

Julius Caesar 1599 Act I Scene II A public place.

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

CAESAR Calpurnia!

CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA Here, my lord.

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

ANTONY Caesar, my lord?

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

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

CAESAR Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Flourish

Soothsayer Caesar!

CAESAR Ha! who calls?

CASCA Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR Who is it in the press that calls on me?

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

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

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

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

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

Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS Not I.

CASSIUS I pray you, do.

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

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

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

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

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

CASSIUS 'Tis just:

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

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

CASSIUS Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and shout

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

CASSIUS Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS Another general shout!

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

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

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.....
CAESAR Antonius!

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

ANTONY Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;

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

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

CASCA Would you speak with me?

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

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

BRUTUS I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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

BRUTUS What was the second noise for?

CASCA Why, for that too.

CASSIUS They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA Why, for that too.

BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

CASSIUS Who offered him the crown?

CASCA Why, Antony.

BRUTUS Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS What, did Caesar swoon?

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

BRUTUS 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

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

CASCA I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down.

BRUTUS What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

CASCA Ay.

CASSIUS Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS Good: I will expect you.

CASCA Do so. Farewell, both.

Exit

BRUTUS What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

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

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

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

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

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

Exit BRUTUS

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

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And after this let Caesar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

SCENE III. The same. A street.

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

CICERO Good even, Casca. Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA A common slave--you know him well by sight--

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

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

CICERO Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

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

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

CASCA Farewell, Cicero.

Exit CICERO Enter CASSIUS

CASSIUS Who's there?

CASCA A Roman.

CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.

CASCA Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

A man no mightier than thyself or me...

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

CASSIUS Let it be who it is!

CASCA Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow

Mean to establish Caesar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still

CASCA So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,

But that he knows the Romans are but sheep:

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman.

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

CASSIUS There's a bargain made.
Stand close awhile.

CASSIUS 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA Cinna, where haste you so?

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

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

CINNA Yes, you are.

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

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

CINNA All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house.

Exit CINNA

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

ACT II SCENE II. CAESAR'S house.

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

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

Enter a Servant **Servant** My lord?

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

Servant I will, my lord.

Exit *Enter CALPURNIA*

CALPURNIA What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CAESAR Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

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

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

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?

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

CAESAR The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me prevail in this.

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

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

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

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

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

CALPURNIA Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

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

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

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

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say

'Break up the senate till another time,

When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper

'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love

To our proceeding bids me tell you this;

And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR Welcome, Publius.

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

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Enter ANTONY

CAESAR See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR I am to blame to be thus waited for.

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

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

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

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

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS Caesar, I will.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

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

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

Trebonius: mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus

loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.

There is but one mind in all these men, and it is

bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,

look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.

The mighty gods defend thee! 'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

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

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

CAESAR [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS Sirrah, give place.

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

CASSIUS Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

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

CINNA O Caesar,--

CAESAR Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS Great Caesar,--

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS People and senators, be not affrighted;

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

CASCA Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS And Cassius too.

BRUTUS Where's Publius?

CINNA Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

BRUTUS Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

CASSIUS Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

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BRUTUS But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

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

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

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

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

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

Gentlemen all,--alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy thy Anthony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

CASSIUS Mark Antony,--

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

CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

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

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

BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS Brutus, a word with you.

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

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

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

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

ANTONY Be it so.

I do desire no more.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

SCENE II. The Forum. *Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens*

First Citizen

I will hear Brutus speak.

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

BRUTUS Romans, countrymen! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All None, Brutus, none.

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

Enter ANTONY with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,--that, as I slew Caesar for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

BRUTUS My countrymen,--

Second Citizen Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen Peace, ho!

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

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

Exit

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

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

ANTONY For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen What does he say of Brutus?

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

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

First Citizen This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY You gentle Romans,--

Citizens Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY **Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;**

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

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

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

Second Citizen Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

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

Fourth Citizen Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there.
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament--
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen

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

All

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

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen They were traitors: honourable men!

All The will! the testament!

Second Citizen They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

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

Then make a ring around the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens Come down.

Second Citizen Descend.

ANTONY comes down

ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

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

That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

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

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

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

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

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

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

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

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

First Citizen O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen O noble Caesar!

Fourth Citizen O traitors, villains!

First Citizen O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen We will be revenged.

All Revenge! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All We'll mutiny.

First Citizen We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

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

ANTONY Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

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

You have forgot the will I told you of.

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

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

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen O royal Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience.

All Peace, ho!

ANTONY Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Citizen Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Second Citizen Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

ANTONY Now let it work. **Mischief, thou art afoot,**

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant How now, fellow!

Servant Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY Where is he?

Servant He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. **Fortune is merry,**

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Geoffrey Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, The Monk's Tale: **To the great conqueror, Julius Caesar, at first Fortune was friend and then his foe. Let no man trust long to have her favor, but evermore be watchful of her. Be warned by this mighty conqueror.**