



قسم اللغة الانجليزية



جامعة جنوب الوادي

مقرر الدراما

قسم
اللغة الانجليزية

الفرقة
الثالثة

أستاذ المقرر
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قسم اللغة الانجليزية - كلية الآداب بقنا

العام الجامعي

٢٠٢٣ / ٢٠٢٤ م

بيانات أساسية

الكلية: التربية عام

الفرقة: الثالثة

التخصص: اللغة الانجليزية

عدد الصفحات: ١٩١

القسم التابع له المقرر : قسم اللغة الإنجليزية

DRAMA

THIRD YEAR

FACULTY OF EDUCATION

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

2023-2024

DATA OF THE PRESENT BOOK

FACULTY OF EDUCATION

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

2023-2024-SECOND SEMESTER

PAGES: 191

Julius Caesar: Introduction

Probably written in 1599, *Julius Caesar* was the earliest of Shakespeare's three Roman history plays. Like *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar* is a dramatization of actual events, Shakespeare drawing upon the ancient Roman historian Plutarch's *Lives* of Caesar, Brutus, and Mark Antony as the primary source of the play's plot and characters. The play is tightly structured. It establishes the dramatic problem of alarm at Julius Caesar's ambition to become "king" (or dictator) in the very first scene and introduces signs that Caesar must "beware the Ides of March" from the outset. Before its mid-point, Caesar is assassinated, and shortly after Mark Antony's famous funeral oration ("Friends, Romans, and countrymen...") the setting shifts permanently from Rome to the battlefields on which Brutus and Cassius meet their inevitable defeat. *Julius Caesar* is also a tragedy, but despite its title, the tragic character of the play is Brutus, the noble Roman whose decision to take part in the conspiracy for the sake of freedom plunges him into a personal conflict and his country into civil war.

Literary scholars have debated for centuries about the question of who exactly is the protagonist of this play. The seemingly simple answer to this question would be Julius Caesar himself—after all, the play is named after him, and the events of the play all relate to him. However, Caesar only appears in three scenes (four if the ghost is included), thus apparently making him an unlikely choice for the protagonist, who is supposed to be the main character. Meanwhile, Brutus, who is in the play much more often than Caesar (and actually lasts until the final scene), is not the title character of the play, and is listed in the *dramatis personae* not only after Caesar, but after the entire triumvirate and some senators who barely appear in the play. Determining the protagonist is one of the many engaging issues presented in the play.

THE CHARACTER OF CAESAR

Julius Caesar is the dominating figure but Brutus is the hero.' A close study of Plutarch's depiction of Caesar's character may tell that Plutarch is not in sympathy with Caesar. He perceives his greatness and his many qualities, but he is not the least enthusiastic about him.

There is truth, no one can deny that the human interest of the play centres in Brutus; in his character, as issuing in action which leads him to a tragic end. Yet, on the other hand, even if the play had been called by the name of "Brutus" we should still feel that Caesar is the pivot on which it all turns; that alive or dead he pervades it throughout; and that his murder is not only a crisis in the story, like that of Duncan in *Macbeth*, but in some sense also a catastrophe, and that the third act, in which it happens, is the one most central for the spectators, never losing its hold upon them till the last scene in the play. . . .The idea that Caesar was "the noblest man ever lived in the tide of times" must have been part of Shakespeare's education, and apart from Marc Antony's rhetoric, there is evidence that he really believed this. . . .If, then, Shakespeare was dominated to begin with traditional view—in the main a just one—he must have entered on the Life of Caesar in Plutarch with special eagerness, but he must have read it with disappointment.

Julius Caesar did much for the Romans and for Europe. He appears in only one half of the play. He appears as a tyrant, fond of dramatising himself, open to flattery, and playing up for popular support. He hesitates when decision is required, and alters with varying influences. He refuses Calphurnia's request to stay at home, then he agrees to stay, and is finally persuaded by Decius to go out.

His love of flattery is obvious, for the high praise of Decius makes him at once haughty and arrogant. Decius knows this:

*"But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered."*

After deciding to go to the Senate, he begins to brag:

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

And shows the bragger rather than the man of true bravery. The sincere hero is modest: the man who brags of his courage is not usually genuine.

THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS

The ideal republican, but too idealistic for a world of violence—His point of view imperfectly grasped by Shakespeare. The limitation of Brutus. Shakespeare’s Brutus is undoubtedly the very noblest of a typical and ideal republican in all the literature of the world. From SWINBURNE, A Study of Shakespeare

The same as the character of Caesar, Brutus’ character can not be easily estimated. Assuming that he understands Brutus, Shakespeare has let him go his own reasoning way, has faithfully assist him in it, has hoped that beneath his crust of thought the fires will finally blaze. And yet, in spite of Plutarch, Shakespeare proceeded to make his first experiment in Roman plays with Julius Caesar. For its construction, he used not only the life of Caesar, but that of Brutus, and to some extent that of Antony. Brutus was the most famous of the murderers, and here was a Life of Brutus, and a most fascinating one. And thus it came about that the hero of the play, — the man to whom the final catastrophe happens, is not Caesar but Brutus, with Cassius as a fellow, and thus the play stands alone among Shakespeare’s tragedies in bearing the name of a man who was not the hero... The great man whose name it bears only appears in four scenes out of eighteen, and is killed at the beginning of the third act. But the essential tragedy centred in Brutus's own soul, the tragedy of the man who, not from envy, nor weakness, but, . . . only, in a general honest thought And common good to all ...

made one with **the** conspirators **and** murdered **his** friend; this which Shakespeare rightly saw as the supremely interesting issue, comes to no more revelation than in the weary...*Caesar, now be still:*

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

The virtuous Roman killed Caesar, the master spirit of his own for a disinterested sense of duty. Brutus was a philosophic student who would not accept or obey the current code without scrutinizing it and fitting it into his theory. The one argument with which he can excuse to his own heart the projected murder, is that Caesar's aspiration to royal power, though hitherto blameless, may or must become corrupted and misuse his high position. . . **Brutus thinks that by killing Caesar he will bring liberty to Rome, but he brings tyranny.**

But the same as Shakespeare's tragic heroes, Brutus is too unworldly in all his affairs, a philosopher rather than a man of action. He has no clever perception of human nature. He never suspects deceit in others. In all his actions, he is guided by abstracts rather than by common sense.

In a civil war between two parties in the State, it is impossible to be scrupulous about the methods of raising money and supplies. But Brutus has a tender conscience which he cannot reconcile to exacting money by unjust methods. So he asks Cassius for money, and evidently Cassius is not is not scrupulous about the matters of raising money. In this sense, this nobility of Brutus which distinguishes his personality, disqualifies him as a successful leader. This is a characteristic of the type of man who settles all problems by referring to an abstract code of duty rather than to the practical examination of the problem itself. He forces his opinion upon Cassius, disregards the ideas of the latter that Antony should die along with Caesar in the first place, ignore Cassius' plan of battle, and generally commits every mistake which can be made by a theorist meddling in practical affairs. Shakespeare intends to depict Brutus as possessing a conscience of sentimental tenderness and this is another weakness in one who aspires to be a successful conspirator. He violates his own natural feeling of humanity and friendship by joining the assassination of Caesar, and the injury done to those finer feelings preys on his mind until he creates for himself the apparition of the dead Caesar which appears to him inn Sardis and Philippi.

Nevertheless Brutus fails, he is a moral success. He seems to recognise this; just before he dies, he declares proudly:

*“I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain to.*

And he dies without regret. He could not have realised the extent to which his error of judgement contributed to the defeat. In this he differs from the tragic figures of the tragedies who are given a channeled outlook on life before the end, and are permitted to know the errors of their acts. For further idealisation of the character of Brutus, Shakespeare has depicted him as entirely virtuous. He makes him express his contempt for money. This makes Brutus's tragedy the tragedy of intellectual and moral integrity.

THE CHARACTER OF CASSIUS

A foil to Brutus—A defense of his character

SHAKESPEARE has scarcely created anything more splendid than the relation in which he has placed Cassius to Brutus. Shakespeare has placed Cassius in the sharpest contrast to Brutus_ the clever, politic revolutionist, opposed to the man of noble and moral nature. . . According to Plutarch, the public opinion distinguished between "Brutus and Cassius thus: that it was said that Brutus hated tyranny, Cassius, tyrants; yet, adds the historian, the latter was inspired with a universal hatred of tyranny also. Thus Shakespeare represented Cassius as imbued with a thorough love of freedom and equality. He groans under the prospect of a monarchical time more than the others; he does not bear this burden with thoughtful patience like Brutus, but his ingenious mind strives with an opposition to throw it off; he seeks for men of the old times, the new, who are like timid sheep before the wolf, are in abhorrence to him. His principles of freedom are not crossed by maxims which might mislead him in his political attempts; altogether a pure political character, he esteems nothing so highly as his country and its freedom and honour. His principles, if they were, not rooted

in the temperament, spirit, and character of Cassius, would at all events have been more powerfully supported by them than the same principles would have been by Brutus's more humane, more feeling nature. Throughout with eagle eye he sees the right means for attaining his ends, and would seize them disturbed by scrupulous morality; less faultless as a man than Brutus, he is as a statesman far more excellent. Full of circumspection, he of suspicion of his adversary; he is very far from that too great confidence in a good cause which is the ruin of Brutus. He possesses the necessary acuteness of judgement and actions available only in times of revolution, unless one is prepared to exchange the tender morality of domestic life for a ruder kind; he would treat tyranny according to its baseness, he carry on matters according to it the utmost requirements of his own cause, but not with the utmost forbearance towards the enemy; he would not use unnecessary harshness, but he would omit none that was necessary. He would think just as bad ill of the tyrant as the tyrant would of his adversary; he would, as far as in him lay, turn against his cunning, his cruelty, and his power; he would go with the flood at the right time, and not like Brutus, when it is too late. The difference, therefore, his nature and the character of Brutus comes out on every occasion: Brutus appears throughout just as humanely noble as Cassius is politically superior: each lacks what is best in the other, and the possession of which would make each perfect.

The meagerness and cruelty of Cassius's political creed needs no demonstration. The old conservative Roman republicanism, with its uncompromising repudiation of "one-man" rule, was to Cassius, a thing well worth dying for. He is prepared at any moment to die for it, in the high Roman fashion, and in the end does so die for it. Cassius, like Brutus, is a political fanatic; but a more straightforward and simple-minded fanatic.

Cassius does not look too nicely into means and motives, but he has a dignity which will not stoop to flatter or glaring deceit. He distrusts Caesar, and knows himself distrusted: but it is significant that he separates himself from the final act of treachery to which even Brutus stoops, and is the only conspirator who does not present himself on the morning of the Ides at Caesar's house to accept his hospitality "like a friend", and then lead him to his death.

The personal love of Cassius for Brutus is emphasized in the first Act of *Julius Caesar*, it is in the later part of the play that the depth and tender in Cassius's nature are fully revealed. In the famous quarrel scene, Cassius is hurt because he thinks Brutus has slighted him; and when Brutus answers his complaints with reproaches and false charges, he is for the moment goaded to anger; when the friend he loves and honours above all men mocks at him and spurns him with derision, resentment gives place to far more painful emotions, and the old man, sorely wounded in most sensitive spot, breaks into passionate complaining like a child:

*Come Antony and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassia is a weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother.*

From this point Shakespeare invests the figure of Cassius with an ever-deepening pathos. After the quarrel is made up and the misunderstanding cleared away, Cassius learn of Brutus's sorrow of Portia's death and the generous nature of the man shows itself in bitter self-reproach

How seap'd I killing, when I crust you so?

In the last act of the play all that we hear and see of Cassius is calculated to awaken pity and affection.

THE CHARACTER OF ANTONY

A sportsman turned a statesman—Is he redeemed by devotion to Caesar?

SHAKESPEARE keeps him in ambush throughout the first part up to the time when he faces the triumphant conspirators he speaks just thirty-three words. But there have no less than seven separate references to him, all significant. And this careful preparation culminates as significantly in the pregnant message he sends by his servant from the house to which it seems he has fled, bewildered by the

catastrophe of Caesar's death. Yet, as we listen, it is not the message of a very bewildered man. He can be, when occasion serves, the perfect demagogue, but the harsher needs of politics may convert this sportsman once he is out to kill.

*A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts and limitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property . . .*

to serve the jovial Antony's turn! This is your good sort, your sportsman, your popular orator, stripped very bare.'

* There seems to be but one element in Antony that is not selfish: his attachment to Caesar is genuine, and its measured in the violent imagery of the vow with which-alone for a moment with the corpse, lie promises vengeance till all pity is "choked with custom of fell deeds". And yet this perhaps is after all the best illustration of his callous higher feelings; for the one tender emotion of his heart by him as the convenient weapon with which to fight his enemies and raise himself to power.*

From MOULTON, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*

ANTONY'S FUNERAL SPEECH

•ONE may so analyse the speech throughout and find it a triumph of effective cleverness. The cheapening of the truth, the appeals to passion, the perfect piece of flattery, exaltation of mockery, and pathos, swinging to a magnificent tune, all serve to make it a model of what popular oratory should be. Yet in another opinion, there nothing in it calculated or false. Antony feels like this; and, on these occasions, he never lets his thoughts belie his feelings.

For Antony shows himself a demagogue of the most profligate description, but as undeniably the very genius of moving men. Consider the enormous difficulties of his position. He is speaking under limitation and by permission before a hostile audience that will barely give him a hearing, and his is to turn them quite round, and make them adore what they hated and hate what they adored. How does he set about it ?

He begins with **an** acknowledgement and compliment to Brutus "For Brutus's sake I am beholding to you." He **disclaims any** intention of **even** praising the dead. He cites the charge of ambition, but not to reply to it, merely to point out that any ambition has been forgiven. But then he insinuates arguments on the other side: Caesar's faithfulness and justice in friendship, the additions not to his private but to the **public** at his victories secured, his **pitifulness** to the poor, his refusal of the crown. Really these things are no arguments. But that does not signify Antony's purpose is concerned. They were all matters well known to the public, fit to call forth proud and grateful and reminiscences of Caesar's career. The orator has to praise Caesar while not professing to do so: if he does not **disprove** what Brutus said, yet in speaking what he does know, he manages to discredit **Brutus's** authority. And now these **regretful** associations stirred, he can at any rate ask their tears for their former favourite. Have they lost their reason that they **do** not at least mourn for him they **once loved** ? **And here with a rhetorical trick, which to his facile, emotional nature, may have been the suggestion of real feeling,** his utterance fails him; he must pause, for his "*heart is in the coffin there with Caesar*".

We may be sure that whatever had happened to his heart, his ear intent to catch the rumours of the crowd. They would satisfy him. Though he has not advanced one real argument, but has only played as it were on their sensation, their mood has changed. Some think Caesar has had wrong, some are convinced that he was not ambitious, all are now thoroughly favourable to Antony.

He begins **again**. And now he strikes the note of contrast **between** Caesar's greatness yesterday and his impotence to-day. It is such a tragic fall as **in** itself might move all hearts to terror and pity. But -what if the catastrophe were **undeserved**? Antony could prove that it was, but he will keep faith with the conspirators **and** refrain. Nevertheless he has the **testament**, though he will not read it, which, **read**, would show them that Caesar was their best friend.

Compassion, curiosity, **selfishness** are now enlisted on his side. Cries of " The will I The will!" arise. He is quick to take advantage of these. Just as he would not praise Caesar, yet did so all the same; so he refuses to read the will, for they

would rise in mutiny—this is a little preliminary hint to them—if they heard that Caesar had made them his heirs.

Renewed insistence on the part of the mob, renewed priggishness on the part of Antony; till at last lie steps down from the pulpit, taking care to have a wide circle round him that as many as possible may see. But he does not read the will immediately. Partly with his incomparable eye to effect, partly out of the fullness of his heart (for the substance of his words is the same as in his private soliloquy), he stands rapt above the body. Caesar's mantle recalls proud memories of the glory of Caesar and of Rome, the victory over the Barbarian. And this mantle is pierced by the stabs of assassins, of Cassius, of Casca, of Brutus himself. He has now advanced so far that he can attack the man who was the idol of the mob but a few minutes before. And he makes his attack well. The very superiority of Brutus to personal claims, the very patriotism which none could appreciate better than Antony, and to which he does large justice when Brutus is no more, this very disinterestedness he turns against Brutus, and despite all he owes him, accuses him of black ingratitude. There is so much pretentiousness in the change that it would be hard to refute before a tribunal of sages: and when Antony makes his coup, withdrawing the mantle and displaying the butchered corpse:

*Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors:(in. ii)*

The cause of Brutus is doomed. Antony has a right to exult, he represents Brutus as the rhetorician and himself as the unpractised speaker. He is no orator as Brutus is, and - with sublime effrontery—that was the reason he was probably permitted to address them.

Were I Brutus

*And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue r
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny- (in. ii. 224-8)*

He keeps recurring more and more distinctly to the suggestion of mutiny, and formutiny **the** citizens are now more than fully primed. All this, moreover, he has achieved without ever playing his trump card. They have quite forgotten about the will, and indeed it is not required. But Antony thinks it well to have them beside themselves, **so** he calls them back for this last draught.

And as it will be observed, he **has** never **answered Brutus' charge** in which he rested his whole case, that Caesar was ambitious. Yet, such is the headlong flight of his eloquence, by passion, by craft that his audience never perceive this.

The action begins in February 44 BC. Julius Caesar has just reentered Rome in triumph after a victory in Spain over the sons of his old enemy, Pompey the Great. A spontaneous celebration has interrupted and been broken up by Flavius and Marullus, two political enemies of Caesar. It soon becomes apparent from their words that powerful and secret forces are working against Caesar.

Caesar appears, attended by a train of friends and supporters, and is warned by a soothsayer to “*beware the ides of March,*” but he ignores the warning and leaves for the games and races marking the celebration of the feast of Lupercal.

After Caesar’s departure, only two men remain behind—Marcus Brutus, a close personal friend of Caesar, and Cassius, a long time political foe of Caesar’s. Both men are of aristocratic origin and see the end of their ancient privilege in Caesar’s political reforms and conquests. Envious of Caesar’s power and prestige, Cassius cleverly probes to discover where Brutus’ deepest sympathies lie. As a man of highest personal integrity, Brutus opposes Caesar on principle, despite his friendship with him. Cassius cautiously inquires about Brutus’ feelings if a conspiracy were to unseat Caesar; he finds Brutus not altogether against the notion; that is, Brutus shares “some aim” with Cassius but does not wish “to be any further moved.” The two men part, promising to meet again for further discussions.

In the next scene, it is revealed that the conspiracy Cassius spoke of in veiled terms is already a reality. He has gathered together a group of disgruntled and discredited aristocrats who are only too willing to assassinate Caesar. Partly to gain the support of the respectable element of Roman society, Cassius persuades Brutus to head the conspiracy, and Brutus agrees to do so. Shortly afterward, plans are made at a secret meeting in Brutus’ orchard. The date is set: It will be on the day known as the ides of March, the fifteenth day of the month. Caesar is to be murdered in the Senate chambers by the concealed daggers and swords of the assembled conspirators.

After the meeting is ended, Brutus' wife, Portia, suspecting something and fearing for her husband's safety, questions him. Touched by her love and devotion, Brutus promises to reveal his secret to her later.

The next scene takes place in Caesar's house. The time is the early morning; the date, the fateful ides of March. The preceding night has been a strange one—wild, stormy, and full of strange and unexplainable sights and happenings throughout the city of Rome. Caesar's wife, Calphurnia, terrified by horrible nightmares, persuades Caesar not to go to the Capitol, convinced that her dreams are portents of disaster. By prearrangement, Brutus and the other conspirators arrive to accompany Caesar, hoping to fend off any possible warnings until they have him totally in their power at the Senate. Unaware that he is surrounded by assassins and shrugging off Calphurnia's exhortations, Caesar goes with them. Despite the conspirators' best efforts, a warning is pressed into Caesar's hand on the very steps of the Capitol, but he refuses to read it. Wasting no further time, the conspirators move into action. Purposely asking Caesar for a favor they know he will refuse, they move closer, as if begging a favor, and then, reaching for their hidden weapons, they kill him before the shocked eyes of the senators and spectators.

Hearing of Caesar's murder, Mark Antony, Caesar's closest friend, begs permission to speak at Caesar's funeral. Brutus grants this permission over the objections of Cassius and delivers his own speech first, confident that his words will convince the populace of the necessity for Caesar's death. After Brutus leaves, Antony begins to speak. The crowd has been swayed by Brutus' words, and it is an unsympathetic crowd that Antony addresses. Using every oratorical device known, however, Antony turns the audience into a howling mob, screaming for the blood of Caesar's murderers. Alarmed by the furor caused by Antony's speech, the conspirators and their supporters are forced to flee from Rome and finally, from Italy. At this point, Antony, together with Caesar's young grandnephew and adopted son, Octavius, and a wealthy banker, Lepidus, gathers an army to pursue and destroy Caesar's killers. These three men, known as *triumvirs*, have formed a group called the *Second Triumvirate* to pursue the common goal of gaining control of the Roman Empire.

Months pass, during which the conspirators and their armies are pursued relentlessly into the far reaches of Asia Minor. When finally they decide to stop at the town of Sardis, Cassius and Brutus quarrel bitterly over finances. Their differences are resolved, however, and plans are made to meet the forces of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus in one final battle. Against his own better judgment, Cassius allows Brutus to overrule him: Instead of holding to their well-prepared defensive positions, Brutus orders an attack on Antony's camp on the plains of Philippi. Just before the battle, Brutus is visited by the ghost of Caesar. "I shall see thee at Philippi," the spirit warns him, but Brutus' courage is unshaken and he goes on.

The battle rages hotly. At first, the conspirators appear to have the advantage, but in the confusion, Cassius is mistakenly convinced that all is lost, and he kills himself. Leaderless, his forces are quickly defeated, and Brutus finds himself fighting a hopeless battle. Unable to face the prospect of humiliation and shame as a captive (who would be chained to the wheels of Antony's chariot and dragged through the streets of Rome), he too takes his own life. As the play ends, Antony delivers a eulogy over Brutus' body, calling him "the noblest Roman of them all." Caesar's murder has been avenged, order has been restored, and, most important, the Roman Empire has been preserved.

Plot Summary

By Michael J. Cummings © 2003

Editor's Note

The play begins in 44 B.C. It is February 15, the day of the annual Festival of Lupercalia, honoring Lupercus (also called Faunus), the Roman god of fertility. On this special day, Romans performed rites to promote the fertility of croplands and forests, as well as the fertility of women of child-bearing age. The Romans also commemorated the legend of the she-wolf that nurtured the mythological founders of Rome—Romulus and Remus, twin sons of Mars, the god of war. It was in the cave of Lupercus, on Rome's Palatine Hill, that the wolf suckled the twin boys. Oddly, while glorifying the memory of the she-wolf during Lupercalia, the Romans also gave thanks to Lupercus for protecting shepherds' flocks from wolves. In Shakespeare's play, Lupercalia takes on even more significance, for it is the day when mighty Julius Caesar parades through the streets near the Palatine Hill in a triumphal procession celebrating his victory over Pompey the Great in the Roman Civil War.

The Story

Near the Palatine Hill, tradesmen who have taken off work gather in the streets to watch Caesar as he passes by. Two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, reproach the tradesmen for their adoration of Caesar. "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!" (Act I, Scene I, Line 34) cries Marullus. Once upon a time, he says, the populace gathered to cheer Pompey as he passed in procession. Now, Marullus says, the same people are closing their shops to honor a man who "comes in triumph over Pompey's blood" (Line 55). Flavius and Marullus then chase the tradesmen home. The two tribunes distrust Caesar, thinking him ambitious and covetous of kingly power. However, their efforts against a handful of tradesmen do little to intimidate the thousands of others gathered to applaud the great general as he and his entourage pass on their way to the public games.

Mark Antony, a military commander who fought against Pompey and later became a consul of Rome, is "running the course," a Lupercalia ritual in which the runner strips naked and races through streets with a thong cut from a sacrificial goat. Along the way, the runner strikes any woman he encounters, thus ensuring her fertility. Caesar tells him to be sure to strike Calpurnia, the wife of Caesar, and Antony assures him that he will. From somewhere in the crowd, a soothsayer cries out to Caesar: "Beware the Ides of March" (Act II, Scene I, Line 19). When Caesar calls him closer, the soothsayer repeats his warning. Caesar says, "He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass" (Line 26). The soothsayer apparently knows what Caesar and his intimate friends don't know: that prominent citizens are plotting against Caesar and may act against him one month hence, on the Ides of March (March 15) to prevent him from centering all power in himself.

Observing Caesar at some distance is Gaius Cassius Longinus, a former military leader who serves as praetor perigrinus (a high judicial official who decides cases involving foreigners). He is a ringleader of the disenchanting Romans. Envious of Caesar's power, Cassius tells another prominent citizen, Marcus Junius Brutus—a former military commander who now serves as praetor urbanus (a high judicial official who decides cases involving Roman citizens)—that Caesar has become much too powerful:

*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.*

(Act I, Scene II, Lines 136-139)

Among those accompanying Caesar on the festive day is Casca, a friend of Cassius. As Caesar's entourage leaves the games, Cassius urges Brutus to pull Casca aside and ask him for a report on what Caesar and his friends did during the games. When Brutus does so, Casca gives this account:

Mark Antony offered Caesar a crown. Well aware that accepting it might anger the crowd, Caesar refused it. Antony offered it two more times, and Caesar twice more refused it—each time with greater reluctance than before. Then he fell

into a swoon—(Caesar was an epileptic)—but recovered in a moment. Nearby, the Roman senator Cicero (a political opponent of Caesar) spoke to his friends about what had taken place, and they smiled and shook their heads. But his comment was in Greek, and Casca did not understand it. At any rate, one thing seems clear: Caesar wants to be crowned, when the time is right.

Cassius presses Brutus to take part in an assassination plot against Caesar. The perceptive Caesar, meanwhile, smells trouble from Cassius when he looks upon him. "Yond Cassius," he tells Mark Antony, "has a lean and hungry look. / He thinks too much: such men are dangerous" (Lines 195-196). Cassius works hard to win over Brutus to his deadly ways and, through crook and hook, eventually convinces him that Caesar must die. Brutus is a sincere, highly respected man of principle; if he says Caesar must go, Cassius knows, other disenchanted Romans will surely follow his lead. Cassius is right. After other citizens learn that Brutus has sided against Caesar, they decide to follow his lead. On March 14, the conspirators meet in Brutus's orchard to make final plans to kill the Great One in the Capitol the next day, the Ides of March. After the meeting, Portia, Brutus's wife, notices a change in her husband's demeanor, saying "*You have some sick offence within your mind*" (Act II, Scene I, Line 267), and prods him to reveal his thoughts. But Lucius, the servant of Brutus, interrupts their conversation to present a visitor Ligarius, and Portia leaves the room. Ligarius then pledges his support for the plot against Caesar.

The night is violent: Thunder booms, lightning strikes. Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, dreams that something terrible is about to smite her husband and begs him not to go to the Capitol on the Ides. She tells him what she saw in the dream:

*A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,*

And I do fear them.

(Act II, Scene II, Lines 17-26)

Caesar says, "*Cowards die many times before their deaths; / The valiant never taste of death but once*" (Lines 32-33). Thus, because he is not a coward and because he does not fear death, which he says "will come when it will come" (Line 37), he refuses to change his plans. But after Calpurnia prevails on him further, Caesar agrees to stay home, saying, "Mark Antony shall say I am not well" (Line 55). However, one of the conspirators, Decius, comes to Caesar's house while night yields to day and persuades him to go the Capitol as planned, telling him that his wife's dream was misinterpreted.

The image of blood she saw, Decius says, "*signifies that from you [Caesar] great Rome shall suck reviving blood. . .*" (Lines 87-88). Caesar says, "*How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!*" (Line 105). At eight o'clock, other conspirators—Cassius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus Cimber, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna—enter to escort Caesar to the Capitol. Caesar tells them he will be speaking at the Capitol for an hour and says, "*Be near me, that I may remember you*" (Line 123). Trebonius replies, "*Caesar, I will,*" then completes his statement with an aside, speaking only loudly enough for the other conspirators to hear: "and so near will I be / That your best friends will wish I had been further" (Lines 124-125).

Out on the streets, Artemidorus, a teacher of rhetoric who has come into knowledge of the conspiracy, is reading to himself from a paper. It says:

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

Artemidorus then posts himself along the route to the Capitol to await Caesar. Nearby is the soothsayer. When Caesar approaches, he tells the soothsayer that "*The Ides of March are come*" (Act III, Scene I, Line I), as if to

point out that the day of the dire events predicted by the soothsayer has arrived, but nothing has happened. However, the soothsayer responds, "*Ay, Caesar, but not gone*" (Line II). Artemidorus then importunes Caesar to read his message. However, Decius Brutus also asks Caesar to read a document—a suit on behalf of Trebonius. When Artemidorus interrupts, trying again to get Caesar's attention, Caesar becomes irritated and ignores him. He then enters the Senate building. Metellus Cimber approaches him to beg mercy for his banished brother, a pretense that allows him and the other conspirators to draw close in apparent support of Cimber but, in actuality, to post themselves at dagger distance. Caesar arrogantly rejects Cimber's plea, saying the decree against Cimber's brother is final. Brutus, Cassius, and Cinna also speak up for Cimber's brother. But Caesar, comparing his constancy to that of the North Star (the brightest in the constellation of Ursa Minor) and his immovability to that of Mount Olympus, brushes aside their pleas.

Casca then stabs Caesar and the other conspirators join in, stabbing him again and again. As he dies, Caesar looks up and sees his old friend Brutus among the conspirators. "*Et tu, Brute?*" (Line 77), he says. ("And you, Brutus?") Obviously, Caesar is pierced to his heart with the knowledge that the noble Brutus was among the assailants. After Caesar dies, Cinna shouts, "*Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! / Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets*" (Act III, Scene I, Lines 78-79). At a suggestion of Brutus the conspirators bathe their hands in Caesar's blood so that they can show the people of Rome that a tyrant is dead and liberty rules. Cassius thinks the generations to come will remember them as heroes who liberated Rome.

Mark Antony's servant arrives with a message: Although Antony loved and served Caesar, he does not love Caesar the dead man; he loves Brutus the living man. Brutus, believing the message was sent in good faith, sends the messenger back to tell Antony that Brutus holds no grudge; Antony may move freely about without coming to harm. Antony himself arrives on the scene shortly thereafter and shakes the bloody hands of the conspirators, saying:

*Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons*

Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

(Act III, Scene I, Lines 222-224)

Clever Antony, however, has no intention of allying himself with Brutus and Cassius. Later, in the Forum, Brutus wins over a mob with a speech explaining that even though Caesar had his good points he suffered from a fatal flaw, ambition—ambition for power—that would have enslaved the citizens. Brutus says he had no choice but to rid Rome of Caesar and thereby win freedom for everyone. Antony comes forth with Caesar's body, and Brutus tells the mob to listen to what he has to say, no doubt expecting Antony to endorse the action of the conspirators. Antony's speech begins as if he indeed approves of the assassination of Caesar: He acknowledges that Caesar was ambitious and praises Brutus as noble. But Antony then begins to laud Caesar as a man who promoted the people's welfare:

*He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:*

Antony shows the people the bloody garment Caesar was wearing when he died, pointing out the slits opened by the plunging daggers. Then he discloses provisions of the will: Caesar bequeathed the people seventy-five drachmas each and left them his private walks, arbors, and orchards to use for their pleasure. One citizen shouts, "Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death." Having lost the support of the mob, Brutus and Cassius flee the city. Civil war erupts. Antony forms a new government with two other leaders, Octavian and Lepidus; all three share power. While Brutus and Cassius raise armies of loyalists and make camp at Sardis (in present-day Turkey) on the Aegean coast, Antony and Octavian lead their forces to Philippi (modern Filippi), near the Aegean coast in northern Greece.

Meanwhile, Brutus has received word that his wife, Portia, believing all was lost for her husband and herself, committed suicide by swallowing hot coals. Messala, a soldier under Brutus, then reports that he has received messages saying that Antony, Octavian, and Lepidus have purged Rome of their political enemies, killing 100 senators, including one of the Senate's greatest orators and statesmen, Cicero, a proponent of republican government. Cicero played no part in the conspiracy against Caesar; he simply had the misfortune of being on the wrong side in Roman politics.

When Brutus and Cassius confer on war plans, Cassius argues in favor of waiting for the forces of Antony and Octavian to come to Sardis; the march will weary them and make them easy prey. But Brutus argues for attack, noting that the enemy is increasing its forces daily while the forces of Cassius and Brutus are already at their peak strength and can only decline. Brutus says, "*There is a tide in the affairs of men, / Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.*" Cassius yields, agreeing to attack at Philippi, and the two men retire for the evening. During the night, the ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus, but Brutus does recognize it as such. Identifying himself as "Thy evil spirit," the ghost says Brutus will see him again at Philippi.

At Philippi, Cassius and Brutus ride forth and meet Octavian and Antony for a parley, but only insults come of it. Later, Cassius tells Messala he has seen ill omens:

*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.*

(Act V, Scene 1, Lines 84-87)

The armies clash, and the forces of Antony and Octavian eventually gain the upper hand. When Cassius's friend Titinius is captured, Cassius decides it is time to end his struggle and orders another soldier, Pindarus, to kill him—with the same weapon Cassius used against Caesar. Elsewhere on the battlefield, Brutus orders Clitus to kill him, but he refuses to do so. Brutus gives the same order to

Dardanius; he also backs away. Before asking a third man, Volumnius, to help him die, Brutus tells him that the ghost of Caesar appeared to him—first at Sardis, then at night on the Philippi battlefield—an omen signifying that all is lost. He then asks Volumnius to hold his sword while he runs on it, but Volumnius, too, refuses to be an instrument in the death of his commander. Finally, Brutus talks a fourth soldier, Strato, into holding the sword at the proper angle. Brutus falls on it and dies.

After Antony and Octavian come upon his body, they pay him homage:

ANTONY : This was the noblest Roman of them all:

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

OCTAVIUS: According to his virtue let us use him,

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

(Act V, Scene V, Lines 67-80)

Characters

Protagonist: Brutus

Antagonists: Antony, Caesar

Foil of Brutus: Cassius

Julius Caesar: Triumphant general and political leader of Rome. Although he is highly competent and multi-talented, he is also condescending and arrogant. In his conversation, he frequently uses the third-person "Caesar" instead of the first-person "I" to refer to himself and also sometimes substitutes the kingly "we" for "I." He depicts himself as a man of unshakable resolve, but he proudly and recklessly ignores warnings about his safety. Rumors abound that he plans to be crowned king. Historically, evidence to support the view that Caesar sought elevation to a throne is inconclusive.

Marcus Brutus: Roman senator and praetor who helps plan and carry out Caesar's assassination. Historically, Marcus Junius Brutus (84-42 B.C.) enjoyed a reputation in his day among Roman republicans as a noble and fair-minded statesman. However, his opponents—notably supporters of Caesar—regarded him as a traitor. First, Brutus sided with Pompey the Great against Caesar when the Roman Civil War started in 49 B.C. After Caesar defeated Pompey at Pharsalus, Greece, in 48 B.C., he pardoned Brutus and appointed him governor of Cisalpine Gaul in 46 B.C. and a praetor of Rome in 44 B.C. But Brutus turned against Caesar a second time, helping to lead the conspiracy that led to Caesar's assassination in 44 B.C. Brutus believed the action was necessary to prevent Caesar from becoming dictator-for-life, meaning that all power would reside in Caesar and not in the delegates representing the people. In Shakespeare's play, Brutus's nobility and idealism gain the audience's sympathy. But in the ancient Roman world of power politics, characterized by perfidy and pragmatism, it is his virtues that doom him. His downfall and death are the real tragedy of the play, not the death of Caesar.

Marcus Antonius (Mark Antony): A member of the ruling triumvirate after the assassination of Julius Caesar. Marcus is also known as Mark Antony, or simply Antony. He is cunning and pragmatic, a thoroughgoing politician who

can wield words just as effectively as he wields weapons. Antony is a main character in another Shakespeare play, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Gaius Cassius Longinus: Clever and manipulative senator who persuades Brutus to join the assassination conspiracy. Unlike Brutus, Cassius is no idealist; his primary motivation for conspiring against Caesar appears to be jealousy. Though small-minded and mean-spirited early in the play, he later displays courage and a modicum of honor on the field of battle.

Octavius Caesar (Octavian): Grandnephew of Julius Caesar and a member of the ruling triumvirate after the assassination of Julius Caesar. Octavius, also known in history books as Octavian, later became emperor of Rome as Augustus Caesar.

Marcus Aemilius Lepidus: A member of the ruling triumvirate after the assassination of Julius Caesar. Because he is weak, he is easily pushed aside.

Cicero, Publius, and Popilius Lena: Roman senators. Cicero, a supporter of republican government, is killed by the supporters of Caesar in the aftermath of Caesar's assassination. However, Cicero did not take part in planning or carrying out the assassination.

Publius Servilius Casca: One of the leading conspirators against Caesar. According to the Greek biographer Plutarch, Casca was the first of the conspirators to stab Caesar, plunging a dagger into his back.

Other Conspirators: Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna. (Note: At least 59 conspirators participated in the actual assassination of Caesar in 44 B.C.)

Tribunes: Flavius and Marullus

Artemidorus: Teacher of rhetoric who attempts to warn Caesar that Brutus, Cassius, and others have turned against him.

Soothsayer: Seer who warns Caesar to beware of the ides of March (March 15). Shakespeare does not name the soothsayer. However, in ancient texts by Plutarch and Suetonius, the soothsayer is identified as an astrologer named Spurinna.

Poets: Cinna and an unnamed poet.

Friends of Brutus and Cassius: Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius.

Servants of Brutus: Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius.

Servant of Cassius: Pindarus.

Calpurnia: Julius Caesar's wife.

Portia: Brutus's wife

Minor Characters: Senators, citizens, commoners, soldiers, guards, attendants, messenger.

Settings

The play begins in Rome on February 15, 44 B.C., and ends in Philippi, Greece, in 42 B.C. when Cassius and Brutus commit suicide after battling the forces of Mark Antony and Octavian. Part of the action is also set in the camp of Brutus and Cassius near Sardis (in present-day Turkey).

Dates, Sources and Type of Work

Date Written: 1598-1599

First Printing: 1623 as part of the First Folio

First Performance: Probably 1599 at the Globe Theatre

Probable Main Source: *Caesar, Parallel Lives*, by Plutarch (46?-120?), as translated by Sir Thomas North from Jacques Amyot's French version. The French version was a translation of a Latin version of Plutarch's original Greek version. Shakespeare may also have borrowed ideas from Dante's *Divine Comedy* (in which Brutus and Cassius occupy the lowest circle of hell) and Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (in which "The Monk's Tale" presents Caesar as a victim rather than a villain).

Type of Play: Tragedy

Number of Words in Complete Public-Domain Text:

Themes:

Theme 1: Idealism exacts a high price. Brutus has respect, a comfortable home, a loving wife, friends. Yet he willingly risks everything—and ultimately loses everything, including his life—to live up to his ideals. This motif is a major one in history and literature. Socrates took poison rather than recant his beliefs; Christ was crucified after spreading His message of love and peace. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake, and Thomas More beheaded. In Shakespeare's *King Lear*, the noblest character, Cordelia, is ordered hanged by the villainous Edgar. In Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*, Sidney Carton goes to the guillotine to save the life of the husband of the woman Carton loves.

Theme 2: Pride is the harbinger of destruction. Julius Caesar well knows that Cassius poses a threat to him. In Act I, Scene II, Caesar, upon noticing Cassius in a crowd, tells Antony: "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; / He thinks too much: such men are dangerous." In other words, Cassius is hungry for revolution, reprisal, against the man he envies; he would bring him to ruin. Nevertheless, Caesar says he does not fear Cassius, "for always I am Caesar"—meaning he is the greatest of men and therefore invincible. And so, in the plumage of his pride, Caesar makes himself an easy target for Cassius and his other enemies. A Bible verse encapsulates Caesar's haughtiness: *Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.*—Proverbs Chapter 16, Verse 18.

Theme 3: Great political ambition breeds great political enmity. The conspiracy against the politically ambitious Caesar begins to form after other government leaders—in particular, Cassius—perceive him as power-hungry.

Theme 4: Deceit wears the garb of innocence. While conniving behind Caesar's back, his enemies pretend to be his friends.

Theme 5: Recognize and heed warnings. "Beware the ides of March," a soothsayer tells Caesar in Act I, Scene II. But Caesar ignores the warning. He also brushes off the threat he perceives from Cassius (Theme 2). Later, he ignores the warnings of his wife, who tells him of many omens that bode ill for him if he leaves home on March 15 (the ides of March) to go to the senate. Apparently, in his arrogance, Caesar believes he is invulnerable to the machinations of the conspirators; he is an Achilles without a weak spot.

Theme 6: Words are powerful weapons. Daggers kill Caesar, but it is the suasion of Cassius and others that seal his fate. And it is the rhetoric of Mark Antony—in particular, in his funeral oration—that turns the people against the conspirators.

Theme 7: One man's hero is another man's villain. Caesar and Brutus are each a villain and each a hero, depending upon the philosophical and moral vantage points of the observers. As Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine observe: "Many people in the Renaissance were passionately interested in the story of Caesar's death at the hands of his friends and fellow politicians. There was much debate about who were the villains and who were the heroes. According to the fourteenth-century Italian poet Dante, Brutus and Cassius, the foremost of the conspirators who killed Caesar, were traitors who deserved an eternity in hell. But, in the view of Shakespeare's contemporary Sir Philip Sydney, Caesar was a rebel threatening Rome, and Brutus was the wisest of senators. Shakespeare's dramatization of Caesar's assassination and its aftermath has kept this debate alive among generations of readers and playgoers."

Climax

The climax of a play or another narrative work, such as a short story or a novel, can be defined as (1) the turning point at which the conflict begins to resolve itself for better or worse, or as (2) the final and most exciting event in a series of events. There are three key events in *Julius Caesar* that each appear to qualify as the climax: first, the meeting of the conspirators at which they approve the plan to kill Caesar; second, the assassination of Caesar; and, third, the deaths of Cassius and Brutus, ending all hope of retaining republican government. However, only one of these events appears to meet the requirements of both parts of the definition of climax—the assassination of Caesar. Nevertheless, it is not unreasonable to argue that either of the other two events is the climax, as many Shakespeare scholars have done.

Apostrophe, Personification, Alliteration, Hyperbole

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

(–Brutus, alone, Act II, Scene I)

Irony in the Funeral Oration

Mark Antony's funeral oration in Act III, Scene II—beginning with "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears—is ironic throughout. Though Antony says that he comes *to bury Caesar, not to praise him*, he praises Caesar for swelling the treasuries of Rome, sympathizing with the poor, and three times refusing the crown Antony offered him. At the same time, Antony praises Brutus—one of Caesar's assassins—as *an honourable man* even though the tenor of his speech implies otherwise. Near the end of the speech, Antony says, "O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, / And men have lost their reason." The

word *brutish* occurs after Antony has mentioned Brutus by name nine times. It seems *brutish* is a not-so-oblique reference to Brutus.

Ominous Number Three

The number three appears to symbolize baleful occurrences. Consider the following events involving the number three:

- Mark Antony offers Caesar the crown three times.
 - The conspirators break up their meeting at three o'clock.
 - Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, cries out three times in her sleep *Help, ho! they murder Caesar!*
 - Cassius tells Casca that Brutus is almost won to the conspiracy, saying, "Three parts of him is ours already."
 - Antony, belittling Lepidus, says, "Is it fit, the three-fold world divided, he should stand one of the three to share it?"
- In ancient times, the number three was sometimes associated with Pluto (Greek: Hades), the god of death.

Speech Patterns

Literary critic Mark Van Doren wrote the following about the speech patterns in *Julius Caesar*:

Julius Caesar is least notable among Shakespeare's better plays for the distinctions of its speech. All of its persons tend to talk alike; their training has been forensic and therefore uniform, so that they can say anything with both efficiency and ease. With Marullus's first speech in the opening scene the play swings into its style: a style which will make it appear that nobody experiences the least difficulty in saying what he thinks. The phrasing is invariably flawless from the oral point of view; the breathing is right; no thought is too long for order or too short for roundness. Everything is brilliantly and surely said; the effects are underlined, the *i*'s are firmly dotted. Speeches have tangible outlines, like plastic objects, and

the drift of one of them to another has never to be guessed, for it is clearly stated."

–Van Doren, Mark. Quoted in *Twentieth Century Interpretations of Julius Caesar*. Leonard F. Dean, Ed. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1968.

Historical Irony

It is believed that a surgical incision had to be made through the abdominal wall and uterus of the mother of Julius Caesar in order to extract him at birth. This belief gave rise to the term "Cesarean birth" (or "Caesarean birth"). Thus, a knife was used to give Caesar life, and many knives were used to end his life.

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

By

William Shakespeare

Paraphrase by

Kathy Livingston

<http://klivingston.tripod.com/caesar/>

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Dramatis Personae

Julius Caesar.....	Roman statesman and general
Octavius.....	Triumvir after Caesar's death, later Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome
Mark Antony.....	general and friend of Caesar, a Triumvir after his death
Lepidus.....	third member of the Triumvirate
Marcus Brutus.....	leader of the conspiracy against Caesar
Cassius.....	instigator of the conspiracy
Casca.....	conspirator against Caesar
Trebonius.....	conspirator against Caesar
Caius Ligarius.....	conspirator against Caesar
Decius Brutus.....	conspirator against Caesar
Metellus Cimber.....	conspirator against Caesar
Cinna.....	conspirator against Caesar
Calpurnia.....	wife of Caesar
Portia.....	wife of Brutus
Cicero.....	senator

Popilius.....senator
Popiliuslena.....senator

Flavius.....tribune
Marullus.....tribune
Cato.....supporter of Brutus
Lucilius.....supporter of Brutus
Titinius.....supporter of Brutus
Messala.....supporter of Brutus
Volumnius.....supporter of Brutus
Artemidorus.....a teacher of rhetoric
Cinna.....a poet
Varroservant to Brutus
Clitus.....servant to Brutus
Claudio.....servant to Brutus
Strato.....servant to Brutus
Lucius.....servant to Brutus
Dardanius.....servant to Brutus

Pindarus.....servant to Cassius

The Ghost of Caesar.....

A Soothsayer.....

A Poet.....

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

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

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

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

First Commoner: Why, sir, a carpenter.

First Commoner: Why, sir, a carpenter.

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

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

Second commoner: Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I ambut, as you would say, a cobbler.

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

Marullus: But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Second Commoner: Why, sir, cobble you.

Second Commoner: Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius: Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Flavius: You are a cobbler, are you?

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

Second Commoner: Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I don't fool with any worker's matters or women's matters, but with all. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they are in great danger, I heal them. The most proper men that ever walked on calfskin have walked on my handiwork.

Flavius: But wherefore art not in thy shop today? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Flavius: But why are you not in your shop today? Why do you lead these people through the streets?

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

Second Commoner: Really, sir, to wear out their shoes, so I will have more work. But actually, sir, we are taking the day off to see Caesar and to celebrate his victory.

Marullus: Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome

Marullus: Why rejoice? What conquest does he bring home? What captured prisoners follow him to Rome

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The livelong day with patient expectation To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout That Tiber trembled underneath her banks To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude. Chained to the wheels of his chariot? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts, you cruel people of Rome! Didn't you know Pompey? Many times You climbed up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yes, to chimney tops, Your babies in your arms, and there you sat All day, patiently waiting, To see great Pompey pass through the streets of Rome. And when you barely saw his chariot

appear, Didn't everyone shout, So that the Tiber shook under her banks To hear the echo of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best clothes? And do you now choose a holiday? And do you now throw flowers in the path Of the man who comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone! Run to your houses, fall on your knees, Pray to the gods to hold back the deadly disease That would be a fair punishment for your ingratitude.

Flavius: Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault, Assemble all the poor men of your sort, Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [Exeunt all Commoners]. We'll see if their poor characters are affected. They feel so guilty that they leave without speaking. You go down that way towards the Capitol; I'll go this way. Strip the statues Of any decorations you find on them.

Flavius: Go, go, good countrymen, and for this weakness Gather all the poor men like you; Bring them to the banks of the Tiber, and weep your tears Into the river, until the water over flows. [Exit all the commoners] See whether their basest metal be not moved; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I. Disrobe the images If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus: May we do so? You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Marullus: Can we do that? You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

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

Flavius: It doesn't matter. Let no statues Be decorated with Caesar's trophies. I'll go around And scatter the rest of the commoners. Do the same yourself wherever they are forming a crowd. These growing feathers that we pull from Caesar's wing Will make him fly at an ordinary height, When otherwise he would soar too high to be seen and keep us all under him and afraid. Exeunt.

SCENE II. Act I,

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

[A flourish of trumpets announces the approach of Caesar. A large crowd of Commoners has assembled; a Soothsayer is among them. Enter Caesar; his wife, Calpurnia; Portia; Decius; Cicero; Brutus; Cassius; Casca; and Antony, who is stripped down in preparation for running in the games.]

Caesar: Calpurnia!

Caesar: Calpurnia.

Casca: Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Casca: Be quiet! Caesar speaks. Music ceases.

Caesar: Calpurnia!

Caesar: Calpurnia

Calpurnia: Here, my lord.

Calpurnia: Here, my lord.

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

Caesar: Stand in Antony's path When he runs the race. Antonius.

Antony: Caesar, my lord?

Antonius: Caesar, my lord?

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

Caesar: In your hurry, don't forget, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for the old people say That barren women, touched by someone running in this holy race, Lose the curse of sterility.

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

Antonius: I shall remember. When Caesar says "Do this," it is done.

Caesar: Set on, and leave no ceremony out. Flourish..[Flourish of trumpets. Caesar starts to leave.]

Caesar: Do what you need to do, and don't leave out any part of the ritual..[Flourish of trumpets. Caesar starts to leave.]

Soothsayer: Caesar!

Soothsayer: Caesar!

Caesar: Ha! Who calls?

Caesar: Ha! Who calls me?

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

Casca: Tell everyone to be quiet. Silence again!

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

Caesar: Who is in the crowd that calls on me? I hear a voice shriller than all the music Cry "Caesar!" Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.

Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.

Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.

Caesar: What man is that?

Caesar: Who is that?

Brutus: A soothsayer you beware the ides of March.

Brutus: A soothsayer tells you to beware the ides of March.

Caesar: Set him before me let me see his face.

Caesar: Put him in front of me; let me see his face.

Cassius: Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Cassius: Fellow, come out of the crowd; look at Caesar.

Caesar: What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Caesar: What do you say to me now? Say it one more time.

Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.

Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.

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

Caesar: He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass. [Trumpets sound. Exit all but Brutus and Cassius.]

Cassius: Will you go see the order of the course?

Cassius: Are you going to watch the race?

Brutus: Not I.

Brutus: Not I.

Cassius: I pray you, do.

Cassius: I wish you would.

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

Brutus: I do not like sports. I am not Athletic like Antony. Don't let me spoil, Cassius, what you want to do. 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.

Cassius: Brutus, I have watched you lately; I have not seen in your eyes the kindness And friendliness I used to see. You are being too stubborn and too distant From your friend who cares about you.

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

Brutus: Cassius, Don't be deceived. If I have hidden my true feelings, I have been frowning Only at myself. I have been troubled Lately by mixed emotions, Personal matters that concern no one else, Which are, perhaps, affecting the way I act. But don't let my good friends be upset(And you, Cassius, are counted as one of them)Or interpret my neglect of them as anything more serious Than that poor Brutus, at war with himself, Forgets to be friendly 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?

Cassius. In that case, Brutus, I have misunderstood your feelings, Because of which I have kept to myself Certain important thoughts, worthy ideas. 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.

Brutus: No, Cassius, for the eye cannot see itself Except when it is reflected by something else.

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

Cassius: That's true. And it is too bad, Brutus, That you don't have any mirrors that would show Your inner qualities to you, So that you could see their reflection. I have heard That many of the most respected people in Rome(Except immortal Caesar), speaking about Brutus And suffering under the troubles of this time, Have wished that noble Brutus could see himself the way they see him.

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

Brutus: What danger are you leading me into, Cassius, That you want me to search inside myself For something that is not there?

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

Cassius: In that case, good Brutus, listen; Since you know you cannot see yourself Without being reflected, I, your mirror, Will without exaggerating show you Things about yourself which you don't yet realize. And don't be suspicious of me, gentle Brutus, If you think I'm a fool, or someone Who pretends to be the friend Of everyone who promises friendship to me; if you believe That I show

friendship And then gossip about my friends; or if you know That I try to win the affections Of the common people, then consider me dangerous.

Flourish and shout.[Flourish and shout.]

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

Brutus: What does this shouting mean? I am afraid the people Choose Caesar to be their king.

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

Cassius: Ay, are you afraid of it? Then I must believe that you don't want it to happen.

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

Brutus: I don't want it, Cassius, but Caesar is my good friend. But why do you keep me here so long? What is it that you want to tell me? If it is anything concerning the good of Rome, Put honor on one side and death on the other, And I will face either one; For let the gods give me good fortune only if I love The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius: I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, As well as I do know your outward favor. Well, honor is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life, but, for my single self, I had as life not be as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself. I was born free as Caesar, so were you; We both have fed as well, and we can both Endure the winter's cold as well as he. For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, accoutered as I was, I plunged

in And bade him follow. So indeed he did. The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I
sink! I, as Aeneas our great ancestor Did from the flames of Troy upon his
shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired
Caesar. And this man Is now become a god, and Cassius is A wretched creature
and must bend his body If Caesar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever
when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him I did mark How he did
shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake; His coward lips did from their color fly, And
that same eye whose bend doth awe the world Did lose his luster. I did hear him
groan. Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans Mark him and write his
speeches in their books, Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius," As a sick
girl. Ye gods! It doth amaze me A man of such a feeble temper should So get the
start of the majestic world And bear the palm alone. With strong muscles,
throwing it aside And conquering it with our spirit of competition.

[Shout. Flourish.]

Cassius: I know that what you have just said is true about you, Brutus, Just as
well as I know your outward appearance. Well, honor is what I want to talk
about. I don't know what you and other people Think about life, but just for
myself, I would rather die than live to be In awe of someone no better than I am.
I was born as free as Caesar, so were you; We eat the same foods, and we can
both Stand the winter's cold just as well as Caesar. One time, on a cold and
windy day, When the Tiber River was rising in the storm, Caesar said to me,
"Cassius, I dare you To leap with me into this angry flood And swim to that spot
way over there." As soon as he said it, Dressed like I was, I plunged in And
dared him to follow. That's exactly what he did. The torrent roared, and we
fought it. But before we could arrive at the designated spot, Caesar cried, "Help
me, Cassius, or I will sink!" Just like Aeneas, our great ancestor, Carried the old
Anchises from the flames of Troy On his shoulder, I from the waves of Tiber
Carried the tired Caesar. And this man Is now considered a god, and Cassius is A
wretched creature and must bow down If Caesar even carelessly nods at him. He
had a fever when he was in Spain, And when he was having fits, I saw clearly

How he shook. It is true, this god shook. His lips turned pale, And that same eye whose glance awes the world Lost his shine. I heard him groan. Yes, and that tongue of his that persuaded the Romans To watch him closely and write his speeches in their books, Alas, it cried, "Give me something to drink, Titinius," Just like a sick girl! You gods! It amazes me That such a weak man should Get ahead of the rest of the world And appear as the victor all by himself.

[Shout. Flourish].

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

Brutus: The crowd shouts again? I think that all this applause is For some new honors that are given to Caesar.

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

Cassius: Why, man, he stands with the puny world between his legs Like a Colossus, and we insignificant men Walk under his huge legs and look around To find ourselves dishonorable graves. Men at some point in time are in charge of their own destinies. It is not the fault, dear Brutus, of our stars That we are

inferiors, but it is our own fault. "Brutus" and "Caesar." What is so special about the name "Caesar" ?Why should that name be spoken more than yours? Write them together: your name looks just as good. Say them, yours sounds as good. Weigh them, it is as heavy. Call up spirits with them: "Brutus" will call up a spirit as soon as "Caesar. "Now in the names of all the gods at once, What does our Caesar eat To make him grow so large? It is a shameful time to be living! Rome, you have lost all your noble people! Since the great Flood, when was there a time That wasn't made famous by more than one man? When could people talking of Rome say (till now)That her wide walls contained only one man? Now it is Rome indeed, and plenty of room, When there is only one man in it! O, you and I have heard As easily as a king. our fathers say That there was once a man named Brutus who would have tolerated The eternal devil ruling Rome As easily as he would a king.

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

Brutus: I am sure that you are my friend. What you are trying to persuade me of, I can guess. What I think about this, and about these times, I will tell you later. For right now, I ask you as a friend not To try to convince me further. What you have said I will think about; what you have to say I will patiently hear, and I will find a time Appropriate both to hear and to answer such important things. Until then, my noble friend, chew on this: Brutus would rather be a villager Than to represent himself as a son of Rome Under the difficult conditions that this time in history Is likely to put on us.

Cassius: I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Cassius: I am glad That my weak words have provoked this much strong
Reaction from Brutus.

Re-enter Caesar and his Train.[Voices and music are heard approaching.]

Brutus: The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Brutus: The games are over, and Caesar is returning.

Cassius: As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve, And he will, after his sour
fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note today.

Cassius: As they pass by, pull Casca's sleeve, And he will (in his sour way) tell
you What of importance has happened today.[Reenter Caesar and his train of
followers.]

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

Brutus: I'll do it. But look, Cassius! There is an angry spot glowing on Caesar's
face, And everyone else looks like a group of followers who have been scolded.
Calpurnia's cheeks are pale, and Cicero Has fiery eyes like an angry ferret, The
look he gets in the Capitol, When other senators disagree with him.

Cassius: Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cassius: Casca will tell us what the matter is.[Caesar looks at Cassius and turns
to Antony.]

Caesar: Antonio!

Caesar: Antonius.

Antony: Caesar?

Antonius: Caesar?

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

Caesar: Let me have men around me who are fat, Sleek-headed men, and men that sleep at night. Cassius, over there, has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

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

Antonius: Don't be afraid of him, Caesar; he's not dangerous. He is a noble Roman, and your supporter.

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

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

Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train but Casca.[Trumpets sound. Exit Caesar and all his train except Casca, who stays behind.]

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

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

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

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

Casca: Why, you were with him, were you not?

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

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

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

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 as shouting.

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

Brutus: What was the second noise for?

Brutus: What was the second noise for?

Casca: Why, for that too.

Casca: Why, for the same reason.

Cassius: They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

Casca: Why, for that too.

Brutus: Was the crown offered him thrice?

Brutus: Was the crown offered to him three times?

Casca: Ay, marry, wast, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Casca: Yes, indeed, it was! and he pushed it away three times, each time more gently than the others; and every time he pushed it away my honest neighbors shouted.

Cassius: Who offered him the crown?

Cassius: Who offered him the crown?

Casca: Why, Antony.

Casca: Why, Antony.

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

Brutus: Tell us how it happened, gentle Casca.

Casca: I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown (yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of the secoronets) and, as I told you, he put it by once. But for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again. But, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar, for he s wounded 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.

Casca: I could as easily be hanged as tell how it happened. It was mere foolery; I did not pay attention to it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown--but it was not a crown either, it was one of these coronets--and, as I told you, he pushed it away once. But for all that, to my thinking, he would gladly have taken it. Then he offered it to him again; then he pushed it away again; but to my thinking, he was very reluctant to take his fingers off of it. And then he offered it the third time. He pushed it away the third time; and still while he refused it, the unruly crowd hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and let out so much stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it, almost, choked Caesar; for he fainted and fell down because of it. And for my own part, I didn't dare laugh, for fear of opening my lips and breathing the bad air.

Cassius: But, soft, I pray you, what, did Caesars wound?

Cassius: But wait a minute, I beg you. What, did Caesar faint?

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

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

Brutus: 'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

Brutus: That sounds like him. He has the falling sickness.

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

Cassius: No, Caesar doesn't have it; but you, and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

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

Casca: I don't know what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the rag-tag people did not clap at him and hiss at him, according to how he pleased and displeased them, like they are used to doing with the actors in the theater, I am no true man.

Brutus: What said he when he came unto himself?

Brutus: What did he say when he came to himself?

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

Casca: Indeed, before he fell down, when he saw that the crowd was glad that he refused the crown, he pulled open his jacket and offered them his throat to cut. If I had been a worker with a proper tool, may I go to hell with the sinners if I would not have done as he asked. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything wrong, he desired their worships to think that it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But you can't pay any attention to them. If Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done the same thing.

Brutus: And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Brutus: And after that, he came away upset?

Casca: Ay.

Casca: Yes.

Cassius: Did Cicero say anything?

Cassius: Did Cicero say anything?

Casca: Ay, he spoke Greek.

Casca: Yes, he spoke Greek.

Cassius: To what effect?

Cassius: What did he say?

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: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if could remember it.

Casca: No, if I tell you that, I'll never look you in the face again. But those who understood him smiled at each other and shook their heads; but as far as I was concerned, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling decorations off Caesar's statues, are put to silence. Good day to you. There was even more foolishness, if I could remember it.

Cassius: Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

Cassius: Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

Casca: No, I am promised forth.

Casca: No, I have made other plans.

Cassius: Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Cassius: Will you dine with me tomorrow?

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

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

Cassius: Good, I will expect you.

Cassius: Good, I will expect you.

Casca: Do so, farewell, both.

Casca: Do so. Farewell to both of you. Exit [Exit.]

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

Brutus: What a dull fellow he has grown to be! He was clever 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.

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

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

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

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

Cassius: I will do so. Until then, think of the world. [exit brutus] Well, Brutus, you are noble; but I see Your honorable nature can be manipulated Into something not quite so honorable. That's why it is proper That noble people

associate with others like them; For who is so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar holds a grudge against me, but he is a friend to Brutus. If I were Brutus
now and he were Cassius, He would not fool me. I will tonight Writings, all
tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at. And after this let Caesar seat him sure; For
we will shake him, or worse days endure. Throw through his window notes In
different handwriting, as if they came from several people, All pointing out the
great respect That Rome has for him; in these Caesar's ambition will be hinted at.
And after this let Caesar establish himself securely, For we will shake him down
from his position or suffer the consequences

SCENE III, Act I,

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

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

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

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

Casca: Doesn't it disturb you when the natural order of things Shakes like something that is unstable? O, Cicero, I have seen storms when the scolding winds Have torn the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam To raise itself to the level of the threatening clouds; But never till tonight, never till now, Did I go through a storm dropping fire. Either there is a civil war in heaven, Or else the world, too disrespectful of the gods, Makes them angry enough to destroy it.

Cicero: Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Cicero: Why, did you see anything that was strange?

Casca: A common slave- you know him well by sight-Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd. Besides- I ha' not since put up my sword-

Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glaz'd upon me and went surly by Without annoying me. And there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the bird of night did sit Even at noonday upon the marketplace, Howling and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say "These are their reasons; they are natural" :For I believe they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Casca: A common slave--you know him well by sight--Held up his left hand, which gave off flames and burned Like twenty torches put together; but his hand, Not feeling the fire, remained unscorched. Also--I haven't put my sword away since this happened--At the Capitol I met a lion, Who glared at me, and walked by in a bad temper Without bothering me. And there were huddled together In a heap a hundred pale women, Changed by their fear, who swore they saw Men, covered with fire, walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the owl, a night bird, sat At noon in the marketplace, Hooting and shrieking. When strange events like these Happen at the same time, no one should say, "There are explanations, these are natural events, "For I believe they are bad omens For the place where they happen.

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

Cicero: Indeed, the times are strange. But people can interpret events the way they want to, No matter what actually causes the events. Is Caesar coming to the Capitol tomorrow?

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

Casca: He is, because he asked Antonius To give you the message that he would be there tomorrow.

Cicero: Good then,

Cicero: Goodnight then,

Casca: This disturbed sky Is not to walk in.

Casca: It is not a good idea to walk Under this disturbed sky.

Casca: Farewell, Cicero.

Casca: Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit Cicero.].[Enter Cassius.]

Cassius: Who's there?

Cassius: Who's there?

Casca: A Roman.

Casca: A Roman.

Cassius: Casca, by your voice.

Cassius: You must be Casca, by your voice.

Casca: Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Casca: Your ear is good. Cassius, what kind of a night is this!

Cassius: A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cassius: A very pleasant night for honest men.

Casca: Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Casca: Who has ever seen the heavens threaten like this?

Cassius: Those that have known the earth so full of faults. For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night, And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, Have bared my bosom to the thunder stone; And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open The breast of heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cassius: Those who have known that the earth is full of faults. As far as I'm concerned, I have walked around the streets, Offering myself to the dangerous night, And, with my coat open, Casca, as you see, Have exposed my chest to the

thunder and lightning; And when the zigzag blue lightning seemed to open The breast of heaven, I presented myself Right where it aimed and flashed.

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.

Casca: But why did you tempt the heavens so much? Men are supposed to fear and tremble When the most mighty gods use signs to send Such frightening messengers to scare us.

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

Cassius: You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life That every Roman should have you either lack, Or else you don't use. You look pale, and stare, And show fear, and are amazed, To see the strange impatience of the heavens. But if you would consider the true cause Of all these fires, of all these gliding ghosts, Of birds and animals that change their natures; Of foolish old men and children who can predict the future; Of all these things that change from their regular behavior, Their natures, and established function, To unnatural behavior, why, you will discover That heaven has given them these supernatural powers To make them bring fear and a warning Of some evil condition. Now I could, Casca, give you the name of one man Who is very much like this dreadful night That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars Like the lion in the Capitol; A man no mightier

than you or I In his personal actions, but who has become enormous And threatening, just like these strange happenings are.

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

Casca: It is Caesar that you mean. Isn't it, Cassius?

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

Cassius: Let it be whoever it is. Modern Romans Have muscles and limbs like our ancestors. But alas for the times! we have the minds of our mothers, Not of our fathers; Our acceptance of a dictator shows us to be like women, not men.

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

Casca: Indeed, they say that the senators Plan to make Caesar king tomorrow, And he will rule over sea and land Everywhere except here in Italy.

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

Cassius: I know where I will wear this dagger then; I will free myself from slavery. In this way, you gods, you make the weak strong; In this way, you gods, you defeat tyrants. Neither a stone tower, nor walls of beaten brass, Nor an airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron, Can imprison a strong spirit; Life, when it is tired of these worldly bars, Always has the power to allow itself to leave. If I

know this, the rest of the world knows, The part of tyranny that I endure I can shake off when I choose to. Thunder still.

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

Casca: So can I. So every slave in his own hand holds The power to end his captivity.

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

Cassius: So why is Caesar a tyrant then? Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf If he didn't see that the Romans are only sheep; He would not be a lion if the Romans were not hinds. People who want to quickly build a huge fire Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome, What rubbish and what garbage, when it acts As the kindling to light up Such a disgusting thing as Caesar! But, O grief, Where have you led me? I, perhaps, am saying this In front of a willing slave. In that case I know I will have to answer for my words. But I am armed, And dangers don't matter to me.

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.

Casca: You are speaking to Casca, and to the sort of man Who is not a tattle-tale. Stop, my hand. Form a group to correct all these wrongs, And I will go as far As anyone else.

Cassius: There's a bargain made. Now know you, Casca, I have moved already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans To undergo with me an enterprise

Of honorable-dangerous consequence; And I do know by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's Porch. For now, this fearful night,

Cassius: You have a deal. Now you should know, Casca, that I have already
persuaded A certain few of the noblest-minded Romans To attempt with me an
enterprise Of honorable-dangerous importance; And I know, right now they are
waiting for me There is no stir or walking in the streets, And the complexion of
the element In favor's like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, and
most terrible. At the entrance to Pompey's Theater; because now, on this
frightening night, No one is stirring or walking in the streets, And the condition
of the sky Looks like the work we have ahead of us, Bloody, full of fire, and
terrible.

Enter Cinna[Enter Cinna.]

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

Casca: Stand hidden for a while, for here comes someone in a hurry.

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

Cassius: It's Cinna. I know the way he walks. He is a friend. Cinna, where are
you going in such a hurry?

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

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

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

Cassius: No, it is Casca, who is now part Of our plan. Are they waiting for me?

Cinna: I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us
have seen strange sights.

Cinna: I am glad of it. What a frightening night this is! Two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius: Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cassius: Are they waiting for me? Tell me.

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

Cinna: Yes, they are. O Cassius, if you could Only persuade the noble Brutus to join us—

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

Cassius: Be satisfied. Good Cinna, take this note And put it in the judge's seat, Where Brutus will find it, and throw this one Through his window. Stick this one with wax On old Brutus' statue. When you've done all of that, Go to Pompey's Porch, where you will find us. Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

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

Cinna: Everyone except Metellus Cimber, and he went To look for you at your house. Well, I'll hurry To place these papers where you told 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.

Cassius: When you finish, go to Pompey's Theater. [Exit Cinna.] Come, Casca, you and I will still before morning See Brutus at his house. Three-fourths of him Belongs to us already, and the whole man Will be ours after we next meet him.

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

Casca: O, the people love him, And something which would seem offensive if we did it, His face like magic, Will change so it becomes good and worthy.

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

Cassius: Him and his importance and the reason we need him You have figured out. Let's go, For it is past midnight, and before day comes
We will awake him and be sure of him. We will wake him up and make sure he is ours. Exeunt.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brutus in his orchard. [Brutus' orchard in Rome]

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

Brutus: Lucius! There are no stars in the sky To tell me how close it is to morning. Lucius, I say! I wish I could sleep that soundly. When are you coming, Lucius, when? Wake up, I say!

[Enter Lucius from the house.]

Lucius: Call'd you, my lord?

Lucius: Did you call, my lord?

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

Brutus: Get a candle and put it in my study, Lucius. When it is lit, come and find me here.

Lucius: I will, my lord.

Lucius: I will, my lord. [Exit.]

[Brutus returns to his brooding.]

Brutus: It must be by his death, and, for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder And that craves wary walking. Crown him that, And then, I grant, we put a sting in him That at his will he may do danger with. The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins Remorse from power, and, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known

when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may; Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel Will bear no color for the thing he is, Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities; And therefore think him as a serpent's egg Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.

Brutus: It can only be solved by Caesar's death; for my part, I have no personal grudge against him; I'm thinking only of the general welfare. He wants to be crowned. The question is, how would that change his personality? It is the sunshine that brings out the snake, So walk carefully. Give him a crown, And then we have put a poisonous bite in him That he can cause trouble with whenever he wants. Greatness is abused when it separates Pity from power. And to tell the truth about Caesar, I have never known him to be controlled by his heart Instead of his head. But people often say That humility is a ladder for young ambition, Which the person climbing up looks toward; But once he reaches the top rung, He then turns his back to the ladder, And looks into the clouds, scorning the lower levels Which he climbed upon to reach this high position. This is what Caesar may do. Then rather than let him do that, we must prevent it. And since the case against Caesar Can't be proved from what he is like now, We must shape our argument in this way: That Caesar's true nature, if allowed to develop Would reach terrible extremes; So we must think of him as a serpent's egg, Which, if it hatched, would like all serpents grow dangerous, And kill him before he hatches.

.[Reenter Lucius with a letter.]

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

Lucius: The candle is burning in your private room, sir. While I was searching the window for a match, I found This paper, sealed up, and I am sure It wasn't there when I went to bed. Gives him the letter.]

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

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

Lucius: I know not, sir.

Lucius: I don't know, sir.

Brutus: Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Brutus: Look in the calendar and come tell me.

Lucius: I will, sir.

Lucius: I will, sir. [Exit.]

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

Brutus: The meteors, falling through the air, Give off so much light that I can read by them. [Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thy self! Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!" "Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! "Such instigations have been often dropp'd Where I have took them up. "Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out. Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome? My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise, If the redress will follow, thou receives Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

"Brutus, you are asleep. Wake up, and see yourself! Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, right a wrong! Brutus, you are asleep. Wake up! "Suggestions like this have often been dropped Where I have picked them up." Shall Rome, etc." I must guess the rest of the sentence: Should Rome have such fear and respect for just one man? What, Rome? My ancestors drove the Tarquin From the streets of Rome when he was called a king. "Speak, strike, right a wrong!" Am I encouraged To speak and strike? O Rome, I promise you, If a solution for our

troubles will come from my action, you will get Everything you ask for from Brutus!

[Reenter Lucius.]

Lucius: Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Lucius: Sir, we are fifteen days into March.

[Knocking within.]

Brutus: 'Tis good. Go to the gate, somebody knocks. [exit Lucius] Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma or a hideous dream; The genius and the mortal instruments Are then in council, and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Brutus: That's good. Go to the door; somebody is knocking. [Exit Lucius.] Since Cassius first aroused my suspicions concerning Caesar, I have not slept. The time between the earliest thought of a terrible act And the actual performance of it is Like a nightmare or a hideous dream. The heart and mind Debate the subject, while the man himself, Like a small country, undergoes A civil war.

[Re-enter Lucius]

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

Lucius: Sir, it's your friend Cassius at the door, Who wants to see you.

Brutus: Is he alone?

Brutus: Is he alone?

Lucius: No, sir, there are more with him.

Lucius: No, sir, there are more people with him.

Brutus: Do you know them?

Brutus: Do you know them?

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

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

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

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

Brutus: Let them in. [exit Lucius] They are the faction. O consiracy, Are you afraid to show your dangerous face at night, When evil things are mostly left alone? O, then during the day, Where will you find a cave dark enough To hide your horrible face? Don't look for one, conspiracy; Hide your plans in smiles and friendliness! If you go out showing your true natures, Even the gateway to hell is not dark enough To hide you and keep your plans from being discovered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brutus: He is welcome hither.

Brutus: He is welcome here.

Cassius: This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus: He is welcome too.

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

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

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

Cassius: Shall I entreat a word?

Cassius: Could I speak with you privately? They whisper.[They whisper.]

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

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

Casca: No.

Cinna: O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yongrey lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Cinna: Excuse me, sir, but it does; and those grey lines That stripe the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca: You shall confess that you are both deceived. Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises, Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence up higher toward the north He first presents his fire, and the high east Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Casca: You must admit that you are both wrong. Here, where I point my sword, the sun rises, From a southerly direction, Since it is still early in the year. Two months from now, the sun will rise Up higher toward the north; and the true east Is where the Capitol is, right here. [Brutus and Cassius rejoin the others.]

Brutus: Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Brutus: Give me your hands, one at a time.

Cassius: And let us swear our resolution.

Cassius: And let us swear our loyalty.

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

Brutus: No, we do not need to swear. The sadness of people's faces, Our own suffering, and the awful time we live in--If these aren't strong enough reasons to hold us together, then let's quit early And all go home to bed. In that case, let arrogant tyranny live, While we die off, one at a time, by chance. But if these reasons(As I am sure they do) are strong enough To motivate cowards and to give courage to The weak spirits of women, then, countrymen, Why do we need any incentive other than our own cause To encourage us to correct these evils? Why do we need any bond Other than that of Romans who secretly made an agreement And will not go back on our word? And Why do we need any oath other Than personal honor promised That this will be done, or we will die for it? Swearing oaths is for priests, cowards, and crafty men, Old dying men, and unhappy people who enjoy lying. creatures like these that men don't trust swear to bad causes; don't disgrace The steady virtue of our enterprise Nor the unfailing courage of our spirits To think that either what we believe or what we are about to do Needs an oath when every drop of blood In every Roman, and every noble, Is not truly Roman If he breaks even the smallest part Of any promise he has made.

Cassius: But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cassius: But what about Cicero? Shall we see what he thinks? I think he will support us.

Casca: Let us not leave him out.

Casca: Let us not leave him out.

Cinna: No, by no means.

Cinna: Yes, by all means.

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

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

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

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

Cassius: Then leave him out.

Cassius: Then leave him out.

Casca: Indeed he is not fit.

Casca: Indeed, he is not suitable.

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

Decius: Shall we kill only Caesar?

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

Cassius: Decius, good point. I think it is not proper That Mark Antony, Caesar's
good friend, Should outlive Caesar. We will find that he is A schemer, and you
know, If he had more power, he could be Trouble for us; To prevent this, Let
Antony and Caesar die together.

Brutus: Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off and
then hack the limbs Like wrath in death and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a
limb of Caesar. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up
against the spirit of Caesar, And in the spirit of men there is no blood. O, that we
then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar
must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make Our purpose necessary and not
envious, Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd purgers,
not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him, For he can do no more
than Caesar's arm When Caesar's head is off.

Brutus: Our actions will seem too violent, Caius Cassius, If we cut the head off
and then hack at the limbs, Like we were killing in anger with hatred afterwards;
Antony is only a limb of Caesar. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar, And in the spirit of men there is no
blood. If only we could remove Caesar's soul Without destroying his body! But,
alas, Caesar must bleed for it! And, good friends, Let's kill him boldly but not
angrily; Let's carve him like a dish fit for the gods, Not chop him up like the
body of an animal to be fed to dogs. Let our hearts treat our hands the way sly
masters do; We will provoke our hands to do our dirty work in anger, Then later
scold them for what they have done. This will make Our purpose necessary and
not the result of jealousy. When the public sees this, We will be called healer, not
murderers. As far as Mark Antony's concerned, forget about him; He cannot do
any more damage than Caesar's arm can do When Caesar's head is removed.

Cassius: Yet I fear him, For in the ingrated love he bears to Caesar

Cassius: Still I'm afraid of him, For in his deep-rooted friendship to Caesar--

Brutus: Alas, good Cassius, don't think about him! If he cares for Caesar, the
only thing he can do Is to himself--Become depressed, and die for Caesar. Mark
Antony isn't likely to kill himself; he loves Sports, wildness, and socializing too
much to do such a thing.

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

Trebonius: We have nothing to fear from him. Let's not kill him, For he will live
and laugh at this later..[Clock strikes.]

Brutus: Peace, count the clock.

Brutus: Quiet! Count the chimes of the clock.

Cassius: The clock hath stricken three.

Cassius: The clock struck three.

Trebonius: 'Tis time to part.

Trebonius: It's time to go.

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

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

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

Decius: Don't be afraid of that. If he decides to stay home, I can change his mind; he loves to hear That unicorns can be trapped with trees And bears with mirrors, elephants with pitfalls, Lions with nets, and men with flatterers; But when I tell him that he hates flatterers, He says he does, although at that moment he is flattered. Let me work, For I can get him into the right mood, And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

Cassius: No, all of us will be there to bring him.

Brutus: By the eighth hour. Is that the utter most?

Brutus: By eight o'clock. Do we all agree that eight is the latest we'll be there?

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

Cinna: That's the latest, and don't fail then.

Metellus: Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey. I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Metellus: Caius Ligarius has a grudge against Caesar, Who criticized him for supporting Pompey. I'm surprised none of you 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.

Brutus: Now, good Metellus, go get him. He is my friend, for good reason. Send him to me, and I'll persuade him.

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.

Cassius: Morning is coming. We'll leave you, Brutus. And, friends, scatter yourselves; but everyone remember What you have said and prove 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 everyone. [Exeunt all but Brutus] Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter. Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber; Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies, Which busy care draws in the brains of men; Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Brutus: Good gentlemen, look rested and happy. Let's not let our appearances reveal what we are planning to do, But carry it off like our Roman actors do, With untired spirits and consistent dignity, And so good day to each of you..[Exit all but Brutus.] Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It doesn't matter. Enjoy your rest. You have no dreams Which busy worry puts in the brains of men; That's why you sleep so soundly. [Enter Portia, Brutus' wife.]

Portia: Brutus, my lord!

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.

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

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

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

You motioned for me to leave you. So I did, Because I was afraid of making your impatience even greater, and also I hoped it was only an effect of your mood, Which affects every man at some time. It will not let you eat or talk or sleep, And if it could change your appearance The way it has changed your personality, I would not recognize you, Brutus. Dear husband, Tell me what is upsetting you.

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

Brutus: I am not feeling well, and that is all.

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

Portia: Brutus is wise, and, if he were sick, He would do what was necessary to get well.

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

Brutus: That's what I'm doing. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia: Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humors Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed To dare the vile contagion of the night And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus, You have a sickness of the mind, Which, because I am your wife, I ought to know about; and on my knees I beg you, by my once-praised beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow That joined us and made us one, That you tell me, yourself, your half, Why you are sad, and what men tonight Have met with you; for six or seven men Have been here, who hid their faces Even from darkness.

Portia: Do you expect me to believe that you're sick? Is it healthy To walk without a coat and breathe the air Of a damp morning? Is Brutus sick, And he will sneak out of his wholesome bed To risk the terrible diseases of the night, And tempt the unhealthy air that is not yet cleansed by the sun, You have some sick offense within your mind, Which by the right and virtue of my place I ought to know of; and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us

one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy and what men tonight Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness. To make him even sicker? No, my Brutus, You have a sickness of the mind, Which, because I am your wife, I ought to know about; and on my knees I beg you, by my once-praised beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow That joined us and made us one, That you tell me, yourself, your half, Why you are sad, and what men tonight Have met with you; for six or seven men Have been here, who hid their faces Even from darkness.

Brutus: Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Brutus: Don't kneel, gentle Portia.

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

Portia: I would not need to if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it accepted that I shouldn't know any secrets That relate to you? Am I yourself Only partially or in a limited way? To keep you company at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Do I live only on the outskirts Of your life? If that's all, Portia is Brutus' prostitute, not his wife.

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

Brutus: You are my true and honorable wife, As important to me as the blood That visits my sad heart.

Portia: If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife. I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter. Think you I am no stronger than my sex, Being so father'd and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels, I will not

disclose 'em.I have made strong proof of my constancy,Giving myself a voluntary woundHere in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience And not my husband's secrets?

Portia: If this were true, then I would know this secret.I admit that I am a woman, but alsoA woman that Lord Brutus chose as his wife.I admit that I am a woman, but alsoA well-respected woman, Cato's daughter.Do you think I am no stronger than my gender,With such a father and such a husband?Tell me your secret; I will not disclose it.I have proved my strength By wounding myself Here, in the thigh. Can I stand that pain, And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus: O ye gods,Render me worthy of this noble wife![Knocking within.] Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,And by and by thy bosom shall partakeThe secrets of my heart.All my engagements I will construe to thee,All the charactery of my sad brows.Leave me with haste [exit Portia]. Lucius, who's that knocks? [Reenter Lucius with Caius-Ligarius.]

Brutus: O you gods,Make me worthy of this noble wife [knocking within] Listen! Someone's knocking. Portia, go inside for awhile,And soon you shall hearThe secrets of my heart.I will explain all my dealingsAnd the reason for my sad looks. Leave me quickly [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who's knocking? [Reenter Lucius with Caius-Ligarius.]

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

Lucius: Here is a sick man who wishes to speak with you.

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

Brutus: Caius Ligarius, the man Metellus spoke about.Boy, step aside. Caius Ligarius, how are you?

Ligarius: Vouch safe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Caius: Accept a good morning from a sick man.

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

Brutus: O, what a time you have chosen, brave Caius, To wear a kerchief! I wish
you were not sick!

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

Caius: I am not sick if Brutus is planning
Any honorable action.

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

Brutus: I am planning such an action, Ligarius,
If you had a healthy ear to hear
about it.

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

Caius: By all the gods that Romans bow to,
I declare myself cured!
Soul of
Rome!
Brave son, descended from noble Romans!
You are like an exorcist who
has conjured up
My dead spirit. Now ask me to run,
And I will struggle with
impossible things;
Yes, I will defeat them. What must be done?

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

Brutus: A piece of work that will make sick men well.

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

Caius: But aren't some men well whom we need to make sick?

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

Brutus: We must do that too. I will tell you the plan, Caius, While we go To see the person 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.

Caius: Lead the way, And with a newly enthusiastic heart I will follow, Although I don't know what we are going to do; it is enough That Brutus is leading me. [Thunder.]

Brutus: Follow me then. [exit]

Brutus: Follow me, then. Exeunt. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Act II,

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

Caesar: Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight. Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, "Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" Who's within? [Enter a servant.]

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

Servant: My lord?

Servant: My lord?

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

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

Servant: I will, my lord. [Exit. Enter Calpurnia,]

Servant: I will, my lord. [Exit. Enter Calpurnia,]

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

Calpurnia: What are you doing, Caesar? Are you planning to go out? You are not going to set foot out of the house today.

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

Caesar: Caesar shall go forth. The things that have threatened me Have never looked at anything but my back. When they see The face of Caesar, they will vanish.

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

Calpurnia: Caesar, I have never believed in omens, But now they frighten me. There is a man inside, Who tells of horrible sights seen by the watch, Besides the things that we have heard and seen. A lioness has given birth in the streets, And graves have opened and given up their dead. Fierce fiery warriors fought in the clouds In ranks and squadrons and proper military formation, Which rained blood on the Capitol. The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Horses neighed, and dying men groaned, And ghosts shrieked and squeaked through the streets. O Caesar, these things are not like anything we are used to, And I am afraid of them!

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

Caesar: How can anyone avoid Something that is planned by the mighty gods? But Caesar will go forth, since these predictions Apply to the world in general, not just to Caesar.

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

Calpurnia: When beggars die no one sees comets; The heavens themselves proclaim with meteors and comets the death of princes.

Caesar: Cowards die many times before their deaths;The valiant never taste of death but once.Of all the wonders that I yet have heard. It seems to me most strange that men should fearSeeing that death, a necessary end,Will come when it will come. [Reenter servant.]What say the augurers?

Caesar: Cowards die many times before their deaths;The valiant taste death only once.Of all the strange things I have heard so far, It seems to me the most strange that men are afraid,Since death, the unavoidable end,Will come when it will come.[the servant reenter]What do the fortune tellers say?

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

Servant: They don't want you to go out today.Pulling the insides of an offering out,They could not find a heart inside the animal.

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

Caesar: The gods do this in order to shame cowardice.Caesar will be a beast without a heartIf he stays home today because of fear.No, Caesar will not. Danger knows full wellThat Caesar is more dangerous than he is.We are two lions born at the same time, And I am the oldest and most frightening of the two, And Caesar will go forth.

Calpurnia: Alas, my lord,Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.Do not go forth today. Call it my fearThat keeps you in the house and not your own.We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House, And he shall say you are not well today. Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Calpurnia: Alas, my lord!Your wisdom is consumed in confidence. Do not go forth today. Say that it is my fearThat keeps you in the house and not your

own. We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House, And he will say that you are not well today. Let me on my knee have this request.

Caesar: Mark Antony shall say I am not well, And, for thy humor, I will stay at home. [Enter Decius.] Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Caesar: Mark Antony will say I am not well, And because of your mood I will stay at home. Enter Decius. Here's Decius Brutus. He will take the message.

Decius: Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar! I come to fetch you to the Senate House.

Decius: Caesar, all hail! Good morning, worthy Caesar! I have come to bring you to the Senate House.

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

Caesar: And you have come at the right time To take my greetings to the senators And tell them that I will not come today. Cannot is a lie; and that I am afraid to is a bigger lie. I will not come today. Tell them that, Decius.

Calpurnia: Say he is sick.

Calpurnia: Say that he is sick.

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

Caesar: Shall Caesar send a lie? Have I stretched my arm so far in conquest And now I'm afraid to tell old men the truth? Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

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

Decius: Most mighty Caesar, tell me some reason, Or else I will be laughed at when I tell them this.

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

Caesar: The reason is in my will; I will not come. That is enough to satisfy the Senate; But for your own peace of mind, Because I am your friend, I will let you know. Calpurnia here, my wife, keeps me at home. She dreamed tonight that she saw my statue, Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts, Poured out pure blood, and many vigorous Romans Came smiling and washed their hands in it. And she interprets these as warnings and signs Of evils to come, and on her knee She begged that I would stay at home today.

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

Decius: This dream is interpreted all wrong; It was a positive and fortunate vision. Your statue spouting blood from many pipes Means that great Rome will suck Life-giving blood from you, and that great men will come to you For honors and souvenirs to remember you by. This is what Calpurnia's dream means.

Caesar: And this way have you well expounded it.

Caesar: And you have explained it well.

Decius: I have, when you have heard what I can say. And know it now, the Senate have concluded To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a

mock Apt to be render'd, for someone to say "Break up the Senate till another time, When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams." If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper "Lo, Caesar is afraid"? Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this, And reason to my love is liable.

Decius: I have, when you hear what I have to say. You should know that the Senate has decided To give a crown to mighty Caesar today. If you send a message that you will not come, Their minds might change. Besides, it's likely That someone will make a sarcastic comment and say, "Break up the Senate until another day, When Caesar's wife will have better dreams." If Caesar hides himself, won't they whisper, "Look, Caesar is afraid"? Pardon me, Caesar, for my sincere interest In your career makes me tell you this, And my judgment is overcome by my friendship for you.

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

Caesar: Now your fears seem foolish, Calpurnia! I am ashamed that I gave in to them. Give me my robe, for I will go. [Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.] And look, Publius has come to get me.

Publius: Good morrow, Caesar.

Publius: Good morning, Caesar.

Caesar: Welcome, Publius. What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy As that same ague which hath made you lean. What is't o'clock?

Caesar: Welcome, Publius. Brutus, are you up so early too? Good morning, Casca. Caius Ligarius, Caesar was never as much your enemy As the sickness which made you lean. What time is it?

Brutus: Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Brutus: Caesar, it has struck eight.

Caesar: I thank you for your pains and courtesy. Enter Antony See, Antony, that revels long o' nights, Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Caesar: I thank you all for your trouble and courtesy..[Enter Antony.] See! Antony, who parties late into the night,Is up early despite that. Good morning, Antony.

Antony: So to most noble Caesar.

Antony : And to you, most noble Caesar.

Caesar: Bid them prepare within. I am to blame to be thus waited for. Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius, I have an hour's talk in store for you; Remember that you call on me today; Be near me, that I may remember you.

Caesar: Ask them to set out refreshments inside. It is my fault that everyone is waiting for me. Now, Cinna, now, Metellus. What, Trebonius! I have an hour's talk waiting for you; Remember that you call on me today; Stay close to me, so that I will remember you.

Trebonius: Caesar, I will. [Aside.] And so near will I beThat your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Trebonius: Caesar, I will. [Aside.] And I will be so closeThat your best friends will wish that I had been further away.

Caesar: Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me, And we like friends will straightway go together.

Caesar: Good friends, go in and have some wine with me, And we (like friends) will go together right away.

Brutus: [Aside.] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Brutus: [Aside.] That everyone who seems to be a friend is not necessarily one, O Caesar,The heart of Brutus grieves to think about Exeunt[Exit].

SCENE III. Act II,

A street in Rome near the Capitol, close to Brutus' house Enter Artemidorus, reading paper.

Artemidorus: "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus." Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live; If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Artemidorus: "Caesar, beware of Brutus; watch out for Cassius; stay away from Casca; keep an eye on Cinna; don't trust Trebonius; observe Metellus Cimber carefully; Decius Brutus does not like you; you have offended Caius Ligarius. All these men have the same goal, and it is against Caesar. If you are not immortal, look around you. Overconfidence allows a conspiracy to succeed. The mighty gods defend you!" Your devoted Friend, Artemidorus. "I will stand here until Caesar passes by And like a suitor I will give him this. My heart grieves that greatness cannot avoid The sharp teeth of envy. If you read this, O Caesar, you might live; If not, the Fates plot with traitors [Exit].

SCENE IV. Act II,

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus. In front of Brutus' house ; 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?

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

Lucius: To know my errand, madam.

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

Portia: I would have had thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. O constancy, be strong upon my side! Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue! I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Art thou here yet?

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

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

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

Portia: Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, For he went sickly forth; and take good note What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. Hark, boy, what noise is that?

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

Lucius: I hear none, madam.

Lucius: I don't hear anything, madam.

Portia: Prithee, listen well. I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

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

Lucius: Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Lucius: Truthfully, madam, I hear nothing. [Enter the Soothsayer]

Portia: Come hither, fellow; Which way hast thou been?

Portia: Come here, fellow. Where have you been?

Soothsayer: At mine own house, good lady.

Soothsayer: At my own house, good lady.

Portia: What is't o'clock?

Portia: What time is it?

Soothsayer: About the ninth hour, lady.

Soothsayer: About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia: Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Portia: Has Caesar gone to the Capitol yet?

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

Soothsayer: Madam, not yet. I am going to take my place,
To see him go to the Capitol.

Portia: Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Portia: You have some favor to ask of Caesar, don't you?

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

Soothsayer: Yes, I do, lady. If it will please Caesar To do himself a favor and listen to me, I shall beg him to act as his own friend.

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

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

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

Soothsayer: None that I am certain of, much that I am afraid may happen. Good day to you. Here the street is narrow. The crowd that follows at Caesar's heels, Of senators, of praetors, common suitors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death. I'll move to a more open place and there Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. Exit

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

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

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above. A crowd of people, among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others. [The senate sits on a higher level, waiting for Caesar to appear. Artemidorus and the Soothsayer are among the crowd. A flourish of trumpets. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and others. Caesar stops in front of the Soothsayer.]

Caesar: The ides of March are come.

Caesar: The ides of March have arrived.

Soothsayer: Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

Soothsayer: Yes, Caesar, but not left.

[Artemidorus steps up to Caesar with his warning.]

Artemidorus: Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Artemidorus: Hail, Caesar! Read this document. [Decius steps up quickly with another paper.]

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

Decius: Trebonius would like you to read over (When you have time) this his humble request.

Artemidorus: O Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

Artemidorus: O Caesar, read mine first, because mine's a request That is more personally important to Caesar. Read it, great Caesar!

Caesar: What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Caesar: What is important to us personally shall be dealt with last.

[Caesar pushes the paper aside and turns away.]

Artemidorus: Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Artemidorus: Don't wait, Caesar. Read it right now!

Caesar: What, is the fellow mad?

Caesar: What, is this man crazy?

Publius: Sirrah, give place.

Publius: Boy, get out of the way! [Publius and the other conspirators force Artemidorus away from Caesar.]

Cassius: What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

Cassius: What, do you present your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

[Caesar goes into the Senate House, the rest following. Popilius speaks to Cassius in a low voice.]

Popilius: I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

Popilius: I hope that your enterprise today is successful.

Cassius: What enterprise, Popilius?

Cassius: What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius: Fare you well.

Popilius: Good luck. Advances to Caesar. [Advances to Caesar.]

Brutus: What said Popilius Lena?

Brutus: What did Popilius Lena say?

Cassius: He wish'd today our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

Cassius: He hoped that our enterprise today would be successful. I am afraid our plot has been discovered.

Brutus: Look, how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

Brutus: Look how he approaches Caesar. Watch him.

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

Casca: be quick, for we are afraid of being stopped. Brutus, what shall we do? If our plot is revealed, Either Cassius or Caesar will not return alive, Because I will kill myself.

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

Brutus: Cassius, stay calm. Popilius Lena is not talking about our plans, For look, he smiles, and Caesar's expression does not change.

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

Cassius: Trebonius has good timing, for see, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way. Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. [Exit Antony and Trebonius.]

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

Decius: Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go And immediately present his petition to Caesar.

Brutus: He is address'd; press near and second him.

Brutus: He is ready. Get near him and back him up.

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

Cinna: Casca, you will be the first that raises your hand.[Caesar seats himself in his high Senate chair.]

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

Caesar: Are we all ready? What is now wrong That Caesar and his Senate must make right?

Metellus: Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat A humble heart. Kneels.

Metellus: Most high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar, Metellus Cimber throws before your seat A humble heart..[Kneeling.]

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

Caesar: I must stop you, Cimber. This bowing and scraping Might excite ordinary men And change what has already been decided Like children change their minds. Do not be foolish And think that Caesar's heart has such weak blood That it will be thawed from its firmness By things which melt fools--I mean, sweet words, low bows, and behavior fit for a dog. Your brother is banished by law. If you bow and beg and grovel for him, I will kick you like a mangy dog out of my way. You must know that Caesar does not make mistakes, nor will he be satisfied Without a good reason.

Metellus: Is there no voice more worthy than my own, To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Metellus: Isn't there a voice any better than mine To speak more successfully to Caesar For the return of my banished brother?

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

Brutus: I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, Caesar, Asking that Publius Cimber may Immediately have the right to return to Rome.

Caesar: What, Brutus?

Caesar: What, Brutus?

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

Cassius: Pardon me, Caesar! Caesar, pardon me! Cassius falls as low as your foot To beg for freedom for Publius Cimber.

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

Caesar: I could be well moved, if I were like you; If I could beg others to be moved, then begging would move me; But I am as steady as the Northern Star, Which has no equal in the sky Of its true and immovable nature. The skies are painted with uncounted sparks; They are all fire, and every one shines; But there's only one that stays in the same place. It's the same way in the world: it is well supplied with men. And men are flesh and blood, and intelligent, Yet out of all of them I know only one That, unable to be attacked, holds his position, Unmoved; and that I am that man, Let me show you, even in this example, That I was firm that Cimber should be banished. And I am still firm to keep him that way.

Cinna: O Caesar- Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Cinna: O Caesar! Caesar. Caesar Get away! Will you lift up Mt. Olympus?

Decius: Great Caesar-

Decius: Great Caesar!

Caesar: Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

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

Casca: Speak, hands, for me!

Casca: My hands will speak for me! Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar. [They stab Caesar. Casca, the others in turn, then Brutus.]

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

Caesar: Et tu, Brute?--Then fall Caesar!.[Dies.]

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

Cinna: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run from here, tell the news, shout it on the streets!

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

Cassius: Some of you go to the speakers' platforms and call out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

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

Brutus: People and Senators, do not be afraid. Don't run away; stand still. Ambition's debt has been paid.

Casca: Go to the pulpit, Brutus. Decius And Cassius, too.

Casca: Go to the pulpit, Brutus. Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus: Where's Publius?

Brutus: Where's Publius?

Cinna: Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Cinna: He's here, very confused by this rebellion.

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

Metellus: Stand close together, in case one of Caesar's friends Should happen—

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

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

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

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

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

Brutus: Do that, and don't let any man suffer for what happened But we, the men who did it. [Reenter Trebonius.]

Cassius: Where is Antony?

Cassius: Where is Antony?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cassius: As often as that, The group of us will be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius: What, shall we forth?

Decius: What, shall we go out?

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

Cassius: Yes, we'll all go. Brutus will lead, and we will honor him by
following With the boldest and the best hearts of Rome. Enter a Servant. [Enter a
Servant.]

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

Brutus: Quiet! Who's here? A friend of Antony's.

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

Servant: Like this, Brutus, my master told me to kneel; Like this Mark Antony
told me to fall down; And lying face down, he told me to say this: Brutus is noble,
wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving. Say I love
Brutus and I honor him; Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him. If
Brutus will promise that Antony
May safely come to him and be given an explanation Why Caesar deserved to die,
Mark Antony will not love Caesar, who is dead, As well as Brutus, who is alive, but he will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Through the hazards of this new, untried government
Faithfully. This is what my master Antony says.

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

Brutus: Your master is a wise and valiant Roman. I never thought of him as anything worse than that. Tell him, if he chooses to come here, He shall receive a satisfactory explanation and, by my honor, Leave here without being touched.

Servant: I'll fetch him presently. Exit.

Servant: I'll get him immediately. [Exit.]

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

Brutus: I know that we will convince him to be our friend.

Cassius: I wish we may, but yet have I a mind That fears him much, and my misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose. [Re-enter Antony]

Cassius: I hope so. But still I am Afraid of him; and my misgivings are usually accurate.. [Reenter Antony.]

Brutus: But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Brutus: But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

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

Antony: O mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low? Are all your conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this small amount? Fare you well. I don't know, gentlemen, what your plans are, Who else must have his blood let, who else is

diseased.If I myself, there is no better time
Than the time of Caesar's death; nor
any instrument
Half as worthy as your swords, which have been made rich
With
the most noble blood in the whole world.I beg you, if you have a grudge against
me,Now, while your blood-stained hands stink and smoke,
Do what you want. If
I live a thousand years,I will not find myself as ready to die;No place will please
me as much, no method of death,As next to Caesar, and by you killed,
The
greatest men of this time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

world, you were the forest for his hart; And he was truly, O world, your heart! Just like a deer, struck down by many princes, Do you lie here!

Cassius: Mark Antony

Cassius: Mark Antony--

Antony: Pardon me, Caius Cassius. The enemies of Caesar shall say this: Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Antony: Forgive me, Caius Cassius. Even the enemies of Caesar will say these things, So, from a friend, it is calm, reasonable speech.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brutus: You shall, Mark Antony.

Brutus: You shall, Antony.

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

Cassius: Brutus, I'd like a word with you.[Aside to Brutus] You don't know what
you're doing. Do not let
Antony speak in his funeral. Do you know how much the
people may be moved
By the things he will say?

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

Brutus: Excuse me,[Aside to Cassius.] I will myself go to the pulpit first
And
show the reason for Caesar's death. What Antony says, I will explain
He says on
our authority and by our permission, And that we want Caesar to
Have a proper
funeral. His speech will do us more good than harm.

Cassius: [Aside to Brutus.] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Cassius: [Aside to Brutus.] I don't know what will happen. I don't like it.

Brutus: Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body. You shall not in your
funeral speech blame us, But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say

you do't by our permission, Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

Brutus: Mark Antony, here, take Caesar's body. In your funeral speech you may
not say bad things about us, But say anything good that you can think of about
Caesar, And say you do it with our permission. Otherwise you shall not
participate
In his funeral. And you shall speak
After my speech is ended. In the same pulpit to which I am going, After my
speech is over.

Antony: Be it so, I do desire no more.

Antony: So be it. That's all I want.

Brutus: Prepare the body then, and follow us. [Exeunt all but Antony who looks
down at Caesar's body.]

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Brutus: Prepare the body then, and follow us. [Exit all but Antony, who looks
down at Caesar's body.]

Antony: O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, That I am meek and gentle
with these butchers! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in the
tide of times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! Over thy wounds now
do I prophesy (Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips To beg the voice
and utterance of my tongue) A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; Domestic
fury and fierce civil strife Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; Blood and
destruction shall be so in use, And dreadful objects so familiar, That mothers shall
but smile when they behold Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war; All pity
choked with custom of fell deeds, And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge, With
Ate by his side come hot from hell, Shall in these confines with a monarch's
voice Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war, That this foul deed shall smell
above the earth With carrion men, groaning for burial. [Enter a Servant] You
serve Octavius Caesar, don't you?

Antony: O, forgive me, you bleeding piece of earth, For cooperating with these
butchers! You are the ruins of the noblest man Who ever lived in all of
history. Woe to the hand that shed this expensive blood! Over your wounds now I

predict the future(Which, like silent mouths, open their red lips
To beg my tongue to speak for them),
A curse will fall on the arms and legs of men;
A terrible civil war
Will burden all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction will be so common
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers will only smile when they see
Their children torn into pieces during the fighting,
All pity disappearing because cruelty is so common;
And Caesar's ghost, roaming about in search of revenge,
With Ate at his side still hot from hell,
Will in these boundaries with a ruler's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war,
So that this terrible action will smell above the earth
With rotting corpses, begging to be buried.

[Enter Octavius' Servant.]
You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Servant: I do, Mark Antony.

Servant: I do, Mark Antony.

Antony: Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Antony: Caesar did write and ask him to come to Rome.

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

Servant: He received his letters and is on his way,
And asked me to say to you--
O Caesar!
Sees the body.

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

Antony: Your heart is swollen up with grief.
Go off by yourself and weep.
Strong feeling, I see, is catching, for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in yours,
Began to water. Is your master coming?

Servant: He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

Servant: He has set up camp about twenty-one miles outside Rome.

Antony: Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie

hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile, thou shalt not back till I have borne this
corse Into the marketplace. There shall I try, In my oration, how the people
take The cruel issue of these bloody men, According to the which thou shalt
discourse To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand. [Exeunt
with Caesar's body].

Antony: Hurry back and tell him what has happened. Here is a mourning Rome,
a dangerous Rome, Not a safe Rome for Octavius yet. Leave here and tell him
that. But wait awhile. Don't go back until I have taken this corpse Into the
marketplace. There I will find out In my speech how the people react To the cruel
action of these bloody men, Depending on which you shall tell Young Octavius
how things stand. Give me a hand.. [Exit with Caesar's body].

SCENE II. Act III,

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

Citizens: We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Citizens: We want an explanation! Give us an explanation!

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

Brutus: Then follow me and listen to me, friends. Cassius, you go into the other street And divide the crowd. Let those who want to hear me speak stay here; Let those who want to follow Cassius go with him; And we will tell the people of our reasons For killing Caesar.

First Citizen: I will hear Brutus speak.

First Citizen: I will listen to Brutus.

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

Second Citizen: I will listen to Cassius, and compare their reasons when we've heard them explained separately. [Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

Third Citizen: The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Third Citizen: The noble Brutus has reached the pulpit. Silence!

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

Brutus: Be patient until the end. Romans, countrymen, and dear friends, hear me for my cause, and be silent, so that you can hear. Believe me because of my honor, and respect my honor, so that you may believe. Judge me in your wisdom, and pay attention so that you may be a better judge. If there is anyone in this crowd, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus was as concerned about Caesar as he was. If that friend then demands to know why Brutus turned against Caesar, this is my answer: Not because I cared for Caesar less, but because I cared for Rome more. Would you rather Caesar were living, and you all die slaves, than that Caesar were dead, and you all live as freemen? Because Caesar was my dear friend, I weep for him; because he was fortunate, I rejoice at his good fortune; because he was valiant, I honor him; but--because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for his friendship; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Which of you is so low that you would prefer to be a slave? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. Which of you is so uncivilized that you would prefer not to be a Roman? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. I pause for a reply.

All: None, Brutus, none.

All: None, Brutus, none!

Brutus: Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, where in he was worthy, nor his death. [Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body]. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart- that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Brutus: Then I have offended none. I have done no more to Caesar than you will do to Brutus. The reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol; we have not belittled his accomplishments or overemphasized the failings for offenses enforced, for which he suffered death. which he was killed. [Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.] Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, although he did not participate in Caesar's death, will receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, just like all the rest of you. With this I leave, that, as I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when my country decides it needs my death.

All: Live, Brutus, live, live!

All: Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen: Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

First Citizen: Bring him with triumph home to his house.

Second Citizen: Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Second Citizen: Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen: Let him be Caesar.

Third Citizen: Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen: Caesar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

Fourth Citizen: The best qualities of Caesar Will be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen: We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

First Citizen: We'll bring him to his house with shouts and noise.

Brutus: My countrymen-

Brutus: My countrymen—

Second Citizen: Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

Second Citizen: Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen: Peace, ho!

First Citizen: Quiet down!

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

Brutus: Good countrymen, let me leave alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. Give your respects to Caesar's corpse, and listen respectfully to the speech about Caesar's accomplishments which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allowed to make. I beg you, not one of you leave, Except for me, until Antony has spoken. [Exit]

First Citizen: Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

First Citizen: Stay here! and let us listen to Mark Antony.

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

Third Citizen: Let him go up into the speaker's platform. We'll listen to him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony: For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. Goes into the pulpit. [

Antony: For Brutus' sake I am indebted to you. [Goes into the pulpit.]

Fourth Citizen: What does he say of Brutus?

Fourth Citizen: What does he say about Brutus?

Third Citizen: He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

Third Citizen: He says that for Brutus' sake He finds himself indebted to us all.

Fourth Citizen: 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

Fourth Citizen: He'd better not say anything bad about Brutus here!

First Citizen: This Caesar was a tyrant.

First Citizen: Caesar was a tyrant.

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

Third Citizen: No, that's for sure. It's a good thing that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen: Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

Second Citizen: Quiet! Let us listen to what Antony says.

Antony: You gentle Romans—

Antony: You gentle Romans—

All: Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

All: Quiet! Let us hear him.

Antony: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—For Brutus is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men—Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me; But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill. Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept; Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And sure he is an honorable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once,

not without cause;What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,And I must pause till it come back to me.

Antony: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.The evil things that men do live on after them;The good things are often buried with their bones.Let it be this way with Caesar. The noble BrutusHas told you that Caesar was ambitious.If that were true, it was a terrible fault,And Caesar has paid for it terribly.Here, with the permission of Brutus and the rest(For Brutus is an honorable man;So are they all, all honorable men),I come to speak in Caesar's funeral.He has brought many captives home to Rome,Whose ransoms filled the government treasury.Did this seem ambitious in Caesar?Whenever the poor have cried, Caesar has wept;Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.But Brutus says he was ambitious;And Brutus is an honorable man.You all saw that on the LupercallI offered him a kingly crown three times,Which he refused three times. Was this ambition?But Brutus says he was ambitious;And surely he is an honorable man.I am speaking not to disprove what Brutus said,But I am here to say what I do know. You all loved him once, for good reasons.What reason keeps you from mourning for him, then?O judgment, you have run away to dumb animals,And men have lost their intelligence! Bear with me,My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,And I must pause until it comes back to me.

First Citizen: Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

First Citizen: It seems that what he says makes sense.

Second Citizen: If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

Second Citizen: If you think about this correctly, Caesar has been treated very badly.

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

Third Citizen: Has he, gentlemen?I am afraid someone worse will come in his place.

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

Fourth Citizen: Did you notice what he said? He would not take the crown; Therefore it is certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen: If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

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

Second Citizen: Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

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

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

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

Fourth Citizen: Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Fourth Citizen: Now pay attention. He's starting to speak again.

Antony: But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world. Now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters! If I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honorable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar; I found it in his closet, 'tis his will. Let but the commons hear this testament- Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read- And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

Antony: Only yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world. Now he lies there, And no one will stoop so low as to pay him respect. O gentlemen! If I wanted to stir up Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I would be doing Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. Instead, I choose To wrong the dead to wrong myself and you, Rather than wronging such honorable men. But here's a

document with Caesar's seal.I found it in his closet; it's his will.Just let the public hear this testament,Which (pardon me) I do not mean to read,And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's woundsAnd dip their handkerchiefs in his sacred blood;Yes, beg a hair from him to remember him by,And when they are dying, mention it in their wills,Bequeathing it as a valuable inheritanceTo their children.

Fourth Citizen: We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

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

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

All: The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will!

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

Antony: Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.It is not proper that you know how much Caesar loved you.You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;And since you are men, if you hear Caesar's will,It will excite you, it will make you mad.It's good that you don't know that you are his heirs,Because if you did, O, what would happen?

Fourth Citizen: Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Fourth Citizen: Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony!You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

Antony: Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.I fear I wrong the honorable menWhose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Antony: Will you be patient? Will you wait awhile? I have gone too far in even mentioning it to you. I am afraid that I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I am afraid of it.

Fourth Citizen: They were traitors. Honorable men!

Fourth Citizen: They were traitors. Honorable men!

All: The will! The testament!

All: The will! the testament!

Second Citizen: They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

Second Citizen: They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

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

Antony: You will force me then to read the will? Then make a circle around Caesar's body and let me show you the person who made the will. Shall I come down? and will you give me permission?

All: Come down.

All: Come down.

Second Citizen: Descend.

Second Citizen: Descend. He comes down from the pulpit

Third Citizen: You have permission.

Third Citizen: You shall have leave. [Antony comes down.]

Fourth Citizen: A ring, stand round.

Fourth Citizen: A circle! Stand round.

First Citizen: Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

First Citizen: Stand back from the hearse! Stand back from the body!

Second Citizen: Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Second Citizen: Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony: Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

Antony: No, do not crowd me so much. Stand far back. All stand back; room, bear back! All stand back! Room! Move back!

Antony: If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle. I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, that day he overcame the Nervii. Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through; see what a rent the envious Casca made; through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; and as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it, as rushing out of doors, to be resolved if Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no; for Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the most unkindest cut of all; for when the noble Caesar saw him stab, ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart, and, in his mantle muffling up his face, even at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint of pity. These are gracious drops. Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? Alas, you know not; I must tell you then. You have forgot the will I told you of.

Antony: If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all recognize this toga. I remember the first time Caesar ever put it on. It was on a summer's evening in his tent, that day he overcame the Nervii. Look, in this place Cassius' dagger ran through. See what a hole the envious Casca made. Through this one the well-beloved Brutus stabbed; and as he pulled his cursed steel away, notice how the blood of Caesar followed it, as if it was rushing outside to find out if it was Brutus who so unkindly knocked or not; because Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the

most unkindest cut of all; Because when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, stronger than traitors' arms, Totally defeated him. Then his mighty
heart burst; And hiding his face in his toga, Right at the bottom of Pompey's
statue (Which ran blood the whole time) great Caesar fell. O, what a fall that was,
my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, While bloody treason
grew over us. O, now you weep, and I can tell that you feel The beginnings of
pity. These are gracious drops. Kind souls, what, do you weep when you look
only At our Caesar's wounded clothing? Look at this! Here is his body, damaged,
as you see, with traitors. [Pulls the cloak off Caesar's body.] Why, friends, you
don't know what you are leaving to do. How has Caesar deserved so much of
your love? Alas, you don't know! Then I have to tell you. You have forgotten the
will I told you about.

All: Most true, the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

All: Most true! The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

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

Antony: Here is the will, under Caesar's seal. He gives to every Roman
citizen, To each and every man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen: Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Second Citizen: Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death!

Third Citizen: O royal Caesar!

Third Citizen: O royal Caesar!

Antony: Hear me with patience.

Antony: Listen to me patiently.

All: Peace, ho! All Be quiet!

Antony: Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbors, and new-
planted orchards, On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs

forever- common pleasures, To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

Antony: In addition, he has left you all his paths, His private gardens, and newly-planted orchards, On this side of the Tiber; he has left them to you, And to your heirs forever--common pleasures, To walk outside and enjoy yourselves. Here was a Caesar! When will another one come along?

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

First Citizen: Never, never! Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place And with the burning pieces of wood burn the traitors' houses. Pick up the body.

Second Citizen: Go fetch fire.

Second Citizen: Go get fire!

Third Citizen: Pluck down benches.

Third Citizen: Pull down the benches!

Fourth Citizen: Pluck down forms, windows, anything. Exeunt Citizens with the body.

Fourth Citizen: Pull down the benches, windows, anything! [Exit citizens with the body]. How now, fellow?

Antony: Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt. [Enter a Servant.]

Antony: Now let it work. Mischief, you are loose, Take whatever path you want. [Enter a servant.] What do you want, fellow?

Servant: Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Servant: Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.

Antony: Where is he?

Antony: Where is he?

Servant: He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Servant: He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

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

Antony: I will go right there to see him. He comes just as I had hoped. Fortune is favorable, And in this mood will give us anything.

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

Servant: I heard him say that Brutus and Cassius Have ridden like madmen through the gates of Rome.

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

Antony: Probably they had some warning of the people, The way I excited them. Take me to Octavius..[Exit.]

SCENE III. Act III,

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

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

Cinna: I dreamed tonight that I feasted with Caesar,And recent events have caused me to imagine awful things.I have no desire to wander outside,But something compels me to go out.Enter Citizens.

First Citizen: What is your name?

First Citizen: What is your name?

Second Citizen: Whither are you going?

Second Citizen: Where are you going?

Third Citizen: Where do you dwell?

Third Citizen: Where do you live?

Fourth Citizen: Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Fourth Citizen: Are you married or single?

Second Citizen: Answer every man directly.

Second Citizen: Answer every man directly.

First Citizen: Ay, and briefly.

First Citizen: Yes, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen: Ay, and wisely.

Fourth Citizen: Yes, and wisely.

Third Citizen: Ay, and truly, you were best.

Third Citizen: Yes, and truthfully, you'd better.

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.

Cinna: What is my name? Where am I going? Where do I live? Am I married or single? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truthfully: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

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

Second Citizen: That's just like saying that only fools get married. You'll get a punch from me for that, I fear. Go on -- directly.

Cinna: Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

Cinna: Directly I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen: As a friend or an enemy?

First Citizen: As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna: As a friend.

Cinna: As a friend.

Second Citizen: That matter is answered directly.

Second Citizen: You answered that question directly.

Fourth Citizen: For your dwelling, briefly.

Fourth Citizen: For where you live--briefly.

Cinna: Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Cinna: Briefly, I live by the Capitol.

Third Citizen: Your name, sir, truly.

Third Citizen: Your name, sire, truthfully.

Cinna: Truly, my name is Cinna.

Cinna: Truthfully, my name is Cinna.

First Citizen: Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

First Citizen: Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

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

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

Fourth Citizen: Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his badverses.

Fourth Citizen: Tear him for his bad poetry! Tear him for his bad poetry!

Cinna: I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Cinna: I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

Fourth Citizen: It doesn't matter; his name's Cinna! Let's just tear the name out of his heart, and send him away.

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

Third Citizen: Tear him, tear him! [They attack Cinna.] Away, go! Come, instigators! To Brutus' house, to Cassius' house! Burn all! Some go to Decius' house and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! Away, go! [Exit all the citizens.]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

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

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

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

Octavius: Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

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

Lepidus: I do consent-

Lepidus: I agree—

Octavius: Prick him down, Antony.

Octavius: Mark his name, Antony.

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

Lepidus: On the condition that Publius will not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

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

Antony: He will not live; look, with a mark I condemn him. But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house; Bring the will here, and we will decide How to cut down the amount that must be paid out.

Lepidus: What, shall I find you here?

Lepidus: What? Will you still be here when I return?

Octavius: Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus]

Octavius: Either 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 standOne of the three to share it?

Antony:This is a small unexceptional man,Suitable to be sent on errands; is it appropriate,With the world divided in three parts, that he should beOne of the three to share it?

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

Octavius: That's what you thought of him,But you still accepted his vote as to
who should be marked for deathIn our dark sentencing and listing of the
condemned.

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

Antony: Octavius, I have been alive longer than you,And even though we give
these honors to this manTo keep ourselves from carrying many burdens of
slander,He will only carry them the way a donkey carries gold,To groan and
sweat under the business,Either led or driven, while we point the way;And after
bringing our treasure where we want it to be,Then we take down his load, and
send him off(Like the unloaded donkey) to shake his earsAnd graze in the field.

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

Octavius:You can do what you want;But he's an experienced and brave soldier.

Antony: So is my horse, Octavius, and for that I do appoint him store of
provender. It is a creature that I teach to fight,To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.And, in some taste, is Lepidus but

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

Antony: So is my horse, Octavius, and because of thatI give him food.It is a
creature that I teach to fight,To turn, to stop, to run straight ahead,
His physical motion controlled by my spirit;And to some degree Lepidus is like
that:He must be taught, and trained, and told to go forward;An empty-spirited
fellow; one who feedsOn objects, arts, and imitations,Which, when they are out
of date and put away by other men,He then makes his own fashion. Do not talk
about himExcept as a tool. And now, Octavius,Listen to great news. Brutus and
CassiusAre gathering forces; we must immediately raise an army;Therefore let's
add to our allies,Bring our good friends in, stretch our supplies,And let's
immediately have a meeting,To discuss how secret matters may best be
uncovered,And open dangers most successfully dealt with.

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

Octavius: Let us do so; for we are like a bear tied to a post,Surrounded by many
enemies like barking dogs,And I am afraid that some people who smile have in
their heartsMillions of mischiefs.[Exit.]

SCENE II. Act IV,

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

Brutus: Stand, ho!

Brutus: Stand ho!

Lucilius: Give the word, ho, and stand.

Lucilius: Give the word ho! and stand.

Brutus: What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?

Brutus: What is it now, Lucilius? Is Cassius nearby?

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

Lucilius: He is here, and Pindarus has come To bring you a greeting from his master.

Brutus: He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus, 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.

Brutus: He sends a good man to greet me. Your master, Pindarus, In the way he himself has changed, or because of bad officers, Has given me good reason to wish Things that are done to be undone; but if he is here I will get a satisfactory explanation.

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

Pindarus: I do not doubt That my noble master will appear The way that he is, full of concern and honor.

Brutus: He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius, How he received you. Let me be resolved.

Brutus: He is not doubted. A word with you, Lucilius, About how he received you; let me be informed.

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.

Lucilius: With courtesy and respect enough, But not with such friendly gestures, Or with such an open and friendly discussion, As he had before.

Brutus: Thou hast described A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

Brutus: You have described A hot friend cooling. Always notice, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay It has a formal manner. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; But insincere men, like horses excited at first, Make a show and promise of their bravery.

[Low march music plays backstage.] But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests and like deceitful jades Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? But when they have to put up with the bloody spur, Their crests fall, and like dishonest inferior horses They fail in the test. Is his army coming?

Lucilius: They meant his night in Sard is to be quarter'd; The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius.

Lucilius: They intend to stay tonight in Sardis. Most of them, all of the cavalry, Have come with Cassius. Low march within. [Enter Cassius and his soldiers.]

Brutus: Hark, he is arrived. March gently on to meet him.

Brutus: Look, he has arrived. Walk slowly forward to meet him. [Enter Cassius and his Powers].

Cassius: Stand, ho!

Cassius: Stand ho!

Brutus: Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Brutus: Stand ho! Pass it down.

First Soldier: Stand!

First Soldier: Stand!

Second Soldier: Stand!

Second Soldier: Stand!

Third Soldier: Stand!

Third Soldier: Stand!

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

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

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

Brutus: Judge me, you gods! Would I do wrong to my enemies? And if I would not do that, how could I wrong a brother?

Cassius: Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs, And when you do them—

Cassius: Brutus, this serious manner of yours hides wrongs, And when you do them—

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

Brutus: Cassius, be calm, Speak about your complaints quietly; I do know you well. In plain sight of both our armies here (Which should see nothing but love from us) Let us not argue. Ask them to move back; Then in my tent, Cassius, explain your complaints, And I will listen to you.

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

Cassius: Pindarus, Ask our commanders to lead their soldiers back A little from this spot.

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

Brutus: Lucius, you do the same, and let no one Come to our tent until we have had our meeting. Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door. Exit. Brutus and Cassius withdraw into Brutus' tent, while Lucilius and Titinius mount guard outside.

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

Cassius Don't push me, or I shall forget myself; Think about your health; don't provoke me anymore.

Brutus: Away, slight man!

Brutus: Get away, little man!

Cassius: Is't possible?

Cassius: Is it possible?

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

Brutus: Listen to me, for I have something to say. Must I give leeway to your sudden anger? Should I be frightened when a madman glares?

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

Cassius O you gods, you gods, must I put up with 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 bouge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch Under your testy humor? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you, for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Brutus: All this? yes, more. Rant and rave until your proud heart breaks; Go show your slaves how temperamental you are, And make your servants tremble. Do I have to budge? Do I have to defer to you? Do I have to stand and duck Under your testy moods? By the gods, You will swallow the poison of your bad temper Even if it makes you split; because, from now on, I will make you a joke, yes, a subject of laughter, When you are irritable.

Cassius: Is it come to this?

Cassius: Has it come to this?

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

Brutus: You say that you are a better soldier than I am: Let it appear to be true; make your boasting true, And that would make me happy. For my part, I will 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"?

Cassius: You do me wrong in every way; you do me wrong, Brutus: I said an older soldier, not a better one. Did I say "better"?

Brutus: If you did, I care not.

Brutus: If you did, I don't care.

Cassius: When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Cassius: When Caesar lived, he did not dare to make me angry like this.

Brutus: Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

Brutus: Be calm, be calm, you did not dare to have tempted him like this.

Cassius: I durst not?

Cassius: I did not dare?

Brutus: No.

Brutus: No.

Cassius: What, durst not tempt him?

Cassius: What? Dare not tempt him?

Brutus: For your life you durst not.

Brutus: For fear of your life you did not dare.

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

Cassius: Do not presume too much on my good will, I may do something that I will be sorry for.

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

Brutus: You have done something you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am so strongly protected by honesty That they pass by me like a gentle breeze, Which I do not notice. I sent a message to you asking For certain amounts of gold, which you denied me; For I cannot raise any

money through evil means. By heaven, I would rather make coins out of my heart
And give my blood for money than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their pittance
Through dishonest means. I sent
To you for gold to pay my soldiers,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Would I have answered Caius Cassius like that?
When Marcus Brutus becomes so covetous
That he locks such worthless disks away from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius: I denied you not.

Cassius: I did not deny you.

Brutus: You did.

Brutus: You did.

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

Cassius: I did not. The man was a fool who brought
My answer back. Brutus has broken my heart.
A friend should tolerate his friend's weaknesses;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

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

Brutus: I do not, until you inflict them on me.

Cassius: You love me not.

Cassius: You do not love me.

Brutus: I do not like your faults.

Brutus: I do not like your faults.

Cassius: A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Cassius: A friendly eye could never see such faults.

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

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

Cassius: Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Take revenge only on Cassius,
For Cassius is tired of the world;
Hated by someone he loves, defied by
his brother,
Criticized like a criminal, all his faults observed,
Written in a notebook, learned, and memorized,
To throw into my face. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,
And here is my bare chest; inside, a heart
More precious than Pluto's mine, more valuable than gold:
If you are really a Roman, take it.
I, who denied you gold, will give my heart:
Strike like you struck Caesar; for I know,
When you hated him the most, you loved him better
Than you ever loved Cassius.

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

Brutus: Sheathe your dagger. Be angry whenever you want, it will have free
reign;
Do what you want, your insults will be disregarded as caused by your bad
temper.
Oh Cassius, you are partnered with a lamb
That withstands anger like a flint withstands fire,
Which, under stress, shows a quick spark,
And immediately is cold again.

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

Cassius: Has Cassius lived
To be nothing but a joke to his Brutus,
When unhappiness and a bad mood bothers him?

Brutus: When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

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

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

Cassius: You will admit that much? Give me your hand.

Brutus: And my heart too.

Brutus: And my heart too.

Cassius: O Brutus!

Cassius: Oh Brutus!

Brutus: What's the matter?

Brutus: What's the matter?

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

Cassius: Do you have enough love to bear with me,
When that irritable temper which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus: Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are overearnest with your

Brutus: He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Brutus: Yes, Cassius, and from now on,
When you are too serious with your

Brutus: He'll think that your mother is scolding you, and leave it at that. [Enter a Poet (speaking to Lucilius and Titinius as they stand guard).]

Poet: [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between 'em,
'tis not meet They be alone.

Poet: Let me go in to see the generals. There is some disagreement between them; it is not good for them to be alone.

Lucilius: [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Lucilius: You will not go in to see them.

Poet: [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Poet: Nothing but death will stop me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius. [Brutus and Cassius step out of the tent.]

Cassius: How now, what's the matter?

Cassius What's going on? What's the matter?

Poet: For shame, you generals! What do you mean? Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Poet: Shame on you, you generals! What are you trying to do? Get along and be friends, the way two men like you should be, For I'm sure I am older than you.

Cassius: Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Cassius: Ha, ha! This cynic rhymes very badly!

Brutus: Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence! Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

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

Brutus: I'll pay attention to his whims, when he recognizes the appropriate time for them. What should the wars do with these poetic fools? Fellow, get away!

Cassius: Away, away, be gone! Exit Poet. [

Cassius: Away, away, be gone! Exit Poet.]

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

Brutus: Lucilius and Titinius, instruct the commanders To get ready to make camp with their men tonight.

Cassius: And come yourselves and bring Messala with you Immediately to us. Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Cassius: And come back to us, and bring Messala with you. Right away. [Exit Lucilius and Titinius.]

Brutus: Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Brutus: [To Lucius within.] Lucius, bring a bowl of wine! Exit Lucius. [Brutus and Cassius go back into the tent.]

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

Cassius: I did not think that you would be so angry.

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

Brutus: Oh Cassius, I have many reasons to be upset.

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

Cassius: You do not make use of your philosophy, If you allow yourself to be bothered by bad luck.

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

Brutus: No man handles sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius: Ha? Portia?

Cassius: What? Portia?

Brutus: She is dead.

Brutus: She is dead.

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

Cassius: How did I escape being killed when I angered you so much? Oh insupportable and touching loss! From what sickness did she die?

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

Brutus: Impatience that I was away, And grief that young Octavius and Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong--for along with the news of her death That news came. With this she became distracted, And while her attendants were away she swallowed coals.

Cassius: And died so?

Cassius: And died that way?

Brutus: Even so.

Brutus: Just like that.

Cassius: O ye immortal gods! Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Cassius: Oh you immortal gods! [Enter Lucius with wine and candles.]

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

Brutus: Don't talk about her anymore. Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unhappiness, Cassius. Drinks. [Brutus drinks.]

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

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

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

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

Brutus: Come in, Titinius. Exit Lucius. Re-enter Titinius, with Messala. Welcome, good Messala. Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.

Cassius: Portia, art thou gone?

Cassius: Portia, are you gone?

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

Brutus: No more, I ask you. Messala, I have received letters Saying that young Octavius and Mark Antony Are coming down on us with a mighty army, Turning their path quickly toward Philippi.

Messala: Myself have letters of the selfsame tenure.

Messala: I also have letters that say basically the same thing.

Brutus: With what addition?

Brutus: With what additional information?

Messala: that by proscription and bills of outlawry Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus Have put to death an hundred senators.

Messala: That with lists of the condemned and sentences of criminal status Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus Have killed one hundred senators.

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

Brutus: In that area our letters do not agree; Mine mention seventy senators that died With their lists of the condemned, one of them being Cicero.

Cassius: Cicero one!

Cassius: Cicero was one?

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

Messala: Cicero is dead, And it's because of that list of the condemned. Did you receive your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus: No, Messala.

Brutus: No, Messala.

Messala: Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Messala: And none of your letters wrote about her?

Brutus: Nothing, Messala.

Brutus: None, Messala.

Messala: That, methinks, is strange.

Messala: That, I think, is strange.

Brutus: Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Brutus: Why do you ask? Have you heard anything about her in yours?

Messala: No, my lord.

Messala: No, my lord.

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

Brutus: Now because you are a Roman tell me the truth.

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

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

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

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

Messala: Even so great men great losses should endure.

Messala: That is how great men should handle great losses.

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

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

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

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

Cassius: I do not think it good.

Cassius: I do not think it's a good idea.

Brutus: Your reason?

Brutus: Your reason?

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

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

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

Brutus: Good reasons must necessarily give way to better ones: The people between Philippi and this place Have only a forced friendliness, Because they have been unwilling to contribute to us. The enemy, marching past them, Will add reinforcements with them, And come at us refreshed, newly reinforced, and encouraged; We will cut him off from this advantage If we face him at Philippi, With these people behind us.

Cassius: Hear me, good brother.

Cassius: Listen to me, good friend.

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 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.

Brutus: Please forgive me. You must also notice That we have used up all of our favors from friends, Our armies are full, our cause is ready: The enemy grows every day; We, at the top, are ready to decline. There is a tide in the business of men, Which if it's jumped into at the high point, leads on to success; If it is missed, the whole journey of their life Is stuck in shallows and in unhappiness. We are now floating on a high tide like that, And we must take the current when it is ready, Or lose our investments.

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

Cassius: Then as you wish go ahead; We'll go along also, 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?

Brutus: The middle of the night has crept up while we were talking, And nature must obey necessity, Which we will satisfy with a little rest. There is nothing else to say?

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

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

Brutus: Lucius! [Re-enter Lucius]. My gown. [Exit Lucius] Farewell, good Messala; Good night, Titinius; noble, noble Cassius, Good night and good repose.

Brutus: Lucius! [Enter Lucius.] My gown.. [Exit Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala. Goodnight, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, Goodnight, and pleasant sleep.

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.]

Cassius: Oh my dear brother! Tonight had a bad beginning. Never again let us be divided like that! Let us not, Brutus. [Enter Lucius with the gown.]

Brutus: Everything is well.

Brutus: Everything is fine now.

Cassius: Good night, my lord.

Cassius: Goodnight, my lord.

Brutus: Good night, good brother.

Brutus: Goodnight, good brother.

Titinius, Messala: Good night, Lord Brutus.

Titinius, Messala: Goodnight, Lord Brutus.

Brutus: Farewell, everyone. Exeunt all but Brutus. Re-enter Lucius, with the gown. Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Brutus: Farewell each of you. [Exit all but Brutus and Lucius.] Give me the gown. Where is your musical instrument?

Lucius: Here in the tent.

Lucius: Here in the tent.

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

Brutus: What, you sound sleepy? Poor boy. I don't blame you, you've been kept up too long. Call Claudio and another one of my men, I'll have them sleep here on cushions in my tent.

Lucius: Varro and Claudio!

Lucius: Varrus and Claudio! Enter Varro and Claudio. [Enter Varrus and Claudio.]

Varro: Calls my lord?

Varrus: Does my lord call us?

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.

Brutus: I ask you, gentlemen, lie in my tent and sleep. I may wake you after awhile To send you on an errand to my brother Cassius.

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

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

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

Brutus: I will not permit that. Lie down, good gentlemen, I might change my mind. Varro and Claudio lie down. Look, Lucius, here's the book I looked so hard for; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

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

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

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?

Brutus: Bear with me, good boy, I am very forgetful. Can you keep your sleepy eyes open for awhile, And play a strain or two on your musical instrument?

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

Lucius: Yes, my lord, if you would like that.

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

Brutus: I would, my boy. I bother you too much, but you are willing.

Lucius: It is my duty, sir.

Lucius: It is my duty, sir.

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

Brutus: I should not force you out of duty to do more than you have strength for; I know young people need a time of rest.

Lucius: I have slept, my lord, already.

Lucius: I have already slept, my lord.

Brutus: It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song]. This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber, Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night. I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. Sits down. [Enter the Ghost of Caesar]. How ill this taper burns! Ha, who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me. Art thou anything? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak to me what thou art

Brutus: It is good that you did, and you will sleep again; I won't keep you long. If I live, I will be good to you. [Music, and a song.] This is a sleepy tune. Oh murderous sleep! Do you use your heavy rod on my boy, Who plays you music? Good boy, goodnight; I will not go so far as to wake you. If you nod, you'll break your musical instrument. I'll take it from you; and, good boy, goodnight. Let me see, let me see; isn't the page folded Where I stopped reading? Here it is, I think. [Enter the Ghost of Caesar.] How poorly this candle burns! Ha! Who is it? I think it is the weakness of my eyes That creates this terrible apparition. It is coming up to me. Are you any thing? Are you a god, an angel, or a devil, You who makes my blood cold, and my hair stand on end? Tell me what you are.

Ghost: Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Ghost: Your evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus: Why comest thou?

Brutus: Why have you come?

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

Ghost: To tell you that you will see me at Philippi.

Brutus: Well, then I shall see thee again?

Brutus: Well; then I will see you again?

Ghost: Ay, at Philippi.

Ghost: Yes, at Philippi.

Brutus: Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Exit Ghost.[Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudio! Sirs, awake!Claudio!

Brutus: Then I will see you at Philippi. Exit Ghost.] Now that I have found my courage you disappear.Evil spirit, I want to have more conversation with you.Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Gentlemen, wake up!Claudio!

Lucius:The strings, my lord, are false.

Lucius:The strings are out of tune, my lord.

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

Brutus: He thinks he is still playing his musical instrument.Lucius, wake up!

Lucius: My lord?

Lucius: My lord?

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

Brutus: Lucius, did you have a dream that made you shout like that?

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

Lucius: My lord, I didn't know that I shouted.

Brutus:Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Brutus: Yes, you certainly did. Did you see anything?

Lucius: Nothing, my lord.

Lucius: Nothing, my lord.

Brutus: Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudio![To Varro.] Fellow thou, awake!

Brutus: Go back to sleep, Lucius. Mister Claudio![To Varrus.] You man, wake up!

Varro: My lord?

Varrus: My lord?

Claudio: My lord?

Claudio: My lord?

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

Brutus: Gentlemen, why did you shout in your sleep?

Varro, Claudio: Did we, my lord?

Both: Did we, my lord?

Brutus: Ay, saw you anything?

Brutus: Yes. Did you see anything?

Varro: No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Varrus: No, my lord. I did not see anything.

Claudio: Nor I, my lord.

Claudio: Neither did I, my lord.

Brutus: Go and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his powers
betimes before, And we will follow.

Brutus: Go and bring a message from me to my brother Cassius; Ask him to set
out with his troops before I do, And we will follow.

Varro. Claudio: It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt]

Both: It will be done, my lord. [Exit.]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

The plains of Philippi. [Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.]

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

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

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

[Enter a Messenger].

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

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

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

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

Antony: Octavius, lead your force slowly on Up to the left side of the battlefield.

Octavius: Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Octavius: Up to the right side for me, you stay to the left.

Antony: Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Antony: Why do you oppose me in the middle of this crisis?

Octavius: I do not cross you, but I will do so.

[March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others].

Octavius: I do not oppose you; but I will do so.

[March Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.]

Brutus: They stand, and would have parley.

Brutus: They are waiting, and want to talk.

Cassius: Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Cassius: Stay here, Titinius; we must go out and talk.

Octavius: Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Octavius: Mark Antony, should we give the signal for battle?

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

Antony: No, Caesar, we will respond to their attack. Go out, the generals want to talk.

Octavius: Stir not until the signal not until the signal.

Octavius: Don't move until the signal.

Brutus: Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

Brutus: Words before blows; is that right, countrymen?

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

Octavius: Not because we love words better, like you do.

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

Brutus: Good words are better than bad blows, Octavius.

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

Antony: In your bad blows, Brutus, you give good words; "Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Shouting, "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

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

Cassius: Antony, The quality of your blows is still unknown; But your words rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.

Antony: Not stingless too.

Antony: Not stingless too?

Brutus: O, yes, and soundless too, For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting.

Brutus: Oh yes, and soundless too; Because you have stolen their buzzing, Antony, And you very wisely threaten before you sting.

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

Antony: Villains! you did not do that, when your vile daggers Hacked each other in the sides of Caesar. You grinned like apes, and fawned like dogs, And bowed

like slaves, kissing Caesar's feet; While damned Casca, like a worthless dog, from behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. Oh you flatterers!

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

Cassius: Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself; This tongue would not have been offensive like this today, If Cassius had gotten his way.

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

Octavius: Come, come, the business at hand. If arguing makes us sweat, The proving of it will turn to redder drops. Look, I draw a sword against conspirators; When do you think that the sword will be put away again? Never, until Caesar's thirty-three wounds Are completely avenged; or until another Caesar Has been slaughtered by the sword of traitors.

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

Brutus: Caesar, you cannot die by traitors' hands, Unless you bring them with you.

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

Octavius: That's what I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

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

Brutus: Oh, even if you were the most noble of your family, Young man, you could not die more honorably.

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

Cassius: A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor, Partnered with a faker and a party-goer!

Antony: Old Cassius still!

Antony: Same old Cassius still!

Octavius: Come, Antony, away! Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth. If you dare fight today, come to the field; If not, when you have stomachs. [Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army]

Octavius: Come, Antony; away! We throw defiance in your face, traitors. If you dare to fight today, come to the battlefield; If not, then come when you have the stomach for it.. [Exit Octavius, Antony, and army.]

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

Cassius: Well now, let the wind blow, the waves swell, and the ship sail! The storm is here, and everything is at stake.

Brutus: Ho, Lucilius! Hark, a word with you.

Brutus: Ho, Lucilius, listen, a word with you. [Lucilius and then Messala step forward.] [Brutus and Lucilius converse apart]

Lucilius: [Stands forth.] My lord?

Lucilius: My lord.. [Brutus and Lucilius talk separately.]

Cassius: Messala! [Messala Stands forth.] What says my general?

Cassius: Messala! Messala What does my general say?

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

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

Cassius: Messala, This is my birthday; on this very day Cassius was born. Give me your hand, Messala. Be my witness that against my will (Like Pompey was) I am compelled to risk All our liberties on one battle. You know that I believed strongly in Epicurus, And in his opinions; now I change my mind, And give some credit to things that foretell. Coming from Sardis, on our banner out front Two mighty eagles swooped down, and there they perched, Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands, Accompanying us here to Philippi. This morning they have fled away and are gone, And in their place ravens, crows, and kites Fly over our heads, and look down on us As if we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem like A deadly canopy, under which Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala: Believe not so.

Messala: Don't believe that.

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

Cassius: I only partly believe it, Because I am fresh of spirit, and resolved To meet all our perils very steady fastly.

Brutus: Even so, Lucilius.

Brutus: Just like that, Lucilius.

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

Cassius: Now, most noble Brutus, May the gods today be friendly, so we may, Friends in peace, live on to old age! But since the business of men is still uncertain, Let's consider the worst that may happen. If we do lose this battle, then this is The very last time we shall speak together: What have you decided to do if that happens?

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

Brutus: Even by the rules of that philosophy Which I used to blame Cato for the death He gave himself--I don't know how, But I do think it is cowardly and vile, Because of fear of what might happen, to shorten The time of your life--arming myself with patience To wait for the providence of some higher powers That govern us down below.

Cassius: Then, if we lose this battle, You are contented to be led in triumph Thorough the streets of Rome?

Cassius: Then, if we lose this battle, You are content to be led in triumph Through the streets of Rome?

Brutus: No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman, That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; He bears too great a mind. But this same day Must end that work the ides of March begun. And whether we shall meet again I know not. Therefore our everlasting farewell take. Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; If not, why then this parting was well made.

Brutus: No, Cassius, no. Don't think, you noble Roman, That Brutus will ever go to Rome in chains. He has too great a mind. But this very day Must end the work that the ides of March began. And I don't know whether we will meet again; For that reason accept this final farewell: Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, why, we will smile; If not, why then this parting was well made.

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

Cassius: Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus! If we do meet again, why, we will smile; If not, it's true that 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! [Exeunt].

Brutus: Why then lead on. Oh that a man might know
The end of this day's
business before it comes! But it's enough that the day will end,
And then the end
will be known. Come ho, away! [Exit.]

SCENE II. Act V,

The field of battle. Alarum. [Call to arms sounds. Enter Brutus and Messala.]

Brutus: Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. Loud alarum.
[Loud call to arms.] Let them set on at once, for I
perceive But cold demeanor in Octavia's wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow. [Exeunt].

Brutus: Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these written orders
To the forces on the other side. Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down. Let them attack at
once; because I see A lack of enthusiasm in Octavio's wing,
And a sudden push will overthrow them. Ride, ride, Messala, let them all come down. Exit.]

SCENE III..Act V,

Another part of the field. Alarums. [Enter Cassius and Titinius. [Call to arms sounds

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

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

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]

Titinius: Oh Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, And, with an advantage over Octavius, Took it too eagerly. His soldiers started looting, While we are surrounded by Antony. [Enter Pindarus.]

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

Pindarus: Run further away, my lord, run further away; Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord; Therefore run, noble Cassius, run far away.

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

Cassius: This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius, Are those my tents where I see the fire?

Titinius: They are, my lord.

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.

Cassius: Titinius, if you are my friend, Mount your horse, and hide your spurs in him Until he has brought you up to those troops And back here again, so that I may rest assured Whether those troops are friend or foe. [Exit]

Titinius: I will be here again, even with a thought.

Titinius: I will be back here again, as quickly as a thought. [Exit.]

Cassius: Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, And tell me what thou notest about the field. [Pindarus goes up.] This day I breathed first: time is come round, And where I did begin, there shall I end; My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Cassius: Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; My sight was always dim; watch Titinius, And tell me what you see on the field. Pindarus ascends the hill. [Pindarus goes up.] This is the day I first breathed: time has come round, And where I began, there I shall end; My life has run his course. Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus: [Above.] O my lord!

Pindarus: [above] Oh my lord!

Cassius: What news?

Cassius: What news?

Pindarus: [Above.] Titinius is enclosed round about With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. He's ta'en [Shout.] And, hark! They shout for joy.

Pindarus: Titinius is surrounded With horsemen, that ride quickly toward him, But he races on. Now they are almost up to him. Now, Titinius! Now some dismount. Oh, he dismounts too. He's captured. [Shout.] And listen, they shout for joy.

Cassius: Come down; behold no more. O, coward that I am, to live so long, To see my best friend ta'en before my face! Pindarus descends. [Pindarus descends.] Come hither, sirrah. In Parthia did I take thee prisoner, And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, That whatsoever I did bid thee do, Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath; Now be a freeman, and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom. Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts; And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Caesar, thou art revenged, Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [dies].

Cassius: Come down, look no more. Oh, coward that I am, to live so long, To see my best friend captured in front of my face! Come here, sir. In Parthia I took you prisoner, And then I made you promise, to save your life, That whatever I asked you to do, You would try to do it. Come now, keep your promise; Now be a freeman, and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar's bowels, pierce this

heart. Don't wait to answer; here, take the hilts, And when my face is covered, as it is now, Guide the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Caesar, you have your revenge, Even with the sword that killed you. Dies.

Pindarus: So, I am free, yet would not so have been, Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit]. Re-enter Titinius with Messala. [Enter Titinius and Messala.]

Pindarus: So, I am free; but I would not have been, If I had dared to do what I wanted. Oh Cassius, Pindarus will run far from this country, Where a Roman will never notice him. [Exit.] Re-enter Titinius with Messala. [Enter Titinius and Messala.]

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

Messala: It is only an exchange, Titinius; for Octavius Has been defeated by noble Brutus' army, Just as Cassius' legions have been by Antony.

Titinius: These tidings would well comfort Cassius.

Titinius: This news will comfort Cassius.

Messala: Where did you leave him?

Messala: Where did you leave him?

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

Titinius: All disconsolate, With Pindarus his slave, on this hill.

Messala: Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Messala: Isn't that he lying on the ground?

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

Titinius: He does not lie like the living. Oh my heart!

Messala: Is not that he?

Messala: Is that not he?

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

Titinius: No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more. Oh setting sun, Just as you sink tonight in your red rays, 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 the success of my mission has done this deed.

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

Messala: Mistrust of good success has done this deed. Oh hateful error, melancholy's child, Why do you show to the willing thoughts of men The things that are not? Oh error, quickly conceived, You never had a fortunate birth, But killed the mother that gave birth to you!

Titinius: What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Titinius: What, Pindarus? Where are you, Pindarus?

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

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

Titinius: Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while. .[Exit Messala.] Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy

friends? And did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts? Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. Kills himself. [Dies.] Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, and others.

Titinius: Hurry, Messala, And I will look for Pindarus in the meantime. [Exit Messala]. Why did you send me out, brave Cassius? Didn't I meet your friends? and didn't they Put on my head this wreath of victory, And ask me to give it to you? Didn't you hear their shouts? Alas, you have misconstrued everything. But wait, take this garland on your head; Your Brutus asked me to give it to you, and I Will do what he asks. Brutus, come quickly, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. With your permission, gods!--this is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. Kills himself. [Dies.] [Call to arms sounds. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.]

Brutus: Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Brutus: Where, where, Messala, does his body lie?

Messala: Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Messala: See over there, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus: Titinius' face is upward.

Brutus: Titinius' face is upward.

Cato: He is slain.

Cato: He is dead.

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

Brutus: Oh Julius Caesar, you are mighty still! Your spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In on our own selves.. [Low calls to arms.]

Cato: Brave Titinius! Look where he has not crown'd dead Cassius!

Cato: Brave Titinius! See how he has crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus: Are yet two Romans living such as these? The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body; His funerals shall not be in our camp, lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come, and come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labio and Flavio, set our battles on. 'Tis three o'clock, and Romans, yet ere night we shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt].

Brutus: Are there still two living Romans like these two? The last of all the Romans, farewell! It is impossible that Rome will ever bring up anyone like you. Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man than you will see me pay. I will find time, Cassius; I will find time. Come then, and send his body to Thasos; His funerals will not be held in our camp, in case it would unsettle us. Lucilius, come, and come, young Cato, let us go to the field, Labio and Flavio wage our battles on. It's three o'clock, and, Romans, still before night we shall tempt fate in a second fight. [Exit].

SCENE IV. Act V,

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

Brutus: Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads! [exit].

Brutus: Still, countrymen! Oh still, hold up your heads! [Exit.]

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

Cato: ho! Cato What bastard does not? Who will go with me? I will shout my name all around the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Enter soldiers and fight.]

Brutus: And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! Exit. [Young Cato is killed.]

Brutus: And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know that I am Brutus! Exit. [Young Cato is killed.]

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

Lucilius: Oh young and noble Cato, are you down? Why, now you die as bravely as Titinius, And you may be honored, being Cato's son.

First Soldier: Yield, or thou diest.

First Soldier: Surrender, or you die.

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

Lucilius: I surrender only in order to die;Here is much information that will make you kill me at once:Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

First Soldier: We must not. A noble prisoner!

First Soldier: We must not. A noble prisoner! [Enter Antony.]

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

Second Soldier: Room ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is captured.

First Soldier: I'll tell the news. Here comes the general. Brutus is captured, Brutus is captured, my lord! Enter Antony. Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

First Soldier: I'll tell the news. Here comes the general. Brutus is captured, Brutus is captured, my lord! Enter Antony. Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony: Where is he?

Antony: Where is he?

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

Lucilius: Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough. I dare assure you that no enemy shall ever capture the noble Brutus alive; May the gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, either alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony: This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you, A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe, Give him all kindness; I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see wheer Brutus be alive or dead, And bring us word

unto Octavius' tentHow everything is chanced. And bring for us a message to
Octavius' tentTelling how everything turned out.
[Exeunt].

Antony:This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,A prize no less valuable.
Keep this man safe,Give him all kindness; I would rather haveSuch men as my
friends than my enemies. Go on,And see whether Brutus is alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tentHow everything is chanced. And bring for
us a message to Octavius' tentTelling how everything turned out.
[exit].

SCENE V. Act V,

Another part of the field. Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.
[Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.]

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

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

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

Clitus: Statilius signalled with the torchlight, but, my lord, He did not come back. He is captured or killed.

Brutus: Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word: It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers].

Brutus: Sit down, Clitus; killing is the word, It is an action when it is practiced. Listen, Clitus. [Whispering.]

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

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

Brutus: Peace then, no words.

Brutus: Quiet then, no words.

Clitus: I'll rather kill myself.

Clitus: I'd rather kill myself.

Brutus: Hark thee, Dardanius.

Brutus: Listen, Dardanius. Whispers. [Whispering.]

Dardanius: Shall I do such a deed?

Dardanius: Should I do such a thing?

Clitus: O Dardanius!

Clitus: Oh Dardanius!

Dardanius: O Clitus!

Dardanius: Oh Clitus!

Clitus: What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Clitus: What harmful request did Brutus make to you?

Dardanius: To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Dardanius: To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

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

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

Brutus: Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

Brutus: Come here, good Volumnius; listen to a word.

Volumnius: What says my lord?

Volumnius: What says my lord?

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

Brutus: Why, this, Volumnius:The ghost of Caesar has appeared to meTwo different times at night, here in the Philippi fields.I know my time has come.

Volumnius: Not so, my lord.

Volumnius: Not so, my lord.

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

Brutus: No, I am sure it is, Volumnius. You see the world, Volumnius, the way it goes; Our enemies have driven us to the pit.. [Low calls to arms.] Good Volumnius, You know that the two of us went to school together; If only because of that old friendship, I ask you To hold my sword hilts, while I run on it.

Volumnius: That's not an office for a friend, my lord. Alarum still

Volumnius: That's not a job for a friend, my lord.. [Calls to arms continue.]

Clitus: Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.

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

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

Brutus: Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius. Strato, you have been asleep all this time; Farewell to you too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart rejoices that still in all my life I met no man who wasn't true to me. I shall have glory from this losing day More than Octavius and Mark Antony Will gain from this evil victory. So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue Has almost ended his life's history. Night hangs on my eyes, my bones want to rest, They have only worked to reach this hour. Call to arms. Cry within, "Run, run, run!"

Clitus: Fly, my lord, fly.

Clitus: Run, my lord, run.

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

Brutus: Go! I will follow. [Exit Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.] I ask you, Strato, stay by your lord. You are a fellow with a good reputation; Your life has some taste of honor in it. Hold my sword, and turn away your face, While I run upon it. Will you, Strato?

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

Strato: Give me your hand first. Farewell, my lord.

Brutus: Farewell, good Strato. Runs on his sword. Caesar, now be still; I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. Dies.

Brutus: Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.] Caesar, now be still, I did not kill you with half as much resolve. [Dies.]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army

[Call to arms. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.]

Octavius: What man is that?

Octavius: What man is that?

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

Messala: My master's man. Strato, where is your master?

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

Strato: Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;The conquerors can only make a fire out of him;For Brutus only conquered himself,And no other man has honor from his death.

Lucilius: So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Lucilius: Just like that Brutus should be found. I thank you, Brutus,Because you have proved Lucilius' words true.

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

Octavius: I will take into my service everyone who served Brutus.Fellow, will you employ your time with me?

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

Strato: Yes, if Messala will recommend me to you.

Octavius: Do so, good Messala.

Octavius:Do so, good Messala.

Messala: How died my master, Strato?

Messala:How did my master die, Strato?

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

Strato:I held the sword, and he ran onto it.

Messala: Octavius, then take him to follow theeThat did the latest service to my master.

Messala: Octavius, then take him to follow you,Who performed the last service to my master.

Antony: This was the noblest Roman of them all.All the conspirators, save only he,Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;He only, in a general honest

thoughtAnd common good to all, made one of them.His life was gentle, and the
elementsSo mix'd in him that Nature might stand upAnd say to all the world,
"This was a man!"

Antony: This was the noblest Roman of them all:All the conspirators, except
only him,Did what they did because of envy of great Caesar;He alone, out of a
generally honest thoughtAnd the common good of all, joined them.His life was
noble, and the elementsWere so balanced in him that Nature might stand upAnd
say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Octavius: According to his virtue let us use himWith all respect and rites of
burial.Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,Most like a soldier, ordered
honorably.So call the field to rest, and let's away,To part the glories of this happy
day. [Exeunt]

Octavius: Let us treat him in accordance with his virtue,With all respect and
rites of burial.His bones shall lie within my tent tonight,Just like a soldier,
treated honorably,So call the army to rest and let's go,To share the glories of this
fortunate day. Exit all.]

THE END

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