls my lord?

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

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

*Brutus.* I will not have it so. Lie down, good  
sirs!

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. 250  
—Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*Lucius.* I was sure your lordship did not give it  
me.

*Brutus.* Bear with me, good boy! I am much  
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Lucius.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

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

*Lucius.* It is my duty, sir.

*Brutus.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might; 260  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Lucius.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Brutus.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep  
again.  
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a Song.*]  
—This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,  
Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night!  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou breakest thy instrument. 270  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night!  
—Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
—It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art! 280

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Brutus.* Why comest thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Brutus.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Brutus.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.  
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
—Boy! Lucius! Varrus! Claudius! Sirs, awake!  
Claudius!

*Lucius.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Brutus.* He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290  
Lucius, awake!

*Lucius.* My lord!

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

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

*Brutus.* Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any  
thing?

*Lucius.* Nothing, my lord.

*Brutus.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!  
Fellow thou! awake!

*Varrus.* My lord!

*Claudius.* My lord! 300

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

*Varrus, Claudius.* Did we, my lord?

*Brutus.* Ay! saw you any thing?

*Varrus.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Claudius.* Nor I, my lord.



*Brutus.* Go, and commend me to my brother  
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Varrus, Claudius.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

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 10  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.  
But 't is 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.

4. *battles*, forces.

*Octavius.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the  
left!

*Antony.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Octavius.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20  
[*March.*]

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army;*  
*LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

*Brutus.* They stand and would have parley.

*Cassius.* Stand fast, Titinius! we must out and  
talk.

*Octavius.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of  
battle?

*Antony.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their  
charge.

Make forth! the generals would have some words.

*Octavius.* Stir not until the signal!

*Brutus.* Words before blows! is it so, country-  
men?

*Octavius.* Not that we love words better, as you  
do.

*Brutus.* Good words are better than bad strokes,  
Octavius.

*Antony.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give  
good words; 30

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

*Cassius.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

19. *exigent*, emergency.

33. *posture*, disposition.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Antony.* Not stingless too.

*Brutus.* O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Antony.* Villains, you did not so when your vile  
daggers  
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar. 40  
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like  
hounds,  
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damn'd Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cassius.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank your-  
self;  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
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! 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Brutus.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors  
hands,  
Unless thou bringest them with thee.

*Octavius.* So I hope.  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Brutus.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60

*Cassius.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such  
honour,  
Joined with a masker and a reveller!

*Antony.* Old Cassius still!

*Octavius.* Come, Antony; away!  
—Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and  
their army.*]

*Cassius.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and  
swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Brutus.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Lucilius.* My lord!  
[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

*Cassius.* Messala!

*Messala.* What says my general?

*Cassius.* Messala, 70  
This is my birthday; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala!  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties!  
You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion; now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched, 80  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us.  
 This morning are they fled away and gone,  
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Messala.* Believe not so!

*Cassius.* I but believe it partly; 90  
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

*Brutus.* Even so, Lucilius.

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

*Brutus.* Even by the rule of that philosophy 100  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself. I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life, arming myself with patience  
 To stay the providence of some high powers  
 That govern us below.

*Cassius.* Then, if we lose this battle,

82. *consorted*, accompanied.

104. *prevent*, anticipate.

You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Brutus.* No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble  
 Roman, 110

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

*Cassius.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 120  
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Brutus.* Why, then lead on!—O that a man  
 might know  
 The end of this day's business ere it come!  
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!  
 [*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Brutus.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
 bills  
 Unto the legions on the other side! [*Loud alarum.*]  
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

1. *bills*, despatches.

5. *push*, onset.

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

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

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

*Enter PINDARUS.*

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

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

*Titinius.* They are, my lord.

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

*Titinius.* I will be here again, even with a  
thought. [Exit.]

*Cassius.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill! 20  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.  
This day I breath'd first; time is come round,

And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

*Pindarus.* O my lord!

*Cassius.* What news?

*Pindarus.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30  
Now, Titinius!  
Now some light. O, he lights too. He's ta'en—  
and, hark! [A shout.]

They shout for joy.

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

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath! 40

Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this  
bosom.

Stand not to answer! Here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is covered, as 't is now,  
Guide thou the sword! [Pindarus takes the sword,  
and Cassius falls upon it.] Cæsar, thou art  
revenged,

Even with the sword that killed thee! [Dies.]

*Pindarus.* So, I am free; yet would not so have  
been,

Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.] 50

*Enter* TITINIUS *and* MESSALA.

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

*Titinius.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Messala.* Where did you leave him?

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

*Messala.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

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

*Messala.* Is not that he?

*Titinius.* No, this was he, Messala;  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! 60  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are  
done.  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Messala.* Mistrust of good success hath done this  
deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,  
Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70  
But killest the mother that engendered thee.

*Titinius.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou,  
Pindarus?

*Messala.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears—I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel and darts envenom'd  
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? 80  
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 every thing!  
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! 90

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* *Enter* BRUTUS, MESSALA, *young* CATO,  
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

*Brutus.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body  
lie?

*Messala.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it!

*Brutus.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

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

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!  
*Brutus.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
 It is impossible that ever Rome  
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears 100  
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
 —I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
 —Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;  
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;  
 —And come, young Cato; let us to the field!  
 —Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on!  
 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.* 110

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, CATO,  
 LUCILIUS, and FLAVIUS.

*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!

[*Enter soldiers and fight.*]

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

[*Cato falls.*]

*Lucilius.* O young and noble Cato, art thou  
 down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,  
 And mayst be honoured, being Cato's son. 10

*First Soldier.* Yield, or thou diest!

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

Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.

*First Soldier.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

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

*First Soldier.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the  
 general.

*Enter ANTONY.*

—Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!

*Antony.* Where is he?

*Lucilius.* Safe, Antony! Brutus is safe enough. 20  
 I dare assure thee that no enemy  
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;  
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
 When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Antony.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure  
 you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,  
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have  
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
 And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30  
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
 How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

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

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

*Clitus.* Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my  
lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

*Brutus.* Sit thee down, Clitus! slaying is the  
word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus!

*[Whispering.]*

*Clitus.* What! I, my lord? No, not for all the  
world!

*Brutus.* Peace then! no words!

*Clitus.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Brutus.* Hark thee, Dardanius! *[Whispers him.]*

*Dardanius.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Clitus.* O Dardanius!

*Dardanius.* O Clitus!

10

*Clitus.* What ill request did Brutus make to  
thee?

*Dardanius.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he medi-  
tates!

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

*Brutus.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a  
word!

*Volumnius.* What says my lord?

*Brutus.* Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me  
Two several times by night—at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.  
I know my hour is come.

*Volumnius.* Not so, my lord. 20

*Brutus.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. *[Low alarums.]*  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou knowest that we two went to school to-  
gether.

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. 30

*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. 40

Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would  
rest,

That have but laboured to attain this hour.

*[Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

*Clitus.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Brutus.* Hence, I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and  
Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord!

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face

While I do run upon it! Wilt thou, Strato?

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

*Brutus.* Farewell, good Strato!—Cæsar, now be  
still!

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

*Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

*Octavius.* What man is that?

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

*Strato.* Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-  
sala!

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucilius.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank  
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

*Octavius.* All that served Brutus, I will entertain  
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

46. *smatch*, smack.

60. *entertain*, take into service.

*Strato.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Octavius.* Do so, good Messala!

*Messala.* How died my master, Strato?

*Strato.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

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

*Antony.* This was the noblest Roman of them  
all.

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

*Octavius.* According to his virtue let us use  
him,

With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.  
So, call the field to rest, and let's away, 80  
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

62. *prefer*, recommend.