

RSC

ROYAL
SHAKESPEARE
COMPANY

POWER AND DUTY

P l a y m a k i n g P a c k

REGIONAL SCHOOLS' FESTIVAL

JULIUS CAESAR

SHAKESPEARE RE-IMAGINED
BY YOUR LOCAL SCHOOLS

INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare is the one writer whose work remains a compulsory element of the National Curriculum and therefore most of us encounter his work for the first time at school. But many find their first encounter with Shakespeare hard. The plays seem too wordy perhaps, or the language old fashioned, or the stories might feel irrelevant. Through our Education department we are committed to supporting the thousands of teachers in the UK, and across the world, who aim to bring Shakespeare's work vividly to life for their students. At RSC Education our priority is to ensure that these early encounters with Shakespeare's work secure the richest rewards for students of all ages and backgrounds

Through the Learning and Performance Network (LPN), we have over the past ten years worked with over 500 schools and reached over 690,000 students in creative partnerships with 11 regional theatres. This year we are also proud to see the LPN take the first step into the next ten years of this vital work as it evolves into the Associate Schools programme. At the heart of both projects is a deep rooted connection to the artistic practice of the RSC. We encourage young people and their teachers to approach these texts as our actors do; something to be explored and understood together and realised through performance. The resources and activities outlined in this Playmaking Pack have been written with that principle in mind and we hope it will prove useful as you discover the magic of these plays through your own rehearsals and performances. The LPN and the Associate Schools programme are great examples of the powerful alchemy that happens when teachers, young people and communities work in partnership with cultural organisations.

This is a special pack tackling two of Shakespeare's greatest plays – the political thriller *Julius Caesar* and arguably his most magical play *The Tempest*. Both plays will feature in our repertoire this year. I am directing *The Tempest* in a unique partnership with INTEL using today's most advanced technology to create a bold re-imagining of the play. Aileen Gonsalves will then direct our First Encounters production of *The Tempest*, touring to many of our partner schools and theatres. *Julius Caesar* lies at the heart of our 2017 Rome Season - Angus Jackson directs the production, as well as coordinating the whole season of all Shakespeare's Roman plays. Although very different in their stories and settings, both plays grapple with questions of POWER and DUTY. What is our responsibility to our country, our family and to ourselves? How should we exercise the power we have and how might we tackle others who seem to misuse theirs? All questions which remain pertinent to our lives over 400 years after these plays were first performed.

I am enormously proud of everything our partnership has achieved so far and am excited as we all – teachers, theatre-makers and young people - begin to explore these plays together over the next academic year, creating the sense of a national rehearsal room.

We hope that for all young people involved, these experiences with us will mark the beginning of a lifelong relationship with Shakespeare and we look forward to seeing the resulting performances both in Stratford-upon-Avon and across the country.



GREGORY DORAN, Artistic Director



Notes

Dramatis Personae

JULIUS CAESAR

CALPURNIA, his wife

MARCUS BRUTUS, a noble Roman, opposed to Caesar

PORTIA, his wife

LUCIUS, his servant

Caius CASSIUS

CASCA

TREBONIUS

DECIUS Brutus

METELLUS Cimber

CINNA

Senators opposed to Caesar

Mark ANTONY

OCTAVIUS Caesar

LEPIDUS

rulers of Rome after Caesar's death

FLAVIUS

MURELLUS

tribunes of the people

CICERO

PUBLIUS

Senators

A Soothsayer

ARTEMIDORUS

CINNA, a poet

PINDARUS, Cassius' bondman

TITINIUS, an officer in Cassius' army

LUCILIUS

MESSALA

VARRUS

CLAUDIO

YOUNG CATO

STRATO

VOLUMNIUS

FLAVIUS

DARDANIUS

CLITUS

Officers and soldiers

GHOST of Caesar

Commoners & Citizens of Rome

Note on the text:

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.

1

ACT 1, SCENE 1

A public place. Enter FLAVIUS, MURELLUS, and certain Commoners in celebration.

FLAVIUS

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

First Commoner

Why, sir, a carpenter.

MURELLUS

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

Second Commoner

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

MURELLUS

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Commoner

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

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner

I am, indeed, sir.

FLAVIUS

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

Second Commoner

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

MURELLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
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 climbed up to walls and battlements,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen.

Exeunt all the Commoners

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I - disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

MURELLUS

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

FLAVIUS

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

Exeunt

2

ACT 1, SCENE 2

*Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA;
a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer*

CAESAR

Calpurnia.

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calpurnia.

CALPURNIA

Here, my lord.

CAESAR

Stand you directly in Antonio's way
When he doth run his course. Antonio!

ANTONY

Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR

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

ANTONY

I shall remember.
When Caesar says 'Do this' it is performed.

CAESAR

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Music plays.

Soothsayer

Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! Who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

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

Soothsayer

Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

CALPURNIA

A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me; let me see his face.

CICERO

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

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

Soothsayer

Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR

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

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

Music stops.

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

CASSIUS

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy;
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?

BRUTUS

Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

3

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS

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

4

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

BRUTUS

I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

CAESAR

Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar?

CAESAR

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

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA

5**CASCA**

You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by the rabblement
hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of
stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown

BRUTUS

And after that he came thus sad away?

CASCA

Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

It was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Murellus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's
images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. Farewell, both.

Exit

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

Exit BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

Exit

6

ACT 1, SCENE 3

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

CICERO

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

CASCA

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

CICERO

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

CASCA

He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO

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

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero.

Exit CICERO

7

Enter CASSIUS

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS

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

Thunder still

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar!

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets.

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

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

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party –

CASSIUS

Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

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

CASCA

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

Enter CINNA

Exit CINNA

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Exeunt

8

ACT 2, SCENE 1

Enter BRUTUS

BRUTUS

What, Lucius, ho!

Enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

Exit

BRUTUS

It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

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

Gives him the letter

BRUTUS

Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the Ides of March?

LUCIUS

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

BRUTUS

The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
Opens the letter and reads
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, et cetera. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
'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!

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

BRUTUS

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

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

9

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks.

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter.

Exit

Re-enter LUCIUS

Knocking within

Exit LUCIUS

Re-enter LUCIUS

Exit LUCIUS

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability.

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS

This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS

He is welcome too.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS whispers in BRUTUS' ear.

BRUTUS

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, -
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed.
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him.

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.

TREBONIUS

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

BRUTUS

Peace! Count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

BRUTUS

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

Clock strikes

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

10

Enter PORTIA

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

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

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had to resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure?

BRUTUS

You are my true and honourable wife.

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

Exeunt.

11

ACT 2, SCENE 3

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his nightgown.

CAESAR

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

SERVANT

My lord?

CAESAR

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

Servant

I will, my lord.

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

Caesar shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

CALPURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

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

What say the augurers?

Servant

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

CAESAR

The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today: call it my fear

Re-enter Servant

Enter a Servant

Exit. Enter CALPURNIA

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 today:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR

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

12

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

CAESAR

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come today: tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents.

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood.

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for someone to say,
'Break up the senate till another time
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

CAESAR

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

Exeunt

13

ACT 2, SCENE 3

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

ARTEMIDORUS

"Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius: mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Exit

14

ACT 2, SCENE 4

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA

I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS

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

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA

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

LUCIUS

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

PORTIA

Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Soothsayer

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer

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

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer

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

PORTIA

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

Soothsayer

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

Exit

PORTIA

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

Exeunt separately

15

ACT 3, SCENE 1

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

CAESAR *(To the Soothsayer)*

The Ides of March are come.

Soothsayer

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS

Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS

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

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS

Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

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

CAESAR and the Senators move on

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:

CASSIUS

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

BRUTUS

He is addressed: press near and second him.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

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

METELLUS CIMBER

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

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

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

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,

Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS

Kneeling

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

O Caesar -

CAESAR

Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Great Caesar -

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators stab CAESAR. Finally BRUTUS stabs CAESAR.

CAESAR

Et tu, Bruté! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

16

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Exeunt all but the Conspirators

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And Cassius too.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

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

BRUTUS

Stoop, Romans, stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

CASSIUS

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

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

17

Enter MARK ANTONY.

BRUTUS

Soft! Who comes here? Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Caesar's death hour. If you bear me hard
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die.
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do, yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome -
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity-
 Hath done this deed on Caesar.

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 Gentlemen all,- alas, what shall I say?

CASSIUS

But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

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

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to BRUTUS

You know not what you do: do not consent
 That Antony speak in his funeral:
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter.

BRUTUS

By your pardon:

I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

18

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, -
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue -
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Enter Octavius' Servant, he sees the body of CAESAR.

SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.
He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place. Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR'S body

19

ACT 3, SCENE 2

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Citizen

I will hear Brutus speak.

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

Citizen

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: - Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR'S body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying. With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All

Brutus!

Citizen

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Citizen

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Citizen

Let him be Caesar.

BRUTUS

My countrymen,-

Citizen

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

Citizen

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit with CASSIUS.

Citizen

Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Antony.

MARK ANTONY goes up to the pulpit.

Citizen

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

Citizen

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Citizen

Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Citizen

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans,-

Citizens

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

Bear with me:

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause til it come back to me.

Citizen

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Citizen

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

Citizen

Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

Citizen

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

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

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

CITIZEN

O noble Caesar!

Citizen

O most bloody sight!

ANTONY

Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

ANTONY

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

Citizen

O traitors, villains!

Citizen

We will be revenged.

All

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

All

We'll mutiny.

Citizen

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

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

Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Citizen

Most noble Caesar!

Citizen

O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever.
Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?

First Citizen

Come, away, away! We'll revenge his death.

ANTONY

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

How now, fellow!

Servant

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

Servant

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

And thither will I straight to visit him:

Servant

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

ANTONY

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

Exit amongst scenes of mob violence and rioting.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

Enter Octavius' Servant

20

ACT 3, SCENE 3

Enter CINNA THE POET amidst the rioters.

CINNA THE POET

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar.

FIRST CITIZEN

What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN

Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN

Where do you dwell?

FORTH CITIZEN

Proceed, directly.

CINNA THE POET

Directly I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN

Your name, sir, truly?

CINNA

Truly, my name is Cinna.

CITIZENS

Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

CINNA

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.

Exeunt Citizens, chasing CINNA.

21

ACT 4, SCENE 1

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table

ANTONY

These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit LEPIDUS

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius;

He must be taught and trained. But Octavius;
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 stretched
And let us presently go sit in council.

OCTAVIUS

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

Exeunt

22

ACT 4, SCENE 2

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them

BRUTUS

What now, Lucilius! Is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS

He is at hand.

BRUTUS

A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

LUCILIUS

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

BRUTUS

Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
Hark! He is arrived.

Low march within. Enter CASSIUS and his powers

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Soldier

Stand!

Second Soldier

Stand!

Third Soldier

Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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. BRUTUS and CASSIUS go into BRUTUS' tent.

23

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians -

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Caesar bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
There is my dagger, and here my naked breast;
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.
Lucilius and Titinius!

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS

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

Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS

24

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. Come in, Titinius!
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

With what addition?

MESSALA

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one!

MESSALA

Cicero is dead.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother –

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS

Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Everything is well.

TITINIUS and MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

25

BRUTUS

Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

Call Claudius and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS

Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

VARRO

Calls my lord?

BRUTUS

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

CLAUDIUS

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

BRUTUS

I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.

BRUTUS *(to LUCIUS)*

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

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty, sir.

Music, and a song. VARRO and CLAUDIUS fall asleep, as does LUCIUS.

BRUTUS

This is a sleepy tune. Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Exit Ghost

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

LUCIUS

My lord?

CLAUDIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

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

VARRO

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Ay: saw you any thing?

VARRO

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS

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

VARRO and CLAUDIUS

It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt

26

ACT 5, SCENE 1

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army and from another entrance enter a Messenger.

Messenger

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

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS

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

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

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

OCTAVIUS

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

CASSIUS

Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

Exeunt.

27

ACT 5, SCENE 3

The two armies fight. Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS see their troops begin to retreat.

CASSIUS

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.

TITINIUS

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

Enter PINDARUS

PINDARUS

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

CASSIUS

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

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

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

TITINIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

Exit

CASSIUS

My life is run his compass.
Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.

PINDARUS stabs him

Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee.

Dies

PINDARUS

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

Exit

28

Re-enter TITINIUS holding a victory wreath, with MESSALA

MESSALA

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

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

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

MESSALA

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, where is Cassius?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder.

BRUTUS

His face is upward.

CATO

He is slain.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Low alarums

CATO

Brave Cassius!

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt

29

ACT 5, SCENE 5

More fighting. BRUTUS' army is pushed back. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

BRUTUS

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Hark thee, Clitus.

Whispers.

CLITUS

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

BRUTUS

Peace then! No words.

BRUTUS

Hark thee, Dardanius.

Whispers

DARDANIUS

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

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

BRUTUS

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

VOLUMNIUS

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS

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

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us, good Volumnius.

CLITUS

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

BRUTUS

Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but laboured to attain this hour.

CLITUS

Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.

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

STRATO

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

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato.

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

Low alarums

Alarum still

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

Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS

Runs on his sword

Dies

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

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

Exeunt

30

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

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

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