

Class
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English Literature

JULIUS CAESAR

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Class XI



Board of Secondary Education Ajmer, Rajasthan

TEXTBOOK DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE

JULIUS CAESAR

Class XI

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The editors and the Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan, Ajmer express their thankfulness and indebtedness to the authors whose invaluable creations have been included in this book.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

As per the directive of the State Government, Board of the Secondary Education, Rajasthan has manifested some modifications in the existing syllabus which caters to the cultural, historical and social ethos at the State and at the National level. This task has been accomplished in order to provide the students; a contemporary approach guided with the experiences of the past which will strengthen the roots of their academic venture for the future.

Under this Enterprise, textbooks have been prepared for the session 2020-21 for the students of XI standard who are pursuing their education in the schools affiliated to the Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan.

Besides, providing a holistic study in the frame of cultural, historical and social backdrop of the concerned topics, the prescribed book include data-based information, factual details and practice exercises in an efficient manner. This aims to promote creative thinking, logical analysis and practical experience among students which will expand the horizon of their vision and knowledge.

I, therefore, on my behalf and on the behalf of the Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan extend my gratitude to the visionary writers and Rajasthan State Text Book Board for rendering their co-operation in this endeavour to undertake the salient work of text book compilation and further look forward to receive similar support and dedication in the future.



Prof. D. P. Jaroli
Chairman,
Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan, Ajmer.

Preface

How many of our students ask: What is literature? What are the benefits of reading literature? If they don't, shouldn't they be motivated to make such a meaningful inquiry? And shouldn't our teachers be ready to answer? To the first question, several answers are available. Perhaps, the simplest of them is: Literature is an expression of human experience which involves all kinds of emotion, feeling, and thought. To answer the second question, we might refer to what literature does: it entertains, enlightens, and exalts us. Teachers can, however, help their students explore more comprehensive answers. What about the language of literature? Certainly, it is different from that of science and social sciences. It consists of strange combinations of words that surprise us or grab our attention.

Students might also ask their teachers: Why should we study Shakespeare? What is so unique about him as a literary writer, especially as a playwright? No one can deny the popularity of Shakespeare's plays. He wrote them about 400 years ago, over a period of two decades. Yet what he wrote is both for his time and for all times. Men and women around us today, with their hopes and disappointments, their desires and frustrations, their loyalties and betrayals, and their struggles can be identified with the characters of his plays. The themes of Shakespeare's plays—love, honour, betrayal, envy, jealousy, fear, pride, lust, grief—are all issues that matter to us in our own time. These are in fact universal issues.

Also, students might be keen to know: Why is it important to study *Julius Caesar*? In fact, *Julius Caesar* is one of Shakespeare's early history plays. It can also be labelled as a tragedy. As the vanguard of the Shakespeare canon, the play deals with timeless issues and concepts like vaulting ambition, loyalty, friendship, deception, political manipulation, power struggle, and leadership. Students can see parallels to current events, historical events, and events in personal life.

The book offers a brief introduction to William Shakespeare's life and works, the source of *Julius Caesar*, the plot overview, synopsis, themes, and main characters of the play. To facilitate students' understanding, scene-wise notes to the text and certain exercises are appended. The exercises include both close and open-ended questions. These are multiple choice questions, short-answer questions, long-answer questions, and questions on explanation of extracts from the text with reference to the context.

Suggestions from teachers and students for improvement of the book are welcome.

**PROF. (DR.) G. M. MEHTA
DR. PARITOSH CHANDRA DUGAR**

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Introduction

William Shakespeare's Life

A celebrated English poet, playwright, and actor, William Shakespeare, also called the Bard of Avon, was born in 1564 in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England. His father, John Shakespeare, was a rich glove maker and reputed man of the town. John married Arden, and they had eight children. Since their two daughters died in infancy, William became their eldest son.

At the age of sixteen, William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway of twenty-six years, with whom he had three children: Susanna and twins, Hamnet and Judith.

Sometime between 1585 and 1592, Shakespeare began to achieve great success in London as an actor, writer, and part owner of a theatre troupe called Lord Chamberlain's (later, the King's Men). In 1599, he and his business partner built the famous Globe Theatre.

Very little is known for certain about William Shakespeare. The information hitherto available comes from registrar records, court records, wills, marriage certificates and his tombstone in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is believed that around 1613, when he was 49, Shakespeare retired to Stratford where he died after three years as an extremely wealthy man. Shakespeare's birthday is celebrated on 23 April which is also assumed to be the date he passed away in 1616.

William Shakespeare's Works

Shakespeare's works include 37 plays, 2 narrative poems, 154 sonnets, and a variety of other poems.

Shakespeare's plays are generally categorised into four types: Histories, Comedies, Tragedies, and Tragicomedies. While the exact chronology of these plays, written over the course of two decades, from 1590 to 1613, has not been fully determined, it can be said that most histories and comedies, with the exception of *Romeo and Juliet*, were written in the early period (before 1600). The most notable of histories are: *Henry V* (Parts I, II and III), *Richard II*, and *Julius Caesar*. Shakespeare's most popular comedies are: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. Other plays written before 1600 also include *Titus Andronicus*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *King John*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In his later period (after 1600), Shakespeare wrote popular tragedies like *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

In his final period, Shakespeare composed several tragicomedies. Among these are *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. Other plays written during this period include *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Timon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Pericles*, and *Henry VIII*.

The play, *Julius Caesar*

Source

It is believed that Shakespeare based his play *Julius Caesar* almost on Thomas North's English translation of Plutarch's *Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans*. The text is filled with accounts of important historical personalities, serving as a great source material for dramatic scripts. Shakespeare altered and modified the historical material to suit his own purpose as a playwright. To write a stageable play, he compressed the timing of the events related to Caesar's tragic death into a few scenes. The timeline of the actual events from Roman history is as follows:

100 B.C.	Birth of Julius Caesar.
49 B.C.	Civil war between Pompey and Caesar.
48 B.C.	Caesar defeats and kills Pompey at Pharsalus.
47 B.C.	Caesar wins at Zela and Asia Minor.
46-45 B.C.	Caesar defeats Pompeians in Africa and Spain.
44 B.C.	Caesar's triumphant return to Rome on January 26. Caesar refuses crown at the Lupercalia held on February 5. The conspirators assassinate Caesar on March 15 at the Senate. The Senate pardons the act of killing Caesar on March 17. Antony's speech at Caesar's funeral on March 20. Brutus, Cassius, and the other conspirators flee Rome on account of the public fury incited against them by Antony's speech.
43 B.C.	Octavius Caesar (heir to Julius Caesar) arrives Rome. The Senate declares war against Antony. Octavius breaches the Senate and joins hands with Antony and Lepidus.
42 B.C.	Brutus's and Cassius's defeat at the battle of Philippi. Their deaths by suicide.
31 B.C.	Octavius defeats Antony in the battle of Actium and becomes the ruler of the Roman empire.
30 B.C.	Death of Antony by suicide.

Plot overview

In Rome, people are celebrating Julius Caesar's triumphant return from war with Pompey's sons. A soothsayer warns Caesar that the ides of March (the fifteenth day of March) will be dangerous for him. Motivated by jealousy and self-interest, Caius Cassius, a senator, conspires to kill Caesar and tempts Caesar's friend, Marcus Brutus, to join in the conspiracy. For fear that Caesar's rise to power and his coronation as king will destroy long-cherished republican institutions and ideals, Brutus joins the conspirators.

On the ides of March, Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, pleads her husband to stay home as she has had nightmares and omens, suggesting Caesar's death. But when Decius Brutus, one of the conspirators, persuades Caesar by saying that the senators plan to

crown him, Caesar ignores his wife's pleas and decides to go to the Senate-House (the Capitol). On the way, he sets aside the other attempts to warn him of the conspiracy. At the Senate-House, the conspirators surround Caesar and stab him to death. Mark Antony, Caesar's loyal friend, apparently does not react against the murderers but decides to avenge his friend's death. He begs for Brutus's permission to speak at Caesar's funeral. Here, Antony, by describing Caesar's achievements persuasively and showing the brutal wounds in his dead body, succeeds in inflaming the people against Brutus and his co-conspirators. As a result, Brutus, Cassius, and the other conspirators flee the city of Rome. Antony joins with Octavius Caesar (Julius Caesar's great-nephew and heir) and Lepidus to raise an army and fight against Brutus and Cassius on the battleground of Philippi. In the civil war, Brutus and Cassius are defeated, and they die by suicide. The power in Rome eventually goes into the hands of Antony and Octavius.

Synopsis

Act I

Scene I

On a street of ancient Rome, Flavius and Marullus, two Roman tribunes (judges meant to protect the rights of people), speak to a group of workmen who have assembled to celebrate Julius Caesar's triumphant return from war. Marullus chides the workmen for their misplaced loyalty to Caesar and commands them to go back home. Flavius then asks Marullus to help him remove the decorations placed in honour of Caesar.

Scene II

Having entered Rome, Caesar calls to his wife, Calpurnia, and tells her to stand at a place where Mark Antony as a runner in the traditional footrace of the Lupercal can touch her. Caesar believes that if a childless woman is touched by a holy runner, her barrenness will go away.

A soothsayer calls from the crowd and warns Caesar to "beware the ides of March." According to the Roman calendar, the ides of March is the fifteenth day of the month of March. Caesar ignores the warning. Driven by personal jealousy and self-interest, Cassius, a senator, plots to kill Caesar. He tries to tempt Brutus (Caesar's friend) to join the conspiracy. He argues that Caesar is becoming too powerful. Here, Casca, a co-conspirator, informs the two that Antony offered to crown Caesar three times, but Caesar refused it every time and finally fell down in an epileptic seizure.

When Casca and Brutus have gone, Cassius, in his soliloquy, speaks about his plan to draw Brutus to his side for the conspiracy.

Scene III

During a stormy night, Cicero and Casca meet on a street in Rome. Casca tells Cicero about unnatural happenings like an owl's hooting in the marketplace at noon and rising of the dead from their graves. Here, Cicero departs and Cassius enters. Cassius says that the supernatural occurrences are in fact divine warnings that Caesar is going to be a serious threat to the Republic. Cassius seeks Casca's active support for the conspiracy. In order to induce Brutus to participate in the conspiracy, he asks Cinna to

throw an anonymous message through Brutus's window and leave the other ones at places within his sight.

Act II

Scene I

Brutus, alone in the garden, thinks that Caesar must be assassinated because of the danger of his becoming a tyrant and destroyer of Republican ideals. Here the conspirators meet Brutus, and together they decide to kill Caesar at the Capitol (the Senate House) on the ides of March. Cassius proposes that Mark Antony also be killed, but Brutus opposes saying that it would appear too bloody. When the conspirators leave, Brutus's wife, Portia, enters and pleads with her husband to tell her what is bothering him. At first, Brutus says nothing, but when Portia wounds herself in the thigh, he promises to reveal the truth.

Scene II

In Caesar's house, Calpurnia, having had nightmares about Caesar's death, begs her husband to stay home. At first, Caesar agrees, but when Decius Brutus, one of the conspirators, persuades, he decides to go to the Senate House in spite of his wife's pleadings.

Scene III

In a street near the Capitol, Artemidorus reads a paper which he wants to give Caesar to warn him against the conspiracy.

Scene IV

In another part of the street near the Capitol, an excited Portia sends Lucius, her boy servant, to the Capitol to gather news about her husband. She also inquires about him from a soothsayer.

Act III

Scene I

When Caesar, having ignored all warnings, reaches the Capitol, he is surrounded by the conspirators and killed brutally. Brutus gives him the final and fatal wound. Mark Antony does not openly react against the murderers, but he decides to avenge his friend's brutal death. He seeks Brutus's permission to speak at Caesar's funeral. Despite Cassius's objection, Brutus allows him.

Scene II

Brutus and Cassius enter the Forum. At Caesar's funeral, Brutus gives an impressive speech justifying the act of murdering Caesar. The crowd feels convinced, but Antony outsmarts Brutus through his persuasive oratory and succeeds in inflaming the public against the conspirators. As a result, the conspirators flee the city. Antony meets Octavius and Lepidus to make a joint effort to defeat them in the civil war that ensues.

Scene III

In a street in Rome, the infuriated crowd attacks and kills Cinna the poet mistaking him for Cinna the conspirator.

Act IV

Scene I

In a house in Rome, Antony, Octavius and Lepidus, who together form the triumvirate, plan to destroy Brutus and Cassius. They are prepared to kill anyone who comes in their way.

Scene II

Outside of his tent in the camp near Sardis, Brutus is waiting for Cassius's arrival. He complains that Cassius has offended him and expects an explanation. When Cassius comes, Brutus and Cassius begin to quarrel. Then Brutus suggests that they go inside the tent so that their armies don't see them having a row.

Scene III

Inside Brutus's tent near Sardis, Brutus and Cassius argue over Cassius allowing his men to take bribes. But when Cassius learns that Brutus's anger was due to Portia's death, the dispute ends. That night, Brutus sees the ghost of Caesar who tells Brutus that he will meet him at Philippi.

Act V

Scene I

On the plains of Philippi, Octavius and Antony, along with their forces, await Brutus, Cassius and their armies. When they meet, they blame and hurl insults at each other.

Scene II

On the field of the battle, Brutus sends a messenger to Cassius with directions to assault Octavius.

Scene III

On the battlefield, retreating from the onslaught of Octavius's army, Cassius sends his loyal friend, Titinius, to find out whether the troops marching towards them are friends or foes. Then Cassius asks Pindarus to watch Titinius from a hill. When Pindarus reports that Titinius has been surrounded by the troops, Cassius mistakes the troops for those of the enemy, and, in desperation, kills himself. Brutus laments his death.

Scene IV

On the battlefield, Lucilius, who disguises as Brutus, is captured by Antony's army. Knowing that he is not Brutus, Antony honours him for being so loyal to his master.

Scene V

On the field of battle, anticipating his defeat, Brutus commits suicide by running over his sword held by his comrade, Strato. Antony delivers an emotional eulogy over his dead body and declares him as "the noblest Roman of them all." In good will, Octavius offers to pardon all Brutus's followers and take them into service. He promises an appropriate funeral for Brutus and commands to stop the battle. Finally, he invites his colleagues to join him in celebrating the victory.

Themes

Themes are crucial to understanding *Julius Caesar* as a play, a literary work, and help us identify Shakespeare's own moral, social, and political insights. Themes are in fact

main ideas, underlying meanings, lessons, or messages of a literary work.

One of the major themes of *Julius Caesar* is the corruptive force of power. Caesar becomes so powerful that he is suspected to turn into a tyrant. Cassius himself is so greedy of power that he kills Caesar. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus prove even worse. From the very outset of the play to the very end, we can see how these and many other characters are driven by a desire to retain the existing power or gain more power. After Caesar's triumphant return to Rome, it is feared that he will most likely become a dictator. As the senators don't want to lose their power, several of them, led by Cassius, conspire to kill Caesar. Brutus, in his anxiety to save the republican ideals, joins the conspirators in murdering his own friend. After Caesar's death, Octavius and Antony seek to establish their own power by killing their opponents ruthlessly and defeating Brutus and Cassius.

Another major theme of the play is leadership. All main characters of the play—Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, and Antony—are leaders. They have their own merits and demerits, strengths and flaws, as leaders. The play explores the qualities of good leadership. Characters in the play show power, oratorical skill, courage, initiative, mastery in military strategy as characteristics of a good leader, but none of them is perfect. They are all flawed in one way or the other. It is left to the audience to judge which of them is the best.

There are several other themes such as friendship, fate and free will, superstition, persuasion, and suicide which students can explore and analyse in detail as they make a close reading of the text.

Main characters

Julius Caesar

Julius Caesar is a popular Roman general and senator who has returned triumphantly from war. He is killed by conspirators well before the middle of the play. Though the title of the play carries his name, he is not the protagonist. Despite his strengths, he has some flaws in his character. One of his problems is that he regards himself invincible. He is ambitious too. He secretly desires to become king. That is why he ignores the warnings of the soothsayer and the pleadings of his wife and goes to the Senate House. His ambition becomes the primary cause of his tragic end.

Marcus Brutus

Despite the play's title, it is Brutus, not Caesar, who is the hero or protagonist of the play. Brutus is firm in his conviction and consistent in his action. He always thinks that what he is doing is right because it is in public interest. It is for this reason that he joins the conspirators in killing his own friend. This trait becomes his tragic flaw and causes his downfall.

Caius Cassius

Cassius is judged by Caesar as one who ponders too much and is dangerous. As the play progresses, we learn that Caesar is absolutely correct in his view of Cassius. We see how Cassius maneuvers to tempt Brutus into joining him in the conspiracy to kill Caesar. Cassius is sly as well as manipulative. Unlike Brutus, he is motivated by his jealousy of Caesar's increased power and his personal rather than public interest.

Moreover, he is quick at blaming others for his own doubts and faulty actions.

Mark Antony

Antony is a faithful follower of Julius Caesar. Brutus thinks he is harmless, whereas he proves a shrewd manipulator. By using his art of persuasion, he succeeds in inciting the people against Brutus and Cassius after Caesar's death. After Cassius and Brutus have fled, Antony promptly takes control of the city and attacks anyone who comes in his way.

Calpurnia

Calpurnia is Julius Caesar's wife. She is loyal to her husband and is terribly concerned about his well being due to her premonitions. She tries to stop him from going to the Capitol on 'the ides of March' but fails.

Portia

Portia is Marcus Brutus's wife. She is a keen observer and resolute in her purpose. She is determined to know the inner conflict of her husband. Eventually, she wounds herself to morally force him to tell the truth about the conspiracy. Unlike Calpurnia, Portia cannot remain passive when her husband ignores her concerns.

The List of Characters

JULIUS CAESAR

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

M. AEMIL. LEPIDUS, triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

CASSIUS, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

CASCA, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

TREBONIUS, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

LIGARIUS, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

DECIUS BRUTUS, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

METELLUS CIMBER, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

CINNA, conspirator against Julius Caesar.

FLAVIUS, tribune

MARULLUS, tribune

ARTEMIDORUS of Cindos, a teacher of rhetoric.

A Soothsayer

CINNA, a poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Caesar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

The Ghost of Caesar.

Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Guards, Attendants, and &c.

Julius Caesar

ACT I

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* CITIZENS.

FLAVIUS

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

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.

MARULLUS

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

SECOND CITIZEN

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

MARULLUS

What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

SECOND CITIZEN

Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

SECOND CITIZEN

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

FLAVIUS

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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 live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.]

See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
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;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A public place.

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.

CAESAR

Calpurnia!

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

[Music ceases.]

CAESAR

Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA

Here, my lord.

CAESAR

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar, my lord?

CAESAR

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

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[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 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: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd 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 laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.]

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me “Dar'st 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 propos'd,
Caesar cried “Help me, Cassius, or I sink!”
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

[Flourish and shout.]

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
'Brutus' and 'Caesar': what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

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 mov'd. 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.

CASSIUS

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

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR

Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar?

CAESAR

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

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

Would he were fatter! —But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd 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.

[Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, except CASCA.]

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA

Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

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 offered 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 neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

I can as well be 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 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 clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because

Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked
Caesar; for he 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

But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swoond?

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the
common herd was glad he refused the crown, he
plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his
throat to cut: —an I had been a man of any
occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word,
I would I might go to hell among the rogues: —and so
he fell. When he came to himself again, he said,
If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired
their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three

or four wenches, where I stood, cried “Alas, good soul!” and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say 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 to-night, Casca?

CASCA

No, I am promised forth.

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!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS

So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However, he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

BRUTUS

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

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

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

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

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

[Exit BRUTUS.

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

Thy honourable 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 seduc'd?

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

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

CICERO

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

CASCA

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

Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA

A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noonday upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

“These are their reasons; they are natural;”

For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA

He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO

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.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS

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

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

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

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

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

[Thunder still.]

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna, —I do know him by his gait;
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. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA

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

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

CASSIUS

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.—

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS

Be you content: good Cinna, 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.

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

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

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS

What, Lucius, ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

BRUTUS

It must be by his death: and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd: —

How that might change his nature, there's the question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,

And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;

Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

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

[Gives him the letter.]

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

[Exit.]

BRUTUS

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

[Opens the letter and reads.]

“Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, & 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
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 moe with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter 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 honours 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.*

DECIUS

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

CASCA

No.

CINNA

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

CASCA

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

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. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

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

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

METELLUS

O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

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

BRUTUS

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

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

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS

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

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;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol 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,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour: is that the 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 reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

[Exeunt all except BRUTUS.]

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

Enter PORTIA.

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. 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 star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

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

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had to 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 expected 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' mistress, not his wife.

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman well-reputed, — Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience.
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.

[Exit PORTIA.]

—Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

LUCIUS

Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

LIGARIUS

Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS

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

LIGARIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

LIGARIUS

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

BRUTUS

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS

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

LIGARIUS

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

BRUTUS

Follow me, then.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A room in CAESAR'S house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his nightgown.

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 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'd me
Ne'er look'd 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 fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd 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?

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 to-day for fear.

No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well

That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:

And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd 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.

Here's Decius, 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 graybeards 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 bath'd,
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 some one 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 our 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 PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS,

and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome, Publius.

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

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

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

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

ANTONY

So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within;
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: —now, Metellus: —what, 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:—[*Aside*]
and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR

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

BRUTUS

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

ARTEMIDORUS

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

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

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

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA

Prithee, listen well:

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

LUCIUS

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

PORTIA

Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA

What is't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER

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

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER

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

PORTIA

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

SOOTHSAYER

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

[*Exit.*]

PORTIA

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

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III

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

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, 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'erread,
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 serv'd.

ARTEMIDORUS

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS

Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

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

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

POPILIUS

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

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

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, 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.]

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, —

[*Kneeling.*

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 court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

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

CAESAR

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

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. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and 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.

BRUTUS

Where's Publius?

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

DECIUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

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

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 honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd 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.

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's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Only be patient till we have appeas'd
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; —

Thou 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.

Pardon me, Julius! —Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

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 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 mov'd
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except 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—
O Caesar! —

[Seeing the body.]

ANTONY

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

SERVANT

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

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

[Exeunt with CAESAR's body.]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

CITIZENS

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers. —

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

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN

I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN

I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.]

THIRD CITIZEN

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me
for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that
you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and
awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of

Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is 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 enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this

I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

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 glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.]

FIRST 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 into the pulpit.]

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 bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

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 honourable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, —not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O 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, 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 dispos'd 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 lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, bearing 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 honourable 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

You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS

Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN

Descend.

THIRD CITIZEN

You shall have leave.

[ANTONY comes down.]

FOURTH CITIZEN

A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN

Room for Antony, —most noble Antony.

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 resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd 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.

FIRST CITIZEN

O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN

O noble Caesar!

THIRD CITIZEN

O woeful day!

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.

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

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't; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

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

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

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

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

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

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

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

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor 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 deserv'd 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!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS

Peace, ho!

ANTONY

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

FIRST CITIZEN

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

SECOND CITIZEN

Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN

Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens with the body.]

ANTONY

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

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

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

SERVANT

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

ANTONY

Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A street.

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! fire-brands:
to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius'
house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

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 threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS

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

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS

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

ANTONY

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

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS'S tent.

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers;
PINDARUS meeting them; LUCIUS at some distance.*

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

LUCILIUS

Give the word, ho! and stand.

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 receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

LUCILIUS

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

BRUTUS

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[March within.]

BRUTUS

Hark! he is arrived: —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

WITHIN

Stand!

WITHIN

Stand!

WITHIN

Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content.

Speak your griefs softly, —I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
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, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is't possible?

BRUTUS

Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

CASSIUS

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS

If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS

When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

I durst not!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What, durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS

For your life you durst not!

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: —

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection; — I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd 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; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS

O Brutus, —

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS

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

POET

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

LUCILIUS

[*Within*] You shall not come to them.

POET

[*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

CASSIUS

How now! what's the matter?

POET

For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS

Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS

Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS

Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS

I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? —
Companion, hence!

CASSIUS

Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit* POET.]

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

BRUTUS

Lucius, a bowl of wine!

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 taper.

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. —Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[Drinks]

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks]

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius!

[Exit LUCIUS.]

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

Therein 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.

MESSALA

That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS

Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

Why, farewell, Portia. —We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA

Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS

I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, 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 forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Lucius! [*Enter LUCIUS*] My gown [*Exit LUCIUS*]
Farewell, good Messala: —
Good night, Titinius: — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Every thing is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown*.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men:

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS

Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

VARRO

Calls my lord?

BRUTUS

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO

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

BRUTUS

I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. —

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

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down*.

LUCIUS

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS

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

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS

It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS

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

*{Music, and a song, towards the end of which,
LUCIUS falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune: —O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? —Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. —

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of 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

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.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! —Sirs, awake! —Claudius!

LUCIUS

The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS

He thinks he still is at his instrument. —

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah Claudius! —

[*To VARRO*] Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO

My lord?

CLAUDIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRO, CLAUDIUS

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Ay: saw you any thing?

VARRO

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VARRO, CLAUDIUS

It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

OCTAVIUS

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

ANTONY

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

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Prepare you, generals:

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

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS

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

[March.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS

Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY

Not stingless too.

BRUTUS

O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY

Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers! —Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look; —

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd: or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS

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

BRUTUS

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CASSIUS

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS

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

[Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.]

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS

My lord?

[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*

CASSIUS

Messala!

MESSALA

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,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA

Believe not so.

CASSIUS

I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS

Even so, Lucilius.

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 the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determined to do?

BRUTUS

Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: —I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: —arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not, 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. Come, ho! away!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

BRUTUS

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

CASSIUS

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

TITINIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

PINDARUS

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

CASSIUS

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

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if thou lov'st 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 assur'd
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 not'st about the field. —

[*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*]

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

PINDARUS

[*Above*] O my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

PINDARUS

[*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en; [*Shout*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

CASSIUS

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

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*PINDARUS stabs him.*]
Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

PINDARUS

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

MESSALA

It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. —O setting sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set; —

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TITINIUS

What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS

Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. —Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, gods: —this is a Roman's part
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Kills himself.*

Alarums. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO,
VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

CATO

He is slain.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.

[*Low alarums.*]

CATO

Brave Titinius!

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

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these? —

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —

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

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field. —

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on: —

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

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

BRUTUS

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

CATO

What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field: —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*

BRUTUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

*{Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is
overpowered and falls.*

LUCILIUS

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

FIRST SOLDIER

Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS

Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.

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

FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. —A noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER

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

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll tell the news. —here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

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

ANTONY

Where is he?

LUCILIUS

Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY

This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanc'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

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: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[Whispers him.]

CLITUS

What, I, my lord?

No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Peace then! no words.

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Hark thee, Dardanius.

[Whispers him.]

DARDANIUS

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS

O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS

O Clitus!

CLITUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

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 prithee,
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.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

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

[*Alarums. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

CLITUS

Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

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

STRATO

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

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.*]

Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS,

and Army.

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

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

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCILIUS

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

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS

All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

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

MESSALA

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

He only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

OCTAVIUS

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

[Exeunt.]

Glossary

Act I, Scene I

mechanical
wherefore
tributaries
Pompey

sate
vulgar
pitch

Act I, Scene II

ides of March
soil
by means whereof
jealous on
common laughter
stale
protester
scandal
favour
I had as lief
accoutered
hearts of controversy
Colossus

encompass'd
nothing jealous
chidden
ferret
fain
howted
chopp'd
swounded
durst
falling sickness
quick mettle
tardy form
digest
several hands

Act I, Scene III

sway

(here) of manual labourers
why
captive princes who are supposed to pay tribute.
Roman general and one of the triumvirs, along with Caesar: defeated by Caesar in 48 B.C.
sat.
common; people in general.
the highest point to which a hawk flies, from where it swoops down on its prey.

in ancient Roman calendar, the 15th day of March.
to spoil or stain.
as a result of.
grudge against rival's growing influence.
a frivolous person.
(here) make common/meaningless.
(here) one who professes friendship
to disgrace
(here) appearance/look
I would rather
dressed
excitement
the huge statue of Apollo (one of the seven wonders of the world)
allowed room for
not doubtful
berated/scolded
red, angry eyes
eagerly/willingly
cheered
(of skin) reddened and chapped
swooned/fainted
dared
epilepsy (a disease)
lively/spirited
slow manner
digest
different handwritings

to rule

riv'd	split
glaz'd	gazed
ghastly	ghostlike
prodigies	unusual happenings, believed to suggest good or evil
unbraced	with doublet open
want	lack
from quality and kind	(here) behaving unnaturally
pre-formed	(here) natural
thews	muscles/sinews
hinds	female red deer
offal	refuse/garbage
fleering	jeering
be factious	join our faction/group/team
Pompey's Porch	the portico of a theatre built by Pompey in 55 B.C.
element	(here) the sky
praetor	a magistrate in ancient Rome
hie	to hurry/to hasten
bade	bid
countenance	(here) approval/support
alchymy	an ancient form of chemistry, with the aim to change base metal into gold

Act II, Scene I

general	(here) public good
disjoins remorse from power	separates conscience from authority
proof	(here) experience
lowliness	false humility
as his kind	according to his nature
closet	a small, private room
exhalations	(here) meteors
whet	to make sharp/keen
phantasma	hallucination
moe	more
watchful cares	worries that keep one sleepless at night
fret	interlace
high-sighted	arrogant
palter	to talk/act insincerely
honesty	(here) personal honour
cautelous	deceitful
carrions	people near death
several	individual
break with	reveal secret
their servants	(here) our passions
ingrafted	established firmly

toils	(here) nets for trapping
bent	direction
uttermost	at the latest
rated	berated
by him	(here) to his house
put on our purposes	reveal our purposes
figures	(here) dreams
wafter	waving
suck up the humours	breathe the air
rheumy	dank/damp and cold
sick offense	an illness
excepted	unless
suburbs	in ancient times, suburbs were where brothels were situated
vouchsafe	agree to give/grant
wear a kerchief	to be ill
exorcist	one who conjures up spirits
set on your foot	take the first step

Act II, Scene II

stood on ceremonies	(here) listened to omens
whelped	given birth
yawn'd	opened up
purpos'd	(here) preordained
proceeding	(here) political well being
ague	a fever marked by chills
erns	grieves

Act II, Scene III

gives way	(here) allows conspiracy to take place
out of the teeth of emulation	beyond the reach of the envious

Act II, Scene IV

counsel	(here) a secret
more void	less crowded
speed thee	(here) give you success
merry	full of fun and laughter

Act III, Scene I

address'd	(here) prepared
puissant	powerful
law of children	rules that may be changed easily
fond to	be so foolish as to
sparks	(here) stars/comets

Olympus	In Greek mythology, the home of gods
bootless	without any benefit
<i>Et tu, Brute?</i>	and thou, Brutus?
mutiny	uproar
basis	(here) pedestal
thorough	passing through
untrode state	new and unknown state of affairs
fears	(here) mistrusts
rank	over-ripe, ready to be cut down; (here) to be killed
bear me hard	bear a grudge against me
mean	(here) manner
strook	struck
conceit	(here) judge
corse	(here) dead body
hart	a European male deer
Lethe	in mythology, the river of forgetfulness
protest	declare before doing
fall	happen
ope	open
cumber	encumber
custom of fell deeds	commonness of evil deeds
Ate	goddess of discord
passion	(here) grief
issue	(here) deed
discourse	discussion

Act III, Scene II

part the numbers	split the crowd
rude	(here) barbarous/ignorant
his death is enroll'd in the	
Capitol	justification for his death is recorded
extenuated	diminished
better parts	qualities
general coffers	public coffers
hearse	coffin
Nervii	a Belgian tribe defeated by Caesar
dint	impression
vesture	clothing/garment
griefs	(here) grievances
ruffle up	arouse
forms	wooden benches
fortune is merry	fortune is kind to me
are rid	to get free from
belike	probably

Act III, Scene III

unluckily charge my fantasy fill my mind with fears
bear me a bang get a blow from me
turn him going send him off

Act IV, Scene I

triumvirate group of three men to rule over the Roman Empire
prick'd checked on a list
unmeritable weak man/undeserving
threefold world divided three men—Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus—declare
themselves a triumvirate and share control of the
Empire
empty (here) relieved of his load
provender provisions/food
corporal bodily
property a tool
combin'd augmented
bay'd about surrounded as by barking dogs

Act IV, Scene II

familiar instances tokens of intimacy
conference conversation
hot at hand lively in the beginning
jades worthless horses
the horse (here) the cavalry

Act IV, Scene III

letters (here) written pleas
slighted off treated with disregard
meet suitable/proper
nice offense (here) trivial or petty offense
bear his comment subjected to review
itching palm desire for gold/wealth
mart buying and selling
honours this corruption to make the corruption appear respectable
urge (here) push
rash cholera ill humour
observe adhere to
spleen malice/bad temper
indirection dishonesty
rascal counters worthless coins
brav'd defied
check'd reproved
conn'd learned

Pluto	the god ruling over the lower world; (here) mistaken for Plutus, the god of wealth
dishonour shall be human	your insults will be taken as the result of your anger
lamb	(here) a loved person
cynic	(here) rude fellow
companion, hence	Get out!
Philosophy	(here) Cassius refers to Brutus's stoic beliefs
accidental evils	troubles occurring by chance
swallow'd fire	swallowed live coals
call in question	discuss
bending their expedition	marching their troops
tenure	(here) import
art	(here) a philosophical thought/theory
alive	(here) of present concern
forc'd affection	false loyalty
under your pardon	let me finish
niggard	(here) put off/cheat
knave	a male servant
ov'er watched	worn out for want of sleep
otherwise bethink me	change my mind
leaden mace	(here) music makes Lucius sleep

Act V, Scene I

battles	battalions of soldiers
I am in their bosoms	I know what they mean to do
fearful bravery	show of courage to conceal fear
exigent	demanding urgent attention
Hybla bees	bees known for their sweet honey, in Sicily
stomachs	(here) desire to fight
on the hazard	at stake
Epicurus	Greek philosopher who believed that the goal of life should be the serenity of mind and the enjoyment of pleasures.
presage	foreshadowing quality
former ensign	foremost banner
fell	swooped down
ravens, crows, and kites	eaters of carrion
as	as if
incertain	uncertain
prevent the time of life	cut life short

Act V, Scene II

bills	statements
cold demeanour	detached in one's outward behaviour

Act V, Scene III

ensign	an officer serving as flag bearer
spoil	to seize goods by force
even with a thought	promptly/quickly
ever thick	(here) Cassius suggests that his eyesight is weak
light	(here) alight
now be a freeman	be free from bondage
stand not to answer	don't try to change my mind
apt	ready to receive false impressions
Thasos	an island of Greece famous for its gold mines

Act V, Scene IV

bastard	a coward who avoids fighting
only I yield to die	yield in order to die, not to escape death

Act V, Scene V

smatch	taste
entertain	to keep up/maintain
prefer the elements	(here) recommend four substances (earth, air, fire, water)
so mix'd	so balanced
field	a military area away from the post
part	share

Questions

Mark the following statements True or False:

1. Flavius and Marullus tell the citizens to continue their rejoicing in Caesar's triumphant return from war with Pompey.
2. Marullus is an ardent admirer of Julius Caesar.
3. Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, is childless.
4. The Soothsayer warns Brutus to beware the ides of March.
5. Cassius wants to murder Caesar in order to protect Republican institutions of Rome.
6. Brutus does not immediately agree to join the conspirators.
7. Cassius was the first to stab Caesar at the Senate House (the Capitol).
8. Brutus sees Caesar's ghost three times.
9. Portia is anxious to know what is troubling her husband.
10. Decius Brutus and Marcus Brutus are brothers.
11. Calpurnia tries to stop her husband from going to the Capitol on the ides of March because she knows about the conspiracy.
12. Brutus's speech at Caesar's funeral proves more persuasive than that of

Antony.

13. Cassius insists that Antony be killed along with Caesar.
14. The angry crowd in the city of Rome kills Cinna because he is a poet.
15. Antony is defeated by Cassius in Philippi.
16. Cassius dies on his birthday.
17. Brutus finally surrenders to Octavius on the battlefield.
18. Brutus and Cassius quarrel in the camp near Sardis.
19. Antony arrests Pindarus.
20. At the end, Antony praises Brutus after his death.

In each of the following questions, choose the correct answer:

1. At the Feast of Lupercal, Caesar asks Antony to touch Calpurnia because
 - a. Calpurnia is Antony's sister.
 - b. Antony has the magic power to heal the sick.
 - c. Caesar believes that a woman will lose her barrenness if she is touched by a runner in the Lupercal race.
 - d. it will be good for Caesar's life if Antony touches his wife as a runner in the Lupercal race.
2. The ides of March in the Roman calendar means
 - a. the month of March.
 - b. the night before the 15th March.
 - c. the 16th March.
 - d. None of the above.
3. Cassius conspires to kill Caesar because
 - a. he is jealous of Caesar's increasing power.
 - b. he is motivated by public interest.
 - c. he wants Brutus to become king.
 - d. he is instigated by the other senators.
4. Julius Caesar is assassinated at
 - a. a public place.
 - b. the Capitol.
 - c. Pompey's Porch.
 - d. Philippi.
5. Which of the following characters describes Caesar as a "serpent's egg"?
 - a. Flavius.
 - b. Casca.
 - c. Cassius.
 - d. Brutus.
6. Who convinces Caesar to go to the Capitol?
 - a. Portia.
 - b. Decius.
 - c. Antony.

- d. Brutus.
- 7. What does Artemidorus write in his letter to Caesar?
 - a. A complaint against Cassius.
 - b. A warning about the ides of March.
 - c. A treatment for Caesar's epileptic problem.
 - d. A warning about the conspiracy.
- 8. Who convinces Brutus to join the conspiracy?
 - a. Cicero.
 - b. A Soothsayer.
 - c. Cassius.
 - d. Casca.
- 9. Which of the four words best describes Brutus's character?
 - a. Practical.
 - b. Wicked.
 - c. Hedonistic.
 - d. Stoic.
- 10. The conspirators decide to kill Caesar on the ides of March because
 - a. the Soothsayer predicts Caesar's death on this day.
 - b. the conspirators think it is most favourable day.
 - c. the senators mean to establish Caesar as king on this day.
 - d. None of the above.
- 11. Who utters the following words: "Cowards die many times before their deaths"?
 - a. Brutus.
 - b. Antony.
 - c. Octavius.
 - d. Caesar.
- 12. Who is the last to stab Caesar?
 - a. Casca.
 - b. Cassius.
 - c. Marcus Brutus.
 - d. Decius Brutus.
- 13. Why does Antony want to deliver a speech at Caesar's funeral?
 - a. He wants to condemn Caesar.
 - b. He wants to prove his love for Caesar.
 - c. He wants to avenge Caesar's death by inciting the people against the conspirators.
 - d. He wants to prove his superiority over Brutus in oratory.
- 14. Why does the crowd kill Cinna the poet?
 - a. He was one of the conspirators.
 - b. He misbehaved with citizens.
 - c. He answered the citizens' questions correctly.

- d. None of the above.
- 15. Which of the following forms the triumvirate after Caesar's death?
 - a. Brutus, Cassius, and Lepidus.
 - b. Antony, Brutus, and Octavius.
 - c. Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.
 - d. Cassius, Octavius, and Antony.
- 16. What does Pindarus do after Cassius's death?
 - a. As a freeman he runs away from Rome.
 - b. He goes to Antony to tell him about Cassius's death.
 - c. He waits for Messala and Titinius to arrive.
 - d. He also commits suicide.
- 17. Cassius accuses Brutus of
 - a. being a foolish leader.
 - b. betraying him by condemning Lucius Pella.
 - c. being dishonest.
 - d. being a coward.
- 18. Who says the following words: "Caesar thou art reveng'd,/Even with sword that killed thee"?
 - a. Brutus.
 - b. Casca.
 - c. Pindarus.
 - d. Cassius.
- 19. Cassius commits suicide because
 - a. Brutus is angry with him.
 - b. he is a coward.
 - c. he gets wrong information about the troops marching towards him.
 - d. he is filled with remorse for killing Caesar.
- 20. In Act V, Scene V, Antony says: "This was the noblest Roman of them all:" Whom does "This" refer to?
 - a. Caesar.
 - b. Octavius.
 - c. Antony.
 - d. Brutus

Answer the following questions in not more than 20 words:

- 1. To whom are Flavius and Marullus talking in the opening of the play?
- 2. Which festival is being celebrated in Rome when Caesar returns from war?
- 3. What is the Soothsayer's warning to Caesar?
- 4. How many times is the crown offered to Caesar?
- 5. What happens to Caesar after he refuses to accept the crown the third time?
- 6. Why does Caesar go the Capitol despite his wife's pleadings to stay home?
- 7. How does Artemidorus try to warn Caesar about the conspiracy?

8. What is the crowd's response to Antony's speech at Caesar's funeral?
9. Who is Octavius?
10. What does Brutus do when he sees the battle lost?
11. What favour does Cassius do to Pindarus before his death?
12. Why is Calpurnia upset by her nightmares?
13. What does Antony say in praise of Brutus after his death?
14. When was William Shakespeare born?
15. Which book did William Shakespeare use for writing *Julius Caesar*?

Answer the following questions in not more than 40-60 words:

1. How does Cassius tempt Brutus into joining the conspirators?
2. How does Decius persuade Caesar to go to the Capitol?
3. What is the significance of Caesar's last words: "Et tu, Brutus? Then fall, Caesar!"
4. How does Antony turn the Roman people against the conspirators?
5. How does Caesar describe Cassius?
6. What is Cassius's opinion of Antony?
7. Why does Brutus join the conspirators?
8. How does Brutus justify Caesar's murder?
9. How does nature foreshadow Caesar's death?
10. Why does Brutus allow Antony to deliver a speech at Caesar's funeral?
11. Why does Cassius conspire to kill Caesar?
12. Why is it necessary for the conspirators to include Brutus in the conspiracy?
13. What is the role of the Ghost of Caesar in the play?
14. What does the death of Cinna the poet signify?
15. Why does Antony praise Brutus after his death?

Explain the following extracts with reference to the context:

1. You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?
2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.

5. And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.
6. I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
7. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
8. O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
9. 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.
10. 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.
11. '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, defence, and nimbleness.
12. 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.
13. This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.
14. O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?
15. Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it.

Answer the following questions in not more than 300 words:

1. What are the themes of *Julius Caesar*?

2. Who do you like the most—Brutus, Cassius or Caesar? Why?
3. If you were asked to join the conspirators, how would you react? Why?
4. Compare and contrast the characters of Brutus and Cassius.
5. Discuss the weaknesses and strengths of Caesar.
6. What would have been the course of the play if Antony had also been killed by the conspirators?
7. Write a brief note on the role of superstition in the play.
8. Draw a character sketch of Antony.
9. Compare and contrast the characters of Calpurnia and Portia.
10. Who is the protagonist of the play? Why?
11. What lessons can be drawn from the story of *Julius Caesar*?
12. Summarise the speech of Brutus or Antony.
13. Sum up the last scene of Act V of *Julius Caesar*.
14. Describe the scene of Julius Caesar's murder in your own words.
15. Explain the following expressions used in the play:
 - a. Beware the ides of March.
 - b. Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 - c. Let Antony and Caesar fall together.
 - d. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.
 - e. "This was a man."

Some useful words to be used in answering the questions:

Conspiracy	:	a secret plan by a group to do something unlawful or harmful.
Foreshadow	:	be a warning or indication (of future event).
Incite	:	encourage violent or unlawful behaviour.
Instigate	:	incite someone to do something (something bad).
Nightmare	:	a frightening or unpleasant dream.
Prediction	:	a forecast
Premonition	:	a strong feeling that something is about to happen.
Protagonist	:	a leading character in a play, film, novel, etc.
Supernatural	:	a manifestation/event attributed to some force beyond scientific understanding or the laws of nature.
Superstition	:	an irrational belief in supernatural influences.
Triumph	:	1. a great victory or achievement. 2. a processional entry of a victorious general into ancient Rome.