

The Tragedy of
JULIUS CAESAR

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in

chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Caesar's assassination is just the halfway point of *Julius Caesar*. The first part of the play leads to his death; the second portrays the consequences. As the action begins, Rome prepares for Caesar's triumphal entrance. Brutus, Caesar's friend and ally, fears that Caesar will become king, destroying the republic. Cassius and others convince Brutus to join a conspiracy to kill Caesar.

On the day of the assassination, Caesar plans to stay home at the urging of his wife, Calphurnia. A conspirator, Decius Brutus, persuades him to go to the Senate with the other conspirators and his friend, Mark Antony. At the Senate, the conspirators stab Caesar to death. Antony uses a funeral oration to turn the citizens of Rome against them. Brutus and Cassius escape as Antony joins forces with Octavius Caesar.

Encamped with their armies, Brutus and Cassius quarrel, then agree to march on Antony and Octavius. In the battle which follows, Cassius, misled by erroneous reports of loss, persuades a slave to kill him; Brutus's army is defeated. Brutus commits suicide, praised by Antony as "the noblest Roman of them all."

Characters in the Play

JULIUS CAESAR
CALPHURNIA, his wife
Servant to them

MARCUS BRUTUS
PORTIA, his wife
LUCIUS, their servant

CAIUS CASSIUS
CASCA
CINNA
DECIUS BRUTUS
CAIUS LIGARIUS
METELLUS CIMBER
TREBONIUS

} *patricians who, with Brutus,
conspire against Caesar*

CICERO
PUBLIUS
POPILIUS LENA

} *senators*

FLAVIUS
MARULLUS

} *tribunes*

MARK ANTONY
LEPIDUS
OCTAVIUS

} *rulers of Rome in Acts 4 and 5*

Servant to Antony
Servant to Octavius

LUCILIUS
TITINIUS
MESSALA
VARRO
CLAUDIUS
YOUNG CATO
STRATO
VOLUMNIUS
LABEO (nonspeaking)
FLAVIUS (nonspeaking)
DARDANUS
CLITUS

} *officers and soldiers in the
armies of Brutus and Cassius*

A Carpenter

A Cobbler

A Soothsayer

ARTEMIDORUS

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Plebeians

CINNA the poet

PINDARUS, slave to Cassius, freed upon Cassius's death

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldiers in Brutus's army

Another Poet

A Messenger

First and Second Soldiers in Antony's army

Citizens, Senators, Petitioners, Plebeians, Soldiers

ACT 1

Scene 1

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners,
[including a Carpenter and a Cobbler,] over the stage.*

FLAVIUS

FTLN 0001 Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home!
FTLN 0002 Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
FTLN 0003 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
FTLN 0004 Upon a laboring day without the sign
FTLN 0005 Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? 5

FTLN 0006 CARPENTER Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS

FTLN 0007 Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
FTLN 0008 What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
FTLN 0009 You, sir, what trade are you?
FTLN 0010 COBBLER Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am 10
FTLN 0011 but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS

FTLN 0012 But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.
FTLN 0013 COBBLER A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
FTLN 0014 conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad
FTLN 0015 soles. 15

FLAVIUS

FTLN 0016 What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what
FTLN 0017 trade?

FTLN 0018	COBBLER	Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me.	
FTLN 0019		Yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.	
	MARULLUS		
FTLN 0020		What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy	20
FTLN 0021		fellow?	
FTLN 0022	COBBLER	Why, sir, cobble you.	
FTLN 0023	FLAVIUS	Thou art a cobbler, art thou?	
FTLN 0024	COBBLER	Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the	
FTLN 0025		awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters nor	25
FTLN 0026		women's matters, but withal I am indeed, sir, a	
FTLN 0027		surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger,	
FTLN 0028		I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon	
FTLN 0029		neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.	
	FLAVIUS		
FTLN 0030		But wherefore art not in thy shop today?	30
FTLN 0031		Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?	
FTLN 0032	COBBLER	Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to	
FTLN 0033		get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we	
FTLN 0034		make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his	
FTLN 0035		triumph.	35
	MARULLUS		
FTLN 0036		Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?	
FTLN 0037		What tributaries follow him to Rome	
FTLN 0038		To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?	
FTLN 0039		You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless	
FTLN 0040		things!	40
FTLN 0041		O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,	
FTLN 0042		Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft	
FTLN 0043		Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,	
FTLN 0044		To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,	
FTLN 0045		Your infants in your arms, and there have sat	45
FTLN 0046		The livelong day, with patient expectation,	
FTLN 0047		To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.	
FTLN 0048		And when you saw his chariot but appear,	
FTLN 0049		Have you not made an universal shout,	
FTLN 0050		That Tiber trembled underneath her banks	50

FTLN 0051	To hear the replication of your sounds	
FTLN 0052	Made in her concave shores?	
FTLN 0053	And do you now put on your best attire?	
FTLN 0054	And do you now cull out a holiday?	
FTLN 0055	And do you now strew flowers in his way	55
FTLN 0056	That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?	
FTLN 0057	Be gone!	
FTLN 0058	Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,	
FTLN 0059	Pray to the gods to intermit the plague	
FTLN 0060	That needs must light on this ingratitude.	60
FLAVIUS		
FTLN 0061	Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault	
FTLN 0062	Assemble all the poor men of your sort,	
FTLN 0063	Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears	
FTLN 0064	Into the channel, till the lowest stream	
FTLN 0065	Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.	65
<i>All the Commoners exit.</i>		
FTLN 0066	See whe'er their basest mettle be not moved.	
FTLN 0067	They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.	
FTLN 0068	Go you down that way towards the Capitol.	
FTLN 0069	This way will I. Disrobe the images	
FTLN 0070	If you do find them decked with ceremonies.	70
FTLN 0071	MARULLUS May we do so?	
FTLN 0072	You know it is the feast of Lupercal.	
FLAVIUS		
FTLN 0073	It is no matter. Let no images	
FTLN 0074	Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about	
FTLN 0075	And drive away the vulgar from the streets;	75
FTLN 0076	So do you too, where you perceive them thick.	
FTLN 0077	These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing	
FTLN 0078	Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,	
FTLN 0079	Who else would soar above the view of men	
FTLN 0080	And keep us all in servile fearfulness.	80
<i>They exit [in different directions.]</i>		

[Scene 2]

*Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calphurnia, Portia,
Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer;
after them Marullus and Flavius [and Commoners.]*

CAESAR

FTLN 0081 Calphurnia.

FTLN 0082 CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

FTLN 0083 CAESAR Calphurnia.

FTLN 0084 CALPHURNIA Here, my lord.

CAESAR

FTLN 0085 Stand you directly in Antonius' way 5

FTLN 0086 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

FTLN 0087 ANTONY Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR

FTLN 0088 Forget not in your speed, Antonius,

FTLN 0089 To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say

FTLN 0090 The barren, touchèd in this holy chase, 10

FTLN 0091 Shake off their sterile curse.

FTLN 0092 ANTONY I shall remember.

FTLN 0093 When Caesar says “Do this,” it is performed.

CAESAR

FTLN 0094 Set on and leave no ceremony out. [Sennet.]

FTLN 0095 SOOTHSAYER Caesar. 15

FTLN 0096 CAESAR Ha! Who calls?

CASCA

FTLN 0097 Bid every noise be still. Peace, yet again!

CAESAR

FTLN 0098 Who is it in the press that calls on me?

FTLN 0099 I hear a tongue shriller than all the music

FTLN 0100 Cry “Caesar.” Speak. Caesar is turned to hear. 20

SOOTHSAYER

FTLN 0101 Beware the ides of March.

FTLN 0102 CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS

FTLN 0103 A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

FTLN 0104 Set him before me. Let me see his face.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0105 Fellow, come from the throng. 25

「The Soothsayer comes forward.」

FTLN 0106 Look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

FTLN 0107 What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

FTLN 0108 SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

FTLN 0109 He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass.

Sennet. All but Brutus and Cassius exit.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0110 Will you go see the order of the course? 30

FTLN 0111 BRUTUS Not I.

FTLN 0112 CASSIUS I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0113 I am not gamesome. I do lack some part

FTLN 0114 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

FTLN 0115 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires. 35

FTLN 0116 I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0117 Brutus, I do observe you now of late.

FTLN 0118 I have not from your eyes that gentleness

FTLN 0119 And show of love as I was wont to have.

FTLN 0120 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand 40

FTLN 0121 Over your friend that loves you.

FTLN 0122 BRUTUS Cassius,

FTLN 0123 Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,

FTLN 0124 I turn the trouble of my countenance

FTLN 0125 Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am 45

FTLN 0126 Of late with passions of some difference,

FTLN 0127 Conceptions only proper to myself,

FTLN 0128 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors.

FTLN 0129 But let not therefore my good friends be grieved

FTLN 0130 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one) 50

FTLN 0131	Nor construe any further my neglect	
FTLN 0132	Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,	
FTLN 0133	Forgets the shows of love to other men.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0134	Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,	
FTLN 0135	By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried	55
FTLN 0136	Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.	
FTLN 0137	Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0138	No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself	
FTLN 0139	But by reflection, by some other things.	
FTLN 0140	CASSIUS 'Tis just.	60
FTLN 0141	And it is very much lamented, Brutus,	
FTLN 0142	That you have no such mirrors as will turn	
FTLN 0143	Your hidden worthiness into your eye,	
FTLN 0144	That you might see your shadow. I have heard	
FTLN 0145	Where many of the best respect in Rome,	65
FTLN 0146	Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus	
FTLN 0147	And groaning underneath this age's yoke,	
FTLN 0148	Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0149	Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,	
FTLN 0150	That you would have me seek into myself	70
FTLN 0151	For that which is not in me?	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0152	Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear.	
FTLN 0153	And since you know you cannot see yourself	
FTLN 0154	So well as by reflection, I, your glass,	
FTLN 0155	Will modestly discover to yourself	75
FTLN 0156	That of yourself which you yet know not of.	
FTLN 0157	And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.	
FTLN 0158	Were I a common laughter, or did use	
FTLN 0159	To stale with ordinary oaths my love	
FTLN 0160	To every new protester; if you know	80
FTLN 0161	That I do fawn on men and hug them hard	
FTLN 0162	And after scandal them, or if you know	

FTLN 0163	That I profess myself in banqueting	
FTLN 0164	To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.	
	<i>Flourish and shout.</i>	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0165	What means this shouting? I do fear the people	85
FTLN 0166	Choose Caesar for their king.	
FTLN 0167	CASSIUS	Ay, do you fear it?
FTLN 0168	Then must I think you would not have it so.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0169	I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.	
FTLN 0170	But wherefore do you hold me here so long?	90
FTLN 0171	What is it that you would impart to me?	
FTLN 0172	If it be aught toward the general good,	
FTLN 0173	Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other	
FTLN 0174	And I will look on both indifferently;	
FTLN 0175	For let the gods so speed me as I love	95
FTLN 0176	The name of honor more than I fear death.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0177	I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,	
FTLN 0178	As well as I do know your outward favor.	
FTLN 0179	Well, honor is the subject of my story.	
FTLN 0180	I cannot tell what you and other men	100
FTLN 0181	Think of this life; but, for my single self,	
FTLN 0182	I had as lief not be as live to be	
FTLN 0183	In awe of such a thing as I myself.	
FTLN 0184	I was born free as Caesar; so were you;	
FTLN 0185	We both have fed as well, and we can both	105
FTLN 0186	Endure the winter's cold as well as he.	
FTLN 0187	For once, upon a raw and gusty day,	
FTLN 0188	The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,	
FTLN 0189	Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now	
FTLN 0190	Leap in with me into this angry flood	110
FTLN 0191	And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,	
FTLN 0192	Accoutered as I was, I plungèd in	
FTLN 0193	And bade him follow; so indeed he did.	
FTLN 0194	The torrent roared, and we did buffet it	

FTLN 0195	With lusty sinews, throwing it aside	115
FTLN 0196	And stemming it with hearts of controversy.	
FTLN 0197	But ere we could arrive the point proposed,	
FTLN 0198	Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"	
FTLN 0199	I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,	
FTLN 0200	Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder	120
FTLN 0201	The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber	
FTLN 0202	Did I the tired Caesar. And this man	
FTLN 0203	Is now become a god, and Cassius is	
FTLN 0204	A wretched creature and must bend his body	
FTLN 0205	If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.	125
FTLN 0206	He had a fever when he was in Spain,	
FTLN 0207	And when the fit was on him, I did mark	
FTLN 0208	How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake.	
FTLN 0209	His coward lips did from their color fly,	
FTLN 0210	And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world	130
FTLN 0211	Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan.	
FTLN 0212	Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans	
FTLN 0213	Mark him and write his speeches in their books,	
FTLN 0214	"Alas," it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius"	
FTLN 0215	As a sick girl. You gods, it doth amaze me	135
FTLN 0216	A man of such a feeble temper should	
FTLN 0217	So get the start of the majestic world	
FTLN 0218	And bear the palm alone.	
	<i>Shout. Flourish.</i>	
FTLN 0219	BRUTUS Another general shout!	
FTLN 0220	I do believe that these applauses are	140
FTLN 0221	For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0222	Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world	
FTLN 0223	Like a Colossus, and we petty men	
FTLN 0224	Walk under his huge legs and peep about	
FTLN 0225	To find ourselves dishonorable graves.	145
FTLN 0226	Men at some time are masters of their fates.	
FTLN 0227	The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,	
FTLN 0228	But in ourselves, that we are underlings.	

FTLN 0229	“Brutus” and “Caesar”—what should be in that	
FTLN 0230	“Caesar”?	150
FTLN 0231	Why should that name be sounded more than	
FTLN 0232	yours?	
FTLN 0233	Write them together, yours is as fair a name;	
FTLN 0234	Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;	
FTLN 0235	Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ’em,	155
FTLN 0236	“Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Caesar.”	
FTLN 0237	Now, in the names of all the gods at once,	
FTLN 0238	Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed	
FTLN 0239	That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!	
FTLN 0240	Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!	160
FTLN 0241	When went there by an age, since the great flood,	
FTLN 0242	But it was famed with more than with one man?	
FTLN 0243	When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,	
FTLN 0244	That her wide walks encompassed but one man?	
FTLN 0245	Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough	165
FTLN 0246	When there is in it but one only man.	
FTLN 0247	O, you and I have heard our fathers say	
FTLN 0248	There was a Brutus once that would have brooked	
FTLN 0249	Th’ eternal devil to keep his state in Rome	
FTLN 0250	As easily as a king.	170
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0251	That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.	
FTLN 0252	What you would work me to, I have some aim.	
FTLN 0253	How I have thought of this, and of these times,	
FTLN 0254	I shall recount hereafter. For this present,	
FTLN 0255	I would not, so with love I might entreat you,	175
FTLN 0256	Be any further moved. What you have said	
FTLN 0257	I will consider; what you have to say	
FTLN 0258	I will with patience hear, and find a time	
FTLN 0259	Both meet to hear and answer such high things.	
FTLN 0260	Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:	180
FTLN 0261	Brutus had rather be a villager	
FTLN 0262	Than to repute himself a son of Rome	

FTLN 0263 Under these hard conditions as this time
 FTLN 0264 Is like to lay upon us.
 FTLN 0265 CASSIUS I am glad that my weak words 185
 FTLN 0266 Have struck but thus much show of fire from
 FTLN 0267 Brutus.

Enter Caesar and his train.

BRUTUS
 FTLN 0268 The games are done, and Caesar is returning.
 CASSIUS
 FTLN 0269 As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
 FTLN 0270 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 190
 FTLN 0271 What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS
 FTLN 0272 I will do so. But look you, Cassius,
 FTLN 0273 The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
 FTLN 0274 And all the rest look like a chidden train.
 FTLN 0275 Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero 195
 FTLN 0276 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 FTLN 0277 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 FTLN 0278 Being crossed in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS
 FTLN 0279 Casca will tell us what the matter is.
 FTLN 0280 CAESAR Antonius. 200
 FTLN 0281 ANTONY Caesar.

CAESAR
 FTLN 0282 Let me have men about me that are fat,
 FTLN 0283 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.
 FTLN 0284 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
 FTLN 0285 He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous. 205

ANTONY
 FTLN 0286 Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous.
 FTLN 0287 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

CAESAR
 FTLN 0288 Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
 FTLN 0289 Yet if my name were liable to fear,

FTLN 0290 I do not know the man I should avoid 210
 FTLN 0291 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
 FTLN 0292 He is a great observer, and he looks
 FTLN 0293 Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
 FTLN 0294 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
 FTLN 0295 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 215
 FTLN 0296 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
 FTLN 0297 That could be moved to smile at anything.
 FTLN 0298 Such men as he be never at heart's ease
 FTLN 0299 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
 FTLN 0300 And therefore are they very dangerous. 220
 FTLN 0301 I rather tell thee what is to be feared
 FTLN 0302 Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
 FTLN 0303 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 FTLN 0304 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

*Sennet. Caesar and his train exit
 [but Casca remains behind.]*

FTLN 0305 CASCA You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak 225
 FTLN 0306 with me?

BRUTUS

FTLN 0307 Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath chanced today
 FTLN 0308 That Caesar looks so sad.

FTLN 0309 CASCA Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS

FTLN 0310 I should not then ask Casca what had chanced. 230

FTLN 0311 CASCA Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being
 FTLN 0312 offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand,
 FTLN 0313 thus, and then the people fell a-shouting.

FTLN 0314 BRUTUS What was the second noise for?

FTLN 0315 CASCA Why, for that too. 235

CASSIUS

FTLN 0316 They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

FTLN 0317 CASCA Why, for that too.

FTLN 0318 BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?

FTLN 0319 CASCA Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every
 FTLN 0320 time gentler than other; and at every putting-by, 240
 FTLN 0321 mine honest neighbors shouted.

FTLN 0322	CASSIUS	Who offered him the crown?	
FTLN 0323	CASCA	Why, Antony.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0324		Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.	
FTLN 0325	CASCA	I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it.	245
FTLN 0326		It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark	
FTLN 0327		Antony offer him a crown (yet 'twas not a crown	
FTLN 0328		neither; 'twas one of these coronets), and, as I told	
FTLN 0329		you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my	
FTLN 0330		thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered	250
FTLN 0331		it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my	
FTLN 0332		thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.	
FTLN 0333		And then he offered it the third time. He put it the	
FTLN 0334		third time by, and still as he refused it the rabblement	
FTLN 0335		hooted and clapped their chopped hands and	255
FTLN 0336		threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a	
FTLN 0337		deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the	
FTLN 0338		crown that it had almost choked Caesar, for he	
FTLN 0339		swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part,	
FTLN 0340		I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and	260
FTLN 0341		receiving the bad air.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0342		But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?	
FTLN 0343	CASCA	He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at	
FTLN 0344		mouth and was speechless.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0345		'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.	265
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0346		No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I	
FTLN 0347		And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.	
FTLN 0348	CASCA	I know not what you mean by that, but I am	
FTLN 0349		sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not	
FTLN 0350		clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and	270
FTLN 0351		displeased them, as they use to do the players in the	
FTLN 0352		theater, I am no true man.	

BRUTUS

FTLN 0387 What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
 FTLN 0388 He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0389 So is he now in execution
 FTLN 0390 Of any bold or noble enterprise, 310
 FTLN 0391 However he puts on this tardy form.
 FTLN 0392 This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
 FTLN 0393 Which gives men stomach to digest his words
 FTLN 0394 With better appetite.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0395 And so it is. For this time I will leave you. 315
 FTLN 0396 Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
 FTLN 0397 I will come home to you; or, if you will,
 FTLN 0398 Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0399 I will do so. Till then, think of the world.

Brutus exits.

FTLN 0400 Well, Brutus, thou art noble. Yet I see 320
 FTLN 0401 Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
 FTLN 0402 From that it is disposed. Therefore it is meet
 FTLN 0403 That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
 FTLN 0404 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
 FTLN 0405 Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus. 325
 FTLN 0406 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 FTLN 0407 He should not humor me. I will this night
 FTLN 0408 In several hands in at his windows throw,
 FTLN 0409 As if they came from several citizens,
 FTLN 0410 Writings, all tending to the great opinion 330
 FTLN 0411 That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
 FTLN 0412 Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at
 FTLN 0413 And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,
 FTLN 0414 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

He exits.

[Scene 3]

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca and Cicero.

CICERO

FTLN 0415 Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?
 FTLN 0416 Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?

CASCA

FTLN 0417 Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
 FTLN 0418 Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 FTLN 0419 I have seen tempests when the scolding winds 5
 FTLN 0420 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 FTLN 0421 Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
 FTLN 0422 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
 FTLN 0423 But never till tonight, never till now,
 FTLN 0424 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 FTLN 0425 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 FTLN 0426 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 FTLN 0427 Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO

FTLN 0428 Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA

FTLN 0429 A common slave (you know him well by sight) 15
 FTLN 0430 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 FTLN 0431 Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
 FTLN 0432 Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
 FTLN 0433 Besides (I ha' not since put up my sword),
 FTLN 0434 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 FTLN 0435 Who glazed upon me and went surly by
 FTLN 0436 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 FTLN 0437 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 FTLN 0438 Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
 FTLN 0439 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25
 FTLN 0440 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 FTLN 0441 Even at noonday upon the marketplace,
 FTLN 0442 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 FTLN 0443 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

FTLN 0444 “These are their reasons, they are natural,” 30
 FTLN 0445 For I believe they are portentous things
 FTLN 0446 Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO

FTLN 0447 Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time.
 FTLN 0448 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 FTLN 0449 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35
 FTLN 0450 Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

FTLN 0451 He doth, for he did bid Antonius
 FTLN 0452 Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO

FTLN 0453 Good night then, Casca. This disturbèd sky
 FTLN 0454 Is not to walk in. 40

FTLN 0455 CASCA Farewell, Cicero *Cicero exits.*

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0456 Who’s there?

FTLN 0457 CASCA A Roman.

FTLN 0458 CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

FTLN 0459 Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this! 45

CASSIUS

FTLN 0460 A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

FTLN 0461 Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

FTLN 0462 Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.
 FTLN 0463 For my part, I have walked about the streets,
 FTLN 0464 Submitting me unto the perilous night, 50

FTLN 0465 And thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,

FTLN 0466 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

FTLN 0467 And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open

FTLN 0468 The breast of heaven, I did present myself

FTLN 0469 Even in the aim and very flash of it. 55

CASCA

FTLN 0470 But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
 FTLN 0471 It is the part of men to fear and tremble
 FTLN 0472 When the most mighty gods by tokens send
 FTLN 0473 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0474 You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life 60
 FTLN 0475 That should be in a Roman you do want,
 FTLN 0476 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
 FTLN 0477 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 FTLN 0478 To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
 FTLN 0479 But if you would consider the true cause 65
 FTLN 0480 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 FTLN 0481 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
 FTLN 0482 Why old men, fools, and children calculate,
 FTLN 0483 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 FTLN 0484 Their natures, and preformèd faculties, 70
 FTLN 0485 To monstrous quality—why, you shall find
 FTLN 0486 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
 FTLN 0487 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 FTLN 0488 Unto some monstrous state.
 FTLN 0489 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man 75
 FTLN 0490 Most like this dreadful night,
 FTLN 0491 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 FTLN 0492 As doth the lion in the Capitol;
 FTLN 0493 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 FTLN 0494 In personal action, yet prodigious grown, 80
 FTLN 0495 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

FTLN 0496 'Tis Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS

FTLN 0497 Let it be who it is. For Romans now
 FTLN 0498 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
 FTLN 0499 But, woe the while, our fathers' minds are dead, 85
 FTLN 0500 And we are governed with our mothers' spirits.
 FTLN 0501 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA

FTLN 0502 Indeed, they say the Senators tomorrow
 FTLN 0503 Mean to establish Caesar as a king,
 FTLN 0504 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land 90
 FTLN 0505 In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0506 I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 FTLN 0507 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 FTLN 0508 Therein, you gods, you make the weak most strong;
 FTLN 0509 Therein, you gods, you tyrants do defeat. 95
 FTLN 0510 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 FTLN 0511 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 FTLN 0512 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 FTLN 0513 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 FTLN 0514 Never lacks power to dismiss itself. 100
 FTLN 0515 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 FTLN 0516 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 FTLN 0517 I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

CASCA

So can I.

FTLN 0518 So can I.
 FTLN 0519 So every bondman in his own hand bears 105
 FTLN 0520 The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0521 And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
 FTLN 0522 Poor man, I know he would not be a wolf
 FTLN 0523 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
 FTLN 0524 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds. 110
 FTLN 0525 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 FTLN 0526 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
 FTLN 0527 What rubbish, and what offal when it serves
 FTLN 0528 For the base matter to illuminate
 FTLN 0529 So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, 115
 FTLN 0530 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 FTLN 0531 Before a willing bondman; then, I know
 FTLN 0532 My answer must be made. But I am armed,
 FTLN 0533 And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

FTLN 0534 You speak to Casca, and to such a man 120
 FTLN 0535 That is no fleering telltale. Hold. My hand.

[*They shake hands.*]

FTLN 0536 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 FTLN 0537 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 FTLN 0538 As who goes farthest.

FTLN 0539 CASSIUS There's a bargain made. 125

FTLN 0540 Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
 FTLN 0541 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 FTLN 0542 To undergo with me an enterprise
 FTLN 0543 Of honorable-dangerous consequence.

FTLN 0544 And I do know by this they stay for me 130

FTLN 0545 In Pompey's Porch. For now, this fearful night,
 FTLN 0546 There is no stir or walking in the streets;

FTLN 0547 And the complexion of the element

FTLN 0548 [In] favor 's like the work we have in hand,

FTLN 0549 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 135

Enter Cinna.

CASCA

FTLN 0550 Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0551 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait.

FTLN 0552 He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

FTLN 0553 To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS

FTLN 0554 No, it is Casca, one incorporate 140

FTLN 0555 To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CINNA

FTLN 0556 I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!

FTLN 0557 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

FTLN 0558 CASSIUS Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA

FTLN 0559 Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could 145

FTLN 0560 But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS, [*handing him papers*]

FTLN 0561 Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
 FTLN 0562 And look you lay it in the Praetor's chair,
 FTLN 0563 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 FTLN 0564 In at his window; set this up with wax 150
 FTLN 0565 Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
 FTLN 0566 Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.
 FTLN 0567 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

FTLN 0568 All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
 FTLN 0569 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie 155
 FTLN 0570 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0571 That done, repair to Pompey's Theater.

Cinna exits.

FTLN 0572 Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
 FTLN 0573 See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him
 FTLN 0574 Is ours already, and the man entire 160
 FTLN 0575 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA

FTLN 0576 O, he sits high in all the people's hearts,
 FTLN 0577 And that which would appear offense in us
 FTLN 0578 His countenance, like richest alchemy,
 FTLN 0579 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 165

CASSIUS

FTLN 0580 Him and his worth and our great need of him
 FTLN 0581 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 FTLN 0582 For it is after midnight, and ere day
 FTLN 0583 We will awake him and be sure of him.

They exit.

ACT 2

「Scene 1」

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

FTLN 0584 BRUTUS What, Lucius, ho!—
FTLN 0585 I cannot by the progress of the stars
FTLN 0586 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
FTLN 0587 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
FTLN 0588 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius! 5

Enter Lucius.

FTLN 0589 LUCIUS Called you, my lord?
BRUTUS
FTLN 0590 Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
FTLN 0591 When it is lighted, come and call me here.
FTLN 0592 LUCIUS I will, my lord. *He exits.*
BRUTUS
FTLN 0593 It must be by his death. And for my part 10
FTLN 0594 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
FTLN 0595 But for the general. He would be crowned:
FTLN 0596 How that might change his nature, there's the
FTLN 0597 question.
FTLN 0598 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, 15
FTLN 0599 And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,
FTLN 0600 And then I grant we put a sting in him
FTLN 0601 That at his will he may do danger with.
FTLN 0602 Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins

FTLN 0603 Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar, 20
 FTLN 0604 I have not known when his affections swayed
 FTLN 0605 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
 FTLN 0606 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 FTLN 0607 Whereto the 「climber-upward」 turns his face;
 FTLN 0608 But, when he once attains the upmost round, 25
 FTLN 0609 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 FTLN 0610 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 FTLN 0611 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
 FTLN 0612 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 FTLN 0613 Will bear no color for the thing he is, 30
 FTLN 0614 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
 FTLN 0615 Would run to these and these extremities.
 FTLN 0616 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 FTLN 0617 Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow
 FTLN 0618 mischievous, 35
 FTLN 0619 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0620 The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 FTLN 0621 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 FTLN 0622 This paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure
 FTLN 0623 It did not lie there when I went to bed. 40

Gives him the letter.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0624 Get you to bed again. It is not day.
 FTLN 0625 Is not tomorrow, boy, the 「ides」 of March?

FTLN 0626 LUCIUS I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0627 Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

FTLN 0628 LUCIUS I will, sir. *He exits.* 45

BRUTUS

FTLN 0629 The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 FTLN 0630 Give so much light that I may read by them.

Opens the letter and reads.

FTLN 0631 *Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself!*
 FTLN 0632 *Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!*
 FTLN 0633 "Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake." 50
 FTLN 0634 Such instigations have been often dropped
 FTLN 0635 Where I have took them up.
 FTLN 0636 "Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
 FTLN 0637 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
 FTLN 0638 Rome? 55
 FTLN 0639 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 FTLN 0640 The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.
 FTLN 0641 "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
 FTLN 0642 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 FTLN 0643 If the redress will follow, thou receivest 60
 FTLN 0644 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

FTLN 0645 LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
Knock within.

BRUTUS
 FTLN 0646 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[Lucius exits.]

FTLN 0647 Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
 FTLN 0648 I have not slept. 65
 FTLN 0649 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 FTLN 0650 And the first motion, all the interim is
 FTLN 0651 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
 FTLN 0652 The genius and the mortal instruments
 FTLN 0653 Are then in council, and the state of man, 70
 FTLN 0654 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 FTLN 0655 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS
 FTLN 0656 Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
 FTLN 0657 Who doth desire to see you.

FTLN 0658	BRUTUS	Is he alone?	75
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 0659		No, sir. There are more with him.	
FTLN 0660	BRUTUS	Do you know	
FTLN 0661		them?	
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 0662		No, sir. Their hats are plucked about their ears,	
FTLN 0663		And half their faces buried in their cloaks,	80
FTLN 0664		That by no means I may discover them	
FTLN 0665		By any mark of favor.	
FTLN 0666	BRUTUS	Let 'em enter. <i>Lucius exits.</i>	
FTLN 0667		They are the faction. O conspiracy,	
FTLN 0668		Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,	85
FTLN 0669		When evils are most free? O, then, by day	
FTLN 0670		Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough	
FTLN 0671		To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,	
FTLN 0672		conspiracy.	
FTLN 0673		Hide it in smiles and affability;	90
FTLN 0674		For if thou path, thy native semblance on,	
FTLN 0675		Not Erebus itself were dim enough	
FTLN 0676		To hide thee from prevention.	

*Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,
Metellus, and Trebonius.*

	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0677		I think we are too bold upon your rest.	
FTLN 0678		Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?	95
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0679		I have been up this hour, awake all night.	
FTLN 0680		Know I these men that come along with you?	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0681		Yes, every man of them; and no man here	
FTLN 0682		But honors you, and every one doth wish	
FTLN 0683		You had but that opinion of yourself	100
FTLN 0684		Which every noble Roman bears of you.	
FTLN 0685		This is Trebonius.	

FTLN 0686	BRUTUS	He is welcome hither.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0687		This, Decius Brutus.	
FTLN 0688	BRUTUS	He is welcome too.	105
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0689		This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.	
FTLN 0690	BRUTUS	They are all welcome.	
FTLN 0691		What watchful cares do interpose themselves	
FTLN 0692		Betwixt your eyes and night?	
FTLN 0693	CASSIUS	Shall I entreat a word?	110
		<i>〔Brutus and Cassius〕 whisper.</i>	
	DECIUS		
FTLN 0694		Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?	
FTLN 0695	CASCA	No.	
	CINNA		
FTLN 0696		O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines	
FTLN 0697		That fret the clouds are messengers of day.	
	CASCA		
FTLN 0698		You shall confess that you are both deceived.	115
FTLN 0699		Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,	
FTLN 0700		Which is a great way growing on the south,	
FTLN 0701		Weighing the youthful season of the year.	
FTLN 0702		Some two months hence, up higher toward the	
FTLN 0703		north	120
FTLN 0704		He first presents his fire, and the high east	
FTLN 0705		Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.	
	BRUTUS, <i>〔coming forward with Cassius〕</i>		
FTLN 0706		Give me your hands all over, one by one.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0707		And let us swear our resolution.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0708		No, not an oath. If not the face of men,	125
FTLN 0709		The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—	
FTLN 0710		If these be motives weak, break off betimes,	
FTLN 0711		And every man hence to his idle bed.	
FTLN 0712		So let high-sighted tyranny range on	

BRUTUS

FTLN 0745 O, name him not! Let us not break with him,
 FTLN 0746 For he will never follow anything
 FTLN 0747 That other men begin.

FTLN 0748 CASSIUS Then leave him out. 165

FTLN 0749 CASCA Indeed, he is not fit.

DECIUS

FTLN 0750 Shall no man else be touched, but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

FTLN 0751 Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet
 FTLN 0752 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
 FTLN 0753 Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him 170
 FTLN 0754 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
 FTLN 0755 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 FTLN 0756 As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
 FTLN 0757 Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0758 Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, 175
 FTLN 0759 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 FTLN 0760 Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
 FTLN 0761 For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.

FTLN 0762 Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 FTLN 0763 We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar, 180
 FTLN 0764 And in the spirit of men there is no blood.

FTLN 0765 O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit
 FTLN 0766 And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
 FTLN 0767 Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
 FTLN 0768 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully. 185

FTLN 0769 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 FTLN 0770 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
 FTLN 0771 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 FTLN 0772 Stir up their servants to an act of rage
 FTLN 0773 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make 190

FTLN 0774 Our purpose necessary and not envious;
 FTLN 0775 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 FTLN 0776 We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

FTLN 0777	And for Mark Antony, think not of him,	
FTLN 0778	For he can do no more than Caesar's arm	195
FTLN 0779	When Caesar's head is off.	
FTLN 0780	CASSIUS	Yet I fear him,
FTLN 0781	For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0782	Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.	
FTLN 0783	If he love Caesar, all that he can do	200
FTLN 0784	Is to himself: take thought and die for Caesar.	
FTLN 0785	And that were much he should, for he is given	
FTLN 0786	To sports, to wildness, and much company.	
	TREBONIUS	
FTLN 0787	There is no fear in him. Let him not die,	
FTLN 0788	For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.	205
		<i>Clock strikes.</i>
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0789	Peace, count the clock.	
FTLN 0790	CASSIUS	The clock hath stricken
FTLN 0791	three.	
	TREBONIUS	
FTLN 0792	'Tis time to part.	
FTLN 0793	CASSIUS	But it is doubtful yet
FTLN 0794	Whether Caesar will come forth today or no,	210
FTLN 0795	For he is superstitious grown of late,	
FTLN 0796	Quite from the main opinion he held once	
FTLN 0797	Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.	
FTLN 0798	It may be these apparent prodigies,	215
FTLN 0799	The unaccustomed terror of this night,	
FTLN 0800	And the persuasion of his augurers	
FTLN 0801	May hold him from the Capitol today.	
	DECIUS	
FTLN 0802	Never fear that. If he be so resolved,	
FTLN 0803	I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear	220
FTLN 0804	That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,	
FTLN 0805	And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,	
FTLN 0806	Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.	

FTLN 0807	But when I tell him he hates flatterers,	
FTLN 0808	He says he does, being then most flatterèd.	225
FTLN 0809	Let me work,	
FTLN 0810	For I can give his humor the true bent,	
FTLN 0811	And I will bring him to the Capitol.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0812	Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0813	By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?	230
	CINNA	
FTLN 0814	Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.	
	METELLUS	
FTLN 0815	Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,	
FTLN 0816	Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey.	
FTLN 0817	I wonder none of you have thought of him.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0818	Now, good Metellus, go along by him.	235
FTLN 0819	He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.	
FTLN 0820	Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0821	The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you,	
FTLN 0822	Brutus.	
FTLN 0823	And, friends, disperse yourselves, but all remember	240
FTLN 0824	What you have said, and show yourselves true	
FTLN 0825	Romans.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0826	Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.	
FTLN 0827	Let not our looks put on our purposes,	
FTLN 0828	But bear it, as our Roman actors do,	245
FTLN 0829	With untired spirits and formal constancy.	
FTLN 0830	And so good morrow to you every one.	
	<i>All but Brutus exit.</i>	
FTLN 0831	Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter.	
FTLN 0832	Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.	
FTLN 0833	Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies	250

FTLN 0834 Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
 FTLN 0835 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

FTLN 0836 PORTIA Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0837 Portia! What mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

FTLN 0838 It is not for your health thus to commit 255

FTLN 0839 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

FTLN 0840 Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,

FTLN 0841 Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper

FTLN 0842 You suddenly arose and walked about,

FTLN 0843 Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 260

FTLN 0844 And when I asked you what the matter was,

FTLN 0845 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.

FTLN 0846 I urged you further; then you scratched your head

FTLN 0847 And too impatiently stamped with your foot.

FTLN 0848 Yet I insisted; yet you answered not, 265

FTLN 0849 But with an angry wafture of your hand

FTLN 0850 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,

FTLN 0851 Fearing to strengthen that impatience

FTLN 0852 Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal

FTLN 0853 Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 270

FTLN 0854 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

FTLN 0855 It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep,

FTLN 0856 And could it work so much upon your shape

FTLN 0857 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,

FTLN 0858 I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord, 275

FTLN 0859 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0860 I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

FTLN 0861 Brutus is wise and, were he not in health,

FTLN 0862 He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0894 You are my true and honorable wife,
 FTLN 0895 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 FTLN 0896 That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA

FTLN 0897 If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 FTLN 0898 I grant I am a woman, but withal 315
 FTLN 0899 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
 FTLN 0900 I grant I am a woman, but withal
 FTLN 0901 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
 FTLN 0902 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 FTLN 0903 Being so fathered and so husbanded? 320
 FTLN 0904 Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
 FTLN 0905 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 FTLN 0906 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 FTLN 0907 Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
 FTLN 0908 And not my husband's secrets? 325

BRUTUS

FTLN 0909 O you gods,
 FTLN 0910 Render me worthy of this noble wife! *Knock.*
 FTLN 0911 Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,
 FTLN 0912 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 FTLN 0913 The secrets of my heart. 330
 FTLN 0914 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 FTLN 0915 All the charactery of my sad brows.
 FTLN 0916 Leave me with haste. *Portia exits.*
 FTLN 0917 Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0918 Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 335

BRUTUS

FTLN 0919 Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.—
 FTLN 0920 Boy, stand aside. *〔Lucius exits.〕*
 FTLN 0921 Caius Ligarius, how?

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0922 Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0923 O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, 340
 FTLN 0924 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0925 I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 FTLN 0926 Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0927 Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 FTLN 0928 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 345

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0929 By all the gods that Romans bow before,
 FTLN 0930 I here discard my sickness.

〔He takes off his kerchief.〕

FTLN 0931 Soul of Rome,
 FTLN 0932 Brave son derived from honorable loins,
 FTLN 0933 Thou like an exorcist hast conjured up 350
 FTLN 0934 My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,
 FTLN 0935 And I will strive with things impossible,
 FTLN 0936 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS

FTLN 0937 A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0938 But are not some whole that we must make sick? 355

BRUTUS

FTLN 0939 That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
 FTLN 0940 I shall unfold to thee as we are going
 FTLN 0941 To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0942 Set on your foot,
 FTLN 0943 And with a heart new-fired I follow you 360
 FTLN 0944 To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
 FTLN 0945 That Brutus leads me on. *Thunder.*

BRUTUS

FTLN 0946 Follow me then.

They exit.

[Scene 2]

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Caesar in his nightgown.

CAESAR

FTLN 0947 Nor heaven nor Earth have been at peace tonight.
 FTLN 0948 Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out
 FTLN 0949 “Help ho, they murder Caesar!”—Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

FTLN 0950 SERVANT My lord.

CAESAR

FTLN 0951 Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, 5
 FTLN 0952 And bring me their opinions of success.

FTLN 0953 SERVANT I will, my lord. *He exits.*

Enter Calphurnia.

CALPHURNIA

FTLN 0954 What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
 FTLN 0955 You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR

FTLN 0956 Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me 10
 FTLN 0957 Ne’er looked but on my back. When they shall see
 FTLN 0958 The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

CALPHURNIA

FTLN 0959 Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
 FTLN 0960 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
 FTLN 0961 Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15

FTLN 0962 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 FTLN 0963 A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets,
 FTLN 0964 And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.

FTLN 0965 Fierce fiery warriors [fought] upon the clouds
 FTLN 0966 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
 FTLN 0967 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.

FTLN 0968 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 FTLN 0969 Horses [did] neigh, and dying men did groan,

FTLN 0970	And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.	
FTLN 0971	O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,	25
FTLN 0972	And I do fear them.	
FTLN 0973	CAESAR	What can be avoided
FTLN 0974	Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?	
FTLN 0975	Yet Caesar shall go forth, for these predictions	
FTLN 0976	Are to the world in general as to Caesar.	30
	CALPHURNIA	
FTLN 0977	When beggars die there are no comets seen;	
FTLN 0978	The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of	
FTLN 0979	princes.	
	CAESAR	
FTLN 0980	Cowards die many times before their deaths;	
FTLN 0981	The valiant never taste of death but once.	35
FTLN 0982	Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,	
FTLN 0983	It seems to me most strange that men should fear,	
FTLN 0984	Seeing that death, a necessary end,	
FTLN 0985	Will come when it will come.	
	<i>Enter a Servant.</i>	
FTLN 0986	What say the augurers?	40
	SERVANT	
FTLN 0987	They would not have you to stir forth today.	
FTLN 0988	Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,	
FTLN 0989	They could not find a heart within the beast.	
	CAESAR	
FTLN 0990	The gods do this in shame of cowardice.	
FTLN 0991	Caesar should be a beast without a heart	45
FTLN 0992	If he should stay at home today for fear.	
FTLN 0993	No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well	
FTLN 0994	That Caesar is more dangerous than he.	
FTLN 0995	We ^{are} two lions littered in one day,	
FTLN 0996	And I the elder and more terrible.	50
FTLN 0997	And Caesar shall go forth.	
FTLN 0998	CALPHURNIA	Alas, my lord,
FTLN 0999	Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.	

FTLN 1000 Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
 FTLN 1001 That keeps you in the house, and not your own. 55
 FTLN 1002 We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
 FTLN 1003 And he shall say you are not well today.
 FTLN 1004 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. *〔She kneels.〕*

CAESAR

FTLN 1005 Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 FTLN 1006 And for thy humor I will stay at home. 60
〔He lifts her up.〕

Enter Decius.

FTLN 1007 Here's Decius Brutus; he shall tell them so.

DECIUS

FTLN 1008 Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar.
 FTLN 1009 I come to fetch you to the Senate House.

CAESAR

FTLN 1010 And you are come in very happy time
 FTLN 1011 To bear my greeting to the Senators 65
 FTLN 1012 And tell them that I will not come today.
 FTLN 1013 Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser.
 FTLN 1014 I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPHURNIA

FTLN 1015 Say he is sick.

FTLN 1016 CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie? 70

FTLN 1017 Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
 FTLN 1018 To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
 FTLN 1019 Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS

FTLN 1020 Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
 FTLN 1021 Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so. 75

CAESAR

FTLN 1022 The cause is in my will. I will not come.
 FTLN 1023 That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
 FTLN 1024 But for your private satisfaction,
 FTLN 1025 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 FTLN 1026 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. 80

FTLN 1027 She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
 FTLN 1028 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 FTLN 1029 Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
 FTLN 1030 Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.
 FTLN 1031 And these does she apply for warnings and portents 85
 FTLN 1032 And evils imminent, and on her knee
 FTLN 1033 Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

DECIUS

FTLN 1034 This dream is all amiss interpreted.
 FTLN 1035 It was a vision fair and fortunate.
 FTLN 1036 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 90
 FTLN 1037 In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
 FTLN 1038 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 FTLN 1039 Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
 FTLN 1040 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
 FTLN 1041 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. 95

CAESAR

FTLN 1042 And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS

FTLN 1043 I have, when you have heard what I can say.
 FTLN 1044 And know it now: the Senate have concluded
 FTLN 1045 To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
 FTLN 1046 If you shall send them word you will not come, 100
 FTLN 1047 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 FTLN 1048 Apt to be rendered, for someone to say
 FTLN 1049 "Break up the Senate till another time,
 FTLN 1050 When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
 FTLN 1051 If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper 105
 FTLN 1052 "Lo, Caesar is afraid"?"
 FTLN 1053 Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love
 FTLN 1054 To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
 FTLN 1055 And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR

FTLN 1056 How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia! 110
 FTLN 1057 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 FTLN 1058 Give me my robe, for I will go.

[Scene 3]

Enter Artemidorus [reading a paper.]

FTLN 1084	ARTEMIDORUS	<i>Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of</i>	
FTLN 1085		<i>Cassius, come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna,</i>	
FTLN 1086		<i>trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber.</i>	
FTLN 1087		<i>Decius Brutus loves thee not. Thou hast wronged</i>	
FTLN 1088		<i>Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these</i>	5
FTLN 1089		<i>men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not</i>	
FTLN 1090		<i>immortal, look about you. Security gives way to</i>	
FTLN 1091		<i>conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!</i>	
FTLN 1092			
FTLN 1093		<i>Thy lover,</i>	
FTLN 1094		<i>Artemidorus</i>	10
FTLN 1095		Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,	
FTLN 1096		And as a suitor will I give him this.	
FTLN 1097		My heart laments that virtue cannot live	
FTLN 1098		Out of the teeth of emulation.	
FTLN 1099		If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;	15
FTLN 1100		If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.	
		<i>He exits.</i>	

[Scene 4]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

	PORTIA		
FTLN 1100		I prithee, boy, run to the Senate House.	
FTLN 1101		Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.	
FTLN 1102		Why dost thou stay?	
FTLN 1103	LUCIUS	To know my errand, madam.	
	PORTIA		
FTLN 1104		I would have had thee there and here again	5
FTLN 1105		Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.	
FTLN 1106		<i>[Aside.]</i> O constancy, be strong upon my side;	
FTLN 1107		Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue.	
FTLN 1108		I have a man's mind but a woman's might.	

SOOTHSAYER

FTLN 1136 None that I know will be, much that I fear may
 FTLN 1137 chance.
 FTLN 1138 Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow.
 FTLN 1139 The throng that follows Caesar at the heels, 40
 FTLN 1140 Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
 FTLN 1141 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
 FTLN 1142 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 FTLN 1143 Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. *He exits.*

PORTIA

FTLN 1144 I must go in. *Aside.* Ay me, how weak a thing 45
 FTLN 1145 The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
 FTLN 1146 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
 FTLN 1147 Sure the boy heard me. *To Lucius.* Brutus hath a
 FTLN 1148 suit
 FTLN 1149 That Caesar will not grant. *Aside.* O, I grow 50
 FTLN 1150 faint.—
 FTLN 1151 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord.
 FTLN 1152 Say I am merry. Come to me again
 FTLN 1153 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
They exit separately.

ACT 3

「Scene 1」

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus; Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna; Publius, 「Popilius,」 Artemidorus, the Soothsayer, 「and other Senators and Petitioners.」

FTLN 1154 CAESAR The ides of March are come.
FTLN 1155 SOOTHSAYER Ay, Caesar, but not gone.
FTLN 1156 ARTEMIDORUS Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.
DECIUS
FTLN 1157 Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
FTLN 1158 At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5
ARTEMIDORUS
FTLN 1159 O Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit
FTLN 1160 That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.
CAESAR
FTLN 1161 What touches us ourself shall be last served.
ARTEMIDORUS
FTLN 1162 Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
CAESAR
FTLN 1163 What, is the fellow mad? 10
FTLN 1164 PUBLIUS Sirrah, give place.
CASSIUS
FTLN 1165 What, urge you your petitions in the street?
FTLN 1166 Come to the Capitol.
「Caesar goes forward, the rest following.」

POPILIUS, *['to Cassius']*

FTLN 1167 I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

FTLN 1168 CASSIUS What enterprise, Popilius? 15

FTLN 1169 POPILIUS Fare you well. *['He walks away.']*

FTLN 1170 BRUTUS What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS

FTLN 1171 He wished today our enterprise might thrive.

FTLN 1172 I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1173 Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him. 20

CASSIUS

FTLN 1174 Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

FTLN 1175 Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

FTLN 1176 Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

FTLN 1177 For I will slay myself.

FTLN 1178 BRUTUS Cassius, be constant. 25

FTLN 1179 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,

FTLN 1180 For look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS

FTLN 1181 Trebonius knows his time, for look you, Brutus,

FTLN 1182 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

['Trebonius and Antony exit.']

DECIUS

FTLN 1183 Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go 30

FTLN 1184 And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1185 He is addressed. Press near and second him.

CINNA

FTLN 1186 Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

FTLN 1187 Are we all ready? What is now amiss

FTLN 1188 That Caesar and his Senate must redress? 35

METELLUS, *['kneeling']*

FTLN 1189 Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

FTLN 1190 Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

FTLN 1191 An humble heart.

FTLN 1192	CAESAR	I must prevent thee, Cimber.	
FTLN 1193		These couchings and these lowly courtesies	40
FTLN 1194		Might fire the blood of ordinary men	
FTLN 1195		And turn preordinance and first decree	
FTLN 1196		Into the 「law」 of children. Be not fond	
FTLN 1197		To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood	
FTLN 1198		That will be thawed from the true quality	45
FTLN 1199		With that which melteth fools—I mean sweet	
FTLN 1200		words,	
FTLN 1201		Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.	
FTLN 1202		Thy brother by decree is banishèd.	
FTLN 1203		If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,	50
FTLN 1204		I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.	
FTLN 1205		Know: Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause	
FTLN 1206		Will he be satisfied.	
	METELLUS		
FTLN 1207		Is there no voice more worthy than my own	
FTLN 1208		To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear	55
FTLN 1209		For the repealing of my banished brother?	
	BRUTUS, 「 <i>kneeling</i> 」		
FTLN 1210		I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,	
FTLN 1211		Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may	
FTLN 1212		Have an immediate freedom of repeal.	
	CAESAR		
FTLN 1213		What, Brutus?	60
	CASSIUS, 「 <i>kneeling</i> 」		
FTLN 1214		Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon!	
FTLN 1215		As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall	
FTLN 1216		To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.	
	CAESAR		
FTLN 1217		I could be well moved, if I were as you.	
FTLN 1218		If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.	65
FTLN 1219		But I am constant as the Northern Star,	
FTLN 1220		Of whose true fixed and resting quality	
FTLN 1221		There is no fellow in the firmament.	
FTLN 1222		The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;	

FTLN 1223	They are all fire, and every one doth shine.	70
FTLN 1224	But there's but one in all doth hold his place.	
FTLN 1225	So in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,	
FTLN 1226	And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.	
FTLN 1227	Yet in the number I do know but one	
FTLN 1228	That unassailable holds on his rank,	75
FTLN 1229	Unshaked of motion; and that I am he	
FTLN 1230	Let me a little show it, even in this:	
FTLN 1231	That I was constant Cimber should be banished	
FTLN 1232	And constant do remain to keep him so.	
	CINNA, <i>「kneeling」</i>	
FTLN 1233	O Caesar—	80
FTLN 1234	CAESAR Hence. Wilt thou lift up Olympus?	
	DECIUS, <i>「kneeling」</i>	
FTLN 1235	Great Caesar—	
FTLN 1236	CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?	
FTLN 1237	CASCA Speak, hands, for me!	
	<i>「As Casca strikes, the others rise up and」 stab Caesar.</i>	
FTLN 1238	CAESAR <i>Et tu, Brutè?</i> —Then fall, Caesar.	85
	<i>「He」 dies.</i>	
	CINNA	
FTLN 1239	Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!	
FTLN 1240	Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 1241	Some to the common pulpits and cry out	
FTLN 1242	“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.”	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 1243	People and Senators, be not affrighted.	90
FTLN 1244	Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.	
	CASCA	
FTLN 1245	Go to the pulpit, Brutus.	
FTLN 1246	DECIUS And Cassius too.	
FTLN 1247	BRUTUS Where's Publius?	
	CINNA	
FTLN 1248	Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.	95

METELLUS

FTLN 1249 Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
FTLN 1250 Should chance—

BRUTUS

FTLN 1251 Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer.
FTLN 1252 There is no harm intended to your person,
FTLN 1253 Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius. 100

CASSIUS

FTLN 1254 And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
FTLN 1255 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1256 Do so, and let no man abide this deed
FTLN 1257 But we the doers.

「All but the Conspirators exit.」

Enter Trebonius.

FTLN 1258 CASSIUS Where is Antony? 105

FTLN 1259 TREBONIUS Fled to his house amazed.
FTLN 1260 Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
FTLN 1261 As it were doomsday.

FTLN 1262 BRUTUS Fates, we will know your
FTLN 1263 pleasures. 110

FTLN 1264 That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
FTLN 1265 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA

FTLN 1266 Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
FTLN 1267 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1268 Grant that, and then is death a benefit. 115

FTLN 1269 So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
FTLN 1270 His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
FTLN 1271 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
FTLN 1272 Up to the elbows and besmear our swords.
FTLN 1273 Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace, 120

FTLN 1274 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
FTLN 1275 Let's all cry "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS

FTLN 1276 Stoop then, and wash.
 「*They smear their hands and swords with Caesar's blood.*」
 FTLN 1277 How many ages hence
 FTLN 1278 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over 125
 FTLN 1279 In 「states」 unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

FTLN 1280 How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
 FTLN 1281 That now on Pompey's basis 「lies」 along
 FTLN 1282 No worthier than the dust!
 FTLN 1283 CASSIUS So oft as that shall be, 130
 FTLN 1284 So often shall the knot of us be called
 FTLN 1285 The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS

FTLN 1286 What, shall we forth?
 FTLN 1287 CASSIUS Ay, every man away.
 FTLN 1288 Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 135
 FTLN 1289 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1290 Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
 SERVANT, 「*kneeling*」
 FTLN 1291 Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel.
 FTLN 1292 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
 FTLN 1293 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: 140
 FTLN 1294 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
 FTLN 1295 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
 FTLN 1296 Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
 FTLN 1297 Say, I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
 FTLN 1298 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 145
 FTLN 1299 May safely come to him and be resolved
 FTLN 1300 How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
 FTLN 1301 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
 FTLN 1302 So well as Brutus living, but will follow
 FTLN 1303 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 150

FTLN 1304 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 FTLN 1305 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1306 Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.
 FTLN 1307 I never thought him worse.

FTLN 1308 Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 155
 FTLN 1309 He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
 FTLN 1310 Depart untouched.

FTLN 1311 SERVANT I'll fetch him presently.

Servant exits.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1312 I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

FTLN 1313 I wish we may; but yet have I a mind 160
 FTLN 1314 That fears him much, and my misgiving still
 FTLN 1315 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1316 But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony!

ANTONY

FTLN 1317 O mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low?
 FTLN 1318 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils 165
 FTLN 1319 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—

FTLN 1320 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 FTLN 1321 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.

FTLN 1322 If I myself, there is no hour so fit 170
 FTLN 1323 As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument

FTLN 1324 Of half that worth as those your swords made rich
 FTLN 1325 With the most noble blood of all this world.

FTLN 1326 I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
 FTLN 1327 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

FTLN 1328 Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 175

FTLN 1329 I shall not find myself so apt to die;

FTLN 1330 No place will please me so, no mean of death,

FTLN 1331	As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,	
FTLN 1332	The choice and master spirits of this age.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 1333	O Antony, beg not your death of us!	180
FTLN 1334	Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,	
FTLN 1335	As by our hands and this our present act	
FTLN 1336	You see we do, yet see you but our hands	
FTLN 1337	And this the bleeding business they have done.	
FTLN 1338	Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;	185
FTLN 1339	And pity to the general wrong of Rome	
FTLN 1340	(As fire drives out fire, so pity pity)	
FTLN 1341	Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,	
FTLN 1342	To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.	
FTLN 1343	Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts	190
FTLN 1344	Of brothers' temper, do receive you in	
FTLN 1345	With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 1346	Your voice shall be as strong as any man's	
FTLN 1347	In the disposing of new dignities.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 1348	Only be patient till we have appeased	195
FTLN 1349	The multitude, beside themselves with fear;	
FTLN 1350	And then we will deliver you the cause	
FTLN 1351	Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,	
FTLN 1352	Have thus proceeded.	
FTLN 1353	ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom.	200
FTLN 1354	Let each man render me his bloody hand.	
FTLN 1355	First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.—	
FTLN 1356	Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand.—	
FTLN 1357	Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours,	
FTLN 1358	Metellus;—	205
FTLN 1359	Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—	
FTLN 1360	Though last, not least in love, yours, good	
FTLN 1361	Trebonius.—	
FTLN 1362	Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?	
FTLN 1363	My credit now stands on such slippery ground	210
FTLN 1364	That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,	

FTLN 1365	Either a coward or a flatterer.—	
FTLN 1366	That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true!	
FTLN 1367	If then thy spirit look upon us now,	
FTLN 1368	Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death	215
FTLN 1369	To see thy Antony making his peace,	
FTLN 1370	Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes—	
FTLN 1371	Most noble!—in the presence of thy corpse?	
FTLN 1372	Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,	
FTLN 1373	Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,	220
FTLN 1374	It would become me better than to close	
FTLN 1375	In terms of friendship with thine enemies.	
FTLN 1376	Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave	
FTLN 1377	hart,	
FTLN 1378	Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand	225
FTLN 1379	Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy Lethe.	
FTLN 1380	O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,	
FTLN 1381	And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.	
FTLN 1382	How like a deer stricken by many princes	
FTLN 1383	Dost thou here lie!	230
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 1384	Mark Antony—	
FTLN 1385	ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius.	
FTLN 1386	The enemies of Caesar shall say this;	
FTLN 1387	Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 1388	I blame you not for praising Caesar so.	235
FTLN 1389	But what compact mean you to have with us?	
FTLN 1390	Will you be pricked in number of our friends,	
FTLN 1391	Or shall we on and not depend on you?	
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1392	Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed	
FTLN 1393	Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.	240
FTLN 1394	Friends am I with you all and love you all,	
FTLN 1395	Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons	
FTLN 1396	Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 1397	Or else were this a savage spectacle.	

FTLN 1430 ANTONY Be it so.
 FTLN 1431 I do desire no more.
 BRUTUS
 FTLN 1432 Prepare the body, then, and follow us.
All but Antony exit.

ANTONY

FTLN 1433 O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 280
 FTLN 1434 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 FTLN 1435 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 FTLN 1436 That ever livèd in the tide of times.
 FTLN 1437 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 FTLN 1438 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy 285
 FTLN 1439 (Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 FTLN 1440 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 FTLN 1441 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 FTLN 1442 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 FTLN 1443 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; 290
 FTLN 1444 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 FTLN 1445 And dreadful objects so familiar
 FTLN 1446 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 FTLN 1447 Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
 FTLN 1448 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds; 295
 FTLN 1449 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 FTLN 1450 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 FTLN 1451 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 FTLN 1452 Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
 FTLN 1453 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 300
 FTLN 1454 With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius' Servant.

FTLN 1455 You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
 FTLN 1456 SERVANT I do, Mark Antony.
 ANTONY
 FTLN 1457 Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
 SERVANT
 FTLN 1458 He did receive his letters and is coming, 305

FTLN 1459 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
 FTLN 1460 O Caesar!

ANTONY

FTLN 1461 Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.
 FTLN 1462 Passion, I see, is catching, 「for」 mine eyes,
 FTLN 1463 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 310
 FTLN 1464 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT

FTLN 1465 He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

FTLN 1466 Post back with speed and tell him what hath
 FTLN 1467 chanced.
 FTLN 1468 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 315
 FTLN 1469 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
 FTLN 1470 Hie hence and tell him so.—Yet stay awhile;
 FTLN 1471 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 FTLN 1472 Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
 FTLN 1473 In my oration, how the people take 320
 FTLN 1474 The cruel issue of these bloody men,
 FTLN 1475 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 FTLN 1476 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 FTLN 1477 Lend me your hand.

They exit 「with Caesar's body.」

「Scene 2」

Enter Brutus and Cassius with the Plebeians.

「PLEBEIANS」

FTLN 1478 We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS

FTLN 1479 Then follow me and give me audience, friends.—
 FTLN 1480 Cassius, go you into the other street
 FTLN 1481 And part the numbers.—
 FTLN 1482 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; 5
 FTLN 1483 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

FTLN 1484	And public reasons shall be renderèd	
FTLN 1485	Of Caesar's death.	
FTLN 1486	FIRST PLEBEIAN	I will hear Brutus speak.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1487	I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons	10
FTLN 1488	When severally we hear them renderèd.	
	<i>¶ Cassius exits with some of the Plebeians.</i>	
	<i>Brutus goes into the pulpit. ¶</i>	
	THIRD PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1489	The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence.	
FTLN 1490	BRUTUS	Be patient till the last.
FTLN 1491	Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my	
FTLN 1492	cause, and be silent that you may hear. Believe me	15
FTLN 1493	for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor	
FTLN 1494	that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom,	
FTLN 1495	and awake your senses that you may the better	
FTLN 1496	judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear	
FTLN 1497	friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love	20
FTLN 1498	to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend	
FTLN 1499	demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my	
FTLN 1500	answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved	
FTLN 1501	Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and	
FTLN 1502	die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all	25
FTLN 1503	freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him. As he	
FTLN 1504	was fortunate, I rejoice at it. As he was valiant, I	
FTLN 1505	honor him. But, as he was ambitious, I slew him.	
FTLN 1506	There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor	
FTLN 1507	for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is	30
FTLN 1508	here so base that would be a bondman? If any,	
FTLN 1509	speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude	
FTLN 1510	that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him	
FTLN 1511	have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not	
FTLN 1512	love his country? If any, speak, for him have I	35
FTLN 1513	offended. I pause for a reply.	
FTLN 1514	PLEBEIANS	None, Brutus, none.
FTLN 1515	BRUTUS	Then none have I offended. I have done no

FTLN 1516 more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The
 FTLN 1517 question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his 40
 FTLN 1518 glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor
 FTLN 1519 his offenses enforced for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony 「*and others*」 *with Caesar's body.*

FTLN 1520 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony,
 FTLN 1521 who, though he had no hand in his death, shall
 FTLN 1522 receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the 45
 FTLN 1523 commonwealth—as which of you shall not? With
 FTLN 1524 this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the
 FTLN 1525 good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself
 FTLN 1526 when it shall please my country to need my death.

FTLN 1527 PLEBEIANS Live, Brutus, live, live! 50

FIRST PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1528 Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1529 Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1530 Let him be Caesar.

FTLN 1531 FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts

FTLN 1532 Shall be crowned in Brutus. 55

FIRST PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1533 We'll bring him to his house with shouts and

FTLN 1534 clamors.

BRUTUS

FTLN 1535 My countrymen—

FTLN 1536 SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FTLN 1537 FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace, ho! 60

BRUTUS

FTLN 1538 Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

FTLN 1539 And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

FTLN 1540 Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

FTLN 1541 Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony

FTLN 1542 (By our permission) is allowed to make. 65

FTLN 1543	I do entreat you, not a man depart,	
FTLN 1544	Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.	
	<i>He</i> <i>descends and</i> <i>exits.</i>	
	FIRST PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1545	Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony!	
	THIRD PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1546	Let him go up into the public chair.	
	「PLEBEIANS」	
FTLN 1547	We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.	70
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1548	For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.	
	<i>He goes into the pulpit.</i>	
FTLN 1549	FOURTH PLEBEIAN What does he say of Brutus?	
FTLN 1550	THIRD PLEBEIAN He says for Brutus' sake	
FTLN 1551	He finds himself beholding to us all.	
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1552	'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.	75
	FIRST PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1553	This Caesar was a tyrant.	
FTLN 1554	THIRD PLEBEIAN Nay, that's certain.	
FTLN 1555	We are blest that Rome is rid of him.	
	SECOND PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1556	Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.	
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1557	You gentle Romans—	80
FTLN 1558	PLEBEIANS Peace, ho! Let us hear him.	
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1559	Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.	
FTLN 1560	I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.	
FTLN 1561	The evil that men do lives after them;	
FTLN 1562	The good is oft interrèd with their bones.	85
FTLN 1563	So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus	
FTLN 1564	Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.	
FTLN 1565	If it were so, it was a grievous fault,	
FTLN 1566	And grievously hath Caesar answered it.	
FTLN 1567	Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest	90
FTLN 1568	(For Brutus is an honorable man;	

FTLN 1569	So are they all, all honorable men),	
FTLN 1570	Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.	
FTLN 1571	He was my friend, faithful and just to me,	
FTLN 1572	But Brutus says he was ambitious,	95
FTLN 1573	And Brutus is an honorable man.	
FTLN 1574	He hath brought many captives home to Rome,	
FTLN 1575	Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.	
FTLN 1576	Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?	
FTLN 1577	When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;	100
FTLN 1578	Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.	
FTLN 1579	Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,	
FTLN 1580	And Brutus is an honorable man.	
FTLN 1581	You all did see that on the Lupercal	
FTLN 1582	I thrice presented him a kingly crown,	105
FTLN 1583	Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?	
FTLN 1584	Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,	
FTLN 1585	And sure he is an honorable man.	
FTLN 1586	I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,	
FTLN 1587	But here I am to speak what I do know.	110
FTLN 1588	You all did love him once, not without cause.	
FTLN 1589	What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for	
FTLN 1590	him?—	
FTLN 1591	O judgment, thou <i>art</i> fled to brutish beasts,	
FTLN 1592	And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;	115
FTLN 1593	My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,	
FTLN 1594	And I must pause till it come back to me. <i>He weeps.</i>	
	FIRST PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1595	Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.	
	SECOND PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1596	If thou consider rightly of the matter,	
FTLN 1597	Caesar has had great wrong.	120
FTLN 1598	THIRD PLEBEIAN	Has he, masters?
FTLN 1599	I fear there will a worse come in his place.	
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1600	Marked you his words? He would not take the	
FTLN 1601	crown;	
FTLN 1602	Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.	125

FIRST PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1603 If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1604 Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1605 There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1606 Now mark him. He begins again to speak.

ANTONY

FTLN 1607 But yesterday the word of Caesar might 130

FTLN 1608 Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,

FTLN 1609 And none so poor to do him reverence.

FTLN 1610 O masters, if I were disposed to stir

FTLN 1611 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

FTLN 1612 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong, 135

FTLN 1613 Who, you all know, are honorable men.

FTLN 1614 I will not do them wrong. I rather choose

FTLN 1615 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

FTLN 1616 Than I will wrong such honorable men.

FTLN 1617 But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar. 140

FTLN 1618 I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.

FTLN 1619 Let but the commons hear this testament,

FTLN 1620 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,

FTLN 1621 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

FTLN 1622 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood— 145

FTLN 1623 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory

FTLN 1624 And, dying, mention it within their wills,

FTLN 1625 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

FTLN 1626 Unto their issue.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1627 We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony. 150

PLEBEIANS

FTLN 1628 The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

FTLN 1629 Have patience, gentle friends. I must not read it.

FTLN 1630	It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.	
FTLN 1631	You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.	
FTLN 1632	And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,	155
FTLN 1633	It will inflame you; it will make you mad.	
FTLN 1634	'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,	
FTLN 1635	For if you should, O, what would come of it?	
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1636	Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony.	
	「PLEBEIANS」	
FTLN 1637	You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.	160
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1638	Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?	
FTLN 1639	I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.	
FTLN 1640	I fear I wrong the honorable men	
FTLN 1641	Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.	
FTLN 1642	FOURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors. Honorable men?	165
FTLN 1643	PLEBEIANS The will! The testament!	
FTLN 1644	SECOND PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The	
FTLN 1645	will! Read the will.	
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1646	You will compel me, then, to read the will?	
FTLN 1647	Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,	170
FTLN 1648	And let me show you him that made the will.	
FTLN 1649	Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?	
FTLN 1650	PLEBEIANS Come down.	
FTLN 1651	SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.	
FTLN 1652	THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave.	175
	「Antony descends.」	
FTLN 1653	FOURTH PLEBEIAN A ring; stand round.	
	FIRST PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1654	Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.	
	SECOND PLEBEIAN	
FTLN 1655	Room for Antony, most noble Antony.	
	ANTONY	
FTLN 1656	Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.	

FTLN 1657	PLEBEIANS	Stand back! Room! Bear back!	180
	ANTONY		
FTLN 1658		If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.	
FTLN 1659		You all do know this mantle. I remember	
FTLN 1660		The first time ever Caesar put it on.	
FTLN 1661		'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,	
FTLN 1662		That day he overcame the Nervii.	185
FTLN 1663		Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.	
FTLN 1664		See what a rent the envious Casca made.	
FTLN 1665		Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,	
FTLN 1666		And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,	
FTLN 1667		Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,	190
FTLN 1668		As rushing out of doors to be resolved	
FTLN 1669		If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;	
FTLN 1670		For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.	
FTLN 1671		Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!	
FTLN 1672		This was the most unkindest cut of all.	195
FTLN 1673		For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,	
FTLN 1674		Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,	
FTLN 1675		Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,	
FTLN 1676		And, in his mantle muffling up his face,	
FTLN 1677		Even at the base of Pompey's statue	200
FTLN 1678		(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.	
FTLN 1679		O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!	
FTLN 1680		Then I and you and all of us fell down,	
FTLN 1681		Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.	
FTLN 1682		O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel	205
FTLN 1683		The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.	
FTLN 1684		Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold	
FTLN 1685		Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,	
		<i>Antony lifts Caesar's cloak.</i>	
FTLN 1686		Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.	
FTLN 1687	FIRST PLEBEIAN	O piteous spectacle!	210
FTLN 1688	SECOND PLEBEIAN	O noble Caesar!	
FTLN 1689	THIRD PLEBEIAN	O woeful day!	

FTLN 1690	FOURTH PLEBEIAN	O traitors, villains!	
FTLN 1691	FIRST PLEBEIAN	O most bloody sight!	
FTLN 1692	SECOND PLEBEIAN	We will be revenged.	215
FTLN 1693	「PLEBEIANS」	Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!	
FTLN 1694		Slay! Let not a traitor live!	
FTLN 1695	ANTONY	Stay, countrymen.	
FTLN 1696	FIRST PLEBEIAN	Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.	
FTLN 1697	SECOND PLEBEIAN	We'll hear him, we'll follow him,	220
FTLN 1698		we'll die with him.	
	ANTONY		
FTLN 1699		Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up	
FTLN 1700		To such a sudden flood of mutiny.	
FTLN 1701		They that have done this deed are honorable.	
FTLN 1702		What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,	225
FTLN 1703		That made them do it. They are wise and honorable	
FTLN 1704		And will no doubt with reasons answer you.	
FTLN 1705		I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.	
FTLN 1706		I am no orator, as Brutus is,	
FTLN 1707		But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man	230
FTLN 1708		That love my friend, and that they know full well	
FTLN 1709		That gave me public leave to speak of him.	
FTLN 1710		For I have neither 「wit,」 nor words, nor worth,	
FTLN 1711		Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech	
FTLN 1712		To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.	235
FTLN 1713		I tell you that which you yourselves do know,	
FTLN 1714		Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb	
FTLN 1715		mouths,	
FTLN 1716		And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,	
FTLN 1717		And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony	240
FTLN 1718		Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue	
FTLN 1719		In every wound of Caesar that should move	
FTLN 1720		The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.	
	PLEBEIANS		
FTLN 1721		We'll mutiny.	
FTLN 1722	FIRST PLEBEIAN	We'll burn the house of Brutus.	245

THIRD PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1723 Away then. Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

FTLN 1724 Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

PLEBEIANS

FTLN 1725 Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

FTLN 1726 Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

FTLN 1727 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? 250

FTLN 1728 Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.

FTLN 1729 You have forgot the will I told you of.

PLEBEIANS

FTLN 1730 Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY

FTLN 1731 Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal:

FTLN 1732 To every Roman citizen he gives, 255

FTLN 1733 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1734 Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

FTLN 1735 THIRD PLEBEIAN O royal Caesar!

FTLN 1736 ANTONY Hear me with patience.

FTLN 1737 PLEBEIANS Peace, ho! 260

ANTONY

FTLN 1738 Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

FTLN 1739 His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

FTLN 1740 On this side Tiber. He hath left them you,

FTLN 1741 And to your heirs forever—common pleasures

FTLN 1742 To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. 265

FTLN 1743 Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

FIRST PLEBEIAN

FTLN 1744 Never, never!—Come, away, away!

FTLN 1745 We'll burn his body in the holy place

FTLN 1746 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

FTLN 1747 Take up the body. 270

FTLN 1748 SECOND PLEBEIAN Go fetch fire.

FTLN 1749 THIRD PLEBEIAN Pluck down benches.

FTLN 1750 FOURTH PLEBEIAN Pluck down forms, windows,
FTLN 1751 anything.

Plebeians exit [with Caesar's body.]

ANTONY

FTLN 1752 Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot; 275
FTLN 1753 Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter Servant.

FTLN 1754 How now, fellow?

SERVANT

FTLN 1755 Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

FTLN 1756 ANTONY Where is he?

SERVANT

FTLN 1757 He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house. 280

ANTONY

FTLN 1758 And thither will I straight to visit him.

FTLN 1759 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry

FTLN 1760 And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT

FTLN 1761 I heard him say Brutus and Cassius

FTLN 1762 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. 285

ANTONY

FTLN 1763 Belike they had some notice of the people

FTLN 1764 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

They exit.

[Scene 3]

Enter Cinna the poet and after him the Plebeians.

CINNA

FTLN 1765 I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,

FTLN 1766 And things unluckily charge my fantasy.

FTLN 1767 I have no will to wander forth of doors,

FTLN 1768 Yet something leads me forth.

FTLN 1769 FIRST PLEBEIAN What is your name? 5

FTLN 1770 SECOND PLEBEIAN Whither are you going?

FTLN 1771 THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?

FTLN 1772 FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a
FTLN 1773 bachelor?

FTLN 1774 SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly. 10

FTLN 1775 FIRST PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.

FTLN 1776 FOURTH PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.

FTLN 1777 THIRD PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.

FTLN 1778 CINNA What is my name? Whither am I going? Where
FTLN 1779 do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? 15

FTLN 1780 Then to answer every man directly and briefly,
FTLN 1781 wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

FTLN 1782 SECOND PLEBEIAN That's as much as to say they are
FTLN 1783 fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I
FTLN 1784 fear. Proceed directly. 20

FTLN 1785 CINNA Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FTLN 1786 FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?

FTLN 1787 CINNA As a friend.

FTLN 1788 SECOND PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.

FTLN 1789 FOURTH PLEBEIAN For your dwelling—briefly. 25

FTLN 1790 CINNA Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

FTLN 1791 THIRD PLEBEIAN Your name, sir, truly.

FTLN 1792 CINNA Truly, my name is Cinna.

FTLN 1793 FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

FTLN 1794 CINNA I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet! 30

FTLN 1795 FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
FTLN 1796 for his bad verses!

FTLN 1797 CINNA I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FTLN 1798 FOURTH PLEBEIAN It is no matter. His name's Cinna.
FTLN 1799 Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him 35
FTLN 1800 going.

FTLN 1801 THIRD PLEBEIAN Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho,
FTLN 1802 firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all! Some
FTLN 1803 to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to
FTLN 1804 Ligarius'. Away, go! 40

All the Plebeians exit, [carrying off Cinna.]

ACT 4

「Scene 1」

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY

FTLN 1805 These many, then, shall die; their names are
FTLN 1806 pricked.

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 1807 Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

FTLN 1808 I do consent.

FTLN 1809 OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony. 5

LEPIDUS

FTLN 1810 Upon condition Publius shall not live,
FTLN 1811 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

FTLN 1812 He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

FTLN 1813 But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;

FTLN 1814 Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine 10

FTLN 1815 How to cut off some charge in legacies.

FTLN 1816 LEPIDUS What, shall I find you here?

FTLN 1817 OCTAVIUS Or here, or at the Capitol. *Lepidus exits.*

ANTONY

FTLN 1818 This is a slight, unmeritable man,

FTLN 1819 Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit, 15

FTLN 1820 The threefold world divided, he should stand

FTLN 1821 One of the three to share it?

FTLN 1822	OCTAVIUS	So you thought him	
FTLN 1823		And took his voice who should be pricked to die	
FTLN 1824		In our black sentence and proscription.	20
	ANTONY		
FTLN 1825		Octavius, I have seen more days than you,	
FTLN 1826		And, though we lay these honors on this man	
FTLN 1827		To ease ourselves of diverse sland'rous loads,	
FTLN 1828		He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,	
FTLN 1829		To groan and sweat under the business,	25
FTLN 1830		Either led or driven, as we point the way;	
FTLN 1831		And having brought our treasure where we will,	
FTLN 1832		Then take we down his load and turn him off	
FTLN 1833		(Like to the empty ass) to shake his ears	
FTLN 1834		And graze in commons.	30
FTLN 1835	OCTAVIUS	You may do your will,	
FTLN 1836		But he's a tried and valiant soldier.	
	ANTONY		
FTLN 1837		So is my horse, Octavius, and for that	
FTLN 1838		I do appoint him store of provender.	
FTLN 1839		It is a creature that I teach to fight,	35
FTLN 1840		To wind, to stop, to run directly on,	
FTLN 1841		His corporal motion governed by my spirit;	
FTLN 1842		And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so.	
FTLN 1843		He must be taught and trained and bid go forth—	
FTLN 1844		A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds	40
FTLN 1845		On objects, arts, and imitations	
FTLN 1846		Which, out of use and staled by other men,	
FTLN 1847		Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him	
FTLN 1848		But as a property. And now, Octavius,	
FTLN 1849		Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius	45
FTLN 1850		Are levying powers. We must straight make head.	
FTLN 1851		Therefore let our alliance be combined,	
FTLN 1852		Our best friends made, our means stretched;	
FTLN 1853		And let us presently go sit in council	
FTLN 1854		How covert matters may be best disclosed	50
FTLN 1855		And open perils surest answerèd.	

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 1856 Let us do so, for we are at the stake
 FTLN 1857 And bayed about with many enemies,
 FTLN 1858 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 FTLN 1859 Millions of mischiefs. 55

They exit.

「Scene 2」

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, 「Lucius,」 and the Army.
 Titinius and Pindarus meet them.*

FTLN 1860 BRUTUS Stand ho!
 FTLN 1861 LUCILIUS Give the word, ho, and stand!
 BRUTUS
 FTLN 1862 What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?
 LUCILIUS
 FTLN 1863 He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 FTLN 1864 To do you salutation from his master. 5
 BRUTUS
 FTLN 1865 He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 FTLN 1866 In his own change or by ill officers,
 FTLN 1867 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 FTLN 1868 Things done undone, but if he be at hand
 FTLN 1869 I shall be satisfied. 10
 FTLN 1870 PINDARUS I do not doubt
 FTLN 1871 But that my noble master will appear
 FTLN 1872 Such as he is, full of regard and honor.
 BRUTUS
 FTLN 1873 He is not doubted. 「*Brutus and Lucilius walk aside.*」
 FTLN 1874 A word, Lucilius, 15
 FTLN 1875 How he received you. Let me be resolved.
 LUCILIUS
 FTLN 1876 With courtesy and with respect enough,
 FTLN 1877 But not with such familiar instances
 FTLN 1878 Nor with such free and friendly conference
 FTLN 1879 As he hath used of old. 20

FTLN 1880	BRUTUS	Thou hast described	
FTLN 1881		A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,	
FTLN 1882		When love begins to sicken and decay	
FTLN 1883		It useth an enforced ceremony.	
FTLN 1884		There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;	25
FTLN 1885		But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,	
FTLN 1886		Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,	
		<i>Low march within.</i>	
FTLN 1887		But when they should endure the bloody spur,	
FTLN 1888		They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,	
FTLN 1889		Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?	30
	LUCILIUS		
FTLN 1890		They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.	
FTLN 1891		The greater part, the horse in general,	
FTLN 1892		Are come with Cassius.	
		<i>Enter Cassius and his powers.</i>	
FTLN 1893	BRUTUS	Hark, he is arrived.	
FTLN 1894		March gently on to meet him.	35
FTLN 1895	CASSIUS	Stand ho!	
FTLN 1896	BRUTUS	Stand ho! Speak the word along.	
FTLN 1897	「FIRST SOLDIER」	Stand!	
FTLN 1898	「SECOND SOLDIER」	Stand!	
FTLN 1899	「THIRD SOLDIER」	Stand!	40
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 1900		Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 1901		Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?	
FTLN 1902		And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 1903		Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,	
FTLN 1904		And when you do them—	45
FTLN 1905	BRUTUS	Cassius, be content.	
FTLN 1906		Speak your griefs softly. I do know you well.	
FTLN 1907		Before the eyes of both our armies here	
FTLN 1908		(Which should perceive nothing but love from us),	

FTLN 1935	CASSIUS	Chastisement?	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 1936		Remember March; the ides of March remember.	
FTLN 1937		Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?	20
FTLN 1938		What villain touched his body that did stab	
FTLN 1939		And not for justice? What, shall one of us	
FTLN 1940		That struck the foremost man of all this world	
FTLN 1941		But for supporting robbers, shall we now	
FTLN 1942		Contaminate our fingers with base bribes	25
FTLN 1943		And sell the mighty space of our large honors	
FTLN 1944		For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?	
FTLN 1945		I had rather be a dog and bay the moon	
FTLN 1946		Than such a Roman.	
FTLN 1947	CASSIUS	Brutus, bait not me.	30
FTLN 1948		I'll not endure it. You forget yourself	
FTLN 1949		To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,	
FTLN 1950		Older in practice, abler than yourself	
FTLN 1951		To make conditions.	
FTLN 1952	BRUTUS	Go to! You are not, Cassius.	35
FTLN 1953	CASSIUS	I am.	
FTLN 1954	BRUTUS	I say you are not.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 1955		Urge me no more. I shall forget myself.	
FTLN 1956		Have mind upon your health. Tempt me no farther.	
FTLN 1957	BRUTUS	Away, slight man!	40
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 1958		Is 't possible?	
FTLN 1959	BRUTUS	Hear me, for I will speak.	
FTLN 1960		Must I give way and room to your rash choler?	
FTLN 1961		Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 1962		O you gods, you gods, must I endure all this?	45
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 1963		All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.	
FTLN 1964		Go show your slaves how choleric you are	
FTLN 1965		And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?	

FTLN 1995	Which I respect not. I did send to you	
FTLN 1996	For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,	
FTLN 1997	For I can raise no money by vile means.	80
FTLN 1998	By heaven, I had rather coin my heart	
FTLN 1999	And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring	
FTLN 2000	From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash	
FTLN 2001	By any indirection. I did send	
FTLN 2002	To you for gold to pay my legions,	85
FTLN 2003	Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?	
FTLN 2004	Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?	
FTLN 2005	When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous	
FTLN 2006	To lock such rascal counters from his friends,	
FTLN 2007	Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;	90
FTLN 2008	Dash him to pieces!	
FTLN 2009	CASSIUS I denied you not.	
FTLN 2010	BRUTUS You did.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 2011	I did not. He was but a fool that brought	
FTLN 2012	My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.	95
FTLN 2013	A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,	
FTLN 2014	But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2015	I do not, till you practice them on me.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 2016	You love me not.	
FTLN 2017	BRUTUS I do not like your faults.	100
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 2018	A friendly eye could never see such faults.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2019	A flatterer's would not, though they do appear	
FTLN 2020	As huge as high Olympus.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 2021	Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!	
FTLN 2022	Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,	105
FTLN 2023	For Cassius is aweary of the world—	
FTLN 2024	Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,	

FTLN 2025	Checked like a bondman, all his faults observed,	
FTLN 2026	Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote	
FTLN 2027	To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep	110
FTLN 2028	My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,	
	<i>「Offering his dagger to Brutus.」</i>	
FTLN 2029	And here my naked breast; within, a heart	
FTLN 2030	Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.	
FTLN 2031	If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.	
FTLN 2032	I that denied thee gold will give my heart.	115
FTLN 2033	Strike as thou didst at Caesar, for I know	
FTLN 2034	When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him	
FTLN 2035	better	
FTLN 2036	Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.	
FTLN 2037	BRUTUS	Sheathe your
FTLN 2038	dagger.	120
FTLN 2039	Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.	
FTLN 2040	Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.	
FTLN 2041	O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb	
FTLN 2042	That carries anger as the flint bears fire,	125
FTLN 2043	Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark	
FTLN 2044	And straight is cold again.	
FTLN 2045	CASSIUS	Hath Cassius lived
FTLN 2046	To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus	
FTLN 2047	When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?	130
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2048	When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 2049	Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2050	And my heart too.	<i>「They clasp hands.」</i>
FTLN 2051	CASSIUS	O Brutus!
FTLN 2052	BRUTUS	What's the matter?
	CASSIUS	135
FTLN 2053	Have not you love enough to bear with me	
FTLN 2054	When that rash humor which my mother gave me	
FTLN 2055	Makes me forgetful?	

FTLN 2056 BRUTUS Yes, Cassius, and from
 FTLN 2057 henceforth 140
 FTLN 2058 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 FTLN 2059 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet 「*followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.*」

POET
 FTLN 2060 Let me go in to see the Generals.
 FTLN 2061 There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
 FTLN 2062 They be alone. 145

FTLN 2063 LUCILIUS You shall not come to them.

FTLN 2064 POET Nothing but death shall stay me.

FTLN 2065 CASSIUS How now, what's the matter?

POET
 FTLN 2066 For shame, you generals, what do you mean?
 FTLN 2067 Love and be friends as two such men should be, 150
 FTLN 2068 For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS
 FTLN 2069 Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS
 FTLN 2070 Get you hence, sirrah! Saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS
 FTLN 2071 Bear with him, Brutus. 'Tis his fashion.

BRUTUS
 FTLN 2072 I'll know his humor when he knows his time. 155
 FTLN 2073 What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
 FTLN 2074 Companion, hence!

FTLN 2075 CASSIUS Away, away, be gone! *Poet exits.*

BRUTUS
 FTLN 2076 Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
 FTLN 2077 Prepare to lodge their companies tonight. 160

CASSIUS
 FTLN 2078 And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
 FTLN 2079 Immediately to us. 「*Lucilius and Titinius exit.*」

FTLN 2080 BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine. 「*Lucius exits.*」

CASSIUS

FTLN 2081 I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2082 O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs. 165

CASSIUS

FTLN 2083 Of your philosophy you make no use

FTLN 2084 If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2085 No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

FTLN 2086 CASSIUS Ha? Portia?

FTLN 2087 BRUTUS She is dead. 170

CASSIUS

FTLN 2088 How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?

FTLN 2089 O insupportable and touching loss!

FTLN 2090 Upon what sickness?

FTLN 2091 BRUTUS Impatient of my absence,

FTLN 2092 And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony 175

FTLN 2093 Have made themselves so strong—for with her

FTLN 2094 death

FTLN 2095 That tidings came—with this she fell distract

FTLN 2096 And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

FTLN 2097 CASSIUS And died so? 180

FTLN 2098 BRUTUS Even so.

FTLN 2099 CASSIUS O you immortal gods!

Enter 「Lucius」 *with wine and tapers.*

BRUTUS

FTLN 2100 Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—

FTLN 2101 In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. 「He」 *drinks.*

CASSIUS

FTLN 2102 My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.— 185

FTLN 2103 Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

FTLN 2104 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. 「He drinks.」

「Lucius exits.」

Enter Titinius and Messala.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2105 Come in, Titinius. Welcome, good Messala.
 FTLN 2106 Now sit we close about this taper here,
 FTLN 2107 And call in question our necessities. [*They sit.*] 190

CASSIUS

FTLN 2108 Portia, art thou gone?

FTLN 2109 BRUTUS No more, I pray you.—

FTLN 2110 Messala, I have here received letters
 FTLN 2111 That young Octavius and Mark Antony
 FTLN 2112 Come down upon us with a mighty power, 195
 FTLN 2113 Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA

FTLN 2114 Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

FTLN 2115 BRUTUS With what addition?

MESSALA

FTLN 2116 That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
 FTLN 2117 Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus 200
 FTLN 2118 Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2119 Therein our letters do not well agree.

FTLN 2120 Mine speak of seventy senators that died

FTLN 2121 By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2122 Cicero one? 205

FTLN 2123 MESSALA Cicero is dead,

FTLN 2124 And by that order of proscription.

FTLN 2125 Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

FTLN 2126 BRUTUS No, Messala.

MESSALA

FTLN 2127 Nor nothing in your letters writ of her? 210

FTLN 2128 BRUTUS Nothing, Messala.

FTLN 2129 MESSALA That methinks is strange.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2130 Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

FTLN 2131 MESSALA No, my lord.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2132 Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true. 215

MESSALA

FTLN 2133 Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell,
FTLN 2134 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2135 Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
FTLN 2136 With meditating that she must die once,
FTLN 2137 I have the patience to endure it now. 220

MESSALA

FTLN 2138 Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2139 I have as much of this in art as you,
FTLN 2140 But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2141 Well, to our work alive. What do you think
FTLN 2142 Of marching to Philippi presently? 225

FTLN 2143 CASSIUS I do not think it good.

FTLN 2144 BRUTUS Your reason?

FTLN 2145 CASSIUS This it is:

FTLN 2146 'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
FTLN 2147 So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 230
FTLN 2148 Doing himself offense, whilst we, lying still,
FTLN 2149 Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2150 Good reasons must of force give place to better.
FTLN 2151 The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
FTLN 2152 Do stand but in a forced affection, 235
FTLN 2153 For they have grudged us contribution.

FTLN 2154 The enemy, marching along by them,
FTLN 2155 By them shall make a fuller number up,
FTLN 2156 Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged,
FTLN 2157 From which advantage shall we cut him off 240

FTLN 2158 If at Philippi we do face him there,

FTLN 2159 These people at our back.

FTLN 2160 CASSIUS Hear me, good brother—

BRUTUS

FTLN 2161 Under your pardon. You must note besides
 FTLN 2162 That we have tried the utmost of our friends, 245
 FTLN 2163 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe.
 FTLN 2164 The enemy increaseth every day;
 FTLN 2165 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 FTLN 2166 There is a tide in the affairs of men
 FTLN 2167 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; 250
 FTLN 2168 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 FTLN 2169 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 FTLN 2170 On such a full sea are we now afloat,
 FTLN 2171 And we must take the current when it serves
 FTLN 2172 Or lose our ventures. 255

FTLN 2173 CASSIUS Then, with your will, go on;
 FTLN 2174 We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2175 The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 FTLN 2176 And nature must obey necessity,
 FTLN 2177 Which we will niggard with a little rest. 260
 FTLN 2178 There is no more to say.

FTLN 2179 CASSIUS No more. Good night.
「*They stand.*」

FTLN 2180 Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2181 Lucius.

Enter Lucius.

FTLN 2182 My gown. 「*Lucius exits.*」 265

FTLN 2183 Farewell, good Messala.—

FTLN 2184 Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
 FTLN 2185 Good night and good repose.

FTLN 2186 CASSIUS O my dear brother,
 FTLN 2187 This was an ill beginning of the night. 270
 FTLN 2188 Never come such division 'tween our souls!
 FTLN 2189 Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the gown.

FTLN 2190	BRUTUS	Everything is well.	
FTLN 2191	CASSIUS	Good night, my lord.	
FTLN 2192	BRUTUS	Good night, good brother.	275
	TITINIUS/MESSALA		
FTLN 2193		Good night, Lord Brutus.	
FTLN 2194	BRUTUS	Farewell, everyone.	
		<i>〔All but Brutus and Lucius〕 exit.</i>	
FTLN 2195		Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?	
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 2196		Here in the tent.	
FTLN 2197	BRUTUS	What, thou speak'st drowsily?	280
FTLN 2198		Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.	
FTLN 2199		Call Claudius and some other of my men;	
FTLN 2200		I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.	
FTLN 2201	LUCIUS	Varro and Claudius.	
		<i>Enter Varro and Claudius.</i>	
FTLN 2202	VARRO	Calls my lord?	285
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2203		I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.	
FTLN 2204		It may be I shall raise you by and by	
FTLN 2205		On business to my brother Cassius.	
	VARRO		
FTLN 2206		So please you, we will stand and watch your	
FTLN 2207		pleasure.	290
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2208		I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs.	
FTLN 2209		It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.	
		<i>〔They lie down.〕</i>	
FTLN 2210		Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.	
FTLN 2211		I put it in the pocket of my gown.	
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 2212		I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.	295
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2213		Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.	

FTLN 2214	Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile	
FTLN 2215	And touch thy instrument a strain or two?	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2216	Ay, my lord, an 't please you.	
FTLN 2217	BRUTUS	It does, my boy. 300
FTLN 2218	I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.	
FTLN 2219	LUCIUS	It is my duty, sir.
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2220	I should not urge thy duty past thy might.	
FTLN 2221	I know young bloods look for a time of rest.	
FTLN 2222	LUCIUS	I have slept, my lord, already. 305
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2223	It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again.	
FTLN 2224	I will not hold thee long. If I do live,	
FTLN 2225	I will be good to thee.	
	<i>Music and a song. [Lucius then falls asleep.]</i>	
FTLN 2226	This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous [slumber,]	
FTLN 2227	Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,	310
FTLN 2228	That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night.	
FTLN 2229	I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.	
FTLN 2230	If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.	
FTLN 2231	I'll take it from thee and, good boy, good night.	
	<i>[He moves the instrument.]</i>	
FTLN 2232	Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down	315
FTLN 2233	Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.	
FTLN 2234	How ill this taper burns.	

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

FTLN 2235	Ha, who comes here?—	
FTLN 2236	I think it is the weakness of mine eyes	
FTLN 2237	That shapes this monstrous apparition.	320
FTLN 2238	It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?	
FTLN 2239	Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,	
FTLN 2240	That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?	
FTLN 2241	Speak to me what thou art.	

	GHOST		
FTLN 2242	Thy evil spirit, Brutus.		325
FTLN 2243	BRUTUS	Why com'st thou?	
	GHOST		
FTLN 2244	To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.		
FTLN 2245	BRUTUS	Well, then I shall see thee again?	
FTLN 2246	GHOST	Ay, at Philippi.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2247	Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.	「 <i>Ghost exits.</i> 」	330
FTLN 2248	Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.		
FTLN 2249	Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—		
FTLN 2250	Boy, Lucius!—Varro, Claudius, sirs, awake!		
FTLN 2251	Claudius!		
FTLN 2252	LUCIUS	The strings, my lord, are false.	335
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2253	He thinks he still is at his instrument.		
FTLN 2254	Lucius, awake!		
FTLN 2255	LUCIUS	My lord?	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2256	Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?		
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 2257	My lord, I do not know that I did cry.		340
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2258	Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?		
FTLN 2259	LUCIUS	Nothing, my lord.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2260	Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!		
FTLN 2261	「 <i>To Varro.</i> 」 Fellow thou, awake!	「 <i>They rise up.</i> 」	
FTLN 2262	VARRO	My lord?	345
FTLN 2263	CLAUDIUS	My lord?	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2264	Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?		
	BOTH		
FTLN 2265	Did we, my lord?		
FTLN 2266	BRUTUS	Ay. Saw you anything?	
FTLN 2267	VARRO	No, my lord, I saw nothing.	350

FTLN 2268 CLAUDIUS Nor I, my lord.
BRUTUS
FTLN 2269 Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.
FTLN 2270 Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
FTLN 2271 And we will follow.
FTLN 2272 BOTH It shall be done, my lord. 355
They exit.

ACT 5

「Scene 1」

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2273 Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.
FTLN 2274 You said the enemy would not come down
FTLN 2275 But keep the hills and upper regions.
FTLN 2276 It proves not so; their battles are at hand.
FTLN 2277 They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5
FTLN 2278 Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY

FTLN 2279 Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
FTLN 2280 Wherefore they do it. They could be content
FTLN 2281 To visit other places, and come down
FTLN 2282 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
FTLN 2283 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
FTLN 2284 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 2285 MESSENGER Prepare you, generals.
FTLN 2286 The enemy comes on in gallant show.
FTLN 2287 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, 15
FTLN 2288 And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY

FTLN 2289 Octavius, lead your battle softly on
FTLN 2290 Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2291 Upon the right hand, I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

FTLN 2292 Why do you cross me in this exigent? 20

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2293 I do not cross you, but I will do so. *March.*

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army [including
Lucilius, Titinius, and Messala.]*

FTLN 2294 BRUTUS They stand and would have parley.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2295 Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2296 Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

FTLN 2297 No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. 25

FTLN 2298 Make forth. The Generals would have some words.

FTLN 2299 OCTAVIUS, [to his Officers] Stir not until the signal.
[The Generals step forward.]

BRUTUS

FTLN 2300 Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2301 Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2302 Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. 30

ANTONY

FTLN 2303 In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.

FTLN 2304 Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

FTLN 2305 Crying "Long live, hail, Caesar!"

FTLN 2306 CASSIUS Antony,

FTLN 2307 The posture of your blows are yet unknown, 35

FTLN 2308 But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees

FTLN 2309 And leave them honeyless.

FTLN 2310 ANTONY Not stingless too.

FTLN 2311 BRUTUS O yes, and soundless too,

FTLN 2312 For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony, 40
 FTLN 2313 And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY

FTLN 2314 Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
 FTLN 2315 Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
 FTLN 2316 You showed your 「teeth」 like apes and fawned like
 FTLN 2317 hounds 45
 FTLN 2318 And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet,
 FTLN 2319 Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
 FTLN 2320 Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

FTLN 2321 Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself!
 FTLN 2322 This tongue had not offended so today 50
 FTLN 2323 If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2324 Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
 FTLN 2325 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
 FTLN 2326 Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
「*He draws.*」
 FTLN 2327 When think you that the sword goes up again? 55
 FTLN 2328 Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
 FTLN 2329 Be well avenged, or till another Caesar
 FTLN 2330 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2331 Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
 FTLN 2332 Unless thou bring'st them with thee. 60

FTLN 2333 OCTAVIUS So I hope.

FTLN 2334 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2335 O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 FTLN 2336 Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2337 A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor, 65
 FTLN 2338 Joined with a masker and a reveler!

ANTONY

FTLN 2339 Old Cassius still.

FTLN 2340 OCTAVIUS Come, Antony, away!—

FTLN 2341 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
 FTLN 2342 If you dare fight today, come to the field; 70
 FTLN 2343 If not, when you have stomachs.

Octavius, Antony, and [their] army exit.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2344 Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
 FTLN 2345 The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2346 Ho, Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth.

FTLN 2347 LUCILIUS My lord? 75

[Brutus and Lucilius step aside together.]

CASSIUS

FTLN 2348 Messala.

FTLN 2349 MESSALA What says my general?

FTLN 2350 CASSIUS Messala,

FTLN 2351 This is my birthday, as this very day
 FTLN 2352 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala. 80

FTLN 2353 Be thou my witness that against my will
 FTLN 2354 (As Pompey was) am I compelled to set
 FTLN 2355 Upon one battle all our liberties.

FTLN 2356 You know that I held Epicurus strong
 FTLN 2357 And his opinion. Now I change my mind 85

FTLN 2358 And partly credit things that do presage.
 FTLN 2359 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

FTLN 2360 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
 FTLN 2361 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

FTLN 2362 Who to Philippi here consorted us. 90
 FTLN 2363 This morning are they fled away and gone,

FTLN 2364 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
 FTLN 2365 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us

FTLN 2366 As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
 FTLN 2367 A canopy most fatal, under which 95

FTLN 2368 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA

FTLN 2369 Believe not so.

FTLN 2370	CASSIUS	I but believe it partly,	
FTLN 2371		For I am fresh of spirit and resolved	
FTLN 2372		To meet all perils very constantly.	100
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2373		Even so, Lucilius.	
		<i>〔Brutus returns to Cassius.〕</i>	
FTLN 2374	CASSIUS	Now, most noble Brutus,	
FTLN 2375		The gods today stand friendly that we may,	
FTLN 2376		Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.	
FTLN 2377		But since the affairs of men rests still uncertain,	105
FTLN 2378		Let's reason with the worst that may befall.	
FTLN 2379		If we do lose this battle, then is this	
FTLN 2380		The very last time we shall speak together.	
FTLN 2381		What are you then determinèd to do?	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2382		Even by the rule of that philosophy	110
FTLN 2383		By which I did blame Cato for the death	
FTLN 2384		Which he did give himself (I know not how,	
FTLN 2385		But I do find it cowardly and vile,	
FTLN 2386		For fear of what might fall, so to prevent	
FTLN 2387		The time of life), arming myself with patience	115
FTLN 2388		To stay the providence of some high powers	
FTLN 2389		That govern us below.	
FTLN 2390	CASSIUS	Then, if we lose this battle,	
FTLN 2391		You are contented to be led in triumph	
FTLN 2392		Thorough the streets of Rome?	120
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2393		No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,	
FTLN 2394		That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.	
FTLN 2395		He bears too great a mind. But this same day	
FTLN 2396		Must end that work the ides of March begun.	
FTLN 2397		And whether we shall meet again, I know not.	125
FTLN 2398		Therefore our everlasting farewell take.	
FTLN 2399		Forever and forever farewell, Cassius.	
FTLN 2400		If we do meet again, why we shall smile;	
FTLN 2401		If not, why then this parting was well made.	

CASSIUS

FTLN 2402 Forever and forever farewell, Brutus. 130
 FTLN 2403 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 FTLN 2404 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2405 Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
 FTLN 2406 The end of this day's business ere it come!
 FTLN 2407 But it sufficeth that the day will end, 135
 FTLN 2408 And then the end is known.—Come ho, away!

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2409 Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 FTLN 2410 Unto the legions on the other side!
 「*He hands Messala papers.*」
 Loud alarum.

FTLN 2411 Let them set on at once, for I perceive
 FTLN 2412 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
 FTLN 2413 And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 5
 FTLN 2414 Ride, ride, Messala! Let them all come down.

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Alarums. Enter Cassius 「carrying a standard」 and Titinius.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2415 O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 FTLN 2416 Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
 FTLN 2417 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 FTLN 2418 I slew the coward and did take it from him.

TITINIUS

FTLN 2419 O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, 5
 FTLN 2420 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 FTLN 2421 Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,
 FTLN 2422 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

PINDARUS

FTLN 2423 Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
 FTLN 2424 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. 10
 FTLN 2425 Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2426 This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius,
 FTLN 2427 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS

FTLN 2428 They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

FTLN 2429 Titinius, if thou lovest me, 15
 FTLN 2430 Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him
 FTLN 2431 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
 FTLN 2432 And here again, that I may rest assured
 FTLN 2433 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS

FTLN 2434 I will be here again even with a thought. *He exits.* 20

CASSIUS

FTLN 2435 Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
 FTLN 2436 My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius
 FTLN 2437 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[Pindarus goes up.]

FTLN 2438 This day I breathèd first. Time is come round,
 FTLN 2439 And where I did begin, there shall I end; 25
 FTLN 2440 My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

FTLN 2441 PINDARUS, *above.* O my lord!

FTLN 2442 CASSIUS What news?

PINDARUS

FTLN 2443 Titinius is enclosed round about

FTLN 2444	With horsemen that make to him on the spur,	30
FTLN 2445	Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.	
FTLN 2446	Now Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.	
FTLN 2447	He's ta'en.	<i>Shout.</i>
FTLN 2448	And hark, they shout for joy.	
FTLN 2449	CASSIUS Come down, behold no more.—	35
FTLN 2450	O, coward that I am to live so long	
FTLN 2451	To see my best friend ta'en before my face!	
	<i>Pindarus</i> 「comes down.」	
FTLN 2452	Come hither, sirrah.	
FTLN 2453	In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,	
FTLN 2454	And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,	40
FTLN 2455	That whatsoever I did bid thee do	
FTLN 2456	Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine	
FTLN 2457	oath.	
FTLN 2458	Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,	
FTLN 2459	That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this	45
FTLN 2460	bosom.	
FTLN 2461	Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts,	
FTLN 2462	And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,	
FTLN 2463	Guide thou the sword.	「 <i>Pindarus stabs him.</i> 」
FTLN 2464	Caesar, thou art revenged	50
FTLN 2465	Even with the sword that killed thee.	「 <i>He dies.</i> 」
	PINDARUS	
FTLN 2466	So I am free, yet would not so have been,	
FTLN 2467	Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!—	
FTLN 2468	Far from this country Pindarus shall run,	
FTLN 2469	Where never Roman shall take note of him.	55
		「 <i>He exits.</i> 」

Enter Titinius and Messala.

MESSALA

FTLN 2470	It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius
FTLN 2471	Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
FTLN 2472	As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS

FTLN 2473 These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

FTLN 2474 Where did you leave him? 60

FTLN 2475 TITINIUS All disconsolate,

FTLN 2476 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA

FTLN 2477 Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

FTLN 2478 He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

FTLN 2479 Is not that he? 65

FTLN 2480 TITINIUS No, this was he, Messala,

FTLN 2481 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,

FTLN 2482 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

FTLN 2483 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.

FTLN 2484 The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone; 70

FTLN 2485 Clouds, dews, and dangers come. Our deeds are
FTLN 2486 done.

FTLN 2487 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA

FTLN 2488 Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

FTLN 2489 O hateful error, melancholy's child, 75

FTLN 2490 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

FTLN 2491 The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,

FTLN 2492 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth

FTLN 2493 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

TITINIUS

FTLN 2494 What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus? 80

MESSALA

FTLN 2495 Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

FTLN 2496 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

FTLN 2497 Into his ears. I may say "thrusting it,"

FTLN 2498 For piercing steel and darts envenomèd

FTLN 2499 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus 85

FTLN 2500 As tidings of this sight.

FTLN 2501	TITINIUS	Hie you, Messala,	
FTLN 2502		And I will seek for Pindarus the while.	
			「 <i>Messala exits.</i> 」
FTLN 2503		Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?	
FTLN 2504		Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they	90
FTLN 2505		Put on my brows this wreath of victory	
FTLN 2506		And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their	
FTLN 2507		shouts?	
FTLN 2508		Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.	
FTLN 2509		But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.	95
			「 <i>Laying the garland on Cassius' brow.</i> 」
FTLN 2510		Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I	
FTLN 2511		Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,	
FTLN 2512		And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—	
FTLN 2513		By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part.	
FTLN 2514		Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart!	100
			「 <i>He</i> 」 <i>dies</i> 「 <i>on Cassius' sword.</i> 」

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius, 「Labeo, and Flavius.」*

	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2515		Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?	
	MESSALA		
FTLN 2516		Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2517		Titinius' face is upward.	
FTLN 2518	CATO	He is slain.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2519		O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet;	105
FTLN 2520		Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords	
FTLN 2521		In our own proper entrails.	<i>Low alarums.</i>
FTLN 2522	CATO	Brave Titinius!—	
FTLN 2523		Look whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 2524		Are yet two Romans living such as these?—	110
FTLN 2525		The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.	

FTLN 2526 It is impossible that ever Rome
 FTLN 2527 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
 FTLN 2528 tears
 FTLN 2529 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— 115
 FTLN 2530 I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time.—
 FTLN 2531 Come, therefore, and to 「Thasos」 send his body.
 FTLN 2532 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 FTLN 2533 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come.—
 FTLN 2534 And come, young Cato. Let us to the field.— 120
 FTLN 2535 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
 FTLN 2536 'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night
 FTLN 2537 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and
 Flavius.*

BRUTUS

FTLN 2538 Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
 「Brutus, Messala, and Flavius exit.」

CATO

FTLN 2539 What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 FTLN 2540 I will proclaim my name about the field.
 FTLN 2541 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 FTLN 2542 A foe to tyrants and my country's friend. 5
 FTLN 2543 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

「LUCILIUS」

FTLN 2544 And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!
 FTLN 2545 Brutus, my country's friend! Know me for Brutus.
 「Cato is killed.」
 FTLN 2546 O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

FTLN 2547 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius 10
 FTLN 2548 And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.
 「FIRST」 SOLDIER, 「*seizing Lucilius*」
 FTLN 2549 Yield, or thou diest.
 FTLN 2550 LUCILIUS Only I yield to die.
 FTLN 2551 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
 「Offering money.」
 FTLN 2552 Kill Brutus and be honored in his death. 15
 「FIRST」 SOLDIER
 FTLN 2553 We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

SECOND SOLDIER
 FTLN 2554 Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.
 FIRST SOLDIER
 FTLN 2555 I'll tell 「the」 news. Here comes the General.—
 FTLN 2556 Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
 FTLN 2557 ANTONY Where is he? 20
 LUCILIUS
 FTLN 2558 Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough.
 FTLN 2559 I dare assure thee that no enemy
 FTLN 2560 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
 FTLN 2561 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 FTLN 2562 When you do find him, or alive or dead, 25
 FTLN 2563 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
 ANTONY
 FTLN 2564 This is not Brutus, friend, but I assure you,
 FTLN 2565 A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe.
 FTLN 2566 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 FTLN 2567 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, 30
 FTLN 2568 And see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,
 FTLN 2569 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
 FTLN 2570 How everything is chanced.

They exit 「in different directions.」

[Scene 5]

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2571 Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
[*He sits down.*]

CLITUS

FTLN 2572 Statilius showed the torchlight, but, my lord,
 FTLN 2573 He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2574 Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
 FTLN 2575 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. 5
[*He whispers to Clitus.*]

CLITUS

FTLN 2576 What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2577 Peace, then, no words.

FTLN 2578 CLITUS I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2579 Hark thee, Dardanus. [*He whispers to Dardanus.*]

FTLN 2580 DARDANUS Shall I do such a deed? 10

FTLN 2581 CLITUS O Dardanus!

FTLN 2582 DARDANUS O Clitus!

[*Dardanus and Clitus step aside.*]

CLITUS

FTLN 2583 What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANUS

FTLN 2584 To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

FTLN 2585 Now is that noble vessel full of grief, 15
 FTLN 2586 That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2587 Come hither, good Volumnius. List a word.

VOLUMNIUS

FTLN 2588 What says my lord?

FTLN 2589 BRUTUS Why this, Volumnius:

FTLN 2590	The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me	20
FTLN 2591	Two several times by night—at Sardis once	
FTLN 2592	And this last night here in Philippi fields.	
FTLN 2593	I know my hour is come.	
FTLN 2594	VOLUMNIUS	Not so, my lord.
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2595	Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.	25
FTLN 2596	Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes.	
FTLN 2597	Our enemies have beat us to the pit.	<i>Low alarums.</i>
FTLN 2598	It is more worthy to leap in ourselves	
FTLN 2599	Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,	
FTLN 2600	Thou know'st that we two went to school together;	30
FTLN 2601	Even for that our love of old, I prithee,	
FTLN 2602	Hold thou my sword hilts whilst I run on it.	
	VOLUMNIUS	
FTLN 2603	That's not an office for a friend, my lord.	
		<i>Alarum</i> 「continues.」
	CLITUS	
FTLN 2604	Fly, fly, my lord! There is no tarrying here.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2605	Farewell to you—and you—and you, Volumnius.—	35
FTLN 2606	Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep.	
FTLN 2607	Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,	
FTLN 2608	My heart doth joy that yet in all my life	
FTLN 2609	I found no man but he was true to me.	
FTLN 2610	I shall have glory by this losing day	40
FTLN 2611	More than Octavius and Mark Antony	
FTLN 2612	By this vile conquest shall attain unto.	
FTLN 2613	So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue	
FTLN 2614	Hath almost ended his life's history.	
FTLN 2615	Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,	45
FTLN 2616	That have but labored to attain this hour.	
		<i>Alarum. Cry within "Fly, fly, fly!"</i>
	CLITUS	
FTLN 2617	Fly, my lord, fly!	
FTLN 2618	BRUTUS	Hence. I will follow.
		「All exit but Brutus and Strato.」

FTLN 2619	I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.	
FTLN 2620	Thou art a fellow of a good respect;	50
FTLN 2621	Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.	
FTLN 2622	Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face	
FTLN 2623	While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?	
	STRATO	
FTLN 2624	Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2625	Farewell, good Strato.	55
	<i>「Brutus runs on his sword.」</i>	
FTLN 2626	Caesar, now be still.	
FTLN 2627	I killed not thee with half so good a will. <i>「He」 dies.</i>	
	<i>Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.</i>	
FTLN 2628	OCTAVIUS What man is that?	
	MESSALA	
FTLN 2629	My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?	
	STRATO	
FTLN 2630	Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.	60
FTLN 2631	The conquerors can but make a fire of him,	
FTLN 2632	For Brutus only overcame himself,	
FTLN 2633	And no man else hath honor by his death.	
	LUCILIUS	
FTLN 2634	So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,	
FTLN 2635	That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.	65
	OCTAVIUS	
FTLN 2636	All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—	
FTLN 2637	Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?	
	STRATO	
FTLN 2638	Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.	
	OCTAVIUS	
FTLN 2639	Do so, good Messala.	
FTLN 2640	MESSALA How died my master, Strato?	70
	STRATO	
FTLN 2641	I held the sword, and he did run on it.	

MESSALA

FTLN 2642 Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
FTLN 2643 That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY

FTLN 2644 This was the noblest Roman of them all.
FTLN 2645 All the conspirators save only he 75
FTLN 2646 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar.
FTLN 2647 He only in a general honest thought
FTLN 2648 And common good to all made one of them.
FTLN 2649 His life was gentle and the elements
FTLN 2650 So mixed in him that nature might stand up 80
FTLN 2651 And say to all the world "This was a man."

OCTAVIUS

FTLN 2652 According to his virtue, let us use him
FTLN 2653 With all respect and rites of burial.
FTLN 2654 Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
FTLN 2655 Most like a soldier, ordered honorably. 85
FTLN 2656 So call the field to rest, and let's away
FTLN 2657 To part the glories of this happy day.

They all exit.
