

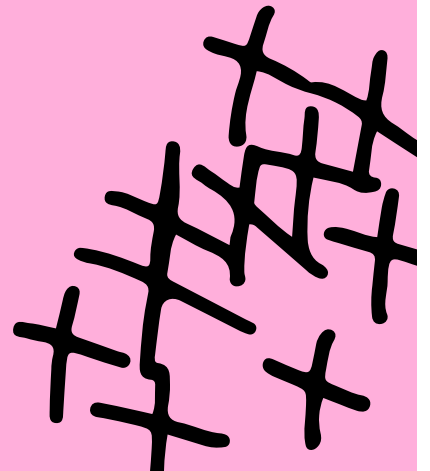
JULIUS



CAESAR

by William Shakespeare
Adapted by Mackenzize Elisa

XOXO



The Life and Death of Julius Caesar

Dramatis Personae

Caesar- Senior and President of the Sorority
Brutus- Junior, a conspirator
Cassius- Junior, a conspirator
Antony- Junior, Caesar's Little
Casca- Senior, a conspirator
Lucius- Freshman, being hazed by Brutus
Cinna- Sophomore, Cassius' little, a conspirator
Metellus- Sophomore, a conspirator
Trebonius- Junior, a conspirator
Cicero- Sophomore, a conspirator
Calpurnia- Caesar's boyfriend
Portia- Brutus' boyfriend

ACT I

(SCENE I has been cut from this adaptation.)

SCENE II. Before the Sorority House

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LUCIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, and CASCA

ALL

Make way for Caesar!
Here comes Caesar!...

Enter CALUPRNIA running in with his phone dinging

CAESAR

Calpurnia!

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA

Here, my lady.

CAESAR

Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Flourish (Calpurnia's phone dings again)

CALPURNIA

Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

CALPURNIA

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

You are too prone to fall for that of stars.

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS into the house, following ritual with secret handshakes and passwords to enter. CALPURNIA exits the other way

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS

Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with herself 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 her eyes.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common 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 queen.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love her 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 she:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade her follow; so indeed she did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this woman
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend her body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on her.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A woman of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Why, she doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty girls
Walk under her 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 she is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one woman?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only woman.
O, you and I have heard our mothers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep her state in Rome
As easily as a queen.

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing doubtful;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute herself a sister 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 we shall soon go in.

CASSIUS

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

They enter into the house

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:
Cicero looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen her 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

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
She thinks too much: such women are dangerous.

ANTONY

Fear her not, Caesar; she's not dangerous;
She is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR

I fear her not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the woman I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. She reads much;
She is a great observer and she looks
Quite through the deeds of women: she loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; she hears no music;
Seldom she smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if she mock'd herself and scorn'd her spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such women as she 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, and tell me truly what thou think'st of her.

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all her Train, but CASCA

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Why, you were with her, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA

Why, there was a crown offered her: and being
offered her, she put it by with the back of her 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 her thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and she put it by thrice, every
time gentler than other, and at every putting-by
mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS

Who offered her 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 her a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown

neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told you, she put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, she would fain have had it. Then she offered it to her again; then she put it by again: but, to my thinking, she was very loath to lay her fingers off it. And then she offered it the third time; she put it the third time by: and still as she refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for she 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 swoon?

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

'Tis very like: she hath the failing 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 her and hiss her, according as she pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true woman.

BRUTUS

What said she when she came unto herself?

CASCA

Marry, before she fell down, when she perceived the common herd was glad she refused the crown, she plucked me ope her doublet and offered them her throat to cut. An I had been a woman of any occupation, if I would not have taken her at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so she fell. When she came to herself again, she said, If she had done or said any thing amiss, she desired their worships to think it was her infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave her 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, she came, thus sad, away?

CASCA

Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA

Ay, she spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood her smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. 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

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 it is meet

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

Exit

SCENE III. The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, CASCA and CICERO.

CICERO

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

CASCA

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

CICERO

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA

A common slave--you know her well by sight--
Held up her left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet her 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 glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons; they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA

She doth; for she did bid Antonius
Send word to you she 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 women.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the 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 preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,--why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a woman
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A woman 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 mothers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our fathers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us manish.

CASCA

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a queen;
And she shall wear her 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 her own hand bears
The power to cancel her captivity.

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor girl! I know she would not be a wolf,
But that she sees the Romans are but sheep:
She 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 woman
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: 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 her by her gait;
She 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 Trebonius there?

CINNA

All but Metellus Cimber; and she'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 her house: three parts of her
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields her ours.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

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

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, sister?

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I will, sister.

Exit

BRUTUS

It must be by her death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at her,
But for the general. She would be crown'd:
How that might change her nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown her?--that;--
And then, I grant, we put a sting in her,

That at her will she may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: but 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns her face;
But when she once attains the upmost round.
She then unto the ladder turns her back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which she did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest she may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing she is,
Fashion it thus; that what she is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think her as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as her kind, grow mischievous,
And kill her in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

The taper burneth in your closet.
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 her the letter

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I know not.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will.

Exit

BRUTUS

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

Opens the letter and reads

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
'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
March is wasted fourteen days.

Knocking within

BRUTUS
'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

Exit LUCIUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
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
'Tis sister Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS
Is she alone?

LUCIUS
No, there are more with her.

BRUTUS
Do you know them?

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter.

Exit LUCIUS

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

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, 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 women that come along with you?

CASSIUS

Ay, every one of them, and no one 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

Se is welcome hither.

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

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 faith of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,--
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every one hence to her idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each woman 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 falter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

METELLUS

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

CASSIUS

Metellus, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of her
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, her 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 her boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve her as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew her as a carcass fit for hounds:
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 her;
For she can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear her;
For in the ingrafted love she bears to Caesar--

BRUTUS

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

TREBONIUS

There is no fear in her; let her not die;
For she 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 she is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion she 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 her augurers,
May hold her from the Capitol to-day.

CASCA

Never fear that: if she be so resolved,
I can o'ersway her; for she 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 her she hates flatterers,
She says she does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give her humour the true bent,
And I will bring her to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

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 love!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my love,
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 she not in health,
She 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 she steal out of her wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto her 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,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what girls 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 love, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not her love.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honourable love,
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 man; but withal
A man that Brutus took to love:
I grant I am a man; but withal
A man well-reputed, Cato's son.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so "boyfriended"?
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 girlfriend's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble man!
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.

Exeunt

SCENE II. CAESAR'S house.

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

CAESAR

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

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 purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

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

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

Alas, my love,
Your wisdom is consumed by 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 she 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 CASCA

Here's Casca, she shall tell them so.

CASCA

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, falsen:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Casca.

CALPURNIA

Say she is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Casca, go tell them Caesar will not come.

CASCA

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 stays me at home:
He dreamt to-night he saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does he apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on his knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

CASCA

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR

And this way have you well expounded it.

CASCA

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 man shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide herself, 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 BRUTUS, CASSIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Cassius is come to fetch me.

CASSIUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome, Cassius.

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

What is 't o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

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

ANTONY

So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, 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 CALPURNIA, texting

CALPURNIA

'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;

come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna, trust not

Trebonius: mark well Metellus Cimber: There is but one mind in all these women, 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,

'CALPURNIA.'

I must go till Caesar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give her 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 run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS

To know my errand.

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

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

PORTIA

Yes, bring me word if she looks well,
For she went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to her.
Hark! what noise is that?

LUCIUS

I hear none.

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

Sooth, I hear nothing.

Enter CALPURNIA calling PORTIA on the phone

PORTIA

How now, fellow: which way hast thou been?

CALPURNIA

At Caesar's house.

PORTIA

What is't o'clock?

CALPURNIA

About the ninth hour.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

CALPURNIA

Not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see her pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA

Thou hast more suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

CALPURNIA

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

PORTIA

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

CALPURNIA

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 woman almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as she comes along.

Exit

PORTIA

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

Exeunt severally

ACT III

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

A crowd of people; among them CALPURNIA. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, and ANTONY

CAESAR

[To CALPURNIA] The ides of March are come.

CALPURNIA

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ALL

Hail, Caesar!

CASSIUS

Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following, except CALUPRNIA

CALPURNIA

[to CASSIUS, sarcastically] I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise, Calpurnia?

CALPURNIA

Fare you well.

Exit

CAESAR advances

BRUTUS

What said Calpurnia?

CASSIUS

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS

Look, how he made to Caesar; did you mark her.

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

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

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:

Calpurnia speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he begged, and Caesar did not change.

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows her time; for, look you, Brutus.

She draws Mark Antony out of the way.

TREBONIUS ushers ANTONY out

CASCA

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let her go,

And presently prefer her suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS

She is address'd: press near and second her.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and her senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER

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

Kneeling

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
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 her,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will she be satisfied.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

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.

CASSIUS

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
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 her rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am she,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep her so.

CINNA

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

CASCA

Great Caesar,--

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS

People and sisters, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

And Cassius too.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

BRUTUS

Talk not of standing. Sisters, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your persons,
Nor to no Roman else.

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

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
Her time of fearing death. Stoop, sisters, 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 women that gave their country liberty.

CASCA

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

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

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, sisters, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
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 woman's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each woman render me her bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Sisters 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 thy Anthony making her 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.
Sisters 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 daughter of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce her body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of her 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 her funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which she 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
She 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 her funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY

Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest woman
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 her 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 CALPURNIA

You love Julius Caesar, do you not?

CALPURNIA

I do, Mark Antony.

CALPURNIA

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.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Romans yet;
Hie hence, and tell them so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try
In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and Ensemble

BRUTUS

Romans, countrymen, and sisters! 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 her I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than her. 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 her; as she was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as she was valiant, I honour her: but, as she was ambitious, I slew her. There is tears for her love; joy for her fortune; honour for her valour; and death for her ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love her country? If any, speak; for her have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

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

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes her body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though she had no hand in her death, shall receive

the benefit of her dying, a place in the
commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this
I depart,--that, as I slew my best lover for the
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

All (spoken overlapped)

Live, Brutus! live, live!

Bring her with triumph home unto her house.

Give her a statue with her ancestors.

Let her be Caesar.

Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

We'll bring her to her house

With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS

My sisters,--

ALL

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

Good sisters, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace her speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a woman depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

ALL

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Let her go up into the public chair;

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

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

ALL

What does she say of Brutus?

She says, for Brutus' sake,

She finds herself beholding to us all.

'Twere best she speak no harm of Brutus here.

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of her.

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans,--

ALL

Peace, ho! let us hear her.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise her.

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.

She was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says she 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 she was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented her a kingly crown,

Which she did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says she was ambitious;

And, sure, she 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 her once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for her?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And women 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.

ALL

Methinks there is much reason in her sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

Has she, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in her place.

Mark'd ye her words? She would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain she was not ambitious.
If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Poor soul! her eyes are red as fire with weeping.
There's not a nobler woman in Rome than Antony.
Now mark her, she begins again to speak.

ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies she there.
And none so poor to do her reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in her closet, 'tis her 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 her sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of her for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

ALL

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

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but sisters;
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 her heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

ALL

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

ALL

They were traitors: honourable men!

ALL

The will! the testament!

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 her that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

ALL

You shall have leave.

A ring; stand round.

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY

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

ALL

Stand back; room; bear back.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in her tent,

That day she 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 she pluck'd her cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved her!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw her stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd her: then burst her mighty heart;

And, in her mantle muffling up her face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is herself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

ALL

O piteous spectacle!
O noble Caesar!
O woful day!
O traitors, villains!
O most bloody sight!
We will be revenged.
Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, sisters.

ALL

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
We'll hear her, we'll follow her, we'll die with her.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet sisters, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt woman,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of her:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir women'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.

ALL

We'll mutiny.
We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, sisters; yet hear me speak.

ALL

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

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

ALL

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY

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

ALL

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge her death.
O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

ALL

Peace, ho!

ANTONY

Moreover, she hath left you all her walks,
Her private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; she 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?

ALL

Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn her body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Go fetch fire.
Pluck down benches.
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!

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street.

Enter CICERO alone, then enter Citizens

First Citizen

What is your name?

Second Citizen

Whither are you going?

Third Citizen

Where do you dwell?

Second Citizen

Answer every one directly.

First Citizen

Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen

Ay, and wisely.

Third Citizen

Ay, and truly, you were best.

CICERO

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Then, to answer every one directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a friend.

Second Citizen

That's as much as to say, you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CICERO

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen

As a friend or an enemy?

CICERO

As a friend.

Second Citizen

That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen

For your dwelling,--briefly.

CICERO

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen

Your name, truly.

CICERO

Truly, my name is Cicero

First Citizen

Tear her to pieces; she's a conspirator.

CICERO

I am not one of the guilty conspirators.

Fourth Citizen

It is no matter, she is friend to the conspirators; pluck but her name out of her heart, and turn her going.

Third Citizen

Tear her, tear her! Come, brands ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Cinna's house, and some to Casca's; some to Trebonius' and Metellus': away, go!

Exeunt

ACT BREAK**ACT IV****SCENE I. A house in Rome.**

ANTONY, CALPURNIA, and PORTIA seated at a table

ANTONY

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

CALPURNIA

Your Brutus too must die; consent you, Portia?

PORTIA

I-

Upon condition Cassius shall not live.

ANTONY

She shall not live; look, with a spot I damn her.

But, Portia, go you to Caesar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

PORTIA

What, shall I find you here?

CALPURNIA

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit PORTIA

ANTONY

This is a man plagued with grief.

He knows not what he desires.

And now, Calpurnia,

Listen great things:--Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers: we must straight make head:

Therefore let our alliance be combined,

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

CALPURNIA

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

Re-enter Portia with a lighter, pacing. She freezes staring at the flame, a beat. Then, exits mournfully

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

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASCA, METELLUS, LUCIUS, and CINNA

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

LUCIUS

Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRUTUS

What now, Lucius! is Cassius near?

LUCIUS

She is at hand; and Cinna is come
To do you salutation from her master.

BRUTUS

He greets me well. Your master, Cinna,
In her 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.

CINNA

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

BRUTUS

She is not doubted. A word, Lucius;
How She received you, let me be resolved.

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucius,
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 her army on?

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Hark! She is arrived.

Low march within.

March gently on to meet her.

Enter CASSIUS and Trebonius

CASSIUS

Most noble sister, 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.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Brutus's tent.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
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 practise, 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 girl!

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 mad woman 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 lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

I durst not!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What, durst not tempt her!

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 her friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash her to pieces!

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not: she was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear her 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 Calpurnia, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is awearry of the world;

Hated by one she loves; braved by her sister;
Cheque'd like a bondman; all her faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate her worst, thou lovedst her better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

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

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 woman bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS

He 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 Calpurnia with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong:--for with his death

That tidings came;--with this he fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS

And died so?

BRUTUS

Even so.

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

BRUTUS

Speak no more of him. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Enter LUCIUS

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.

BRUTUS

Come in, Trebonius!

Exit LUCIUS. Enter TREBONIUS, with CASCA

Welcome, good Casca.

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.

Casca, I have here received letters,

That Calpurnia and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

CASCA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

With what addition?

CASCA

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Calpurnia and Antony,
Have put to death an hundred sisters.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one!

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

No, Casca.

CASCA

Nor nothing in your letters writ of him?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Casca.

CASCA

That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain he is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Casca:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

CASCA

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 her means, weary her soldiers,
Doing herself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

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

There is no more to say?

CASSIUS

No more. Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

CASSIUS

O my dear sister!

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.

BRUTUS

Good night, good sister.

CASCA

Good night, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS. Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

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

Bear with me, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, an't please you.

BRUTUS

It does:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS

I have slept 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

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon she

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 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.

Exit Ghost

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Lucius!

LUCIUS

The strings are false.

BRUTUS

She thinks she still is at her instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS

Yes?

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

Nothing.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my sister Cassius;

Bid her set on her powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

LUCIUS

It shall be done.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter CALPURNIA and ANTONY

CALPURNIA

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.

ANTONY's phone dings, he reads:

“Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.”
Calpurnia, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

CALPURNIA

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

CALPURNIA

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

Drum. Enter the Conspirators

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

CALPURNIA

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Calpurnia.

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.

CALPURNIA

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS

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

CALPURNIA

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

ANTONY

Old Cassius still!

CALPURNIA

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 CALPURNIA and ANTONY

CASSIUS

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

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

BRUTUS

Ho, Lucius! hark, a word with you.

LUCIUS

[Standing forth] Yes?

BRUTUS and LUCIUS converse apart

CASSIUS

Trebonius!

TREBONIUS

[Standing forth] What says my general?

CASSIUS

Trebonius,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born.

The company sings "Happy Birthday"

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.

TREBONIUS

Believe not so.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Even so, Lucius.

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 herself, 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 HAS BEEN CUT)

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TREBONUUS

CASSIUS

O, look, Trebonius, 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 her.

TREBONIUS

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

Enter CINNA

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

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

TREBONIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

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

TREBONIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

Exit

CASSIUS

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

CINNA ascends the hill. The GHOST appears.

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

CINNA

[Above] O my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

CINNA

[Above] Trebonius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to her on the spur;
Yet she spurs on. Now they are almost on her.
Now, Trebonius! Now some light. O, she lights too.
She'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!

CINNA descends

Come hither, sirrah:
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.

CINNA stabs her

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

Dies. Exit CINNA. Re-enter TREBONIUS with CASCA

CASCA

It is but change, Trebonius; for Calpurnia
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
O my heart!

TREBONIUS

Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in her 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.

CASCA

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TREBONIUS

What, Cinna! where art thou, Cinna?

CASCA

Seek her, Trebonius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into her 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.

TREBONIUS

Hie you, Casca,
And I will seek for Cinna the while.

Exit CASCA

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do her 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 Trebonius' heart.

Kills herself. Alarum. Re-enter CASCA, with BRUTUS, LUCIUS, and METELLUS

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.
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. Susters, I owe more tears
To this dead woman than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send her body:
Her funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Let us to the field.
Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt all but the GHOST who remains

(Scene IV has been cut)

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, METELLUS, LUCIUS, and CASCA

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

Trebonius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
She came not back: she is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Lucius: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Lucius.

Whispers

LUCIUS

What, I? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Peace then! no words.

LUCIUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Hark thee, Metellus.

Whispers

METELLUS

Shall I do such a deed?

LUCIUS

O Metellus!

METELLUS

O Lucius!

LUCIUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

METELLUS

To kill her, Lucius. Look, she meditates.

LUCIUS

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at her eyes.

BRUTUS

Come hither, good Casca; list a word.

CASCA

What says my sister?

BRUTUS

Why, this, Casca:

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.

CASCA

Not so, sister.

BRUTUS

Nay, I am sure it is, Casca.

Thou seest the world, Casca, 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 Casca,

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.

CASCA

That's not an office for a friend, sister.

Alarum still

METELLUS

Fly, fly; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

Farewell to you; and you; and you, Casca.

Sisters,

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 Calpurnia and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended her life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

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

METELLUS

Fly, Fly!

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.

Exeunt METELLUS and CASCA

I prithee, Lucius, stay thou by me:

Thou art a woman of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

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

Beat

LUCIUS

Give me your hand first. Fare you well.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Lucius.

Runs on her sword

Caesar, now be still:

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

Dies. Alarum. Enter CALPURNIA, ANTONY, and CASCA. Exit the GHOST

CALPURNIA

What girl is that?

CASCA

Brutus' girl. Lucius, where is thy sister?

LUCIUS

Free from the bondage you are in, Casca:
The conquerors can but make a fire of her;
For Brutus only overcame herself,
And no one else hath honour by her death.

CALPURNIA

How died she, Lucius?

LUCIUS

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

Beat

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

Exeunt