

## Unit 1

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 labouring day without the sign

Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

**1st 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?

**2nd COMMONER** Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

**MARULLUS**

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

**2nd COMMONER** A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

**MARULLUS**

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

**2nd COMMONER** Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

**MARULLUS**

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

**2nd COMMONER** Why, sir, cobble you.

**FLAVIUS** Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

**2nd 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.

**FLAVIUS**

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

**2nd COMMONER** Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

**MARULLUS**

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you 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.

**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.*

See whether their basest mettle be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I. 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.

*Exeunt.*

## Unit 2

SCENE II. — A public place. Flourish.

*Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd follows, among them a Soothsayer.*

**CAESAR** Calphurnia!

**CASCA** Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

**CAESAR** Calphurnia!

**CALPHURNIA**

Here, my lord.

**CAESAR**

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course. Antoninus!

**ANTONY**

Caesar, my lord?

**CAESAR**

Forget not in your speed, Antoninus,

To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say

The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,

Shake off their sterile curse.

**ANTONY** I shall remember.

When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

**CAESAR**

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Flourish.*

## Unit 3

**SOOTHSAYER** Caesar!

**CAESAR** Ha! Who calls?

**CASCA**

Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again!

**CAESAR**

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Caesar." Speak, Caesar is turn'd to hear.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR** What man is that?

**BRUTUS**

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

Set him before me let me see his face.

**CASSIUS**

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

**CAESAR**

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

**SOOTHSAYER** Beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.

*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

#### Unit 4

**CASSIUS**

Will you go see the order of the course?

**BRUTUS** Not I.

**CASSIUS** I pray you, do.

**BRUTUS**

I am not gamesome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, I do observe you now of late;

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have;

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

**BRUTUS** Cassius,

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 behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect

Than that poor Brutus with himself at war

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

**CASSIUS**

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection, by some other things.

**CASSIUS**

'Tis just,

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.

**BRUTUS**

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

**CASSIUS**

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear,

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I your glass

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

*Flourish and shout.*

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS** Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

**BRUTUS**

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour 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 honour more than I fear death.

**CASSIUS**

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar, so were you;

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,



Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood  
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
Accoutrèd 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 colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan.  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods! It doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone.

*Shout. Flourish.*

**BRUTUS** Another general shout?

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

**CASSIUS**

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves that we are underlings.  
Brutus and 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?  
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  
As easily as a king.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS** I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much show  
Of fire from Brutus.

*Re-enter Caesar and his Train.*

**BRUTUS**

The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

**CASSIUS**

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

**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:  
Calphurnia'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.

**CASSIUS**

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

### Unit 5

**CAESAR** Antoninus!

**ANTONY** 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.

**ANTONY**

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

**CAESAR**

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

*Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train but Casca.*

**Unit 6**

**CASCA**

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

**BRUTUS**

Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanced today

That Caesar looks so sad.

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

**BRUTUS**

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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

**BRUTUS** What was the second noise for?

**CASCA** Why, for that too.

**CASSIUS** They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

**CASCA** Why, for that too.

**BRUTUS** Was the crown offered him thrice?

**CASCA** Ay, marry, wast, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

**CASSIUS** Who offered him the crown?

**CASCA** Why, Antony.

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

**CASCA** I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown 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 swoounded and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

**CASSIUS**

But, soft, I pray you, what, did Caesar swoon?

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

**BRUTUS**

'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

**CASSIUS**

No, Caesar hath it not, but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

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

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

**BRUTUS**

What said he when he came unto himself?

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

**BRUTUS**

And after that he came, thus sad, away?

**CASCA** Ay.

**CASSIUS** Did Cicero say anything?

**CASCA** Ay, he spoke Greek.

**CASSIUS** To what effect?

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

**CASSIUS** Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

**CASCA** No, I am promised forth.

**CASSIUS** Will you dine with me tomorrow?

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

**CASSIUS** Good, I will expect you.

**CASCA** Do so, farewell, both.

*Exit.*

**BRUTUS**

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

**CASSIUS**

So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

**BRUTUS** And so it is.

For this time I will leave you.

Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you, or, if you will,

Come home to me and I will wait for you.

**CASSIUS**

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

*Exit Brutus.*

## **Unit 7**

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see

Thy honourable mettle may be wrought

From that it is disposed; therefore it is meet



That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at.  
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*Exit.*

## **Unit 8**

SCENE III. — A street. Thunder and lightning.

*Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, and Cassius.*

**CASSIUS** Who's there?

**CASCA** A Roman.

**CASSIUS** Casca, by your voice.

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

A very pleasing night to honest men.

**CASCA**

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

**CASSIUS**

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bared my bosom to the thunderstone;  
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.

**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.

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

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

Let it be who it is! Our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

I know where I will wear this dagger then:  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Thunder still.*

**CASCA** So can I.

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel 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.

**CASCA**

You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand.  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

**CASSIUS** There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's Porch.

## **Unit 9**

*Enter Cinna.*

**CASCA**

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

**CASSIUS**

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

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

**CINNA** Yes, you are.

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

**CASSIUS**

Be you content. Good Cinna, lay this paper,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window. All this done,  
Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

*Exit Cinna.*

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

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

*Exeunt.*

## Unit 10

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Enter Brutus in his orchard.*

**BRUTUS**

What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

*Enter Lucius.*

**LUCIUS** Call'd you, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

**LUCIUS** I will, my lord.

*Exit.*

**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 colour 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.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

**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.

*Gives him the letter.*

**BRUTUS**

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

**LUCIUS** I know not, sir.

**BRUTUS**

Look in the calendar and bring me word.

**LUCIUS** I will, sir.

*Exit.*

**BRUTUS**

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

*Opens the letter and reads.*



"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself!

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What, Rome? My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

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

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

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

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter Lucius.*

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

*Knocking within.*

**BRUTUS**

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

*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council, and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

**LUCIUS**

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

**BRUTUS** Is he alone?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir, there are more with him.

**BRUTUS** Do you know them?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

**BRUTUS** Let 'em enter.

*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy,

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

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, and Metellus Cimber,.*

**Unit 11**

**CASSIUS**

I think we are too bold upon your rest.

Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

**BRUTUS**

I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

**CASSIUS**

Yes, every one of them, and none here

But honours you, and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

**CASSIUS**

This, Decius Brutus.

**BRUTUS** He is welcome too.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

They are all welcome.

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

**CASSIUS**

And let us swear our resolution.

**BRUTUS**

No, not an oath. If not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? Nay, do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath.

**CASSIUS**

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

**CASCA**

Let us not leave him out.

**CINNA** No, by no means.

**METELLUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

O, name him not; let us not break with him,  
For he will never follow anything

That other men begin.

**CASSIUS**

Then leave him out.

**CASCA** Indeed he is not fit.

**DECIUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**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.

**CASSIUS** Yet I fear him,  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

**BRUTUS**

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

**DECIUS**

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

*Clock strikes.*

**BRUTUS**

Peace, count the clock.

**CASSIUS** The clock hath stricken three.

**DECIUS**

'Tis time to part.

**CASSIUS** But it is doubtful yet

Whether Caesar will come forth today or no,

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers

May hold him from the Capitol today.

**DECIUS**

Never fear that. If he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

By the eighth hour. Is that the utter most?

**CINNA**

Be that the uttermost, and fail not 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.

**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.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

**Unit 12**

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



Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter Portia.*

**PORTIA** Brutus, my lord!

**BRUTUS**

Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

**PORTIA**

Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently,

Brutus, Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper

You suddenly arose and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across;

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks.

I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafture 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 humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,

And, could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of; 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.

**BRUTUS** Kneel not, gentle Portia.

**PORTIA**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**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 wound  
Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience  
And not my husband's secrets?

**BRUTUS** O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]

Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.*

### Unit 13

**LUCIUS**

Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

**BRUTUS**

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

**LIGARIUS**

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

**BRUTUS**

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius;  
A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

**LIGARIUS**

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

**BRUTUS**

That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
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.

**BRUTUS** Follow me then.

*Exeunt.*

#### Unit 14

SCENE II. — Caesar's house. Thunder and lightning.

*Enter Caesar, in his nightgown.*

**CAESAR**

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

*Enter a Servant.*

**SERVANT** My lord?

**CAESAR**

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

**SERVANT** I will, my lord.

*Exit.*

*Enter Calphurnia.*

**CALPHURNIA**

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house today.

**CAESAR**

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

**CALPHURNIA**

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
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.

**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.

**CALPHURNIA**

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

**CAESAR**

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

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?

**SERVANT**

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

**CAESAR**

The gods do this in shame of cowardice.  
Caesar should be a beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home today for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well  
That 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.

**CALPHURNIA** Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth today. Call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house and not your own.  
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.

**CAESAR**

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

*Enter Decius.*

**Unit 15**

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

**DECIUS**

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

**CAESAR**

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

**CALPHURNIA**

Say he is sick.

**CAESAR** Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far  
To be afeard to tell greybeards 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.

**CAESAR**

The cause is in my will: I will not come,  
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;  
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.

**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 cognisance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

**CAESAR**

And this way have you well expounded it.

**DECIUS**

I have, when you have heard what I can say.

And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty 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.

**CAESAR**

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, and Cinna.*

**Unit 16**

And look where Cinna is come to fetch me.

**CINNA**

Good morrow, Caesar.

**CAESAR** Welcome, Cinna.

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?

**BRUTUS** Caesar, 'tis strucken 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.

**ANTONY**

So to most noble Caesar.

**CAESAR** Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Casca,

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.

**CASCA**

Caesar, I will.

*Aside.*

And so near will I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

**CAESAR**

Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me,

And we like friends will straightway go together.

**BRUTUS**

[*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Unit 17

*Enter Portia and Lucius.*

**PORTIA**

I prithee, boy, run to the Senate House;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

**LUCIUS** To know my errand, madam.

**PORTIA**

I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Art thou here yet?

**LUCIUS** Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

**PORTIA**

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

**LUCIUS**

I hear none, madam.

**PORTIA** Prithee, listen well.

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

**LUCIUS**

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

## Unit 18

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

**PORTIA**

Come hither, fellow;

Which way hast thou been?

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

**PORTIA**

What is't o'clock?

**SOOTHSAYER** About the ninth hour, lady.

**PORTIA**

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

**SOOTHSAYER**

Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

**PORTIA**

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

**SOOTHSAYER**

That I have, lady. If it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

**PORTIA**

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

**SOOTHSAYER**

None that I know will be,

Much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow.

I'll get me to a place more void and there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

*Exit.*

**PORTIA**

I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry. Come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

*Exeunt severally.*

**Unit 19**

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Rome. Before the Capitol;

*the Senate sitting above. A crowd of people, among them the Soothsayer. Flourish.*

*Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Cinna, Antony, Popilius and others.*

**CAESAR** The ides of March are come.

**SOOTHSAYER** Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

**DECIUS**

Ligarius doth desire you to o'er read,

At your best leisure, this her humble suit.

*Caesar goes up to the Senate House, the rest follow.*

**POPILIUS**

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

**CASSIUS**

What enterprise, Popilius?

**POPILIUS** Fare you well.

*Advances to Caesar.*

## Unit 20

**BRUTUS** What said Popilius Lena?

**CASSIUS**

She wish'd today our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

**BRUTUS**

Look, how she makes to Caesar. Mark her.

**CASSIUS**

Casca, Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

**BRUTUS** Cassius, be constant.

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, she smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

**CASSIUS**

Ligarius knows her time, for, look you, Brutus,

She draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Exeunt Antony and Ligarius.*

**DECIUS**

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CINNA**

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

**CAESAR**

Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

## Unit 21

**METELLUS**

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.

*Kneels.*

**CAESAR** I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies



Might fire the blood of ordinary men  
And turn preordnance 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.

**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?

**BRUTUS**

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

**CAESAR**

What, Brutus?

**CASSIUS** Pardon, Caesar! Caesar, pardon!

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

**CAESAR**

I could be well moved, if I were as you;  
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,  
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

**CINNA** O Caesar—

**CAESAR** Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

**DECIUS** Great Caesar—

**CAESAR** Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

**CASCA** Speak, hands, for me!

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

**CAESAR**

Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Caesar!

*Dies.*

**CINNA**

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

**CASSIUS**

Some to the common pulpits and cry out

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

**BRUTUS**

People and senators, be not affrighted,

Fly not, stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

**CASCA**

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**DECIUS** And Cassius too.

**BRUTUS** Where's Publius?

**CINNA**

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

**METELLUS**

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's

Should chance—

**BRUTUS**

Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer,

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

**CASSIUS**

And leave us, Publius, lest that the people

Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

**BRUTUS**

Do so, and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

*Re-enter Ligarius.*

**CASSIUS**

Where is Antony?

**LIGARIUS** Fled to his house amazed.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run

As it were doomsday.

**BRUTUS** Fates, we will know your pleasures.

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time

And drawing days out that men stand upon.

**CASSIUS**

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

**BRUTUS**

Grant that, and then is death a benefit;

So are we Caesar's friends that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;

Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace,

And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

**CASSIUS**

Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

**BRUTUS**

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along

No worthier than the dust!

**CASSIUS** So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

**DECIUS**

What, shall we forth?

**CASSIUS** Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant 1.*

**BRUTUS**

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

**SERVANT 1**

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel,

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.

Say I love Brutus and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'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  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

**BRUTUS**

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

**SERVANT 1** I'll fetch him presently.

*Exit.*

**BRUTUS**

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

**CASSIUS**

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

*Re-enter Antony.*

**Unit 23**

**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,  
Fulfil 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.

### **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.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**ANTONY** I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Gentles 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!

**CASSIUS** Mark Antony—

**ANTONY**

Pardon me, Caius Cassius.

The enemies of Caesar shall say this:

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

**CASSIUS**

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

**ANTONY**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**ANTONY** That's all I seek;

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the marketplace,

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral.

**BRUTUS**

You shall, Mark Antony.

**CASSIUS** Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do. Do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter?

**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.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,

And say you do'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,  
After my speech is ended.

**ANTONY** Be it so,

I do desire no more.

**BRUTUS**

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*Exeunt all but Antony.*

#### Unit 24

**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 Atè 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 2.*

## **Unit 25**

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

**SERVANT 2** I do, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

**SERVANT 2**

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

**SERVANT 2**

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

## **ANTONY**

Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

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.*

## **INTERMISSION**

### **Unit 26**

SCENE II. — The Forum.

*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*

**CITIZENS** We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

## **BRUTUS**

Then follow me and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street

And part the numbers.

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

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

**1st CITIZEN** I will hear Brutus speak.

*Exit Cassius, with some Citizens.*

*Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

**3rd CITIZEN**

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

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

**ALL** None, Brutus, none.

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

*Enter 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.

**ALL** Live, Brutus, live, live!

**1st CITIZEN**

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

**2nd CITIZEN**

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

**3rd CITIZEN**

Let him be Caesar.

**4th CITIZEN** Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

**1st CITIZEN**

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

**BRUTUS**

My countrymen—

**2nd CITIZEN** Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

**1st CITIZEN**

Peace, ho!

**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.*

**1st CITIZEN**

Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

**3rd CITIZEN**

Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Unit 27

**ANTONY**

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*Goes into the pulpit.*

**4th CITIZEN**

What does he say of Brutus?

**3rd CITIZEN** He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

**4th CITIZEN**

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

**1st CITIZEN**

This Caesar was a tyrant.

**3rd CITIZEN** Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

**2nd CITIZEN**

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

**ANTONY**

You gentle Romans—

**ALL** Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

**ANTONY**

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interrèd 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 honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable 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 honourable 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 honourable 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 honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O 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.

**1st CITIZEN**

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

**2nd CITIZEN**

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

**3rd CITIZEN** Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

**4th CITIZEN**

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

**1st CITIZEN**

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

**2nd CITIZEN**

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

**3rd CITIZEN**

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

**4th CITIZEN**

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

**ANTONY**

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! If I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of 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.

**4th CITIZEN**

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

**ALL**

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

**ANTONY**

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

**4th 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 honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

**4th CITIZEN**

They were traitors. Honourable men!

**ALL**

The will! The testament!

**2nd CITIZEN**

They were villains, murtherers. 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?

**ALL**

Come down.

**2nd CITIZEN** Descend.

*He comes down from the pulpit.*

**3rd CITIZEN** You shall have leave.

**4th CITIZEN** A ring,

Stand round.

**1st CITIZEN**

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

**2nd CITIZEN**

Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

**ANTONY**

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

**ALL**

Stand back; room, bear back!

**ANTONY**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle. I remember

The first time ever 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.

**1st CITIZEN**

O piteous spectacle!

**2nd CITIZEN** O noble Caesar!

**3rd CITIZEN**

O woeful day!

**4th CITIZEN** O traitors villains!

**1st CITIZEN**

O most bloody sight!

**2nd CITIZEN** We will be revenged.

**ALL**

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

**ANTONY** Stay, countrymen.

**1st CITIZEN**

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

**2nd CITIZEN**

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

**ANTONY**

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it. They are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

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

That love my friend, and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

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

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood. I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

**ALL**

We'll mutiny.

**1st CITIZEN** We'll burn the house of Brutus.

**3rd CITIZEN**

Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

**ANTONY**

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

**ALL** Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

**ANTONY**

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.

**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.

**2nd CITIZEN**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

**3rd CITIZEN**

O royal Caesar!

**ANTONY** Hear me with patience.



**ALL** Peace, ho!

**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?

**1st 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.*

**2nd CITIZEN**

Go fetch fire.

**3rd CITIZEN** Pluck down benches.

**4th CITIZEN**

Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

**ANTONY**

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

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow?

**SERVANT 2**

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

**ANTONY** Where is he?

**SERVANT<sup>2</sup>**

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

**ANTONY**

And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us anything.

**SERVANT 2**

I heard him say Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

**ANTONY**

Be like they had some notice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — A street.

*Enter Cinna the poet.*

## Unit 28

**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.

*Enter Citizens.*

**1st CITIZEN** What is your name?

**2nd CITIZEN** Whither are you going?

**3rd CITIZEN** Where do you dwell?

**4th CITIZEN** Are you a married man or a bachelor?

**2nd CITIZEN** Answer every man directly.

**1st CITIZEN** Ay, and briefly.

**4th CITIZEN** Ay, and wisely.

**3rd CITIZEN** Ay, and truly, you were best.

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

**2nd 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.

**CINNA** Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

**1st CITIZEN** As a friend or an enemy?

**CINNA** As a friend.

**2nd CITIZEN** That matter is answered directly.

**4th CITIZEN** For your dwelling, briefly.

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

**3rd CITIZEN** Your name, sir, truly.

**CINNA** Truly, my name is Cinna.

**1st CITIZEN** Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

**CINNA** I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

**4th CITIZEN** Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

**CINNA** I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**4th CITIZEN** It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

**3rd CITIZEN** Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho, firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A house in Rome.

**Unit 29**

*Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.*

**ANTONY**

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

**OCTAVIUS**

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

**LEPIDUS** I do consent—

**OCTAVIUS** Prick him down, Antony.

**LEPIDUS**

Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

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

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

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

**LEPIDUS**

What, shall I find you here?

**OCTAVIUS**

Or here, or at the Capitol.

*Exit Lepidus.*

**Unit 30**

**ANTONY**

This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

**OCTAVIUS** So you thought him,  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die  
In our black sentence and proscription.

**ANTONY**

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

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

**ANTONY**

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;  
A barren-spirited fellow. Do not talk of him  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers; we must straight make head;  
Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
And open perils surest answered.

**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.*

**Unit 31**

SCENE II. — Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent. Drum.

*Enter Brutus, Messala, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.*

**BRUTUS** Stand, ho!

**MESSALA** Give the word, ho, and stand.

**BRUTUS**

What now, Messala, is Cassius near?

**MESSALA**

He is at hand

**BRUTUS** A word, Messala,  
How he received you. Let me be resolved.

**MESSALA**

With courtesy and with respect enough,  
But not with such familiar instances,

Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

**BRUTUS** Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Messala,

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;

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests and like deceitful jades

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

**MESSALA**

They meant his night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,

Are come with Cassius.

*Low march within.*

**BRUTUS** Hark, he is arrived.

March gently on to meet him.

*Enter Cassius and his Powers.*

**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?

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, this sober form 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.

**CASSIUS** Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

**BRUTUS**

Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

*Exeunt.*

### Unit 32

SCENE III. — Brutus' tent.

*Enter Brutus and Cassius.*

**CASSIUS**

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians,

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.



**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS** I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Chastisement?

**BRUTUS**

Remember March, the ides of March remember.  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

**CASSIUS** Brutus, bait not me,

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself

To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.

**BRUTUS**

Go to, you are not, Cassius.

**CASSIUS** I am.

**BRUTUS**

I say you are not.

**CASSIUS**

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

**BRUTUS** Away, slight man!

**CASSIUS**

Is't possible?

**BRUTUS** Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you, for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

**CASSIUS** Is 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.

**CASSIUS**

You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.  
Did I say "better"?

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

**CASSIUS**

When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

**BRUTUS**

Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

**CASSIUS**

I durst not?

**BRUTUS** No.

**CASSIUS**

What, durst not tempt him?

**BRUTUS** For your life you durst not.

**CASSIUS**

Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

**BRUTUS**

You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am 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!

**CASSIUS** I denied you not.

**BRUTUS**

You did.

**CASSIUS** I did not. He was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

**BRUTUS**

I do not, till you practise them on me.

**CASSIUS**

You love me not.

**BRUTUS** I do not like your faults.

**CASSIUS**

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

**BRUTUS**

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

**CASSIUS**

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

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.

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.

**BRUTUS** Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

**CASSIUS** Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

**BRUTUS**

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

**CASSIUS**

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

**BRUTUS**

And my heart too.

**CASSIUS** O Brutus!

**BRUTUS**

What's the matter?

**CASSIUS**

Have not you love enough to bear with me

When that rash humour 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.  
Lucius, a bowl of wine!

*Exit Lucius.*

**CASSIUS**

I did not think you could have been so angry.

**BRUTUS**

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

**CASSIUS** Ha? Portia?

**BRUTUS** She is dead.

**CASSIUS**

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

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

**CASSIUS**

And died so?

**BRUTUS** Even so.

**CASSIUS** O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.*

**BRUTUS**

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*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.*

**BRUTUS** Come in, Titinius!

*Exit Lucius.*

### Unit 33

*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?

**BRUTUS** No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters

That young Octavius and Mark Antony



Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

**MESSALA**

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenure.

**BRUTUS**

With what addition?

**MESSALA**

That by proscription and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

**BRUTUS**

There in our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

**CASSIUS**

Cicero one!

**MESSALA** Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

**BRUTUS**

Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

**CASSIUS**

I do not think it good.

**BRUTUS** Your reason?

**CASSIUS**

This it is:

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS** Hear me, good brother.

**BRUTUS**

Under your pardon. You must note beside  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

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

**BRUTUS**

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

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

**BRUTUS**

Lucius!

*Re-enter Lucius.*

My gown.

*Exit Lucius.*

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

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

**BRUTUS** Everything is well.

**CASSIUS**

Good night, my lord.

**BRUTUS** Good night, good brother.

**TITINIUS MESSALA**

Good night, Lord Brutus.

**BRUTUS** Farewell, everyone.

### Unit 34

*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

*Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

**LUCIUS**

Here in the tent.

**BRUTUS** What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'erwatch'd.

Look Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

**LUCIUS**

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

**BRUTUS**

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

**LUCIUS**

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

**BRUTUS** It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

**LUCIUS** It is my duty, sir.

**BRUTUS**

I 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 murtherous 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.*

**Unit 35**

*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

Speak to me what thou art.

**GHOST**

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

**BRUTUS** Why comest thou?

**GHOST**

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

**BRUTUS** Well, then I shall see thee again?

**GHOST** Ay, at Philippi.

**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.

Lucius, awake!

**LUCIUS** My lord?

**BRUTUS**

Didst thou dream, Lucius. Didst thou see anything?

**LUCIUS** Nothing, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

**LUCIUS** It shall be done, my lord.

*Exeunt.*

## Unit 36

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The plains of Philippi.

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

**OCTAVIUS**

Now, Antony, our hopes are answeréd.

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions.

It proves not so. Their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

**ANTONY**

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

**MESSENGER** Prepare you, generals.

The enemy comes on in gallant show;

**ANTONY**

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

**OCTAVIUS**

Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

**ANTONY**

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

**OCTAVIUS**

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

*March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.*

**BRUTUS**

They stand, and would have parley.

**CASSIUS**

Stand fast; we must out and talk.

**OCTAVIUS**

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

**ANTONY**

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

**OCTAVIUS**

Stir not until the signal not until the signal.

**BRUTUS**

Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

**OCTAVIUS**

Not that we love words better, as you do.

**BRUTUS**

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

**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**

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

Strooke Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

**CASSIUS**

Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself.

This tongue had not offended so today,



If Cassius might have ruled.

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

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.

**BRUTUS**

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

**OCTAVIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

**CASSIUS**

A peevish school boy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveler!

**ANTONY** 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.*

-

**Unit 37**

**CASSIUS**

Why, now, blow and, swell billow, and swim bark!

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

**BRUTUS**

Ho, Messala! Hark, a word with you.

**MESSALA**

*Stands forth.*

My lord?

*Brutus and Messala converse apart.*

**CASSIUS** Titinius!

**TITINIUS** *Stands forth.* What says my general?

**CASSIUS** Titinius,

This is my birthday, as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Titinius.

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.

**TITINIUS**

Believe not so.

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

**BRUTUS**

Even so, Messala.

**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?

**BRUTUS**

I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life.

**CASSIUS** Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius, no. Think not, that ever Brutus  
Will go bound to Rome. 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.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

*Exeunt.*

### Unit 38

SCENE II. — The field of battle. Alarum.

*Enter Brutus and Messala.*

**BRUTUS**

Run, run, Messala, run, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once, for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavia's wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Run, run, Messala. Let them all come down.

*Exeunt.*

### Unit 39

SCENE III. — Another part of the field. Alarums.

*Enter Cassius and Titinius.*

**CASSIUS**

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.  
An ensign of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

**TITINIUS**

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

*Enter Pindarus.*

**PINDARUS**

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

**CASSIUS**

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

**TITINIUS**

They are, my lord.

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

**TITINIUS**

I will be here again, even with a thought.

*Exit.*

**CASSIUS**

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

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?

**PINDARUS** [*Above*] O my lord!

**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.

**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.*

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.*

**Unit 40**

*Re-enter Titinius with Messala.*

**MESSALA**

It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

**TITINIUS**

These tidings would well comfort Cassius.

**MESSALA**

Where did you leave him?

**TITINIUS** All disconsolate,

**MESSALA**

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

**TITINIUS**

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

**MESSALA**

Is not that he?

**TITINIUS** No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

**MESSALA**

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

**TITINIUS**

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

**MESSALA**

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears.

**TITINIUS** Hie you, Messala,



And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

*Exeunt severally.*

#### Unit 41

*Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus.*

**BRUTUS**

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

**MESSALA**

Lo, yonder..

**BRUTUS**

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.

*Low alarums.*

**BRUTUS**

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come therefore, let us to the field.

Set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock, and Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

*Exeunt.*

#### Unit 42

SCENE V. — Another part of the field.

*Enter Brutus, Titinius, Pindarus and Lucius.*

**BRUTUS**

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Come hither, good Titinius, list a word.

**TITINIUS**

What says my lord?

**BRUTUS** Why, this, Titinius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

**TITINIUS** Not so, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Nay I am sure it is, Titinius.

Thou seest the world, Titinius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit;

*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves

Than tarry till they push us. Good Pindarus,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

**PINDARUS**

That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*Alarum still.*

**BRUTUS**

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!"*

**TITINIUS**

Fly, my lord, fly.

**BRUTUS** Hence! I will follow.

*Exeunt Pindarus and Titinius.*

I prithee, Lucius, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Lucius?

**LUCIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, good Lucius.

*Runs on his sword.*

Caesar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*Dies.*

### **Unit 43**

*Alarum. Retreat*

*Enter Octavius, Antony.*

**OCTAVIUS** What man is that?

**MESSALA**

My masters' man. Where is thy master?

**LUCIUS**

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 honour by his death.

**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 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.*

-THE END-