ACT I

ACT I SCENE I. Rome. A street.

[Concept: Flavius and Marullus appear with microphones, possibly at a desk and possibly on the street. They are political pundits, modern “tribunes” whose show and views are often confrontational.]

[Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a Throng of Citizens.]

FLAVIUS.
Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What trade art thou?

FIRST CITIZEN.
Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS.
Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?--
You, sir; what trade are you?

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

MARULLUS.
But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt CITIZENS.]

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

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

FLAVIUS.
It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exeunt.]

The legionnaires grab these guys up at the end of the scene.
ACT I SCENE II. The same. A public place.

[Concept: Caesar and his entourage enter a public celebration. Conspirators lag behind, plotting.]

[Enter, in procession, with music, Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.]

[Music.]

SOOTHSAYER.
Caesar!

CAESAR.
Ha! Who calls?

CASCA.
Bid every noise be still.--Peace yet again!

[Music ceases.]

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

SOOTHSAYER.
Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR.
What man is that?

BRUTUS.
A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR.
Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS.
Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

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

SOOTHSAYER.
Beware the Ides of March.

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

[Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.]
CASSIUS.
Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

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

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS.
Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[Flourish and shout.]

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

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

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

CASSIUS.
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
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!
and this man
Is now become a god: and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, “Give me some drink, Titinius,”
As a sick girl.--Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

[Shout. Flourish.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Re-enter Caesar and his Train.]

BRUTUS.
Look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:

CASSIUS.
Casca will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS.
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.

CASSIUS.
Casca will tell us what the matter is.

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

ANTONY.
Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;

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

[Exeunt Caesar and his Train. Casca stays.]

CASCA.
Would you speak with me?

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

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

BRUTUS.
I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA.
Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him,
he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the
people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS.
What was the second noise for?

CASCA.
Why, for that too.

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

CASCA.
Why, for that too.

BRUTUS.
Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

CASSIUS.
Who offer'd him the crown?

CASCA.
Why, Antony.

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

CASCA.
I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was
mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a
crown;--yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these
coronets;--and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all
that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar, for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS.
What, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA.
He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS.
'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

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

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

BRUTUS.
What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA.
When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS.
And, after that he came, thus sad away?

CASCA.
Ay.

CASSIUS.
Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA.
Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS.
To what effect?

CASCA.
Nay, 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.

CASSIUS.
Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA.
No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS.
Will you dine with me tomorrow?

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

CASSIUS.
Good; I will expect you.

CASCA.
Do so; farewell both.

[Exit CASCA.]

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

CASSIUS.
So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

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

CASSIUS.
I will do so: till then, think of the world.--

[Exit Brutus.]

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

[Exit.]
ACT I SCENE III. The same. A street.

[Concept: Similar to original intent, but with contemporary costumes and gesture]

[Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.]

CICERO.
Good even, Casca:
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
Th’ ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO.
Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA.
A common slave--you’d know him well by sight--
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join’d, and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the marketplace,
Howling and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
“These are their reasons; they are natural”;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

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

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

CASCA.
Farewell, Cicero.
[Exit Cicero.]

[Enter Cassius.]

CASSIUS.  
Who's there?

CASCA.  
A Roman.

CASSIUS.  
Casca, by your voice.

CASCA.  
Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS.  
A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA.  
Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS.  
Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze,  
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:  
Now could I, Casca,  
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me

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

CASSIUS.  
Let it be who it is:

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

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

[Thunders still.]
CASCA.
So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

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

CASCA.
You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS.
There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;

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

CASSIUS.
'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.--

[Enter Cinna.]

CINNA.
Cinna, where haste you so?

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

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

CINNA.
Yes,
You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party,
CASSIUS.
Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

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

[Exit Cinna.]

CASSIUS
Come, Casca, let us go, for it is after midnight;
You and I will yet, ere day, see Brutus at his house:
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
Three parts of him is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

[Exeunt.]
ACT II

ACT II SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS’S orchard.

[Concept: The scene echoes modern life in that those in power have comfortable surroundings and have the luxury of considering lofty ideals.]

[Enter Brutus.]

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

[Enter Lucius.]

LUCIUS.
Call'd you, my lord?

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

LUCIUS.
I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

BRUTUS.
It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?--that:
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

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

BRUTUS.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the Ides of March?

LUCIUS.
I know not, sir.

BRUTUS.
Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS.
I will, sir.

[Exit.]

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

[Re-enter Lucius.]

LUCIUS.
Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knocking within.]

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

[Exit Lucius.]

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

[Re-enter Lucius].

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

BRUTUS.
Is he alone?

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

BRUTUS.
Let 'em enter.--

[Exit Lucius.]

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

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

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

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

BRUTUS.
He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS.
This Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS.
He is welcome too.

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

BRUTUS.
They are all welcome.--
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
BETwixt your eyes and night?
CASSIUS.
Shall I entreat a word?

[BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper apart.]

DECISUS.
Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA.
No.

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

CASCA.
You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises;

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

CASSIUS.
And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS.
No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse--
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath;

CASSIUS.
But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
METELLUS.
O, let us have him! for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

CASCA
Let us not leave him out.

BRUTUS.
O, name him not! let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CASSIUS.
Then leave him out.

CASCA.
Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

BRUTUS.
Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS.
Yet I do fear him;
For in th' 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.
'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS.
The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus;--

CASSIUS.
But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
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.

DECIUS.
Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
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;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

BRUTUS.
By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA.
Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.

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

BRUTUS.
Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reason;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
CASSIUS.
Friends, disperse yourselves, but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS.
Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
And so, good morrow to you every one.--

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

[Enter Portia.]

BRUTUS.
Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

PORTIA.
Nor for yours neither. You'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.

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

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

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

PORTIA.
Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS.
Kneel not, gentle Portia.

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

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

PORTIA.
If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato’s daughter.
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose ’em.

BRUTUS.
[Knocking within.]
Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

[Exit Portia.]

[Re-enter Lucius with Trebonius.]

LUCIUS.
Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
TREBONIUS.  
I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

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

TREBONIUS  
By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. For it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on. What's to do?

BRUTUS.  
A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

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

BRUTUS.  
That must we also.

TREBONIUS.  
Set on your foot;  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS.  
Follow me then.

[Exeunt.]
ACT II SCENE II. A room in Caesar's palace.

[Concept: As with the previous scene those in power may consider dreams and superstition as policy statements while others both humor them and take advantage of their vanity. Some things never change.]

[Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his nightgown.]

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

[Enter a Servant.]

SERVANT.
My lord?

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

SERVANT.
I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

[Enter Calpurnia.]

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

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

CALPURNIA.
Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead; Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. O Caesar, these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them!

CAESAR.
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Caesar.
CALPURNIA.
When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

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

[Re-enter Servant.]
What say the augurers?

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

CAESAR.
The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA.
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.
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.

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

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

DECIUS.
Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.
CAESAR.
And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA.
Say he is sick.

CAESAR.
Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?--
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

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

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

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

CAESAR.
And this way have you well expounded it.

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

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

[Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna.]

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

BRUTUS.
Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

[Enter Antony.]

CAESAR.
See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.--Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY.
So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR.
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.

TREBONIUS.
Caesar, I will.

[Exeunt.]
ACT II SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

[Concept: Simple concern, perhaps by a professor or reporter.]

[Enter Artemidorus, reading paper.]

ARTEMIDORUS.
"Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!
Artemidorus."
Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.]
ACT III

ACT III SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting.

[Concept: Politics in action. Senators, reporters, citizens in a crush of activity while plotting, and eventually action, continue.]

[A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol, among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Cassa, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.]

CAESAR.
The Ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER.
Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS.
Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

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

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

CAESAR.
What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS.
Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR.
What, is the fellow mad?

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

[Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.]

SOOTHSAYER.
I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS.
What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS.
Fare you well.
[Advances to Caesar.]

BRUTUS.
What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS.
He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS.
Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

CASSIUS.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

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

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

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their seats.]

DECIUS.
Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

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

CINNA.
Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

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

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

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their seats.]

CAESAR.
I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, 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.
Caesar did never wrong but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

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

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

CAESAR.
What, Brutus?

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

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

CINNA.
O Caesar,--

CAESAR.
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS.
Great Caesar,--
CAESAR.
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA.
Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

CAESAR.
Et tu, Brute?-- Then fall, Caesar!

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

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

CASSIUS.
Some to the common pulpits and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRUTUS.
People and Senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA.
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS.
And Cassius too.

METELLUS.
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance--

BRUTUS.
Talk not of standing.--Publius, good cheer!
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

[Re-enter Trebonius.]

CASSIUS.
Where's Antony?

TREBONIUS.
Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
BRUTUS.
And let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.
Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; ’tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

BRUTUS.
Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.--Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood

CASSIUS.
How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In States unborn and accents yet unknown!

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

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

DECIUS.
What, shall we forth?

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

BRUTUS.
Soft, who comes here?

[Enter a Servant.]

A friend of Antony's.

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

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

SERVANT.
I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit.]

BRUTUS.
I know that we shall have him well to friend.

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

[Re-enter Antony.]

BRUTUS.
Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY.
O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunken to this little measure? Fare thee well.--
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death-hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
BRUTUS.
O Antony, beg not your death of us!
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome--
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--
Hath done this deed on Caesar.

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

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

ANTONY.
I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;--
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;--
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, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,--
Most noble!--in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

CASSIUS.
Mark Antony,--

ANTONY.
Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
CASSIUS.
I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

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

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

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

BRUTUS.
You shall, Mark Antony.

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

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

CASSIUS.
[Aside] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

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

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

BRUTUS.
Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.]

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

[Enter a Servant].

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT.
I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY.
Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT.
He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,--
[Seeing the body.] O Caesar!--

ANTONY.
[Stay, but ] Is thy master coming?
SERVANT.
He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

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

[Exeunt with Caesar's body.]
ACT III SCENE II. The same. The Forum.

[Concept: A very public press conference and series of speeches. Reporters and citizens downstage of an upstage speaker’s platform, perhaps with a podium dressed with microphones.]

[Enter Brutus and Cassius, with a throng of Citizens.]

CITIZENS.
We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

FIRST CITIZEN.
I will hear Brutus speak.

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

THIRD CITIZEN.
The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

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

CITIZENS.
None, Brutus, none.

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

[Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.]

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

CITIZENS.
Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN.
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

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

BRUTUS.
My countrymen,—

SECOND CITIZEN.
Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Peace, ho!

BRUTUS.
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glory; 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 CITIZEN.
Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY.
For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes up.]
FOURTH CITIZEN.
What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN.
He says, for Brutus’ sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
’Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN.
This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN,
Nay, that’s certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

ANTONY.
You gentle Romans,--

CITIZENS.
Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY.
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answer’d it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,--
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,--
Come I to speak in Caesar’s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,--not without cause:
What cause withholdst thou, 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 Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

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

THIRD CITIZEN.
Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

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

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

SECOND CITIZEN.
Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

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

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

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

FOURTH CITIZEN.
We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
CITIZENS.
The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

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

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,--Caesar's will!

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

FOURTH CITIZEN.
They were traitors: honourable men!

CITIZENS.
The will! The testament!

SECOND CITIZEN.
They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will!

ANTONY.
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.

CITIZENS.
Stand back; room! bear back.

ANTONY.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,--
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

SECOND CITIZEN.  
O noble Caesar!

FOURTH CITIZEN.  
O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN.  
O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN.  
We will be revenged.

CITIZENS.  
Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

ANTONY.  
Stay, countrymen.

ANTONY.  
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable:  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; they're 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.
CITIZENS.
We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN.
We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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

CITIZENS.
Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony!

ANTONY.
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? Alas, you know not; I must tell you then: You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS.
Most true; the will!--let's stay, and hear the will.

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

SECOND CITIZEN.
Most noble Caesar!--we'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN.
O, royal Caesar!

CITIZENS.
Peace, ho!

ANTONY.
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbors, and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber: he hath left them you, And to your heirs forever; common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

ANTONY.
Now let it work.--Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!-- [Exeunt.]
ACT III SCENE III. The same. A street.

[Concept: Cinna’s poetry is that of reportage as he is pictured as a reporter covering the riots in Rome. He is in the wrong place at the wrong time.]

[Enter Cinna, the poet.]

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

[Enter Citizens.]

FIRST CITIZEN.  
What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN.  
Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN.  
Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN.  
Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN.  
Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN.  
Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.  
Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN.  
Ay, and truly; you were best.

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

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

CINNA.  
Directly, I am going to Caesar’s funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN.  
As a friend, or an enemy?

CINNA.  
As a friend.
SECOND CITIZEN.
That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
For your dwelling,--briefly.

CINNA.
Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA.
Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

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

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA.
I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

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

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV

ACT IV SCENE I. Rome. A room in Antony's house.

[Concept: Dark, secretive, backroom dealings.]

[Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.]

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

OCTAVIUS.
Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS.
I do consent,--

OCTAVIUS.
Prick him down, Antony.

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

ANTONY.
He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS.
What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS.
Or here, or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus.]

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

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

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

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

ANTONY.
So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender:  
And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head;  
Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS.
Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV SCENE II. Before Brutus’ tent, in the camp near Sardis.

[Concept: Literal plans for battle and figurative chinks in the armor, playing out in an office/hideout/headquarters.]

[Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Titinius, and Soldiers; Pindarus meeting them; Lucius at some distance.]

BRUTUS.
What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS.
He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.]

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

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

BRUTUS.
He is not doubted.--A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

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

BRUTUS.
Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;

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

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

CASSIUS.
Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them--
BRUTUS.
Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle;

ACT IV SCENE III. within the tent of Brutus.

[Concept: Analogy to Richard Nixon’s vision of Lincoln as a grasp for power produces second thoughts and second sight.]

[Enter Brutus and Cassius.]

CASSIUS.
That you have wrong’d me doth appear in this:
You have condemn’d and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Whereas my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS.
You wrong’d yourself to write in such a case.

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS.
Chastisement!

BRUTUS.
Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice’ sake?
What villain touch’d his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
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?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS.
Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS.
Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS.
I am.

BRUTUS.
I say you are not.

CASSIUS.
Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS.
Away, slight man!

CASSIUS.
Is't possible?

BRUTUS.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS.
O gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

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

CASSIUS.
Is it come to this?

BRUTUS.
You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.
CASSIUS.
You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say “better”?

BRUTUS.
If you did, I care not.

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

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

CASSIUS.
I durst not?

BRUTUS.
No.

CASSIUS.
What, durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS.
For your life you durst not.

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

BRUTUS.
You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm’d so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;--
I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

CASSIUS.
I denied you not.

BRUTUS.
You did.

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

BRUTUS.
I do not, till you practise them on me.
CASSIUS.
You love me not.

BRUTUS.
I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS.
A friendly eye could never see such faults.

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

CASSIUS.
Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary 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;
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.

BRUTUS.
Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humour.

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

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

CASSIUS.
Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS.
And my heart too.

CASSIUS.
O Brutus,—
--Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRUTUS.
Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

BRUTUS.
Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS.
And come yourselves and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.

[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

BRUTUS.
Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[Exit Lucius.]

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

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

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

BRUTUS.
No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS.
Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS.
She is dead.

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

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

CASSIUS.
And died so?
BRUTUS.
Even so.

CASSIUS.
O ye immortal gods!

[Re-enter Lucius, with wine and a taper.]

BRUTUS.
Speak no more of her.--
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[Drinks.]

CASSIUS.
My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

[Drinks.]

BRUTUS.
Come in, Titinius!--

[Exit Lucius.]

[Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.]

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

CASSIUS.
Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS.
No more, I pray you.--
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA.
Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

BRUTUS.
With what addition?

MESSALA.
That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
BRUTUS.
There in our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS.
Cicero one!

MESSALA.
Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.--
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS.
No, Messala.

MESSALA.
Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS.
Nothing, Messala.
Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS.
I do not think it good.

BRUTUS.
Your reason?

CASSIUS.
This it is:
‘Tis better that the enemy seek us;:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS.
Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people *twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;

CASSIUS.
Hear me, good brother.

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

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

BRUTUS.
The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
There is no more to say?

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

BRUTUS.
Lucius!—My gown.—Farewell now, good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

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

BRUTUS.
Every thing is well.

CASSIUS.
Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS.
Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS. MESSALA.
Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS.
Farewell, everyone.—

[Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.]

[Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.]

Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS.
Here in the tent.

BRUTUS.
What, thou speak'st drowsily:
Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
[Lucius plays and sings till he falls asleep.]

This is a sleepy tune.--O murderous Slumber, Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

[Enter the Ghost of Caesar.]

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

GHOST.
Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS.
Why comest thou?

GHOST.
To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS.
Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST.
Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS.
Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[Ghost vanishes.]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.--
Lucius, awake! Didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS.
Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS.
Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.

ACT IV SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

[Concept: Large cuts throughout Act V to concentrate on the personal rather than military aspects of the plot. Much of the action takes place in Brutus’ lair/office/headquarters displaying the plans for battle and the aftermath, rather than the battle itself. Wounded allies, sirens and lights come closer as the end draws near.]

[March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and Others.]

CASSIUS.
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.

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

BRUTUS.
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!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

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

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

[Exeunt.]
[Some alarums and excursions are in order.]

ACT V SCENE III. Another part of the field.

[Alarum. Enter Cassius, Titinius and Pindarus.]

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

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

TITINIUS.
They are, my lord.

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

TITINIUS.
I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Exit.]

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

[Pindarus goes up.]

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

PINDARUS.
[Above.] O my lord!

CASSIUS.
What news?

PINDARUS.
[Above.] Titinius is enclosed round about  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.—  
Now, Titinius!—Now  
He’s ta’en; [Shout.]
CASSIUS.
Come down; behold no more.--
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[Pindarus descends.]

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
Guide thou the sword.--Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.]

ACT V SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

[Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and Others.]

ANTONY.
Where is he?

LUCILIUS.
Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

ACT V SCENE V. Another part of the field.

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

BRUTUS.
["Yet countrymen, oh yet hold up your heads."
Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
["O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."]

BRUTUS.
Hark thee, Clitus.

[Whispering.]

CLITUS.
What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS.
Peace then! no words.
CLITUS.
I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS.
Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

VOLUMNIUS.
What says my lord?

BRUTUS.
Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS.
Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS.
Nay I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[Low alarums.]

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

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

[Alarums still.]

CLITUS.
Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS.
Farewell to you;--and you;--and you, Volumnius.--
--Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarums. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"]
CLITUS.
Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS.
Hence! I will follow.--

[Exeunt Clitus and Volumnius.]

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

STRATO.
Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS.
Farewell, good Strato.--Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

[Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and Army.]

OCTAVIUS.
According to his virtue let us use him
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.--

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

[Exeunt.]

THE END