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MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

SHAKESPEARE'S

JULIUS CAESAR

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

F. C. COLBECK, B. A.

PRINCIPAL, WEST TORONTO COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.
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INTRODUCTION

A poet may be a story-teller, and in his narrative tell us what men have felt, said, and done in some great struggle. Touched by the magic of his imagination, exalted by his noble speech, his story becomes immortal, and is cherished even by men of other races and times, long ages after the men of whom he wrote have returned to the dust. They are still the objects of his praise or blame, and that of many generations of readers whose attitude towards them the poet has determined. He has told what manner of men they were.

This, however, is not the way in which the dramatic poet works. It is his part, not to tell us what has been done, and why it was done, but to bring men and women before us in action. We see what they do, and hear what they say; and their characters are revealed to us by their own deeds and words, and by what others, friends or foes, say of them. In fact we come to know them much as we know our acquaintances in the flesh. If the writer is a true dramatic poet his characters will become wonderfully real to us; they will be the objects of our wonder, suspicion, admiration, pity, dislike, or love, much as men we know are. To us they will be honest men or knaves, noble or base, strong or weak, cheerful or moody, wise or foolish, generous or selfish. They may be this or that; but they will be real to us, living a real life before us, with its loves and hates, its hopes and fears, its ambitions and its ideals. A new world filled with interest, delight, and profit will open before us, as we read a great drama.

Julius Caesar is a dramatic poem. In it the world's greatest dramatist brings us to a land and time when a great political struggle, extending over many generations, is reaching its crisis. The poem bears the name of one of the world's greatest men. He had risen to a place of power such as no man had occupied in the world before. In the Roman world, extending from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, he was supreme. The government of the world was upon his shoulders. In capacity, in experience, and in temper he was fitted for the imperial task. He began to rule wisely, but was soon struck
down by daggers in the hands of his countrymen. Some of
them envied him; the greatest of them loved him; they all
feared his ambition.

It is not possible here even to sketch the long and bitter
struggle at Rome between the nobles and the common people
for the control of the government. Nor will space permit us to
dwell on the process by which the stern Roman virtues, en-
nobling both private and public life, grew weak as time went
on. “Luxury’s contagion weak and vile” did its work. The
nobles came to think more of plundering rich provinces that
they might live themselves in wealth and splendour, than of
making those provinces strong in loyalty to Rome. The
“virtuous populace” that had stood, “a wall of fire,” for the
defence of their country in time of peril, was pauperised by
the encroachments of rich landowners, by the spread of slavery
displacing free labour, and by the doles of those in power, who
would buy their support. Crowding to the city they became
a fickle and dangerous rabble whose votes in the assemblies,
with their sovereign powers of legislation, became the counters
of designing men. While both classes were becoming more
and more unfit for their part in government, the task of govern-
ment was becoming much more complicated and more difficult.
Through conquest the Roman sway, once extending over part
of Italy, was nearly world-wide, as the world was known to them.
Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans; races which had developed
ancient civilisations by the Nile, the Euphrates, and the
Ægean Sea; ruder races beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees filled
with the vigour and fire of youth; these furnished grave prob-
lems of government. To govern wisely such a realm with its
varied peoples, separated so far in situation, in racial temper,
and aspirations, was a stupendous task. It would have been
such for the constitutional government which, at its best, had
governed Italy, or rather part of Italy. The Roman realm
was now an empire, and things had reached a point when the
empire must have an emperor or fall to pieces. The republic
of the past had become impossible. The hour brought forth
the man.

Julius Cæsar was a man of great intellectual gifts. He was
an able writer and an orator of great power. He had shown
tact and ability in government. He was a great soldier.
INTRODUCTION

Whether fighting for the extension and safeguarding of the realm against brave foreign races like the Gauls and the Germans, or waging a great civil war against Pompey’s legions for the control of the Roman world, he proved himself a great conqueror. In contrast with Sulla, who, when victorious, had been ruthlessly savage in his treatment of his enemies, Cæsar displayed a conciliatory temper, a magnanimous clemency that was truly admirable and remarkable for his times and his race. He became supreme. He was made dictator for life. He was a mighty prince, king in all but name. If not infallible or perfect, he began to rule ably and wisely. What he did in a short time excites our wonder. He was doubtless not without ambition, that “infirmity of noble minds.” He was not the last to feel that to save or serve the state he himself must be great. Cromwell felt this; others have done so. However, his fall was at hand. Failing to realise the inevitable certain senators formed a plot to assassinate him.

In this play Shakespeare brings the action before us. He has drawn upon Plutarch’s lives for the historical background of the play. While this is the case he has given to the actors in a marked degree that individuality mentioned before, which only the true dramatist can create. As the plot advances swiftly from the early hints of coming trouble to the conspiracy and the murder of Cæsar, then on to the downfall of his murderers and the triumph of Cæsarism, the young student will be filled with interest in these men, their motives and their deeds.

The Cæsar of the play is hardly the mighty Cæsar of history. It is thought by some that his character may have changed somewhat for the worse in these latter days. We should remember, however, that up to the moment of his death we see him at his worst. He is not to claim too much of our sympathy. He is to die; and we are largely under the influence, as it were, of those who, approaching the deed, justify it to each other and to us. We hear Cæsar belittled. This great war-lord is a man of feeble temper, behaving, when ill, like a sick girl. The man whose iron will had brought the world to his feet is superstitious grown and vacillating, and can be led by shallow flattery. He is higher in place than others, not in merit.
Brutus in soliloquy doubtless believes what he says—

"To speak truth of Cæsar I have not known when
His affections sway'd more than his reason."

However, this man whom all men honour, though a dear friend of Cæsar's, is moved, we see, to take part in the plot against him; and, while not its prime mover, becomes its real leader. To purge the state, he must kill Cæsar. This is how it seems to him. For the time we may be blind to any fault of judgment on his part, and concur in the deed; and the deed that should seem an offence may "change to virtue and to worthiness." Cæsar himself, that man of iron will, is made to vacillate. He is persuaded, against his purpose, to stay at home rather than to go to the Senate; and again, to go rather than to stay. At the last he is firm to refuse the petition of Cimber. To us for the time being, however, his firm and haughty words of refusal are not the words of the great dictator, who must not change a serious sentence without weighty reason, but the words of the man whom we have heard belittled, and whose death we know has been determined upon by these men; and so they almost seem words of rant. It is only when he is dead, and Antony pleads his cause, that we are led with the crowd to pity the mighty dead, and to blame the conspirators, who to us, too, may have become bloody murderers rather than executioners. He is dead but his cause triumphs. Brutus lives to cry in the hour of defeat—

"O Julius Cæsar thou art mighty yet."

Cassius and Brutus are the leaders of the conspiracy. A conversation of theirs first shows us their attitude towards Cæsar. Cassius, a man of strong political views, is sincere in his attachment to the old constitution; and he would die sooner than see a king in Rome. He is not generous. Not only is a king an unbearable evil, but Cæsar is not worthy of even his present greatness. "Envy of great Cæsar" shows itself when he belittles him, and will have it that he is exalted without being greater than others; and Cæsar shows discernment when he says—

"Such men as he are never at heart's ease,
When they behold a greater than themselves."
INTRODUCTION

He is an able, practical politician. Skilfully he “whets” Brutus against Caesar. When he warned the conspirators against Antony as an able man likely to prove dangerous, he justified Caesar’s judgment regarding his power to judge men aright. He was over-ruled on that occasion, and again with regard to the battle; and on both occasions disaster followed. As a man of action he was Brutus’ superior, but in character he was not at all his equal.

Brutus “sits high in all the people’s hearts,” says Casca; and the victorious Antony is generous enough to say:

“This is the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did what they did in envy of great Caesar:
He only in a general honest thought
And common good to all made one of them.”

After reading the play we can concur in this. Urged by others he enters into the plot with reluctance, and from a sense of duty. He loved Caesar; but, with the old Roman spirit, will sacrifice his personal friend for the good of Rome. He considers Caesar dangerous. He admits to himself that Caesar so far has been guided by reason; but fears that a crown might change his nature. When we remember that Caesar was already king in all but name and ruling with moderation, we must think that Brutus went rather far to enter a conspiracy for fear of a change that might take place in him. He is a theorist and idealist rather than a man of action. He is so sure of the manifest righteousness of his cause, that he cannot be persuaded to prevent Antony speaking at the funeral. We have seen how he over-ruled Cassius more than once to their undoing. His great mistake was in thinking that the murder of Caesar would cure the evils of the times. Perhaps he realised how wrong, as well as futile, it had been, when, before killing himself, he said—

“Caesar, now be still,
I killed not thee with half so good a will.”

Early in the play Antony is a man who is fond of plays and music, whom some do not take seriously. Cassius, however, reads him aright, and fears him as one who loves Caesar; and who, prompted by that love, may develop into an able and
dangerous opponent. Able and vigorous he comes into prominence at once after Cæsar's death, and turns the tide in favour of the Cæsarian cause. He is Cæsar's loyal friend. In his apostrophe of Cæsar after his death he does him homage in the presence of his assassins. When alone and, we may assume, speaking from the heart, he speaks his mind further—

"Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times."

While he calls Brutus noble, wise, valiant, and honest, he is yet "to be resolved how Cæsar hath deserved to die." He mingles frankness and craft at this stage. His speech at the funeral is admirably suited to its purpose; and shows that, while he claims to be no orator, he is one with consummate gifts to sway the populace at his will. Cassius, still "old Cassius" with the biting tongue, may at the end call him "a masker and a reveller," but he finds that on the field of battle, as on the platform, he is strong to avenge the friend whose spirit conquers in him at Philippi.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar,
Marcus Antonius, triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.
M. Æmilius Lepidus,
Cicero,
Publius, senators.
Popilius Lena,
Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.
Artemidorus of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a poet. Another Poet.
Lucilius,
Titinius,
Messala,
Young Cato,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius,
Dardanius,
Pindarus, servant to Cassius.
Calpurnia, wife to Cæsar.
Portia, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene: Rome: the neighbourhood of Sardis: the neighbourhood of Philippi.
JULIUS CAESAR

ACT I

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. 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?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.²
Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.
Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what
trade?
Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet,
if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy
fellow!
Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.
Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,

¹ Mechanical—Adj.; a mechanic.
² Directly—In a straightforward manner.
³ Knave—Originally "boy," then "servant," then "scoundrel," the
latter meaning is not meant here. In Act IV., Scene III, Brutus
calls Lucius "good boy," "poor knave," and "gentle knave."
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\(^1\) leather have gone upon my handiwork.

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

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

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

What tributaries\(^2\) 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 infant\(^3\) in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long 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,\(^3\)

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

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

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

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

\(^1\) Neat's—Horned cattle.

\(^2\) Tributaries—Those who pay tribute.

\(^3\) Her banks—"Its" was just coming into use about Shakespeare's time. "Her" and "his" were often used instead. Compare IV, III, 8.
Scene II] JULIUS CAESAR

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 the Commoners.

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

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

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.

1 The lowest stream—The river, at its lowest, will rise to fill the channel, when swollen by tears.
2 Whether—Whe'er, pronounced "where."
3 Images—Statues.
4 Ceremonies—Festal ornaments.
5 Lupercal—Feast of purification, about Feb. 15th.
6 Vulgar—The common people.
7 Fly an ordinary pitch—Term of falconry. Pitch, height.
Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
   Ant. Caesar, my lord?
   Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
   To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
   Shake off their sterile curse.
   Ant. I shall remember:
   When Caesar says "do this," it is perform'd.
   Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.  [Flourish.
   Sooth. Caesar!
   Caes. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
   Caes. 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.
   Sooth. Beware the ides of March.¹
   Caes. What man is that?
   Bru. A soothsayer² bids you beware the ides of March.
   Caes. Set him before me; let me see his face.
   Caes. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
   Caes. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
   Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
   Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
   [Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.
   Caes. Will you go see the order of the course?
   Bru. Not I.
   Caes. I pray you, do.
   Bru. I am not gamesome³. I do lack some part
   Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
   Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
   I'll leave you.
   Caes. Brutus, I do observe you now: of late,
   I have not from your eyes that gentleness
   And show of love that I was wont to have:

¹ Ides of March—The 15th of March.  The ides fell on the 15th
or 13th of the month.
² Soothsayer—Truth-teller, a prophet.
³ Gamesome—Sportive.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

*Cassius,*

Be not deceiv’d: 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.

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

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

*Cas.* '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 Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age’s yoke,
Have wish’d that noble Brutus had his eyes.

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

*Cas.* 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.

1 You bear too stubborn—He is like a strange driver drawing
too firm a rein on a spirited horse.
2 Proper to myself—Peculiar to myself
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugh, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. 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.
Cas. 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 Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter’s cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

1 Jealous on—Suspicious of. Compare, “sweet on.”
2 Common laugh—Common jester.
3 Did use—Were I accustomed.
4 Stale—Make stale or vapid.
5 After—Afterwards.
6 Scandal—A verb, to utter scandal about them.
7 Speed me—So assist me.
8 Favour—Appearance.
9 Had as lief—Had as soon.
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 that word,
Accoutred 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 Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is 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.]

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

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

1 Controversy—Resistance. Not a matter of words here.
2 Arrive—Arrive at.
3 Æneas—A Troyan prince, who settled in Italy, and according to tradition, founded the Roman line.
4 His lustre—Its lustre.
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that “Cæsar”? Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em, “Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Cæsar.” Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with more than with one man? When could they say till now, that talk’d of Rome

That her wide walls encompass’d but one man? Now is it Rome indeed and room enough, When there is in it but one only man. O, you and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brook’d

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome As easily as a king.

Brut. 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

1 Colossus—A huge bronze statue sixty-five feet high, said to have stood astride the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes, so that the ships passed between its feet.

2 The great flood—The Greeks held a tradition of a flood, Deucalion was its Noah.

3 There was a Brutus once—Junius Brutus expelled the kings from Rome, and was first consul. In II, i, 52, Brutus says: “My ancestors did, from the streets of Rome, the Tarquin drive.” In fact, he was not a descendant of “Old Brutus.”
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.

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

_Bru._ The games are done and _Cæsar_ is returning.

_Cas._ As they pass by, pluck _Casca_ by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

_Re-enter _Cæsar and his Train._

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

_Cas._ _Casca_ will tell us what the matter is.

_Cæs._ _Antonius_!

_Ant._ _Cæsar_?

_Cæs._ 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.

_Ant._ Fear him not, _Cæsar_; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.2

_Cæs._ 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;

1 _Such ferret and such fiery eyes_—Eyes red and keen like those of a ferret.

2 _Well given_—Well disposed.
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;¹

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 any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart’s ease
While 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 Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think’st of him.

[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his
Train, but Casca.

Casca. You pull’d me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what has chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Bru. 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,² thus;

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry,³ was ’t, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neigh-

bours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

¹ Hears no music—Does not care for music.
² With the back of his hand—Not with a vigorous gesture, palm outward.
³ Marry—An exclamation, “By Mary” (the Virgin).
Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off. And then he offered it the third time; he put it by once: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped 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 swounded 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.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?

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

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. 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 displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. 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. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues.

And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship 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

1 Rabblement—Rabble.
2 Falling sickness—Epilepsy.
3 Doublet—A garment of Shakespeare's time and country.
4 Of any occupation—Of any trade.
Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?
Casca. Ay.
Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cas. 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 I could remember it.

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

Casca. No, I am promised forth.
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.
Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

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

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

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

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

1 Greek to me—Therefore incomprehensible, he would imply.
2 I am promised forth—Have an engagement.
3 Tardy form—Boorish manner.
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.

SCENE III. The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight— Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

1 Doth bear me hard—The expression means "to dislike." Found elsewhere in this play, it is a literal rendering of a Latin phrase.
2 Humour—Cajole, impose on.
3 Brought you Cæsar home?—Did you accompany Cæsar home?
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

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

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. 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,

1 A lion who glared—The recognized distinction in the use of "who" and "which" was not yet fully established. Compare, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

2 Climate—Region.

3 Clean from the purpose—Quite aside from, etc.
Scene III] JULIUS CAESAR

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

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.

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

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

Casca. 'T is Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;

1 Unbraced—Ungirt. With us it would be unbuttoned.
2 Thunder-stone—Thundebolt, regarded as different from light-net.
3 Cross—Compare criss cross, zigzagging.
4 Fool—Act foolishly or idly. Old men and children have here changed places.
5 Ordinance—What is ordained.
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
   Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
   Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:¹
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;²
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.
   Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
   Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know³
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

¹ Cassius from bondage, etc.—See how he dies in V, iii, 172-7.
² Can be retentive to the strength of spirit—Can hold a strong spirit.
³ Then I know, etc.—I know that in that case, I must answer for my words.
That is no fleering⁵ tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious² for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. 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: for now, this fearful night
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

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

Cas. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts.³ Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!

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

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

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

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Whe:- Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

¹ Fleering—Sneering.
² Factious—Active.
³ Incorporate to our attempts—United with us in our undertakings.
Cin. 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.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit Cinna.

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

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance,¹ like richest alchemy,²
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him

You have right well conceited.³ Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I. Rome. Brutus' orchard.⁴

Enter Brutus.

Bru. 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.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

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

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

¹ Countenance—Favour; in I, ii, 166, "favour" means countenance, appearance.
² Alchemy—A science which sought to change baser metals to gold.
³ Right well conceited—Judged correctly. Conceited means conceived.
⁴ Orchard—From its derivation the word means "a garden for herbs," so here.
Bru. 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 theadder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
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.

Luc. 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.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

1 General—The general public.
2 Remorse—Pity, consideration.
3 His affections sway'd—Cæsar was not governed by his feelings rather than his reason.
4 Proof—Experience.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

Bru. The exhalations\(^1\) whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

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

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

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

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome? My ancestors\(^2\) 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.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knocking within.]

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma,\(^3\) or a hideous dream:

The genius\(^4\) and the mortal instruments\(^5\)

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

\(^1\) Exhalations—Meteors.
\(^2\) My ancestors—See note, I, ii, 234
\(^3\) Phantasma—Vision.
\(^4\) The genius—The spirit.
\(^5\) The mortal instruments—The bodily powers, instruments of the mind.
Re-enter Lucius.

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

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. 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.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.

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

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

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

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

1 Brother—Brother-in-law.
2 More.
3 Path—A verb; go thy way.
4 Native semblance—Natural appearance.
5 Erebus—The Lower World.
6 Prevention—Discovery.
He is welcome too.

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

They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[Brutus and Cassius whisper.

Dec. Here lies the cast: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. 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? what other bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not palter? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engaged,

1 Growing on—Advancing towards.
2 Sufferance—Suffering.
3 Time's abuse—The abuses of the times.
4 High-sighted—Haughty.
5 By lottery—By chance.
6 Secret Romans—Romans bound to secrecy.
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,¹
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs;² unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

_Cas._ But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
_I think he will stand very strong with us._

_Casca._ Let us not leave him out.

_Cin._ No, by no means.

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

_Bru._ O, name him not: let us not break with him;³
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

_Cas._ Then leave him out.

_Casca._ Indeed he is not fit.

_Dec._ Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

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

¹ _Cautelous—Over-cautious._
² _That welcome wrongs—As welcome, etc._ See next line.
³ _Break with him—Reveal plans to him._ Break the matter to him.
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.

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.

Trebonius. 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.²

The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

¹ Envious—Caused by envy.
² Count the clock—The striking of the clock pertained to Shakespeare's time, not that of this action. Anachronism.
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies\(^1\):
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 to-day.

\(Dec.\) Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns\(^2\) 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.

\(Cas.\) Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

\(Bru.\) By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

\(Cin.\) Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

\(Met.\) Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

\(Bru.\) Now, good Metellus, go along by him:\(^3\)
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons\(^4\); Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

\(Cas.\) 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.

\(Bru.\) Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes,\(^5\)
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

\(1\) **Ceremonies**—Religious ceremonies.

\(2\) **That unicorns...toils**—Reference to real or imaginary hunting devices. The fabulous unicorn is lured on to the charge by the hunter standing against a tree. The hunter springs aside, and the unicorn's horn is driven fast into the tree by the impact. The bear, to his own undoing, gazes at his reflection; the elephant is taken in pitfalls; the lion in nets.

\(3\) **Go along by him**—Call at his house.

\(4\) **Reasons**—Cause, good reason.

\(5\) **Put on our purposes**—Disclose our purpose.
With untiring spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

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

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. 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.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've 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.

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

1 Formal constancy—Outward calmness.
2 Honey-heavy dew, etc.—Overpowering sweetness of sleep.
3 No figures nor no fantasies—In early English, as in Greek, that double negative was emphatic.
4 Humour—Caprice.
Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.  
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.  
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humour 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 to-night Have had resort to you: for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.  
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.  
Por. 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,  
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife, As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.  
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant I am a woman; but withal  

1 Physical—Medicinal.  
2 Humours—Moisture.  
3 Rheumy—Damp.  
4 Unpurged—Impure.
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal

295 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,

300 Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!  [Knocking within.
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

306 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

310 Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Legarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

315 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

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

320 Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

1 By and by—Soon: not in the somewhat distant future.
2 Engagements— Undertakings.
3 Character—Writing, meaning.
4 Exorcist—One who calls up spirits by means of spells.
JULIUS CAESAR

Scene II]

And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot, 1
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Caesar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown.2

Cas. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho! they murder Caesar!” Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cas. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cas. 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.
Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, 3
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

1 Set on your foot—Advance.
2 Night-gown—Dressing-gown.
3 Stood on ceremonies—Insisted on, or paid heed to omens.
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,¹
And I do fear them.

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

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

_Cæs._ 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.

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

_Cæs._ The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

_Cæs._ Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

¹ _Beyond all use_—Beyond all custom, unusual.
Scene II]  

JULIUS CAESAR

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.  
Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.  
Dec. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.  
Caes. And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.  
Cal. Say he is sick.  
Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.  
Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.  
Caes. The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents  
Of evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.  
Dec. 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 bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

1 Statua—Statue.
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.¹
This by Calpurnia’s dream is signified.

428 Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,

430 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render’d, for some one to say
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself shall they not whisper

435 “Lo, Cæsar is afraid”? 
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.²

440 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?

446 Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne’er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is ’t o’clock?

Bru. Cæsar, ’t is strucken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

450 See! Antony, that revels long o’ nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Anto. y.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

¹ Cognizance—Souvenirs.
² Reason to my love is liable—Reason, in this matter, is governed by my love for you.
Scene IV]  JULIUS CAESAR  

  Cas. Bid them prepare within:
  I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
  Treb. Cæsar, I will: [Aside] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
  Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
  Bru. [Aside] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

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

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

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

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

1 Yearns—Grieves.
2 Suitor—One with a suit to urge.
3 Out of the teeth of emulation—Out of the reach of jealousy.
4 The Fates... contrive—Destiny assists traitors in their plots.
Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. 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?

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

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth, and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.²

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

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

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

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

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

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

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

¹ A bustling rumour—A sound of tumult.
² Soothsayer—Doubtless should be Artemidorus.
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

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

[Exeunt severally.

ACT III

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,¹
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.
Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

¹ O'er-read—Read over.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.¹

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?
Cas. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,—
Kneeling.
Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance² and first decree
Into the law of children.³ Be not fond,⁴
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood⁵
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

¹ Prevention—(1) A going before, or forestalling. (2) Hindrance. Likely both here.
² Pre-ordinance—What has been already established.
³ Law of Children—Caprice, not reason.
⁴ Fond—Foolish, early meaning.
⁵ Rebel blood—Rebelling against reason.
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.

Met. 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?

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

Cas. What, Brutus!

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

Cas. 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; 't is 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.

Cin. O Caesar,—

1 Repealing—Recalling from exile. We speak now of repealing a law or decree, not a person.
2 Enfranchisement—Admission to civil privileges; or here, restoration to them.
3 No fellow—No equal.
4 Apprehensive—Able to apprehend; intelligent.
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus? 1

But do not Brutus bootless kneel?

Speak, hands, for me!

Do not Brutus kneel?

Brutus, Brutus!

“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

People and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; ambition’s debt is paid.

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Where’s Publius?

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar’s should chance—

Talk not of standing. Publius good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Do so: and let no man abide this deed, 4

But we the doers.

Where is Antony?

Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

Fates, 5 we will know your pleasures:

Lift up Olympus—Do the impossible. Mount Olympus in Thessaly was the reputed home of the gods.

Et tu, Brutus!—”You, too, Brutus!” It is not thought that Cæsar spoke these words.

Common pulpit—Public platforms.

Abide this deed—Be held responsible for it.

Fates—The Fatal sisters who determined the birth, life, and death of men. These the gods could not control.
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

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

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

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis¹ lies along
No worthier than the dust!

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

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away;
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels²
With the most boldest³ and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.

¹ Pompey's basis—The base of Pompey's statue, in the Curia, not the Capitol.
² Grac'sis heels—Form his retinue.
³ Most boldest—Double comparatives and superlatives are common in Shakespeare; compare, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks."
If Brutus will vouchsafe⁴ that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved⁵
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.

Brut. 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.

Serv. I’ll fetch him presently.

Brut. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.⁶

Brut. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. 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,⁴ who else is rank:⁵
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar’s death 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 ye 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:⁶

¹ Vouchsafe—Warrant safe.
² Resolved—Informed.
³ Falls shrewdly to the purpose—Comes very near the mark.
⁴ Be let blood—Be bled, put to death.
⁵ Is rank—Grown too rank.
⁶ Apt to die—Ready for death.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. 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 Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

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

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, ’tis true:

1 Our arms...reverence—A much disputed passage. Their arms are strong in malice, or hatred of tyranny; their hearts are pitiful. Both welcome Antony.

2 That one—conceit me—Of two bad opinions of me you must form one.
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer
than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,² brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil,³ and crimson'd in thy lethe.⁴
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart⁵;
And this indeed, O world, the heart⁶ of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

*Cas. Mark Antony,—

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

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd⁶ in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:

¹ Dearer—More keenly.
² Bay'd—Brought to bay.
³ Signed in thy spoil—Stained with thy blood.
⁴ Lethe—Death, a Latin word in origin.
⁵ Hart... heart—Notice the play on words even here.
⁶ Prick’d—Marked off.
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to Bru.] 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?

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

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

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

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.

Ant. 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 Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!—
Ant. 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?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. 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 market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse

1 Ate—Goddess of mischief.
2 Havoc—A hunting cry; and war cry.
3 Issue—Deed.
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Caesar's body.

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.¹
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

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

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers²! hear me for my cause, and³ be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour,⁴ that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I 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

¹ Part the numbers—Divide the crowd.
² Lovers—Friends.
³ Have respect to mine honour—Respect or regard my honour.
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.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar 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 Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourning 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!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

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

1 Extenuated—Undervalued, belittled.

2 A statue with his ancestors—A statue among those of his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;  
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.  
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.  

[ Goes into the pulpit.  

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?  
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.  
Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.  
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.  
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain.  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.  
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.  
Ant. You gentle Romans,—  
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interr'd with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar 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 Cæsar'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 Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  

1 Beholding—Rather beholden.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Mark’d ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore ’t is certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.¹
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There’s not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here’s a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, ’t is his will:
Let but the commons² hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar’s wounds

¹ Dear abide it—Pay dear for it.
² Commons—Common people.
And dip their napkins\(^1\) 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.

_Fourth Cit._ We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

_All._ The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

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

_Fourth Cit._ Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

_Ant._ 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 Cæsar; I do fear it.

_Fourth Cit._ They were traitors: honourable men!

_All._ The will! the testament!

_Sec. Cit._ They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

_Ant._ You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

_Several Cit._ Come down.

_Sec. Cit._ Descend.

_Third Cit._ You shall have leave.  [Antony comes down.

_Fourth Cit._ A ring; stand round.

_First Cit._ Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

_Sec. Cit._ Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

_Ant._ Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

_Several Cit._ Stand back; room; bear back.

_Ant._ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

\(^1\) Napkins—Handkerchiefs.
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
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 statua,
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,
[Lifting Caesar's mantle

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

1 Nervii—A very brave people whom Caesar defeated after a terrible battle, in which he displayed remarkable heroism.
2 Caesar's angel—Good angel.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. 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.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. 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.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.¹

Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

¹ Seventy-five drachmas—A drachma was a Greek coin worth about eighteen cents intrinsically, but in buying power worth between two and three dollars.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate¹ yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. 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.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[Exeunt citizens with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar’s house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish.² Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike 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.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:³

¹ Recreate—Refresh.
² Upon a wish—In answer to a wish.
³ Things unluckily charge my fantasy—I fancy ill-luck is coming
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Where do you dwell?
Third Cit. Whither are you going?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. 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.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.²

Third Cit. 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 L. 'rius'; away, go!

[Exeunt.]

¹ You'll bear me a bang—Get a blow from me.
² Turn him going—Send him about his business.
SCENE I. A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick’d.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent,—
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
5 Who is your sister’s son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn¹ him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar’s house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.²

10 Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.
Ant. 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?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick’d to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
15 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.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he’s a tried and valiant soldier.

1 Damn—Condemn.
² Charge in legacies—Charge on Cæsar’s estate in the form of legacies.
Scene I  JULIUS CAESAR

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations, Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friend 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.
Oct. 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.

Scene II.  Camp near Sardis.  Before Brutus' tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers;
Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

1 To wind—To turn.
2 Abjects... imitations—Abjects as a noun refers to persons, meaning an outcast. Orts—A scrap. Abject orts is another reading where abject is an adj., meaning "thrown away."
3 Begin his fashion—Come in fashion with him.
4 Levying powers—Raising forces.
5 How covert matters, etc.—Supply "to consider" before this line.
6 At the stake—A metaphor. In bear-baiting, the bear was fastened to a stake.
56  Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
   Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

60 Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
   Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
   Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;

65 How he received you, let me be resolved.
   Lucil. 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.

69 Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

73 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?
   Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

78 The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
   Bru. Hark! he is arrived.

March gently on to meet him.  [Low march within.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
   Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

78 First Sol. Stand!

1 At hand—In hand.

2 Endure the bloody spur—Here seems to mean "respond to
the spur."
Scene III. JULIUS CAESAR

Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. 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.
Cas.
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. 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.

Scene III. Brutus' tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. 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. ³
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; ⁴

¹ Griefs—Grievances.
² Enlarge—Enlarge upon.
³ Slighted off—Slighted.
⁴ Nice—Trifling, petty.
⁵ Condemn'd to have an itching palm—Condemned as being avaricious.
To sell and mart your offices for gold
115 To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
120 Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
125 I had rather be a dog, and bay¹ the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay 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
130 To make conditions:
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
135 Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
140 Bru. 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

¹ Bay—Bark at.
Scene III]  

JULIUS CÆSAR

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.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. 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.

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

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

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

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

Bru. 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\(^1\): 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\(^2\) counters from his friends

\(^1\) Indirection—Dishonest practice, compare crookedness.

\(^2\) Rascal—Worthless.
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. 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.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.

Bru. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Cas. A flatterer’s would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. 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 note-book, learn’d, and conn’d by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus’ mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be’st 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.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.³
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

And straight is cold again.

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

¹ Plutus—Pluto, the god of riches.
² Shall be humour—Shall be considered humour or whim.
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

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

_Cas._ Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

_Bru._ And my heart too.

_Cas._ O Brutus!

_Bru._ What's the matter?

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

_Bru._ Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

_Poet. [Within]_ Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not meet
They be alone.

_Lucil. [Within]_ You shall not come to them.

_Poet. [Within]_ Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.*

_Cas._ How now! what's the matter?

_Poet._ For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

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

_Cas._ Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

_Bru._ Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

_Cas._ Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

_Bru._ I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigg'ing'' fools?

*Companion,* hence!

_Cas._ Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.]

_Bru._ Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

_Cas._ And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

_Bru._ Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit Lucius.]

_Cas._ I did not think you could have been so angry.

_Bru._ O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

_Cas._ Of your philosophy you make no use,

1 Jigg'ing—Rhyming.

2 Companion—Fellow.
If you give place to accidental evils.
250  
*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
*Cas.* Ha! Portia!
*Bru.* She is dead.
*Cas.* How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
255 Upon what sickness?
  
*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,
And grief¹ that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
260  
*Cas.* And died so?
*Bru.* Even so.
*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

_Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper._

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
265 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
*Bru.* Come in, Titinius!  
  
_[Exit Lucius._

_Re-enter Titinius with Messala._

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?
*Bru.* No more, I pray you.
270 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.
  
_Mes._ Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
275  
*Bru.* With what addition?
  
_Mes._ That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

¹ And grief—If the noun were made the participle **grieved**, the passage would be simplified.
Scene III]  JULIUS CAESAR

Have put to death an hundred senators.
   Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
   Cas. Cicero one!
   Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
   Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
   I have the patience to endure it now.
   Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
   Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
   Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
   Of marching to Philippi presently?
   Cas. I do not think it good.
   Bru. Your reason?
   Cas. This it is:
   'T is better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
   Bru. 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-add'd, and encouraged;

1 Offence—Harm.
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

_Cas._ Hear me, good brother.

_Bru._ 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.

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

_Bru._ The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard^1 with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

_Cas._ No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

_Bru._ Lucius! [Enter Lucius.] My gown. [Exit Lucius.]
Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

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

_Bru._ Every thing is well.

_Cas._ Good night, my lord.

_Bru._ Good night, good brother.

_Tit. Mes._ Good night, Lord Brutus.

_Bru._ Farewell, every one.

^[1] Niggard—A verb, to treat in a niggardly manner.
Scene III]

JULIUS CAESAR

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

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

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

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

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

[Lvar. and Clau. lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. 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?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

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

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[Music, and a song.

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st 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.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?^1
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Brut. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brut. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brut. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
I'll spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Brut. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?
Brut. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brut. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Brut. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [To Var.]

Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Brut. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Brut. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

^1 Stare—Project stiffly, stand on end.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I. The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony and their Army.

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

Ant. Tut, I am in their thoughts, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could not 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.

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

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

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

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius,
Ttinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

1 Battles—Troops.
2 Warn—Challenge.
3 Fearful bravery—A show of courage, where there is fear.
4 Bloody sign of battle—A red flag called veilum.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

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

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

Ant. Not stingless too?
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. 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 Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou brings't them with thee.

1 Hybla—Three towns of this name in Sicily noted for their honey.
2 Till another Cæsar, etc.—Till another Cæsar falls slain by traitors.
Scone

[Image 0x0 to 464x662]

JULIUS CAESAR

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

Brus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,\(^1\) Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless\(^2\) of such honour, Join'c: with a masker and a reveller! Ant. Old Cassius still!

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


Mes. [Standing forth] What says my general? Cas. Messala, This is my birth-day; as this very day Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala: Be thou my witness that against my will, As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set Upon one battle all our liberties. You know that I held Epicurus strong\(^3\) And his opinion: now I change my mind, And partly credit things that do presage. Coming from Sardis, on our former\(^4\) ensign Two mighty eagles fell,\(^5\) 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,

\(^1\) Strain—Race. 
\(^2\) Worthless—Unworthy. 
\(^3\) Held Epicurus strong—Strongly favoured the views of Epicurus, who did not believe in supernatural intervention in human affairs. 
\(^4\) Former—Foremost. 
\(^5\) Fell—Alighted.
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.

Mes. Believe not so.

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

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

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

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato\(^1\) for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent\(^2\)
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay\(^3\) the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph

Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

\(^1\) Cato—He fought on the side of Pompey against Caesar, and killed himself at Utica after the defeat at Thapsus. Brutus blamed him and would not do as he did.

\(^2\) Prevent—Anticipate.

\(^3\) Stay—Await.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

    Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

    Bru. 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.

SCENE II. The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

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

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

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

    Tit. 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.

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

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

    Tit. They are, my lord.

    Cas. Titinius, if thou loveth 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.

_Tit._ I will be here again, even with a thought.
_Cas._ 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?

_Pin._ [Above] O my lord!
_Cas._ What news?

_Pin._ [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.

_Cas._ 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 Cæsar’s bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;¹
And, when my face is cover’d, as ‘t is now,
Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Cæsar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill’d thee.

_Pin._ So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

_Dies._

_Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him._

¹_Hilts—See “funerals,” V, iii, 237._
Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
   Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
   Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
   Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
   Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
   Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
   Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
   Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
   Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Kills himself].

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Bru. Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

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, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting; Soldiers of both armies; then

Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

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

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend,
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Scene V

JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [Exit. 350

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

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

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

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

First Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

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

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe; Give him all kindness: I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is chanced. [Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

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

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers.
280  Cli. What, I, my lord?  No, not for all the world.
    Bru. Peace then: no words.
    Cli.  I'll rather kill myself.
    Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
    Cli. O Dardanius!
    Dar. O Clitus!
    Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
    Dar. To kill him, Clitus.  Look, he meditates.
    Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
    That it runs over even at his eyes.
    Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
    Vol. What says my lord?
    Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
    The ghost of Cæsar 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.
    Vol. Not so, my lord.
    Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
    Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
    Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
    It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
    Than tarry till they push us.  Good Volumnius,
    Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
    Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
    Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
    Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord,
    [Alarum still. 

    Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
    Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
    Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
    Farewell to thee, too, Strato.  Countrymen,
    My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
    I found no man but he was true to me.
    I shall have glory by this losing day
    More than Octavius and Mark Antony
    By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
    So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

1 Beat us to the pit—A hunting term.
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

*Alarum. Cry within, “Fly, fly, fly!”*

*Clit. Fly, my lord, fly.*

*Brut. Hence! I will follow.*

*[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

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

*Brut. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.] Cæsar,*

now be still:

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

*[Dies.*


*Oct. What man is that?*

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

*Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:*

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

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

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

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

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

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

*Oct. Do so, good Messala.*

*Mes. How did my master, Strato?*

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

*Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,*

That did the latest service to my master.

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

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

1 Snatch—Smack.
2 Prefer—Recommend.
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all,\(^1\) made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd\(^2\) in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

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

\(^1\) Common good to all—For the common good of all.
\(^2\) The elements so mixed—The ancients believed that man was composed of four elements, air, earth, fire, and water. In Brutus they were properly blended.