

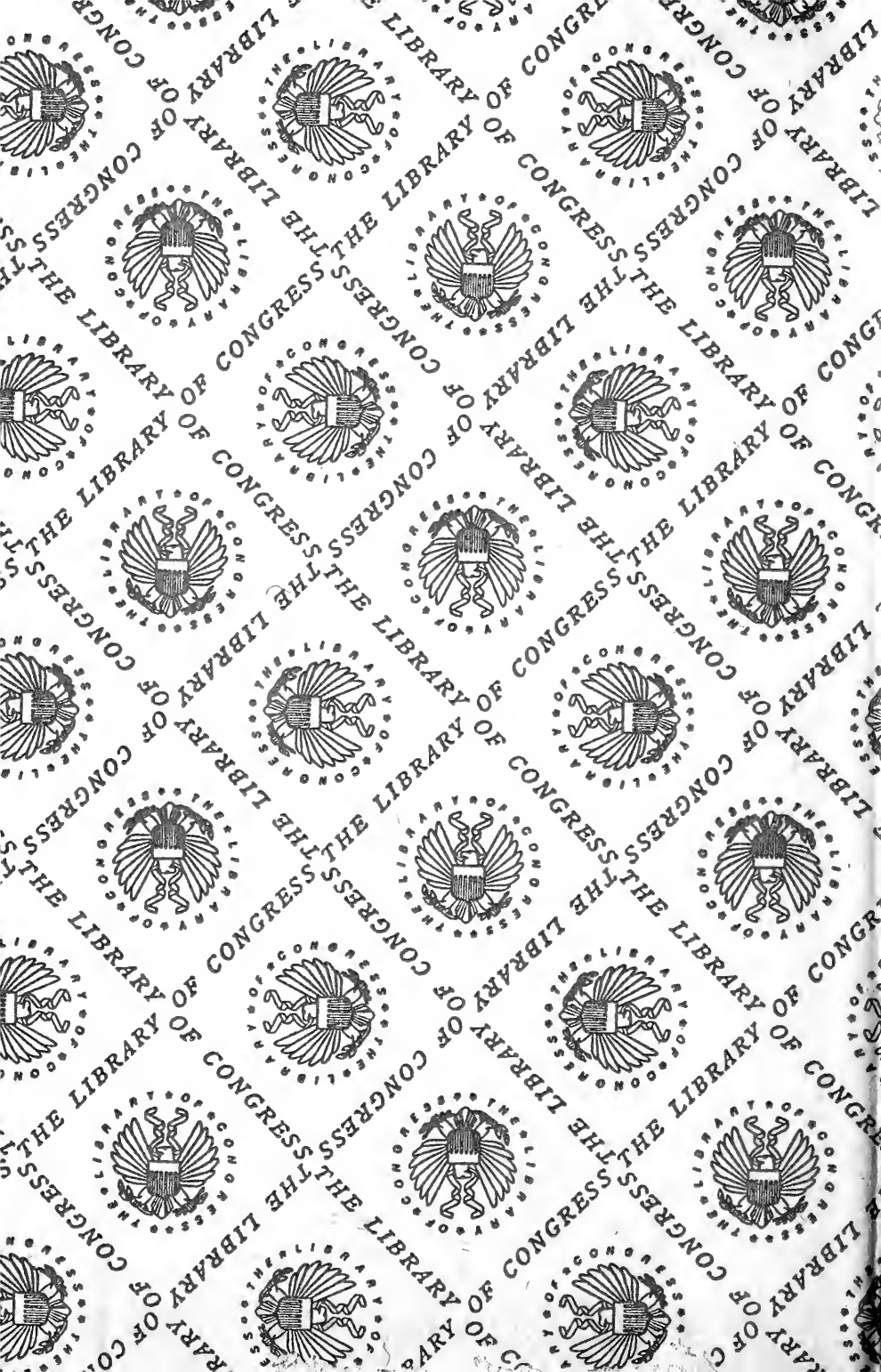
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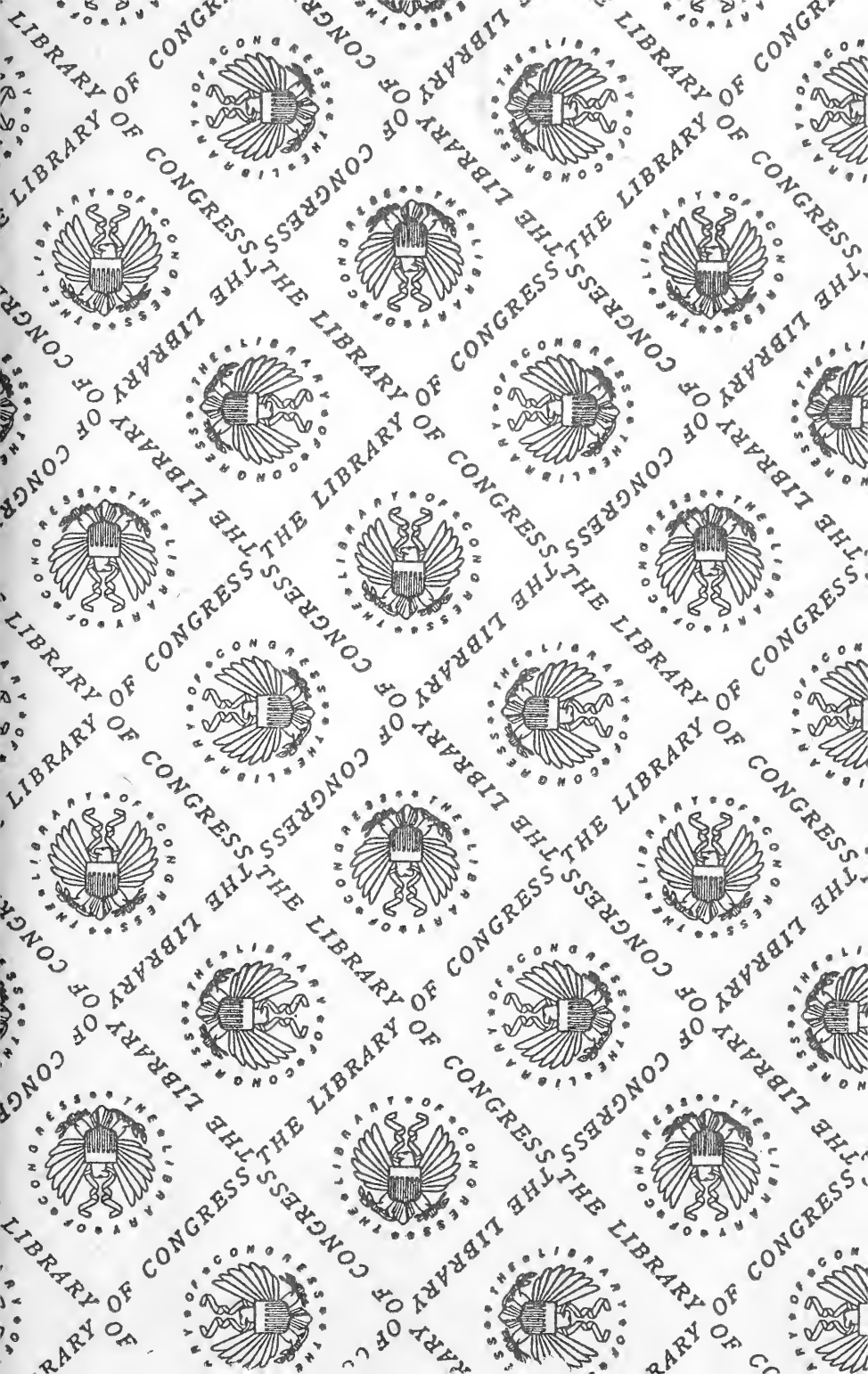
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SHAKESPEARE

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# JULIUS CAESAR

*A Tragedy*

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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# CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	PAGE
I. Life and Works of William Shakespeare.....	7
II. Julius Caesar, History and Theme.	
Date of Composition and Publication.....	9
Sources of the Play.....	9
Theme of the Play.....	10
III. The Characters of the Play.....	12
IV. The Psychology of Dramatization.....	13
V. Julius Caesar on the High School Stage.....	15
VI. Suggestions for Acting a Type Scene (Act IV, Scene 3).....	16
JULIUS CAESAR .....	23
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND COMMENTS.....	123
QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY.....	139



# INTRODUCTION

## I

### THE LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Authentic information concerning the life of Shakespeare is decidedly meager; but perhaps we voice the real significance of his life and dramatic achievement if with DeQuincey we say that he lived and that he died, and that he was a little lower than the angels. It matters little when, where, why, or by whom the plays were written; the all-important fact for us is that the plays themselves form a glorious portion of our literary heritage.

The greatest of dramatists was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, England, in 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a prosperous tradesman and a citizen of such consequence that he finally secured the office of high bailiff or mayor of Stratford in 1564. His mother, Mary Arden, belonged to a good old Warwickshire family. It was probable that Shakespeare was sent to the free Grammar School at Stratford and there received all the regular schooling he ever had. Even in later life he never became a great scholar or bookish man; he read men instead, and so became a powerful interpreter of human character. In 1582, when he was only eighteen, he married

Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior. It was very likely with a view to seeking his fortune that in 1586 he went to London, where he began his career as an actor. In this profession he won little fame; but he soon gained distinction as a playwright. The financial prosperity which accompanied his literary successes enabled him to purchase New Place, the largest house in Stratford, for, in spite of the honors bestowed upon him in London, he still regarded Stratford as his home. In 1611, therefore, he settled down in his native town to spend his declining years in peaceful retirement, and there he died, April 23, 1616.

Shakespeare's literary life may be divided into four periods as follows:

- I. *The period of apprenticeship*, before Shakespeare had reached his full power. In this period belong King Henry VI, Parts I, II, III; Titus Andronicus; Love's Labor Lost; The Comedy of Errors; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; A Midsummer Night's Dream; Romeo and Juliet; Richard II; Richard III; King John.
- II. *The period of great histories and sunny comedies*. The Merchant of Venice; The Taming of the Shrew; King Henry IV, Parts I and II; King Henry V; Twelfth Night; Much Ado About Nothing; Merry Wives of Windsor; As You Like It; All's Well That Ends Well; Troilus and Cressida; Measure for Measure.

- III. *The period of the great tragedies.* Julius Caesar; Hamlet; Macbeth; King Lear; Othello; Antony and Cleopatra; Timon of Athens; Coriolanus.
- IV. *The period of romances.* Cymbeline; A Winter's Tale; The Tempest; Pericles; King Henry VIII.

## II

## JULIUS CAESAR

*I. Date of Composition and Publication.*

Critics vary as to the date of composition, setting it between 1599 and 1608. The period 1599 to 1601 is accepted by many as the probable time of composition. The play was first published in the Folio of 1623 (the first collection of Shakespeare's plays), where it occupied pages 109-130 in the division of Tragedies.

*II. Sources of the Play.*

Shakespeare apparently drew most of his material from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, published in 1595 under the title, *The Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans*. However, although Shakespeare undoubtedly built up his plot from incidents related in North's Plutarch, he did not confine himself strictly to the types of character there presented. For instance, North's Plutarch represents Caesar as a highly noble and ad-

mirable character, strikingly different from the vain and arrogant Caesar of Shakespeare's tragedy. Nor did Shakespeare hesitate to suit time to action, regardless of chronology. As a matter of fact, three weeks intervened between the first encounter at Philippi and the death of Brutus. The poet, however, for dramatic reasons, compressed these incidents into the space of one day.

### III. *Theme of the Play.*

“The triumph of Caesarism” might be called the theme of the play, for, although Caesar the man is overthrown and disappears from the play at the beginning of the third act, still his spirit, more potent after death, is the unseen presence that dominates the action until the catastrophe. Championed by the people of Rome, the spirit of imperialism inevitably conquers the conspirators. Thus it is that, although Brutus is the more attractive figure, Caesar is the dominant force. The sympathies of the ordinary reader are drawn to the character of Brutus, and his interest is bound to follow closely the conflict between Brutus' love of country and his personal regard for Caesar; his decision to sacrifice Caesar on the altar of patriotism; and finally his tragic death. But nevertheless, Caesar, whether alive or dead, holds the real center of the stage and is the triumphant force. Therefore the play is rightly called *Julius Caesar*.

---

*Time.* The time of the opening of the play is 44 B. C.; Caesar's assassination was on the Ides of March of that year.



**JULIUS CAESAR**

## III

## THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

Brutus is morally sound but intellectually deficient. He thinks, but does not think far or fast enough. In spite of the purity of his motives and his scholarly habits, in mental stature he is inferior not only to Antony, Caesar, and Octavius, but even to Cassius. At the beginning of the play, he is the one piece of sound old-fashioned Roman manhood unsubmerged by the rising flood of degeneracy that has overflowed the republic; at the end the deluge is complete. The pathos of his situation is overwhelming, because he stands so utterly alone.

Like Hamlet, he is in a situation that is out of joint. He tries to set it right but cannot. His well-meant but ill-judged efforts, like those of numerous modern reformers, result only in making bad worse. He can act effectively with Cassius no more than fire can mix with water. The unnatural alliance ruins both. Their efforts to reform the Roman state remind one of a clergyman and a highwayman combining to mend a watch. Their plot results only in substituting for Julius Caesar the less noble Antony and the less experienced Augustus, and in plunging the nation into civil war. It does not alter the final result. As D'Israeli says, assassination has never changed the course of history.

Shakespeare's Caesar is not the great man of history. It was not the dramatist's place or pur-



pose to represent him as he was, but as he appeared to his enemies. To them he seems peevish, arrogant, weak. In reality he is the manifestation of an irresistible tendency that has its roots deep in Roman life.

## IV

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRAMATIZATION

The keen observer of children, especially in their unhampered play-life, must come to the conclusion that no game is more entrancing and absorbing than the game of "pretend." The greatest interpreters of child life have always taken this truth into account in their portrayals of children. Frances Hodgson Burnett, for example, has given us the appealing and natural characterization of Sara Crewe, a little London waif, who, in spite of the abuse and insults heaped upon her by the unfeeling Misses Minchin, and in spite of the discomfort and dreariness of her lonely garret, went on "pretending" to the end of the story. The following quotation is illustrative:

"One of her chief entertainments was to sit in her garret, or walk about it, and 'suppose' things. On a cold night, when she had not had enough to eat, she would draw the red footstool up before the empty grate, and say in the most intense voice:

"Suppose there was a great, wide steel grate here, and a great glowing fire—a *glowing* fire—with beds of red-hot coal and lots of dancing, flickering flames. Suppose there was a soft, deep rug, and this was a comfortable chair, all cushions and

crimson velvet: and suppose I had a crimson velvet frock on, and a deep lace collar, like a child in a picture; and suppose all the rest of the room was furnished in lovely colors, and there were bookshelves full of books, which changed by magic as soon as you had read them; and suppose there was a little table here, with a snow-white cover on it, and little silver dishes, and in one there was hot, hot soup, and in another a roast chicken, and in another some raspberry-jam tarts with criss-cross on them, and in another some grapes; and suppose Emily [her doll] could speak, and we could sit and eat our supper, and then talk and read; and then suppose there was a soft, warm bed in the corner, and when we were tired we could go to sleep, and sleep as long as we liked.' ”

The poet Robert Louis Stevenson recognizes also the part that imagination plays in child life. In his delightful little volume, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, we find one entitled “Pirate Story”:—

“Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,  
 Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.  
 Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,  
 And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are  
 at sea.

Where shall we adventure, today that we're afloat,  
 Wary of the weather and steering by a star?  
 Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,  
 To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—  
 Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!  
 Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,  
 The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.”

This innate love of the dramatic is an element in the child's nature which must be recognized and satisfied.

In his school life, too, the pupil craves the opportunity to "play a part." Personal experience has proved that there is no class exercise in English which makes a wider appeal to the students' interest than the presentation of some dramatic sketch.

Aside from the fact that dramatic work gratifies the student's natural desire to act a part, it is further justified for the reason that such performances afford the finest sort of training in public speaking, the primary objects of which are to develop self-control, natural grace, and effectiveness in speech. Therefore dramatic work in the classroom is both psychological and pedagogical.

## V

### JULIUS CAESAR ON THE HIGH SCHOOL STAGE

This play is admirably adapted to high school production. In the first place, its diction is remarkably clear and simple, there being fewer textual obscurities than in any other Shakespearian play. For classes or larger groups of boys it is especially adaptable. The introduction of the Roman mob and the contending martial forces affords an opportunity for many boys to take an active part; the play is full of real action as well as mental conflict, and the high school boy delights in action; and, finally, every act provides a magnificent strug-

gle of one sort or another, and what is more interesting to a boy than to watch a contest, except to participate in one? What a variety of conflicts this play presents! Act I stages the struggle between plebeians and patricians; Caesar's struggle with personal ambition; Cassius striving to win Brutus. In Act II we find a series of mental combats: Brutus' patriotism struggling with his love for Caesar; Brutus' conflict with Portia; Caesar's conflict with Calpurnia; Caesar's contest with Decius; Portia's struggle with her own fears. Act III first shows Caesar in conflict with the conspirators; then Antony matching his oratory against that of Brutus, and his wit against the ignorance of the mob. Act IV shows Antony in conflict with Octavius, and Cassius and Brutus engaged in a bitter quarrel. Act V brings the fortunes of the opposing parties to a final test in the battles which result in the defeat of Brutus, and his suicide.

## VI

### SUGGESTIONS FOR ACTING A TYPE SCENE

#### *Act IV, Scene 3*

This scene is admirable for class work and rich in the variety of incidents and emotions. It may be made vividly impressive if careful attention is paid to the following points: the varied intonations of voice and angry gestures accompanying the

quarrel; Cassius baring his breast for Brutus to strike; the touching reconciliation; the interruption of the poet; the revelation of Portia's death; the entrance of Lucius with wine and taper; the suppressed emotion during the conference with Messala; the fine feeling of fraternity shown in the good-night scene; the entrance of Lucius with the gown; Lucius falling asleep over his instrument; Brutus, weary and disheartened, turning to his book for respite from his bitter and sorrowful thoughts; the waning candle light; and the terrifying ghost of the dead Caesar uttering its mournful prophecy.

### I. *Study the Scene*

After the teacher has assigned the parts according to his best judgment and before there is any attempt to act it, there should be a detailed and intensive study of the scene. The pupils will be glad to interpret the scene in this way if they know that such analysis is the stepping-stone to dramatic presentation.

The notes, comments, and questions in this edition have been selected and formulated with the prime purpose of bringing out the dramatic values of the incidents and guiding the student to a truthful estimate of the characters. Therefore *a careful study of notes and questions is the first step preparatory to acting the scene*, for no one can successfully portray an incident or character which he does not understand.

II. *Speak Deliberately*

Rapid reading has two ill effects: it gives the impression that your understanding of the passage is shallow and superficial; it results in a number of stumblings and errors in enunciation that utterly destroy the phonetic beauty of the poetry. On the other hand, the reader should not dwell unduly on every word, but rather he should study the effect of *judicious pausing*. Having mastered the meaning, he will know instinctively where and how long to pause. Refer to the note on Act II, Scene 1, line 184, for the value of one particular pause.

Study the following line (157) from our type scene:—

*Brutus.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.

The failure to pause after the first statement in this line would represent Brutus as an utterly heartless husband, even ready, it would seem, to drink in celebration of Portia's death. On the other hand, a skillful pause at the point in question would represent Brutus in a heartbreaking struggle with a sorrow too deep and harrowing to be flaunted in public.

*Study your part, then, with the special purpose of finding significant pauses.*

*Class Exercise.* Let several students read aloud in turn the speech of Cassius (92-106), each trying to express the spirit of the lines by observing certain pauses, and reading with proper emphasis and deliberation. The rest of the class may act as critics and decide which reading is most effective.

### III. *Speak Distinctly*

In order to convey the message of the lines to the audience *you must attend carefully to the clear enunciation of words*. Each syllable must be given its separate value, and especial care should be taken to voice the terminating syllables. Be sure to speak the final words in a sentence as clearly as any of the others.

*Class Exercise.* Let several members of the class read in turn Brutus' speech (18-28) with the conscious effort to enunciate clearly, separating the words carefully and bringing out clearly the final words in each thought-division. Endeavor to convey ideas to your listeners by a natural moderate tone and distinct enunciation rather than by a loud voice. As before, let the class criticise the reading.

### IV. *Observe the Dramatic Value of Climax*

Shakespeare knew well that, without climax, sentences, speeches, scenes, acts, or plays would lack dramatic power. Therefore in order to render his lines well you must observe the fine climaxes he provides. Having noted the point of climax in a speech, the student should read it in a way that will indicate the gradual rise in feeling or intensity.

*Class Exercise.* Let several students read Brutus' speech (65-82) to see which can best express the climax by a gradually increasing earnestness of tone.

V. *Read with Expression*

It is said that when Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, was to undertake a new rôle, she *lived* in the part for days, weeks, and months before she acted it. Like little Sara Crewe, she kept on "pretending" and assuming the new personality until it was second nature to act it realistically. In acting a part, *assume to be the character you represent*. In order to express an emotion you must try to feel the emotion. Instead of wondering how you look on the stage, how your voice sounds, or how you are to manage your hands and feet, *forget yourself as completely as possible* and devote every energy, physical and mental, to the purpose of picturing to your audience the character you represent.

The best guide to a vivid portrayal of character or incident is *to see mentally what is taking place*. For example, if the boy reading Brutus' speech (151-155) *pictures to himself* the impatient loneliness and grief of Portia, and the final distraction resulting in her tragic death, will he not express more feelingly the repressed sorrow of Brutus?

Cultivate this power to visualize what you are reading and not only will you express the character and action with finer and deeper feeling, but the proper gestures and facial expressions will suggest themselves, and natural grace will, without conscious effort on your part, take the place of mechanical or awkward gestures. Therefore *see*



*vividly yourself whatever you wish your audience to see.*

If the class studies any scene by the five methods here outlined for Act IV, Scene 3, they will undoubtedly grasp the dramatic values of the speeches and be thoroughly prepared to render them on the high school stage with intelligence and spirit. The amount of analysis necessary must depend, of course, upon the mental calibre of the class.

Finally, let all youthful actors remember Hamlet's sage advice to players:—

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod; pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with the special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

JULIUS CAESAR,	}	triumvirs after the death of Julius Caesar.
OCTAVIUS CAESAR,		
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
CICERO,	}	senators.
PUBLIUS,		
POPILIUS LENA,	}	conspirators against Julius Caesar.
MARCUS BRUTUS,		
CASSIUS,		
CASCA,		
TREBONIUS,		
LIGARIUS,		
DECIUS BRUTUS,		
METELLUS CIMBER,		
CINNA,		
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS,		tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS of Chidos,		a teacher of rhetoric.
A Soothsayer.		
CINNA, a poet.		Another poet.
LUCILIUS,	}	friends to Brutus and Cassius.
TITINIUS,		
MESSALA,		
YOUNG CATO,		
VOLUMNIUS,	}	servants to Brutus.
VARRO,		
CLITUS,		
CLAUDIUS,		
STRATO,		
LUCIUS,		
DARDANIUS,		
PINDARUS,		servant to Cassius.
CALPURNIA,		wife to Caesar.
PORTIA,		wife to Brutus.
		Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.

# THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

## ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter* FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain*  
COMMONERS.

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you  
home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a laboring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? 5

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

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

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-  
man, 10

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

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer me  
directly.

*Sec. Com.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use  
with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a  
mender of bad soles. 15

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty  
knave, what trade?

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

20 *Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

*Sec. Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

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

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

40 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,

45 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 50  
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 55  
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. 60

*Flav.* 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. 65

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 70

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

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets: 75  
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

80 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

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

*Caes.* Calpurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

*Caes.* Calpurnia!

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Caes.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

5 *Ant.* Caesar, my lord?

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

*Ant.* I shall remember:

10 When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

*Caes.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*

*Sooth.* Caesar!

*Caes.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

15 *Caes.* Who is it in the press that calls on me?

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

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Caes.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of  
March.

*Caes.* Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

*Cassius.* Fellow, come from the throng; look  
upon Caesar.

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

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Caes.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course? 25

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* 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 35

Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* 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, 40

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—

45 Nor construe any further my neglect  
 Than that poor Brutus with himself at war  
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
 passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
 50 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

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

*Cas.* 'Tis just :

X 55 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,  
 60 Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus,  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

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

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to  
 hear :

And since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I your glass  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 70 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, 75  
And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

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

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ? 80  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
What is it that you would impart to me ?  
If it be aught toward the general good, 85  
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently :  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90  
As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life, but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be 95  
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 :

100 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,  
105 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;  
110 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Æneas our great ancestor  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
115 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,  
120 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their color fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
125 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  
130 So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honors that are heap'd on Caesar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
world 135

Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140  
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 ; 145  
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 shamed ! 150  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man ?  
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ? 155

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 160  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* 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,  
 165 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  
 170 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  
 175 Is like to lay upon us.

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

*Bru.* The games are done, and Caesar is  
 returning.

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

*Re-enter CAESAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* 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:  
 185 Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

190 *Caes.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Caesar?

*Caes.* 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. 195

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

*Caes.* 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 200

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 205  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210

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 but Casca.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you  
speak with me? 215

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

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

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

225 *Casca.* Why, for that too.

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

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

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

235 *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  
240 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  
245 as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty

night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst 250 not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

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

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless. 255

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

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

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people 260 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.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me 'ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. 270 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: 275 but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar

had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

280 *Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look  
285 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  
290 to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*]

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

*Cas.* So is he now in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
305 Which gives men stomach to digest his word  
With better appetite.

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



To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
 I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
 Come home to me and I will wait for you. 310

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

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
 Thy honorable metal may be wrought  
 From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet  
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes; 315  
 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
 Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
 If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
 He should not humor me. I will this night,  
 In several hands, in at his windows throw, 320  
 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; 325  
 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.*

*Cic.* 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 5

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,  
 10 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

15 *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 on my sword—

20 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  
 25 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

30 'These are their reasons: they are natural:'  
 For, I believe, they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

35 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

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

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

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.* 40

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

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

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of  
faults. 45

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 50  
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 55  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of  
life

That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

60 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,  
65 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  
70 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

75 As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than myself 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?

80 *Cas.* 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 suffrance show us womanish.

85 *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.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then:  
90 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 ; 95  
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 : 100  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* 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 : 105  
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 110  
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. 115

*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.

120 *Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;  
125 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 favor's like the work we have in hand,  
130 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

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

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

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

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

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

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

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

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

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

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take this  
paper,

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax 145  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire 155  
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. 160

*Cas.* 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.

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

*Enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

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

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

10 *Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question:  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
15 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 to  
Caesar,



I have not known when his affections sway'd 20  
 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, 25  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
 Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30  
 Would run to these and these extremities:  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
 Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35  
 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.*]

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
 Give so much light that I may read by them. 45

[*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

50 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.

55 'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated  
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee  
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

60 *Bru.* '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

65 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.*

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

*Bru.* Is he alone?

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

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about  
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

75

By any mark of favor.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

80

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-  
spiracy;

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.

85

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

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

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

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

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

95 *Bru.* He is welcome, too.

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

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

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

100 *Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

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

*Casca.* No.

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

105 *Casca.* You shall confess that you are both de-  
ceived.

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  
110 He first presents his fire, and the high east  
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

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

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
115 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,  
120 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards and to steel with valor  
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, 125  
And will not palter? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engaged  
That this shall be or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130  
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 our cause or our performance 135  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several infamy  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

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

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us good opinion, 145  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not: let us not break with  
him, 150

For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

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

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

*Bru.* 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;  
165 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,  
170 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:  
175 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. 180  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
 For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
 When Caesar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him,  
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: 185  
 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.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190  
 For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet  
 Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no;  
 For he is superstitious grown of late, 195  
 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, 200  
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolved,  
 I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees  
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205  
 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;

210 For I can give his humor the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

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

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

220 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon's: we'll leave  
you, Brutus:

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remem-  
ber

What you have said and show yourselves true  
Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

225 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.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;

230 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.



*Enter* PORTIA.

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise  
you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit 235  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,  
Brutus,

Stol'n from my bed: and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240

And when I asked 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, 245

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 humor, 250  
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, 255  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

260 *Bru.* Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
265 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  
270 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,  
275 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.  
280 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
285 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

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

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife,

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. 290

*Por.* 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. 295  
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 300  
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience  
And not my husband's secrets?

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

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark, one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305  
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.*

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with  
you. 310

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.  
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

315 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

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

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

320 *Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

325 And I will strive with things impossible,

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

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

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

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

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Caesar's house.*

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

*Caes.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace  
to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
“Help, ho! they murder Caesar!” Who’s within?

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Caes.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, 5  
And bring me their opinion of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [Exit.

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Caesar? think you to  
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Caes.* Caesar shall forth: the things that threat-  
en’d me 10

Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies.  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within, 15  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their  
dead;

Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 20 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.

25 O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

*Caes.* 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.

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

*Caes.* Cowards die many times before their  
 death;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 35 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?

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

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 40 They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Caes.* 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: 45  
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible:  
 And Caesar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
 Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50  
 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.

*Caes.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well, 55  
 And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter* DECIUS.

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

*Dec.* Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy  
 Caesar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Caes.* And you are come in very happy time, 60  
 To bear my greetings to the senators  
 And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
 Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:  
 I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Caes.* Shall Caesar send a lie? 65  
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Caesar, let me know some  
cause,

70 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Caes.* The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.

75 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë

Which like a mighty fountain with an hundred  
spouts

Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:

80 And these does she apply for warnings and por-  
tents

And evils imminent, and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

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

85 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.

90 This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

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

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can  
say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.



If you shall send them word you will not come, 95  
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 100  
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is liable.

*Caes.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-  
purnia! 105

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

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Caesar.

*Caes.* Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early, too? 110

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?

*Bru.* Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Caes.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

*Enter* ANTONY.

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

*Ant.* So to most noble Caesar.

*Caes.* Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

120 Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Caesar, I will. [*Aside.*] And so near  
will I be;

125 That your best friends shall wish I had been  
further.

*Caes.* Good friends, go in and taste some wine  
with me;

And we like friends will straightway go together.

*Bru.* [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same,  
O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol. Enter*  
*ARTEMIDORUS reading a paper.*

*Art.* 'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of  
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to  
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus  
Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast  
5 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!

10 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.

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

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here  
again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. 5  
O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do? 10  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look  
well,  
For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. 15  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well:  
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.  
20 *Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the SOOTHSAYER.*

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

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

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

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou  
not?

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

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

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

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

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,  
35 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.*

*Por.* I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing  
40 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.

45

*[Exeunt severally.]*

ACT III

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

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

*Caes.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

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

*Art.* O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a  
suit

That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

*Caes.* What touches us ourself shall be last  
served.

*Art.* Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

*Caes.* What, is the fellow mad?

10 *Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cas.* What, urge you your petitions in the  
street?

Come to the Capitol.

*Caesar goes to the Senate-house, the rest following.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to Caesar.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena? 15

*Cas.* He wished to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

*Cas.* Casca,

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

Brutus, 25

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

*Bru.* He is address'd: press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

*Caes.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

- 35 *Caes.* 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  
40 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:  
45 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my  
own,

- 50 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

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

*Caes.* What, Brutus!

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

*Caes.* I could be well moved, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
60 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: 65  
 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, 70  
 Let me a little show it, even in this;  
 That I am constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Caesar,—

*Caes.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Caesar,—

*Caes.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? 75

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators  
 and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar.*]

*Caes.* Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar! [*Dies.*]

*Cin.* Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80  
 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

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

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius, too. 85

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Caesar's

Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good  
cheer;

90 There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

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

*Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed  
95 But we the doers.

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

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

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

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

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So we are Caesar's friends, that have abridged  
105 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,  
110 Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages  
hence

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

*Bru.* How many times shall Caesar bleed in  
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along 115  
No worthier than the dust!

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

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 120  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of An-  
tony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me  
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: 125

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;

Say I love Brutus and I honor him;

Say I feared Caesar, honor'd him, and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130

May safely come to him and be resolved

How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead

So well as Brutus living, but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 135

Through the hazards of this untrod state  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.

140 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to  
friend.

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

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark  
Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
150 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument  
155 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,  
160 I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no means of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, 165  
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— 170  
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 175  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeased  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180  
And then we will deliver you the cause  
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; 185  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-  
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190

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:

195 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?

200 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;

205 Here did'st 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  
210 Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

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

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
215 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?

*Ant.* 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, 220  
 Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons  
 Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, 225  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* 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. 230

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.  
 [*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do:  
 do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:  
 Know you how much the people may be moved  
 By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon: 235  
 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 240  
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

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

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's  
 body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, 245  
 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  
 250 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of  
 earth,

255 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,  
 260 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;  
 265 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their infants quartered with hands of war;  
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:  
 270 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  
 275 With carrion men, groaning for burial.



*Enter a SERVANT.*

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280

O Caesar! [*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming? 285

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of  
Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what  
hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile; 290  
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 295  
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.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

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

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare  
their reasons,

10 When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*

*Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended:  
silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for  
my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: be-  
15 lieve me for mine honor, and have respect to mine  
honor, that you may believe: censure me in your  
wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the  
better judge. If there be any in this assembly,  
any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Bru-  
20 tus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then,  
that friend demand why Brutus rose against

Caesar, this is my answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar 25 loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here 30 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 35 offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* 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 Cap- 40 itol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with Caesar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall 45 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 50 my death.

*All.* Live! Brutus, live, live!

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

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

*Third Cit.* Let him be Caesar.

55 *Fourth Cit.* Caesar's better parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho!

60 *Bru.* 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.

65 I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

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

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;  
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

70 *Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.  
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of  
Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.*

Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 75

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*All.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them; 80

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. 85

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men,—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 90

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? 95

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 honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

105 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,  
110 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 Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

115 *Third Cit.* Has he, masters ?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

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

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

120 *Sec. Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
125 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 honorable men :  
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose 130  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honorable 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— 135  
 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, 140  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark  
 Antony.

*All.* The will, the will ! we will hear Caesar's  
 will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
 read it ; 145

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ; 150  
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it,  
 Antony ;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?  
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it : 155

I fear I wrong the honorable men

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

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

160 *Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the  
will! read the will.

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

165 *All.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from  
the body.

170 *Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

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

*All.* Stand back. Room! Bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

175 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:

180 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved



If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel : 185

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

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty

heart ; 190

And, in his mantle muffing up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,

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, 195

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, 200

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

*First. Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Caesar !

*Third Cit.* O woful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains ! 205

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !

Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen. 210

*First Cit.* Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll  
die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

215 They that have done this deed are honorable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it : they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

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

220 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,  
225 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,

230 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.

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

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

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

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

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
what:

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves? 240

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear  
the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives, 245

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

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

*Third Cit.* O royal Caesar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho! 250

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. 255  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body. 260

*Sec. Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any  
thing. [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

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

*Enter a SERVANT.*

- 265 How now, fellow!
- Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
- Ant.* Where is he?
- Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
- Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him.
- 270 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.
- Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
- Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,
- 275 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
- [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

*Enter CINNA the poet.*

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

*Enter CITIZENS.*

- 5 *First Cit.* What is your name?
- Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going?
- Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?
- Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a  
bachelor?
- Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly.
- 10 *First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and 15 briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Sec. Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 20

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Sec. Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling, briefly. 25

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet. 30

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Fourth Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him 35 going.

*Third Cit.* 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. 40

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

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

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

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you,  
Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
5 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I 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.

10 *Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

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

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

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honors on this man,  
20 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, 25  
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears  
 And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will :  
 But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius, and for that  
 I do appoint him store of provender : 30  
 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 ; 35  
 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, 40  
 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, 45  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50  
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent.*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.*

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

5 To do you salutation from his master.

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

10 *Pin.* I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

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

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

*Bru.* Thou hast described  
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,

20 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, 25  
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

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

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*]

*Bru.* Hark! he is arrived: 30  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and his powers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

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

*First Sol.* Stand!

*Sec. Sol.* Stand! 35

*Third Sol.* Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me  
wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine  
enemies?

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

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides  
wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away; 45  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

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

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in  
this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
5 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

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

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

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

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

15 *Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corrup-  
tion,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March  
remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20  
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 honors 25  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; 35  
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is 't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

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

*Bru.* All this! ay, more: fret till your proud  
heart break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

45 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor? 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.

50 *Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

55 *Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me,  
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

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

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

60 *Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

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

65 *Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
70 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 75  
 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, 80  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not : he was but a fool  
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived  
 my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 85  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do  
 appear 90

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is awearied of the world ;  
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ; 95  
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,  
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
 100 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,  
 105 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him  
 better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

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

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

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

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your  
 hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter.

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
 When that rash humor which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful?

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

*Poet.* [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet  
They be alone. 125

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

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

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

*Cas.* How now! what's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you  
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; 130  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye:

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor when he knows his  
time: 135

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?  
Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*]

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

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala  
with you 140

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*]

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so  
angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
 145 If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better: Portia is  
 dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you  
 so?

150 O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* 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,  
 155 And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, *with wine and taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl  
 of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

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

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

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



*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you. 165

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenor. 170

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree; 175  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord? 180

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in  
yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord. 185

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

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

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,  
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once 190  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

195 *Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

200 Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,

205 For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off

210 If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

215 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. 220  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

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

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk, 225  
 And nature must obey necessity ;  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
 There is no more to say ?

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

*Bru.* Lucius ! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown.  
 [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala : 230  
 Good night, Titinius : noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

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

*Bru.* Every thing is well. 235

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?

240 *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.*

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

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

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

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;  
250 *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.]*

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

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

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

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

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

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

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

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt sleep  
again—

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song. 235  
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; 270  
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.

*[Sits down.*

*Enter the GHOST of Caesar.*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes 275  
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. 280

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comest thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again.

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. 285

*[Exit Ghost.*

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

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false. 290

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
criedst out?

295 *Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any  
thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[*To Varro*] Fellow thou, awake!

*Var.* My lord?

300 *Clau.* My lord?

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

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother  
Cassius;

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

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

## ACT V

### SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* 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 10  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately. 15

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

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

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20

[*March.*

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

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

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

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

25 Make forth; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes,  
Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good  
30 words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

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

35 *Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
daggers

40 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!



*Cas.* Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself: 45  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing make  
us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look; 50  
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 swords of traitors. 55

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

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

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable. 60

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such  
honor,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away!  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field: 65  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

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

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.* [Standing forth] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala!

*Mes.* [Standing forth] What says my general?

70 *Cas.* Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

75 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

80 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

85 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly,

90 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, 95  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together :  
What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy 100  
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 105  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

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

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble 110  
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. 115

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.

*Cas.* For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus !  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ; 120  
If not 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on. O, that a man might  
know .

The end of this day's business ere it come !

But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
 125 And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The field of battle.*

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
 bills

Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,

5 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

5 *Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

10 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look,

Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
Mount on my horse and hide thy spurs in him, 15  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
And here again; that I may rest assured  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? 25

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30  
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights,  
too.

He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for  
joy.

*Cas.* Come down; behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! 35

*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,  
 40 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,  
 45 Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]  
     Caesar, thou art revenged,  
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*Pin.* 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,  
 50 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

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

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

55 *Tit.* All disconsolate,

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
 60 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. 65

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this  
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,  
Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pin-  
darus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it, 75  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80  
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; 85  
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:

90 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Kills himself.]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, and others.

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

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

95 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!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

100 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:

105 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

110 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]



SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

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

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

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

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

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

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10  
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

*First Sol.* Yield, or thou diest.

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

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

*First Sol.* We must not. A noble prisoner! 15

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

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

*Enter ANTONY.*

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

*Ant.* Where is he?

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

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

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and  
 VOLUMNIUS.

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

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my  
 lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
 5 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*

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

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O Dardinius!

*Dar.* O Clitus! 10

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word. 15

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* 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.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord. 20

*Bru.* 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, 25  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:  
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

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

[*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying  
here. 30

*Bru.* Farewell to you; and you; and you,  
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee, too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

35 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

40 Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

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

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

45 Thou art a fellow of good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

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

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

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.

[*Runs on his sword.*

50 Caesar, now be still:

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

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

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

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-  
sala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him; 55  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank  
thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that served Brutus, I will entertain  
them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

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

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it. 65

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

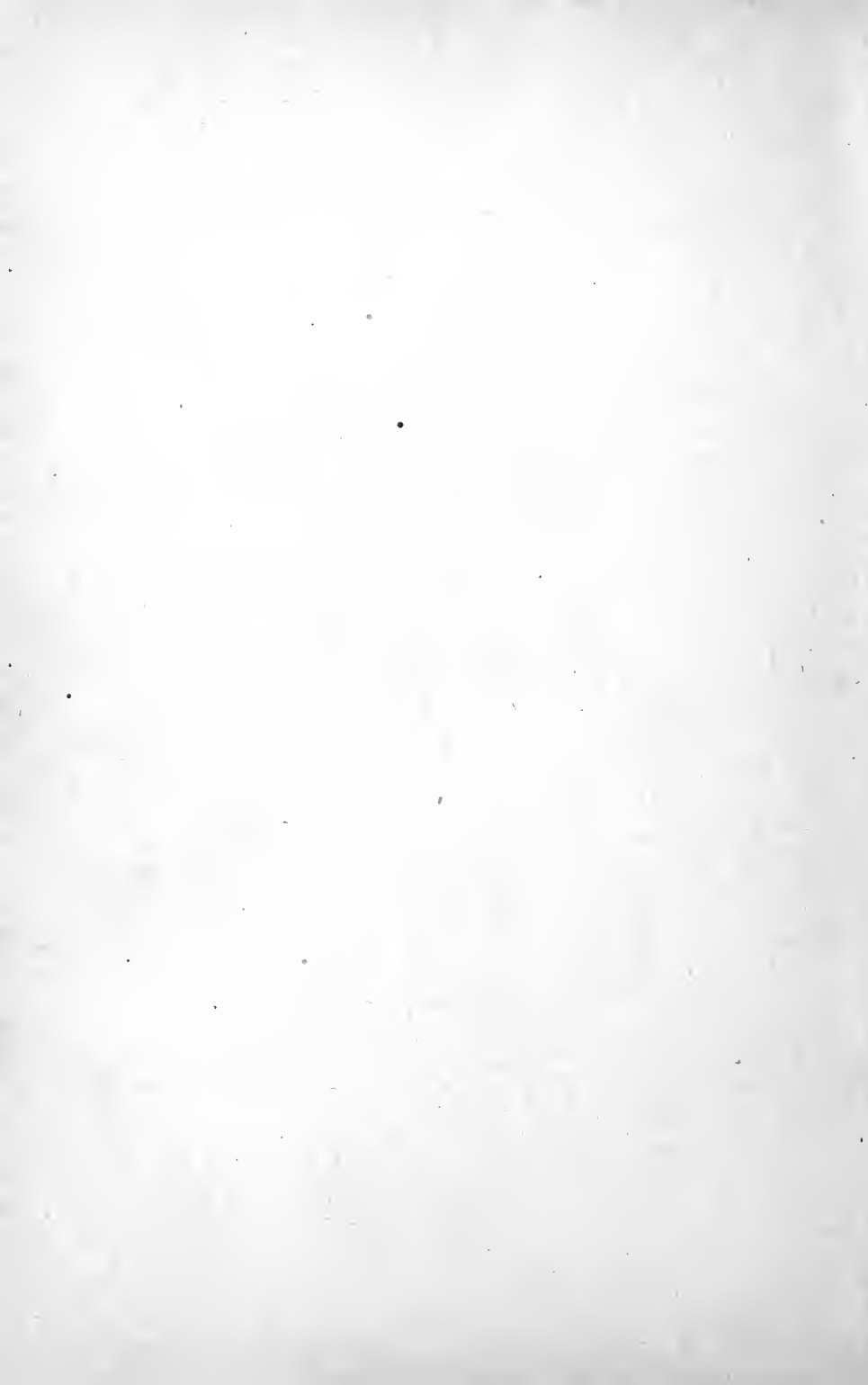
*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; 70  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.

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!' 75

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.

So call the field to rest, and let's away, 80  
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]



# EXPLANATORY NOTES AND COMMENTS

## ACT I

### SCENE 1

3. **Being mechanical.** Being mechanics or laborers.
4. **Sign of your profession.** Working garb.
10. **In respect of.** In comparison with.
11. **But a cobbler.** Only a bungler.
12. **Answer me directly.** Answer me without evasion.
15. **Bad soles.** Note the quibble, and compare with Gratiano's speech, "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew."—Mer. of Ven. IV, 1. Note also how the words soles, out, awl, and recover are used with double meanings.

36. **His triumph.** In honor of Caesar's triumph over Pompey's sons at the Battle of Munda in Spain, March 17, B. C. 45.

37. **Wherefore rejoice.** "After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler the eloquence of the Roman Tribune, Marullus, 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire'.....It can be no exaggeration to say that these lines are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ, and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them wear out their shoes and get himself into more work." [Campbell.]

51. **Replication.** Echo. (Derivation: Latin—*re*, again + *plico*, to fold.)

56. **Pompey's blood.** Pompey's sons.

72. **Lupercal.** The Lupercalia was a festival in honor of Lupercus, the old Italian god of fertility, held on the 15th of February.

75. **The vulgar.** The common people. (Derivation: Latin, *vulgus*, crowd.)

## SCENE 2

4. **When he doth run his course.** Priests of Lupercus ran through the streets, striking with leather thongs all whom they met, to symbolize the purification of the people and the land.

19. **Ides of March.** March 15th. **Sennett.** A signal of exit or entrance sounded on a trumpet.

40. **Passions.** Vehement feelings that involve suffering. (*πασκω*—*pasco*—to suffer.)

40. **Of some difference.** Contending with each other.

41. **Only proper to myself.** Belonging only to myself. (Latin *proprius*—one's own.)

54. **'Tis just.** 'Tis true. Compare with Ben Jonson's use of *just* in his poem, "True Perfection":

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of Light.  
 In small proportions we just beauty see;  
 And in small measures life may perfect be.

59. **Best respect.** Most highly respected.

71. **Jealous on me.** Suspicious of me.

73. **To stale.** To make common or to cheapen.

76. **Scandal them.** Slander them.

77. **Profess myself.** Make professions of love and friendship.

87. **Indifferently.** Without fear or concern.

109. **Hearts of controversy.** Courage that contends with obstacles.

129. **Temper.** Temperament, disposition.



140. **In our stars.** A reference to the belief that the planet under which a man was born governed his temperament, and the particular conjunction of planets (constellation), his destiny.

142. **What should be in that Caesar?** What virtue should there be in the mere name Caesar?

162. **Nothing jealous.** In no wise doubtful.

171. **Chew.** Ruminates.

197. **Well given.** Well disposed.

235. **I can as well, etc.** "It is always instructive to note how in parts where a conversational, not tragic or poetical, effect is desired, verse gives place to prose, and *vice versâ*; and how characters which are viewed in a wholly tragic or poetical light normally use verse alone. Thus in this scene, while Casca gives his description in prose, Brutus and Cassius make their comments and questions in verse; and Casca himself speaks entirely in verse at his next appearance, where the interest is purely tragic." [Verity.]

256. **Falling sickness.** Epilepsy.

268. **An.** If.

269. **Of any occupation.** Of action.

300. **Quick mettle.** Lively in spirit.

303. **Tardy form.** Appearance of sloth and indifference.

311. **Think of the world.** Think of the present state of affairs in the world.

314. **From that it is disposed.** From its natural tendencies.

317. **Bear me hard.** Bear me ill will.

319. **Humor me.** Cajole me.

325-326. Note the rimed couplet, frequently used by Shakespeare to end a scene.

### SCENE 3

3. **Sway of earth.** Swing or motion of earth; hence the established order of things.

32. **Climate.** Clime or region.

58. **You do want.** You do lack.

89. **I know where, etc.** "Shakespeare has very artfully contrived to present a more favorable portrait of Cassius than that which the page of history warrants, without, however, so misrepresenting him as to destroy the identity of his character. With reference to dramatic effect, indeed, some change was necessary. Brutus could only, with propriety, be associated in private friendship and in public undertakings, with a man who, in outward appearance at least, possessed some claim to equality with him. The poet, therefore, suppressed the vindictiveness, cruelty, and tyranny of Cassius, and gave the utmost effect to the fire and energy which characterized him, and particularly marked his abhorrence of living under the control of an arbitrary monarch. Shakespeare has made Cassius's hatred of Caesar sufficiently apparent; but so repeatedly is his love of liberty enforced that the patriot, rather than the malignant avenger of his own wrongs, appears to strike against the tyrant." [Skottowe.]

110. **Base matter to illuminate.** Worthless material to glorify.

114. **My answer must be made.** I must answer for what I have said.

118. **Factious.** Active. (Latin—*facio*, do.)

135. **One incorporate to our attempts.** One associated with us in our enterprise.

143. **Praetor's chair.** "His (Brutus's) tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Praetor, was full of such bills: 'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus, indeed.' " [Plutarch, Life of Brutus.]

162. **You have well conceited.** You have well conceived or imagined.

## SCENE 1

## ACT II

*Stage setting:* "This scene in Brutus's garden, by moonlight, requires careful attention. On the right, half concealed by the shrubbery, is a semicircular marble bench, on which, at the rising of the curtain, Brutus is

seated in deep thought. On the left is seen the entrance to Brutus's house, showing a vestibule with columns, dimly illuminated by a hanging lamp. The whole background is filled in with high bushes, from the shade of which the conspirators cautiously emerge. [Oechelhäuser.]

15. **That.** Suppose that done.

20. **When his affection swayed.** When his emotions governed.

29. **Will bear no color for the thing he is.** Will find no excuse for assassination on the score of what he is now.

44. **Exhalations.** Outbreathings. (Latin—*ex*, out + *halo*, breathe.) In this case, lightning flashes are the exhalations of the storm.

66. **Genius and the mortal instruments.** Governing spirit and bodily powers.

70. **Your brother Cassius.** Cassius had married Brutus's sister Junia.

83. **If thou path.** If thou walk.

84. **Erebus.** "Of the five divisions of Hades, Erebus was, probably, the third. Shakespeare, however, seems to identify it with Tartarus, the lowest deep of the infernal world." [Hudson.]

101-110. "Other poets would have made the inferior men exchange words, and cross swords, and whisper, and ejaculate. He makes everything depend upon the determination of Brutus and Cassius. . . . Is this nature? The truest and most profound nature. The minds of all men thus disencumber themselves, in the moments of the most anxious suspense, from the pressure of an overwhelming thought. There is real relief if some accidental circumstance can produce this disposition of the mind to go out of itself for an instant or two of forgetfulness." [Knight.]

114. **Face of men.** The dejected look of men.

118. **Highsighted.** "There seems to be an implied comparison of tyranny to an eagle or bird of prey, whose keen eye discovers its victim from the highest pitch of its flight." [Wright.]

129. **Swear.** Imperative mode.
138. **A several infamy.** An individual baseness or treachery.
144. **Silver hairs.** Old age. Explain the metonymy.
174. **Not hew him.** Plutarch says, "Caesar turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters."
176. **Their servants.** The "mortal instruments" or bodily powers that are controlled by the "hearts," here spoken of as subtle or cunning "masters."
180. **Purgers.** Cleansers or purifiers. Brutus thought that the conspirators would purify the state by ridding it of tyranny.
183. **Yet I fear him.** There should be a marked pause before this utterance. Cassius thus makes his instinctive fear of Antony more dramatically effective. The reader or actor should note the effect of various deliberate pauses in the play. Fineness of dramatic effect and the phonetic beauty of poetry are frequently lost through reading the lines too hurriedly. Enunciate each word clearly, and give it the required emphasis.
196. **Quite from the main opinion.** Quite contrary to the firm opinion. Compare our expression, "by *main* strength."
224. **Look fresh and merrily.** Compare "To beguile the time, look like the time. . . . look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it."—Macbeth, I, v, 64-67.
227. **Formal constancy.** Dignified firmness or self-possession.
271. **I charm you.** I conjure' you. Compare the verbs con'jure and conjure' in meaning. Learn to distinguish between them. Which one is used in line 323?
233. **Exorcist.** Distinguish between the verbs exorcise and exercise.
234. **Mortified.** Deadened or lifeless. (Latin, *mors*—death.)

## SCENE 2

5. **Present.** Immediate. Note that *present* and *presently* usually have this meaning in Shakespeare's plays. Compare with the modern meaning of *presently* and decide which is the more accurate use of the word.

13. **Stood on ceremonies.** Regarded auguries seriously.

25. **Beyond all use.** Beyond all custom or precedent.

89. **Cognizance.** A term used in heraldry to signify a badge.

102. **My dear, dear love to your proceeding.** Friendly interest in your career.

104. **And reason to my love is liable.** "Reason or propriety of language is subordinate to my love." [Johnson.] Decius thus intimates that he has spoken perhaps more freely and boldly than he should simply because he has such a deep interest in Caesar's welfare.

128. **Every like.** Every "like" is not the same; that is, "like friends" doesn't necessarily imply true friendship, but rather (as in this case) the semblance or appearance of friendship.

## SCENE 3

14. **Out of the teeth of emulation.** Beyond the reach of envy.

16. **Fates with traitors do contrive.** Fates join with traitors in contriving destruction.

## SCENE 4

*Scene 4.* "Such side-scenes as this give us the impressions of those who are watching the course of events from a little distance, and we seem to join them as spectators; here, for instance, we cannot help feeling something of Portia's anxiety as she waits for news and suddenly thinks that she hears a sound from the direction of the Capitol." [Verity.]

*Enter Portia.* "This scene.....serves the function in the main story of heightening our excitement by means of Portia's, in expectation of what will presently be enacted at the Capitol; but it is even more important for the light

it throws on her character. She may well confess: 'I have a man's heart, but a woman's might.' Her feverish anxiety quite overmasters her throughout, and makes her do and say things which do not disclose the plot only because the bystanders are faithful or unobservant. . . . For her, as for Brutus, the burden of a duty which she assumes by her own choice, but which one of her nature must assume, is too heavy. And in the after consequences, for which she is not directly responsible, but which none the less flow from the deed that she has encouraged and approved, it is the same inability to bear suspense, along with her craving for her husband's presence and success, that drives her through madness to death.'" [MacCallum.]

## ACT III

## SCENE 1

22. **Be constant.** Be calm or self-possessed.

28. **Presently.** Compare with Act II, Scene 2, line 5.

29. **He is address'd.** He is prepared.

67. **Apprehensive.** Intelligent.

94. **Abide this deed.** Answer for this deed.

*Enter a servant.* "This simple stage-direction is the 'catastrophe,' the turning round of the whole action; the arch has reached its apex and the Reaction has begun. So instantaneous is the change that, though it is only the servant of Antony who speaks, yet the first words of his message ring with the subtly-poised sentences which are inseparably associated with Antony's eloquence; it is like the first announcement of that which is to be the final theme in music, and from this point this theme dominates the scene to the very end. . . . In the whole Shakespearean Drama there is nowhere such a swift swinging round of a dramatic action as is here marked by this sudden upspringing of the suppressed individuality in Antony's character, hitherto so colorless that he has been spared by the conspirators as a mere limb of Caesar.'" [Moulton—Shakespeare as Dramatic Artist.]

145. **My misgiving falls shrewdly to the purpose.** My suspicions are shrewd or clever enough to hit the mark.

145. **Still.** Always.

148. **O mighty Caesar.** "Wilks, . . . . as soon as he entered the stage, without taking any notice of the conspirators, walked swiftly up to the dead body of Caesar and knelt down: he paused some time before he spoke; and, after surveying the corpse with manifest tokens of the deepest sorrow, he addressed it in a most affecting and pathetic manner." [Davies, II, 242.]

152. **Must be let blood.** Must be put to death.

152. **Rank.** Full-blooded—a reference to the old practice of bleeding patients.

160. **Apt to die.** Ready to die.

184. **Let each man render me his bloody hand.** "The quick subtlety of Antony's intellect has grasped the whole situation, and, with irresistible force, he slowly feels his way toward using the conspirators' aid for crushing themselves and avenging their victim. The bewilderment of the conspirators in the presence of this unlooked-for force is seen in Cassius's unavailing attempt to bring Antony to the point, as to what compact he will make with them. Antony, on the contrary, reads his men with such nicety that he can indulge himself in sailing close to the wind, and grasps fervently the hands of the assassins while he pours out a flood of bitter grief over the corpse. It is not hypocrisy, not a trick to gain time, this conciliation of his enemies. Steeped in the political spirit of the age, Antony knows, like no other man, the mob which governs Rome, and is conscious of the mighty engine he possesses in his oratory to sway that mob in what direction he pleases; when his bold plan has succeeded, and his adversaries have consented to meet him in a contest of oratory, then ironical conciliation becomes the natural relief to his pent-up passion: 'Friends am I with you all and love you all.' It is as he feels the sense of innate oratorical power and of the opportunity his enemies have given to that power that he exaggerates his temporary amity with the

men he is about to crush; it is the executioner arranging his victim comfortably on the rack before he proceeds to apply the levers." [Moulton—Shakespeare as Dramatic Artist.]

206. **Lethe.** Probably a reference to Lethe, the mythical river of Oblivion. Here, the blood-stream bearing Caesar to death or Oblivion.

213. **Modesty.** Moderation, as often in Shakespeare's plays.

271. **Ate.** Greek goddess of malicious mischief inciting men to folly and crime. (Greek—*ate*, mischief.)

273. **Cry "Havoc."** In military operations of old times the cry "Havoc" signified that no quarter should be given.

273. **Dogs of war.** Famine, Sword, and Fire are here thought of as the dogs of war.

292-293. **Try how the people take.** Test or sound the feelings of the people to find out how they take Caesar's death.

#### SCENE 2

13. **Lovers.** Friends.

15. **Have respect to.** Take into consideration.

16. **Censure.** Judge. (Der. Latin—*censeo*, judge.)

41. **Extenuated.** Lessened, minimized.

42. **Enforced.** Emphasized, magnified.

177. **The Nervii.** A warlike Belgic tribe conquered by Caesar in one of his Gallic campaigns, B. C. 57.

246. **Drachmas.** A drachma was about twenty cents.

263. **Forms.** Benches.

#### SCENE 3

1. **To-night.** Last night.

2. **Charge my fantasy.** Fill my mind with fancies.

9. **Directly.** Without evasion. Compare Act I, Scene 1, line 12.

28. **My name is Cinna.** Helvius Cinna. The conspirator was Cornelius Cinna.



## ACT IV

## SCENE 1

1. **These many then shall die, etc.** "The scene of the triumvirs in consultation, which precedes that of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, is admirably invented to define the characterization of either party. The prescription with which they commence deprives them of all moral superiority to the so-called traitors and murderers they are leagued against, and the little delicacy they evince in tampering with the will of the friend whose death they are bound to avenge shows that the sacred motive is practically debased into a mock heroic pretence." [Lloyd.]

1. **Prick'd.** Marked; selected, by having a mark or punctured hole set opposite the names on a list. Line 5 shows that a mark or "spot" was used in this case.

32. **To wind.** To turn.

34. **In some taste.** In some degree.

37. **Abjects, orts, and imitations.** Things thrown away, fragments, and imitations. Abjects and orts are Elizabethan words.

39. **Begin his fashion.** Set the fashion for him; that is, Lepidus is so subservient and unprogressive that he *begins* where other men *leave off*, adopting a certain method or manner of action when his associates have concluded to discard it.

40. **But as a property.** Only as a thing belonging to us, and therefore under our control; a tool.

42. **Make head.** Make headway.

45. **Presently.** Immediately, as in Act III, scene 1, line 28, and Act II, scene 2, line 5.

47. **Answered.** Met or faced.

48-49. **For we are at the stake, and bay'd about with many enemies.** We are surrounded or tormented. This is a reference by metaphor to the sport of bear-baiting, in which the bear was tied to a stake and then set upon by dogs. In *Twelfth Night* Olivia in a conversation with Viola says:

“Have you not set mine honor at the stake  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think?”

## SCENE 2

*Scene 2.* An interval of about a year separates the first and second scenes of this act.

*Stage-setting.* This scene and the following may be acted continuously, and only one stage-setting is necessary. A tent with front curtains drawn back to disclose the interior is seen in the foreground. When Cassius enters he and Brutus go into the tent for the quarrel scene; then follows the scene with Messala, and the appearance of the ghost. Scenes 2 and 3 are excellent for school production on account of the simplicity of setting, the variety of characters involved, and the intense dramatic interest that centers first in the quarrel scene, and culminates in the appearance of the ghostly visitant.

6. **He greets me well.** His greeting is friendly. Pindarus has evidently just handed a letter to Brutus.

7. **In his own change, or by ill officers.** Either from some change in himself, or through the misconduct of his officers.

10. **I shall be satisfied.** I shall receive satisfaction; that is, an explanation of his conduct. Compare with Act III, Scene 2, line 1.

16. **Such familiar instances.** Tokens or proofs of familiarity.

47. **Audience.** A hearing. (Der. Latin—*audio*, to hear.)

## SCENE 3

8. **That every nice offence should bear his comment.** That every trivial offence should incur criticism. Consult a dictionary to get the accurate meaning of *nice*. *His* means *its*.

35. **Urge me.** Provoke me.

69. **Which I respect not.** Which I heed not. Compare Act III, Scene 2, line 15.

75. **By any indirection.** By any crooked method. Note the inconsistency of Brutus in charging Cassius with obtaining gold by wrong means, and then blaming him for not sending that very gold to pay the legions.

80. **Rascal counters.** Paltry coins, unworthily obtained. Compare with the modern expression, *filthy lucre*.

96. **Check'd.** Sharply reprov'd.

108. **Dishonor shall be humor.** Any indignity offered by you shall be attributed to your disposition—shall be a subject for jest.

146. **Portia is 'dead.** Shakespeare, in his infinite pity for human error and frailty, makes us love Brutus and Cassius the better through the little wrongs which bring the great wealth of their love and true fraternity to light.....When their hearts are tenderest comes the confession of the sorrow which Brutus could not utter as long as a shadow lay between his soul and his friend's.' [Dowden.]

157. **Speak no more of her.** "Brutus is sustained by the spirit of Portia. To live in her spirit of Stoicism becomes now the highest act of religion to her memory.....The armed men talking so gravely, before the great day which is to decide the fate of the world, of the 'insupportable and touching loss' make us know what this woman was. Profound emotion, Shakespeare was aware, can express itself quietly and with reserve." [Dowden.]

165. **Portia, art thou gone.** This "aside" was evidently heard by Brutus, but could not have been heard by Messala, else he would have known that Brutus had received the news of Portia's death.

236. **Good night, my lord.** "It is a wonderful touch that, at the end of this scene, in which Cassius has felt the strength of Brutus and been cowed by it, he calls him (for the only time in the whole play) 'my lord.' No wonder, then, that, when Brutus unfolds his plan about

Philippi, Cassius, although he does not like it, gives way. Over-generosity makes Brutus forgive too much; over-admiration makes Cassius surrender his better judgment.” [Mark Hunter.]

274. **How ill this taper burns.** It was commonly believed in Shakespeare’s time that lights grew dim or burned blue at the approach of spectres. Compare with one stanza from James Whitcomb Riley’s poem, “*Little Orphant Annie*”:

“An’ litle Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,  
 An’ the lamp-wick sputters, an’ the wind goes *woo-oo!*  
 An’ you hear the crickets quit, an’ the moon is gray,  
 An’ the lightnin’-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—  
 You better mind yer parunts, an’ yer teachurs kind an’  
     dear,  
 An’ churish them ’at loves you, an’ dry the orphant’s  
     tear,  
 An’ he’p the pore an’ needy ones ’at clusters all about,  
 Er the Gobble-uns ’ll git you  
             Ef you  
             Don’t  
                 Watch  
                 Out!”

305. **Set on his powers betimes.** Proceed with his forces early.

305. **Before.** In advance; in the van or front rank of the army.

## ACT V

### SCENE 1

*Act V.* This act requires but one stage-setting. A floor covering of dark cloth (preferably burlap) laid loosely will create the illusion of a rough plain. The raising and lowering of the curtain after each brief scene will sufficiently produce the effect of a change from one part of the battle-field to another. In amateur perform-

ances the energy and ingenuity of the young actors may be spent better upon the interpretation of the parts than upon the arrangement of settings and the selection of costumes.

4. **Battles.** Forces.
10. **Fearful bravery.** Cowardly bravado.
10. **Face.** Boldness, show of courage.
20. **I will do so.** I will do as I have said.
33. **The posture of your blows.** The effect of your blows.
34. **Hybla.** A town in Sicily famous for its honey.
79. **Our former ensign.** Our forward ensign.
96. **Reason with the worst.** Act upon the supposition that the worst may befall, though still hoping for the best.

## SCENE 2

1. **Bills.** Despatches.
2. **Legions on the other side.** The left wing commanded by Cassius.

## SCENE 3

18. **Yond troops.** Messala and his escort.
23. **The day I breathed first.** This is my birthday.
31. **Now, Titinius.** Pindarus in his excitement calls to Titinius as if he could hear him.
60. **O setting sun.** "As the conspiracy at its stormy beginning was set with a dramatic background of actual tempest, so its decay and death is dramatically symbolized by setting sun and growing darkness." [Mark Hunter.]
94. **O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet.** "The final issue of the conspiracy, as represented by Shakespeare, is a pretty conclusive argument of the blunder, not to say crime, of its authors. Caesar, dead, tears them and their cause all to pieces. In effect they did but stab him into mightier life; so that Brutus might well say: 'O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet.'" [Hudson.]
106. **Lest it discomfort us.** Lest it dishearten us.

## SCENE 4

2. **What bastard doth not.** Who is so base as not to.  
 12. **Only I yield to die.** Death alone can make me yield.

## SCENE 5

2. **Statilius show'd the torch-light.** "Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lifted up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus, seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said: 'If Statilius be alive he will come again.'" [Plutarch.]

45. **Of a good respect.** Of a good reputation.

50. **Caesar, now be still.** Caesar, rest avenged.

59. **Lucilius' saying.** Act V, Scene 4, lines 20-22.

60. **Entertain.** Take into service.

68. **This was the noblest Roman of them all.** "The life of Brutus, as the lives of such men must be, was a good life, in spite of its disastrous fortunes. He had found no man who was not true to him. And he had known Portia. The idealist was predestined to failure in the positive world. But for him the true failure would have been disloyalty to his ideals. Of such failure he suffered none. Octavius and Mark Antony remained victors at Philippi. Yet the purest wreath of victory rests upon the forehead of the defeated conspirator." [Dowden.]

81. **To part the glories.** To share the honors.

# QUESTIONS

## ACT I

### SCENE 1

1. What is meant by the *spirit* of a scene?
2. What spirit predominates in the first half of the scene?
3. Where is the turning point?
4. How does the latter part of the scene differ in tone or spirit from the first part?
5. What is the musical significance of the word *key-note*?
6. Does Shakespeare strike the keynote of this play in the first scene?
7. From the spirit displayed in the first scene of any Shakespearian play, is it possible to determine whether the play is to be a tragedy or a comedy? As a test, read the first scenes of Macbeth and The Merchant of Venice.
8. What is a pun? What puns do you find in this scene? Why is punning regarded as a low form of wit?
9. What triumph were the people preparing to celebrate?
10. Which of the two tribunes was the more grave and severe?
11. Why is prose employed for the speeches of the commoners and poetry for the speeches of the tribunes?
12. The poet Longfellow says, in *The Psalm of Life*:  
    “Be not like dumb driven cattle,  
    Be a hero in the strife.”  
Select specific lines as evidence that the Roman commoners were “like dumb driven cattle.”
13. What line shows that Flavius regarded them in this light?

14. Why did the people obey the tribunes?
15. Were the people democratic or monarchical in spirit?
16. How do they differ from American citizens?
17. Did Marullus use argument or persuasion to win the people?
18. What is parallel construction? How is it twice used effectively in Marullus' speech?
19. What conflicting forces do you find in this scene? Which force favored Caesar? Which was subjugated by the other?
20. How does this scene point toward the overthrow of Caesar?

## SCENE 2

1. Why is Caesar the last one to be mentioned in Scene 1 and the first to speak in Scene 2?
2. What speech at the beginning of the scene seems to indicate that Casca was one of Caesar's trusted followers?
3. Does this speech ring true? In what spirit was it uttered?
4. Does his second speech give the same impression?
5. What other important characters are introduced?
6. Does the soothsayer speak before he is seen? Why is this effective?
7. In what way do the three utterances of the soothsayer form a dramatic climax? Why is *three* a dramatic number?
8. Why did Caesar speak of himself in the third person (Line 17)?
9. How many times is the expression "Ides of March" used? Why?
10. Why did Caesar pay so little heed to this warning?
11. In what mood do we find Brutus?
12. To what do you attribute this mood?
13. Did Cassius believe that Brutus was out of sorts with him?



14. What motive had he in flattering Brutus?
15. What reason had he for mentioning Caesar in Line 60?
16. What idea had he in mind when he applied the term "immortal" to Caesar?
17. What kind of mind had Brutus?
18. What kind of mind had Cassius?
19. Which mind was bound to overcome the other? Why?
20. What speech of Brutus proves that he was naturally hostile to imperialism?
21. Did this make him more or less ready to listen to Cassius?
22. What was Brutus' personal attitude toward Caesar?
23. What did Brutus say he prized more than life itself?
24. What motive had Cassius in saying, "Well, honor is the subject of my story"?
25. What two incidents did he cite to prove Caesar unworthy of homage?
26. What is the dramatic purpose of the flourishes and shouts heard during the conference between Cassius and Brutus? How did they affect Brutus?
27. What reason had Cassius for hating Caesar?
28. What final appeal did he make before the re-entrance of Caesar?
29. Did Caesar win Brutus through argument or persuasion?
30. Upon the re-entrance of Caesar, what four circumstances, immediately noticed by Brutus, showed Caesar to disadvantage?
31. Was Cassius supposed to hear the remarks Caesar made about him?
32. What reasons have you for thinking that Caesar instinctively feared Cassius?
33. What lines in Caesar's speech furnish a motive for Cassius' enmity?

34. How is the plot developed by the second withdrawal of Caesar and his train?
35. In what spirit did Casca relate the story of Caesar and the crown?
36. What evidently interested Cassius more than the story?
37. How did Casca's real attitude toward Caesar differ from his apparent attitude shown at the beginning of the scene?
38. What quality in Casca's character do you dislike?
39. Was he more or less admirable than Cassius? Why?
40. How many indications can you find of Casca's utter scorn for the common people?
41. Do you think his scorn is justified?
42. Is it likely that Casca was already in league with Cassius?
43. Why are we told of the punishment inflicted on Marullus and Flavius?
44. How many circumstances can you mention that have conspired to win Brutus?
45. Why did Cassius especially wish to get the support of Brutus?
46. Compare Brutus' last speech in this scene with the speech beginning, "That you do love me." Prove by means of this comparison that Brutus was yielding.
47. How does the plot of this scene resemble the plot of Scene 1?

*Subject for class debate:* Cassius had less influence with Brutus than Casca.

### SCENE 3

1. What time of night was it when Cicero and Casca met in the street?
2. What sort of night was it?
3. Why did Casca speak in verse, instead of using prose as he did in the preceding scene?

4. What sights, more wonderful than the "tempest dropping fire," did Casca assert that he had seen?

5. Was Casca superstitious?

6. Was Cicero a conspirator against Caesar?

7. What qualities do you note in Cicero's character?

8. Why was the intense darkness of the stormy night a fit setting for the inception of the conspiracy?

9. Do you think that Cicero might have overheard the conference between Cassius and Casca?

10. After noting Lines 79 and 80, which of the two, Cassius or Casca, do you find the more cautious?

11. Why was there necessity for caution?

12. Was the passionate scorn and grief expressed by Cassius in Lines 107-112 real or feigned?

13. How did Cassius take advantage of Casca's superstitious fear in inciting him against Caesar?

14. How did Cassius show the same skill in dealing with Brutus in Act I, Scene 2?

15. Why was Casca won more easily than Brutus?

16. Why was Casca so willing to play a leading part in such a dangerous enterprise?

17. What force has the word *Hold* in Line 117?

18. Of what value is the comma after *Hold*?

19. What lines spoken by Cassius to Cinna prove that Casca had really joined the conspirators?

20. What remark made by Cassius shows that he was sure of securing Brutus?

21. What progress has the conspiracy made in this scene?

*Subject for class discussion or debate:* Resolved, That the various methods employed by Cassius to win Brutus are justifiable.

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

1. How much time elapsed between Act I and Act II?

2. What is a soliloquy? A monologue?

3. Why is a soliloquy likely to reveal the true character of the speaker?

4. What do the four soliloquies of Brutus reveal concerning his character and mind?

5. What argument did Brutus advance against Caesar?

6. Was it of sufficient force to warrant assassination?

7. Is your sympathy for Caesar awakened in any way?

8. What do you think made Brutus mention the *ides of March*?

9. What incident occurred at just the right moment to make Brutus think that he must "strike" for Rome?

10. What had evidently been Brutus' state of mind since the day when Cassius had first incited him against Caesar?

11. Why is the interval during which Cassius and Brutus whispered together, full of dramatic effect?

12. What do you think Cassius said to Brutus?

13. Why did Shakespeare insert here the trivial controversy about the east?

14. Does it relieve or intensify the dramatic suspense?

15. Is the verb "swear" (Line 129) in the indicative or imperative mode?

16. How can you show from Brutus' speech about taking oath that he was an idealist rather than a practical man of affairs?

17. What proposal made by Cassius shows that he contrasted with Brutus in this respect?

18. Why did the conspirators wish at first to secure Cicero?

19. Why did they decide to leave him out?

20. Why did Cassius urge the death of Antony?

21. How did Brutus argue against his death?

22. What prophecy was made concerning Antony by Trebonius?

23. What hour did the clock strike?

24. What dramatic effect is produced by the striking of the clock?

25. Why is three a more dramatic number than two or four? How frequently does Shakespeare make use of it?

26. How is interest still further aroused by the intimation that Caesar may not come to the Capitol on the ides of March?

27. Who offered to bring Caesar to the Capitol, and what method did he propose to use?

28. Was Caesar's character portrayed in a pleasing light by Decius?

29. Do you think Brutus envied Lucius the refreshing slumber of innocence? If so, find four references to prove it.

30. What pleasing traits did Brutus reveal in his relations with Lucius? In his conversation with Portia?

31. Was Portia's desire to share Brutus' secret to be attributed merely to feminine curiosity?

32. What noble traits did Portia exhibit?

33. How did she plead her right to share the secret?

34. How did she prove her right to share the secret?

35. Select several passages which prove that Brutus had assumed the leadership of the conspiracy.

36. What portions of this scene deal with Brutus, the politician; and what portions deal with Brutus, the man?

37. In which role is he more natural and attractive?

## SCENE 2

1. How do you picture the interior of Caesar's house?

2. What is the meaning of "present" (Line 5)?

3. What unattractive characteristic is accentuated by Caesar's use of the third person in referring to himself?

4. What use of the dramatic number three do you find at the beginning of this scene?

5. Point out the antithesis in Calpurnia's third speech; and also in Caesar's response. What is antithesis?

6. Why was a second account of the prodigies given? They were first described by Casca in Act I, Scene 3.

7. Do you think Caesar was superstitious? If so, what evidence can you find to prove it?
  8. Why might Lines 13-14 inspire Caesar with fear?
  9. What proposal did Calpurnia make?
  10. Why did Caesar accede to her request?
  11. Where should Caesar have stopped in the speech beginning, "The cause is in my will?"
  12. What part did Decius play in the development of the tragedy?
  13. How did he flatter Caesar?
  14. How did he appeal to Caesar's ambitious nature?
  15. What final argument did he employ?
  16. Which one of these three points was the most telling?
  17. Are the three points arranged in the proper order? If so, why?
  18. Why didn't Cassius come with the rest to escort Caesar to the Capitol?
  19. What is the distinction between *capitol* and *capital*?
  20. Did Caesar appear in a favorable light in this scene?
  21. Are your sympathies with Caesar or with the conspirators?
  22. What is the effect upon the reader of Caesar's remark (Lines 126-127)?
  23. Which of the conspirators do you think was the last to enter Caesar's house at his invitation? Why?
- Topic for class discussion or debate:* Resolved, That Caesar was a coward.

## SCENE 3

1. What is metrical prose?
2. In reading the letter of Artemidorus try to discover whether it is metrical. How could it be rearranged in verse form with a few slight changes?
3. How does this scene increase our interest in the plot?

4. How does Line 15 deepen the suspense?
5. Should this scene be combined with Scene 4? What arguments are there for and against this?

## SCENE 4

1. What double purpose is served by this scene?
  2. What was Portia's state of mind?
  3. What lines indicate that Portia was in possession of the secret?
  4. Why is this scene more dramatic than any other scene in this act. Mention all the circumstances that make it exciting.
  5. Is the reader to a certain degree thrown into a state of mind similar to Portia's? Why?
  6. In what way is this scene similar to the one in Scott's "Ivanhoe" where Rebecca describes the siege of Torquilstone for the benefit of the wounded Ivanhoe?
  7. Does your admiration for Portia intensify or diminish your sympathy for Brutus? Why?
- Subject for class discussion or debate:* Resolved, That Portia was more womanly than Calpurnia.

## ACT III

## SCENE 1

1. What effect would be lost if the first two lines were omitted?
2. What admirable quality did Caesar show in the speech, "What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd"?
3. Why did Decius, Publius, and Cassius try to prevent Caesar from reading the message of Artemidorus?
4. Why did Cicero fail to keep the appointment implied in Act I, Scene 3, lines 36-38?
5. Are your sympathies with the conspirators or with Caesar?
6. What did Popilius Lena say and do to deepen the suspense?

7. How do you account for the fact that Brutus showed more self-control than Cassius at that critical moment?

8. Who sought to draw Antony away from Caesar?

9. Why was this done?

10. Who was the first to "prefer his suit" to Caesar?

11. How did he prosper?

12. Can you find passages in Act II, Scene 2, to contradict what Caesar said in Lines 39-43?

13. What proofs of Caesar's arrogance can you find in this scene?

14. What in Caesar's manner and tone would serve to urge the conspirators on to assassinate him?

15. How does this scene illustrate the old saying, "Pride goeth before a fall."

16. What do the last two speeches of Caesar indicate about his personal regard for Brutus?

17. What emotions are voiced in the words, "Et tu, Brute"?

18. Was the manner of Caesar's death in accordance with Act II, Scene 1, Lines 172-174?

19. After Caesar's death why did Cassius inquire about Antony?

20. What incident in Act II showed that Cassius feared Antony?

21. Where in this scene does the reaction against the conspirators set in?

22. Was Antony's influence suggested and felt before he entered? In what two ways?

23. What did Cassius think of his own power to judge men?

24. Why did Antony disregard Brutus' greeting?

25. What line of Antony's first speech probably carried hidden sarcasm?

26. Was Antony's affection for Caesar entirely sincere?

27. What evidence can you find in preceding scenes to show that he was an ardent follower of Caesar?



28. What sort of man was Antony, judging from what others have said of him in previous scenes?

29. What speech of Brutus' might have suggested to Antony the idea of addressing the people at Caesar's funeral?

30. Why was Cassius anxious to find out whether Antony was to be a friend or a foe? What were his exact words to Antony?

31. What answer did Antony make to Cassius?

32. What did Brutus say concerning the reasons for Caesar's death?

33. What idea was growing in Antony's mind when he humbly asserted, "That's all I seek"?

34. Why did Cassius urge Brutus not to grant Antony's petition to speak at Caesar's funeral?

35. On what other occasion did the wills of Cassius and Brutus clash concerning Antony?

36. How does Line 237 show that Brutus did not understand the character of the Roman people?

37. How did Brutus reveal his confidence in himself and his faith in the justice and honor of his enterprise?

38. If the spirit of Antony's fiery soliloquy could be expressed in one word, what word would you choose?

39. What incidents in this scene arouse in the reader a feeling of pity for Caesar?

40. Why is the servant's grief significant?

41. What three references to the people do you find in this scene?

42. Judging from Act I, Scene 1, can you foretell the effect of Antony's oration?

## SCENE 2

1. What do the citizens mean by saying, "We will be satisfied"?

2. How does the word *will* show that the people represent a force that must be reckoned with? What would *shall* have denoted?

3. What reason can you find in Act I, Scene 1, for thinking that the people were by nature inclined to be hostile to the conspirators?

4. Which citizen always took the initiative?

5. Which one showed a marked tendency to praise those in authority?

6. In what way do their utterances recall the game of "Follow-my-leader"?

7. Why do you consider these citizens incapable of carrying out their intention to *compare the reasons* given by Brutus and Cassius?

8. How long is Brutus' speech in comparison with Antony's?

9. What is the origin of the expression "laconic brevity"?

10. Why is Brutus' speech an example of laconic brevity?

11. Trace the same qualities of brevity and conciseness in his speech in Act I, Scene 2, beginning, "That you do love me"?

12. What lines in the preceding scene prove that Brutus had full confidence in his power to win the people?

13. Was his speech an appeal to feeling or to reason?

14. How did his manner of speaking differ from that of Flavius and Marullus in Act I, Scene 1?

15. Why was prose employed for Brutus' address?

16. Distinguish between address and oration.

17. How did Brutus interpret the word *ambitious*? Does it carry the same implication today?

18. Were the people always ready to swear allegiance to anyone who happened to be in authority? Why?

19. If one is to judge from their exclamations after his speech, had their attention been centered upon Brutus himself or upon his argument?

20. How does the remark "Let him be Caesar" show that they stupidly missed the chief point in his speech, and utterly misunderstood his motives?

21. How was Brutus at a disadvantage in speaking first?

22. If Antony had addressed the people first, would Brutus have spoken at all?

23. What mistake did he make in telling the citizens to stay and hear Antony?

24. What two other mistakes had he made before this in dealing with Antony?

25. Do you think Antony heard Brutus' speech?

26. What was the attitude of the people toward Antony when he began to address them?

27. How did he show his skill as an orator in choosing the first word in his speech?

28. Why did he not deny at the outset that Caesar was ambitious? Did he admit it?

29. What did he imply by his artful use of the subjunctive mode in Line 84?

30. How many times did he use the word *honorable* in his entire oration?

31. What doubt rose in the minds of the people because of his persistent repetition of the word *honorable*?

32. Did he speak this word at first with sarcastic emphasis?

33. Find the place in the oration where he first dared to make it ironical.

34. Distinguish between *irony* and *sarcasm*.

35. What three arguments did he advance to disprove Brutus' charge that Caesar was ambitious?

36. Were these arguments sound?

37. Why did he put argument first? How much argument is to be found in the rest of his oration?

38. Did Antony feel real sorrow over Caesar's death?

39. Were all his expressions of grief sincere?

40. If his sorrow had been entirely feigned would his oration have been more or less effective? Why?

41. Why was the pause (Line 112) more effective than anything he could have said?

42. Did Brutus pause in his speech? With what entirely different motive?

43. Was there "much reason" in Antony's sayings, as the first citizen asserted?

44. What remarks made by the citizens prove that they sympathized with him and were ready to give him their willing attention?

45. How had he first appealed to them for sympathy?

46. What other appeals for sympathy and pity did he make in the course of the oration?

47. How does *sympathy* differ from *pity*?

48. What appeal did he make to their curiosity? Why did he refrain again and again from satisfying that curiosity?

49. To what feeling did he appeal when he said, "You are not wood, you are not stones, but men"?

50. On what occasion had they been called "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things"?

51. Where in his oration did he class the conspirators by themselves and associate himself and Caesar with the people?

52. What did he gain by this?

53. Did Brutus in his address resort to any such device?

54. How did Antony awaken in the mob a sense of gratitude toward Caesar, and by emphasizing Caesar's generosity imply Brutus' ingratitude?

55. What feelings were aroused in the people at the sight of Caesar's mantle?

56. What purpose did he have in referring to Caesar's victory over the Nervii?

57. Why did he propose to show them the body of Caesar?

58. Did he show it immediately?

59. Why did he bid them "make a ring about the corpse of Caesar"?

60. Why did he come down from the pulpit?

61. What was the purpose of the familiar and reminiscent tone he assumed in Lines 174-177?
62. What feelings were aroused by his detailed and graphic description of Caesar's assassination?
63. What three conspirators did he mention by name?
64. Why did he mention Brutus last?
65. In what way is Line 201 a climax?
66. What degree of emotion does the exclamation *O* represent?
67. How many times did Antony make use of it in his entire oration?
68. What feelings impelled the citizens to use the same exclamation?
69. What does the repetition of *O* (Lines 202-206) suggest concerning the character of the Roman mob?
70. Did Brutus employ *O* in his address?
71. Did he move the people to such an extent that they used it?
72. What purpose had Antony in mind from the very beginning of his oration?
73. Where did he first venture to suggest this purpose by his artful choice of the word *mutiny*?
74. When did he very skillfully use this word a second time?
75. Find the third, and most bold and dramatic use of it.
76. Find all the places where the mob voices its intention to resort to violence.
77. Can you prove that Antony was able to accomplish his purpose with the mob before he disclosed Caesar's bequests?
78. Why had he held this information in reserve for so long? In what sense was it his "trump card"?
79. How many dollars had Caesar left to each citizen?
80. What other public bequest did he make?
81. In the final speech of the fourth citizen which word denotes the highest degree of recklessness?

82. How does the speech uttered by Antony after the mob departed indicate that his oration has been a clever piece of acting?

83. What had the arrival of Octavius at this juncture to do with the plot? Who was Lepidus?

84. What news concerning Brutus and Cassius was brought by the servant?

85. How was the prophecy of Trebonius (Act II, Scene 1, line 191) fulfilled in a manner unforeseen by the conspirators?

86. Which one of the conspirators feared Antony's power from the beginning?

*Subject for class discussion or debate:* Resolved, That Antony loved Caesar sincerely.

### SCENE 3

1. What dream troubled the mind of Cinna?

2. How does his first speech resemble Shylock's in Act I, Scene 5, of the Merchant of Venice, where he says:

“Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go;  
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.”

3. What four questions were put to Cinna by the enraged citizens?

4. Which of his answers was the signal for an attack upon him?

5. Why did they kill Cinna?

6. Show that the relationship between Scenes 2 and 3 is that of cause and effect.

7. How do the closing lines of this scene show that Caesar's spirit was triumphing?

8. Study carefully the following speech of King James V of Scotland from Scott's *Lady of the Lake* (Canto V):—

“ ‘O Lennox, who would wish to rule  
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?  
 Hear'st thou', he said, 'the loud acclaim  
 With which they shout the Douglas' name?  
 With like acclaim the vulgar throat  
 Strained for King James their morning note;  
 With like acclaim they hailed the day  
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway;  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet  
 If he could hurl me from my seat.  
 Who o'er the crowd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 O, who would wish to be thy king?' ”

9. After studying the words *fantastic*, *fickle*, *fierce*, and *vain* with the help of the dictionary, select lines from Acts I, II, and III to prove that each of these adjectives describes the Roman people.

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

1. What is a triumvirate?
2. What triumvirate was in power?
3. Which triumvir appeared most dictatorial? Why?
4. In what sense is this scene a reaction?
5. How much time has elapsed between Act III and Act IV?
6. What was proscription? What was the motive for it in this case?
7. In the discussion over proscription is there any indication that one of the triumvirs will eventually gain supremacy over the others?

8. What disrespect was shown toward Caesar by Antony?

9. What motive now seems to govern Antony's actions instead of his former avowed intention to avenge Caesar's death?

10. How might the motive of revenge be likened to a mask?

11. Why did Antony send Lepidus for Caesar's will?

12. What new light is thrown on Antony's character by his attempt to discredit Lepidus?

13. What evidence can you find in former scenes to show that Antony was unfit to rule?

14. What admirable qualities did Octavius reveal?

15. Mention all the circumstances that would tend to make the rule of the triumvirs unpopular.

16. What lines indicate that they were by no means firmly established?

17. What news do we get of the plans of Brutus and Cassius?

18. What two metaphors did Octavius employ in his last speech to enforce the idea of peril?

19. What figure of speech is found in the expression "millions of mischiefs"?

20. Why is figurative language so forcible?

*Subjects for discussion:* 1. Antony was more fit to rule than Lepidus.

2. An absolute monarchy is preferable to a triumvirate.

## SCENE 2

1. Why does the setting of Scene 2 promise to furnish more dramatic interest than we found in Scene 1?

2. What sort of action is suggested by the words *camp* and *tent*?

3. Where was Sardis?

4. Is your interest in the play now concerned with the career of the triumvirate or the fortunes of Brutus and Cassius?



5. How did the duties of Lucius differ from those of Lucilius?

6. Who was Cassius' servant?

7. What words spoken by Brutus seem to indicate that Pindarus had just presented a letter from Cassius?

8. What chance for a dramatic pause is always afforded by the delivery of a letter?

9. Can you recall previous instances of the effectiveness of pauses in this play?

10. Is Shakespeare fond of announcing an arrival by means of a letter or a messenger?

11. What is the dramatic effect of such an announcement?

12. Find four instances of its use in previous scenes?

13. What evidences are there of a misunderstanding between Brutus and Cassius?

14. How was such a misunderstanding prophetic of the failure of their cause?

15. What example of metonymy is found in this speech:—

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

16. Which of the two leaders was more vehement at the beginning of their conference?

17. Why did Brutus propose that they withdraw into the tent?

18. On what previous occasion were those present kept from hearing what Cassius and Brutus had to say to each other?

19. What similarity is there between Scenes 1 and 2?

20. What orders issued by Brutus and Cassius arouse our keen interest in the following scene?

### SCENE 3

1. Why is the prospect of a quarrel interesting?

2. Recount the reasons for the quarrel.

3. How did the incident of Lucius Pella reveal the strict integrity of Brutus?

4. Was Cassius a true patriot or a time-server?

5. Can you in any way justify the methods of Cassius?

6. Where before did he resort to unworthy or questionable methods?

7. Was he more or less justifiable in using those methods then than in resorting to bribery now? Why?

8. Is there any truth in the saying, "All is fair in love and war"?

9. What feelings did Cassius probably have when he spoke the word *chastisement*?

10. Which man showed greater self-control throughout the quarrel?

11. Did Cassius claim to be a better soldier than Brutus?

12. What made Brutus assert that Cassius had made this claim?

13. How was Brutus inconsistent in his chief charge against Cassius?

14. Did Cassius really love Brutus?

15. What feelings prompted Cassius to utter the pathetic appeal beginning, "Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come"?

16. What reason had each from his own view-point to be angry with the other?

17. Which man first showed a disposition toward reconciliation? Why?

18. How did the intrusion of the poet help still further to reconcile them?

19. Give two reasons to account for the great change in Brutus.

20. How does the quarrel increase your admiration for both Brutus and Cassius?

21. How might Brutus feel personally responsible for Portia's death?

22. How did she die?

23. What other act of hers is recalled by the manner of her death?

24. Was Portia a Stoic?

25. Taking as a topic the saying, "Still waters run deep," can you give an exposition of Brutus' attitude toward Portia's death, and illustrate it with references from this scene?

26. Do you think Brutus was unfeeling when he said:—  
"Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine."

27. Where was Philippi?

28. Why was Brutus anxious to march to Philippi and engage in a decisive battle?

29. What was Cassius' argument against Brutus' plan?

30. Which was the better plan? Why?

31. What poetic justice was there in the death of Cicero?

32. How does the scene between Brutus and Lucius offer relief after the quarrel?

33. When before did Lucius fall asleep?

34. How did Brutus show his generosity and gentleness in dealing with his servant and soldiers?

35. How do you account for the absent-mindedness of Brutus with reference to the book?

36. Is there anything ridiculous in the idea of a philosopher and bookworm attempting to lead an army to success? Why?

37. In what sense was Brutus entirely alone when the ghost entered?

38. What was the first indication of a supernatural presence?

39. To what did Brutus at first attribute the apparition?

40. Why was his state of mind sufficient to evoke such an apparition?

41. Why is the waning of the taper effective?

42. What prophecy did the ghost utter?

43. Why did the ghost appear to Brutus, instead of to Cassius, Caesar's sworn enemy?

44. Why was the meaningful phrase "At Philippi" spoken three times?
45. What three circumstances in this scene foreshadowed disaster to the cause of Brutus?
46. Why did he impatiently waken the sleepers?
47. Why was Brutus more eager than ever for action?
48. At the end of Act IV what outcome do we feel is inevitable?
49. With whom do you chiefly sympathize? Why?

## ACT V

### SCENE 1

1. Where is this scene laid?
2. In what sense is the plot practically completed with Act IV?
3. What is the gist of the conference between Octavius and Antony?
4. Which of the two was more autocratic?
5. Explain the apparent contradiction in the phrase "with fearful bravery."
6. Which of the two warring factions decided to act on the defensive?
7. How did the four generals taunt each other?
8. Which general had assumed leadership on each side? How do you know?
9. How do Lines 33-34 recall Antony's oration?
10. What two occasions did Cassius recall when he told Brutus that he had only himself to thank for Antony's insults?
11. Was Octavius justified in calling Brutus a traitor?
12. Why did Antony exclaim "Old Cassius still"?
13. How old do you judge Octavius to be? Why?
14. How do you account for the fact that Octavius was so eager to engage in battle?
15. What ill omens had Cassius observed on the march from Sardis?

16. On what occasion was the ambitious Caesar likened to a bird of prey?

17. Did Brutus probably have some such comparison in mind in Act II, Scene 1, line 118?

18. On what occasion did Casca relate how "the bird of night did sit even at noonday upon the market-place, hooting and shrieking"?

19. What dramatic value have omens, signs, and supernatural phenomena?

20. While Cassius was talking with Messala, what do you imagine Brutus was saying to Lucilius?

21. Why did Brutus and Cassius take leave of each other?

22. Why is the farewell pathetic?

23. Which man felt keener emotion at parting? Why?

24. What spirit in both men do you admire?

#### SCENE 2

1. What is the setting for this scene?

2. What scene in Lew Wallace's novel "Ben Hur" is recalled by Brutus' first four words?

3. Why is Scene 2 more interesting than Scene 1?

4. Make a plan of the battle-field showing the relative positions of the four generals.

5. What orders did Brutus give to Messala?

#### SCENE 3

1. While Brutus was advancing upon Octavius, what had befallen Cassius?

2. Upon what errand was Titinius sent?

3. Does Cassius' remark "My sight was ever thick" have any bearing on the plot? How?

4. Where before did Cassius mention the fact that that day was his birthday?

5. What significance did he attach to the fact?

6. After Pindarus had gone higher up the hill, what prophetic remark did Cassius make concerning himself?

7. What did Pindarus report of the fate of Titinius?

8. Did Cassius have any faith in the generalship of Brutus?

9. Did Cassius die a coward's death?

10. What caused him to commit such a desperate act?

11. What prompted him to mention Caesar in the last moment of life?

12. Why do you think he welcomed death?

13. Why did not Pindarus refuse to slay Cassius?

14. What news was Titinius bringing back to Cassius?

15. Why were the setting sun and the waning light of day a fitting background for the death of Cassius?

16. What tragic mistake had Cassius made?

17. Who went to report the death of Cassius to Brutus?

18. What two reasons can you find for concluding that Titinius loved Cassius more than Pindarus did?

19. Would Titinius have refused to slay Cassius?

20. What reference to Caesar shows that Brutus had come to a full realization of the failure of his enterprise?

21. Do you think he still thought he was fighting for a just cause?

22. Was Brutus demonstrative in his sorrow over the death of Cassius?

23. What other instance can you cite of similar behavior on his part?

#### SCENE 4

1. How did Brutus show extraordinary courage in venturing a second battle?

2. What spirit do you admire in young Cato?

3. Who was Marcus Cato?

4. Did Cato exhibit more or less bravery than Titinius?

5. What shows that Lucilius was eager to die?

6. Why did he assert that he was Brutus?

7. What prophetic assertion did Lucilius make concerning Brutus?

8. What tribute did Antony pay to Lucilius, and what prompted it?

#### SCENE 5

1. What "poor remains of friends" gathered around Brutus at the last?

2. What circumstance at the beginning of the scene denotes that night had come on?

3. Why was the darkness of night an appropriate background for the downfall of Brutus?

4. In what way was the terrific storm that accompanied the inception of the enterprise in Act I prophetic of its tragic termination?

5. On what various grounds was Brutus justified in seeking death?

6. What men refused to kill him? Why?

7. Why did Brutus weep?

8. What did he say about the ghost of Caesar?

9. Why is his appeal to Volumnius especially pathetic?

10. What ominous sound was heard while he talked with Volumnius? How many times was it heard?

11. Why had Strato fallen asleep?

12. Was this an evidence of his lack of affection for Brutus?

13. Have you reasons to show that he loved and respected Brutus?

14. In comparing the death scenes of Brutus and Cassius what differences and what similarities do you note?

15. How had Brutus "proved Lucilius' saying true"?

16. How did Octavius show a spirit of generosity?

17. Do you agree to Antony's estimate of Brutus?

18. What does the word "field" suggest in Line 80?

19. Why is this metonymy?

20. What indications have you noticed of the increasing authority of Octavius?

21. How does this point to the re-establishment of an imperial government?

22. Why had the struggle against imperialism proved futile?

23. In what way were the people of Rome the determining factor in the struggle?

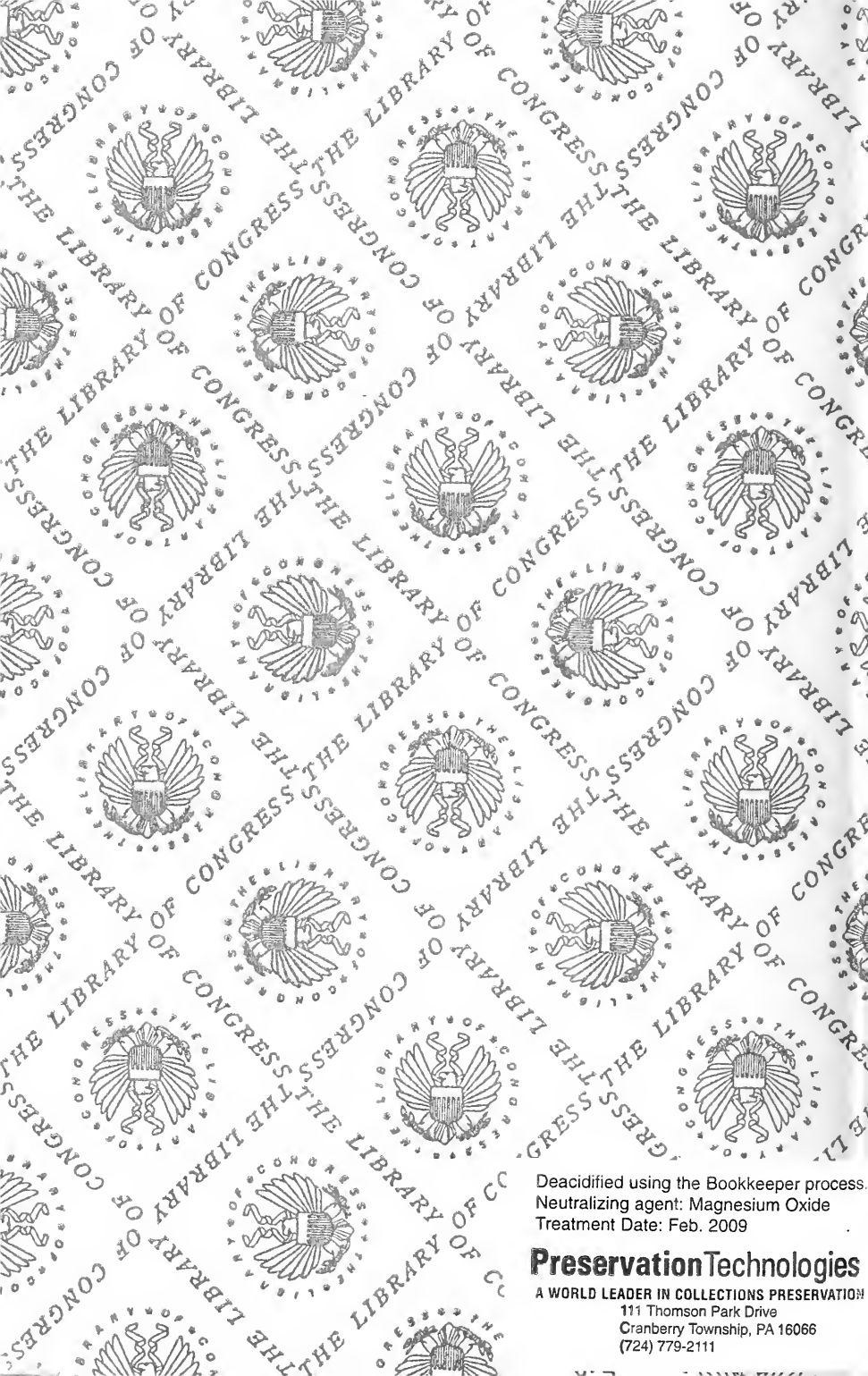
24. Under what circumstances might a republican government have been established?

## GENERAL QUESTIONS

1. What is tragedy?
2. Who are the chief tragic characters in the play?
3. Account for the downfall of each.
4. In what sense was the life of Brutus victorious?
5. Has the turmoil and tragic conflict presaged by Act I, Scene 1, been logically realized throughout the play; in other words, is the whole play in tune with the keynote?
6. What is meant by poetic justice?
7. Why would it have been contrary to poetic justice for Brutus to have finally conquered?
8. How much of the play is introductory? How much comprises the rising action? Where is the climax? What part of the play constitutes the falling action? Where is the catastrophe?
9. What is the theme of the play?
10. How do you justify the title of the play?



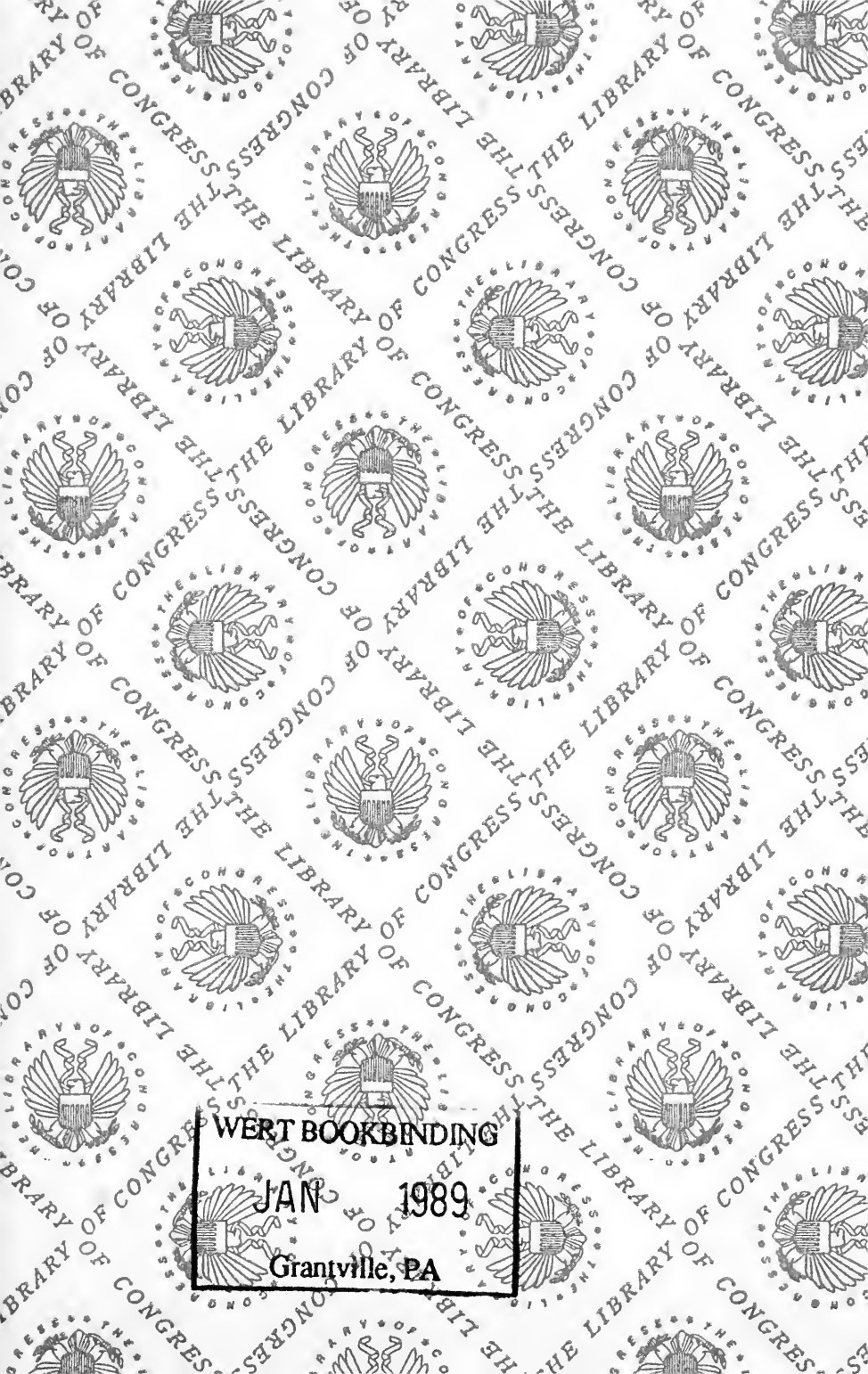




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