

Julius Caesar

Written by William Shakespeare

Adapted for the stage and directed by Elliot Guerra

“How many ages hence / Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!” (3.1.124-126)

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Draft

ACT I SCENE I. Rome. A street. *Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and two Commoners.*

FLAVIUS

Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:
Is this a holiday? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Commoner

Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Second Commoner

I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS

Answer me directly.

Second Commoner

Indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS

thou naughty knave, what trade?

First Commoner

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with him:

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner

I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon
to old shoes.

FLAVIUS

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

Second Commoner

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

MARULLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen! (*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.

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. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE II. A public place.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer. Flourish.

Soothsayer

Caesar!

CAESAR

Who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

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

Soothsayer

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set her before me; let me see her face.

CASSIUS

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

A dreamer; let us leave.

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS

Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend.

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,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;

CASSIUS

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?
(Flourish, and shout)
What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

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

I 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 child. 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!

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.
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!

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

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.

CASSIUS

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

BRUTUS

I will do so.

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told you, he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped 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 swounded and fell down at it.

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 stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

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.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Good: I will expect you.

CASCA

Do so. Farewell, both.

Exit

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

BRUTUS

For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
Come home to me.

CASSIUS

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

Exit BRUTUS.

Let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

ACT I. SCENE III. The same. A street.

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

CICERO

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA

let not men say 'These are their reasons; they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO

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

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

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

CASCA

So can I:

Thunder still

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
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: But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made.

CASCA

You speak to Casca, Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna; I do know him,
He is a friend.

(Enter CINNA)

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts.

CINNA

I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS

Be you content: good Cinna,

CINNA

Well, I will hie, *(Exit CINNA)*

CASSIUS

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.

ACT II. SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS's orchard.

Enter BRUTUS

BRUTUS

Lucius, Lucius, I say!

Enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS

Get me a taper in my study.

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:
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.

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fourteen 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.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

Sir, 'tis 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

They are the faction.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS

CASSIUS

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; Trebonius, This, Decius Brutus.
This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution. What of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

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 BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Decius, well urged: 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,
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
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:
for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him;

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

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.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; Let me work;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS CIMBER

Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS

Good Metellus, go along by him:

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,

Exeunt all but BRUTUS. Enter PORTIA

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

PORTIA

You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from 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;
Brutus. Dear
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 humor
Of the dank morning? 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!

BRUTUS

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

ACT II. SCENE II. CAESAR's house.

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

CAESAR

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 Caesar Servant

Caesar Servant

My lord?

CAESAR

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

Caesar Servant

I will, my lord.

Exit Caesar Servant. 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!

CALPURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. O Caesar!
these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

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

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?

Caesar Servant

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

CAESAR

The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

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 humour, I will stay at home.
Enter DECIUS BRUTUS
Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS

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:
tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

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,
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 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 BRUTUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
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 BRUTUS

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.

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.

Exeunt

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

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

CAESAR

[To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

DECIUS BRUTUS

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 CIMBER

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,--
(Kneeling)

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
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.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

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.

CASSIUS

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.
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 BRUTUS

Great Caesar,--

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

cry out 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And Cassius too.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

BRUTUS

Talk not of standing. There is no harm to no Roman else.

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

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

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures:

CASSIUS

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

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

Enter a Servant

BRUTUS

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

Servant

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
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.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.
(*Re-enter ANTONY.*)
Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

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

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,
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
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 to BRUTUS*)
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;

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!
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--
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
the hands of war;:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

INTERMISSION

ACT III. 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.

First Commoner

I will hear Brutus speak.

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

Second Commoner

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me!

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:

--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus.

I depart,--that, as I slew my best friend 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 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 clamors.

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:
which 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, and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen

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

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

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.

Second Citizen

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans,--

Citizens

Peace! let us hear him.

ANTONY

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

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

Fourth Citizen

They were traitors: honorable men!

Second Citizen

They were villains, murderers!

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen

We'll hear you, Antony!

ANTONY

You will compel me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen

O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen

O woful day!

Fourth Citizen

O traitors, villains!

First Citizen

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen

We will be revenged.

All

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen

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

ANTONY

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

They that have done this deed are honorable:

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

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

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 Citizen

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ACT III. SCENE III. A street.

Enter CINNA the poet

CINNA THE POET

I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky 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?

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 THE POET

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell?

Second Citizen

Proceed; directly.

CINNA THE POET

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

Third Citizen

Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET

Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Citizen

Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

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 THE POET

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!

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE I. A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS.

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

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

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them

BRUTUS

What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS

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

BRUTUS

Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change,
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 honor.

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,
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS

Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers. All Soldiers salute.

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

BRUTUS

Speak your griefs softly:

CASSIUS

Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

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?
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
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,

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one she loves; braved by her brother;

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger: 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.

Enter LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS

CASSIUS

How now! what's the matter?

BRUTUS

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare.

BRUTUS

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Portia!

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

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-- swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS
And died so?

BRUTUS
Even so.

CASSIUS
O ye immortal gods!
Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

BRUTUS
Speak no more of her.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,

MESSALA
Octavius and Antony
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS
Cicero being one?

MESSALA
Cicero is dead,

BRUTUS
What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS
I do not think it good.

BRUTUS
Your reason?

CASSIUS
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

BRUTUS

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;

CASSIUS

Then, with your will,
We'll meet them at Philippi.

MESSALA

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

All exit except BRUTUS. Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou 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

Exit Ghost

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius.

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:

ANTONY

Octavius, lead your battle!

CASSIUS

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

CASSIUS

Messala!

MESSALA

[Standing forth] What says my general?

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,
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA

Believe not so.

CASSIUS

I but believe it

PINDARUS

Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
He's ta'en.

CASSIUS

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

PINDARUS descends

Come hither, sirrah:
Come now, keep thine oath;
with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, take thou the hilts;
Guide thou the sword.

PINDARUS stabs him

Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

Dies

PINDARUS Exits. Re-enter soldiers.

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth Cassius' body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder!

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, let us to the field.
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt

First Soldier

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

Enter ANTONY

ANTONY

Where is he Brutus? alive or dead,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.

Exeunt

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

BRUTUS

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

CLITUS

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

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Clitus:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS

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

CLITUS

Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but Caesar was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

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

CLITUS

Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.

BRUTUS

Runs on his sword

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

Dies. Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and the army.

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt

The End