

## JULIUS CAESAR

A line-by-line translation

## Act 1, Scene 1

## Shakespeare

*FLAVIUS and MURELLUS enter on one side of the stage, as do a CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and some other commoners from the other end of the stage.*

**FLAVIUS**

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

**CARPENTER**

Why, sir, a carpenter.

**MURELLUS**

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

**COBBLER**

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

**MURELLUS**

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

**COBBLER**

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

**MURELLUS**

What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

**COBBLER**

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me. Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

**MURELLUS**

20 What mean'st thou by that? "Mend" me, thou saucy fellow?

**COBBLER**

Why, sir, cobble you.

**FLAVIUS**

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

**COBBLER**

25 Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters nor women's matters, but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

## Shakescleare Translation

*FLAVIUS and MURELLUS enter on one side of the stage. A CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and some other commoners enter from the other end of the stage.*

**FLAVIUS**

Go away! Go home, you lazy creatures. Go home! Is today a holiday? Don't you know that, as working-class men, you shouldn't walk around on a workday without wearing your work clothes?

*[To CARPENTER]* Tell me, what's your profession?

**CARPENTER**

Why, I'm a carpenter, sir.

**MURELLUS**

Where are your leather apron and ruler? Why are you wearing your finest clothes?

*[To COBBLER]* And you, sir, what's your job?

**COBBLER**

Well, sir, compared to a skilled workman, I'm just a cobbler, as you would put it.

**MURELLUS**

But what's your trade? Answer me straightforwardly.

**COBBLER**

I work a trade, sir, that I hope I can practice with a clear conscience. I am a mender of worn soles.

**MURELLUS**

What trade, fool? You good-for-nothing fool, what trade?

**COBBLER**

Sir, I beg you, don't be angry. Yet, if your soles are worn out, I can mend you.

**MURELLUS**

What do you mean by that? "Mend" me, you rude man?

**COBBLER**

Well, cobble you, sir.

**FLAVIUS**

You're a cobbler, are you?

**COBBLER**

Yes, sir, I make my living through use of an awl. I don't meddle in politics or in the affairs of women. I'm just a surgeon for old shoes. When they're in bad shape, I fix them. The most noble men who have ever walked on leather have walked on my handiwork.

**FLAVIUS**

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

30 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

**COBBLER**

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

**MURELLUS**

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

35 What tributaries follow him to Rome

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things,

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

40 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day with patient expectation

45 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks

To hear the replication of your sounds

50 Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

55 Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

**FLAVIUS**

Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault,

60 Assemble all the poor men of your sort,

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*The CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all of the commoners exit.*

**FLAVIUS**

See whether their basest metal be not moved.

65 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol.

This way will I. Disrobe the images

If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

**MURELLUS**

May we do so?

70 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

**FLAVIUS**

It is no matter. Let no images

Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about

And drive away the vulgar from the streets.

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

75 These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*They exit in different directions.*

**FLAVIUS**

But why aren't you in your shop today? Why are you leading these men through the streets?

**COBBLER**

Well, sir, to wear out their shoes and get myself more work.

But actually, sir, we took the day off to see Caesar and celebrate his triumph.

**MURELLUS**

Why celebrate it? What foreign lands has he conquered for Rome to rule? What foreign princes are chained to his chariot wheels and will earn Rome ransom money? You blockheads, you unfeeling men, you worse than stupid things! Oh, you with hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

didn't you know Pompey? Many a time you climbed up on walls and battlements, towers and windows--yes, even chimney tops, with your babies in your arms--and sat there all day just waiting to see great Pompey ride through the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot, didn't all of you shout all at once so loudly that the Tiber River shook from the sound echoing within its banks? And now you put on your finest clothes? And now you choose to celebrate a holiday? And now you toss flowers in the path of the man who comes in triumph having defeated Pompey's sons? Get out of here! Run to your houses, fall on your knees, and pray to the gods to spare you from the terrible punishment that is certain to come down upon you for such ingratitude.

**FLAVIUS**

Go, go, good countrymen. And to atone for this error in judgment, gather together all the poor men like you. Lead them to the banks of the Tiber River, and weep into the water until it overflows.

*The CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all of the commoners exit.*

**FLAVIUS**

That should move even these coarse and unrefined men. They're leaving, and feel so guilty they can't speak. You go that way towards the Capitol, and I'll go this way. Undress any statues you see that have been decorated in honor of Caesar.

**MURELLUS**

Can we do that? You know it's the feast of Lupercal.

**FLAVIUS**

It doesn't matter. None of the statues should be decorated in honor to Caesar. I'll make sure the commoners get off the streets, and you do the same wherever you see a bunch of them together. If we can pluck the feathers of Caesar's growing support among the commoners now, he'll have to fly at a normal height. If we don't, he'll soar to such heights of power that all of us will live in fear and be his servants.

*They exit in different directions.*

Here the Cobbler refers to the ancient Roman tradition of the triumphal procession--a parade usually reserved for generals who conquered in foreign wars, though Caesar has won a domestic victory.

Pompey was a co-ruler of Rome with Caesar and Crassus, during the First Triumvirate. Pompey and Caesar became enemies, and at this point in the play, Caesar has just defeated the remainder of Pompey's faction after his murder.

Flavius refers here to the Capitoline Hill, the heart of Roman political life.

The Lupercalia was an ancient Roman purification and fertility festival, held every year on February 15.

## Act 1, Scene 2

## Shakespeare

A trumpet sounds. CAESAR enters, along with ANTONY who is dressed for a traditional foot race, as well as CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, followed by great crowd of commoners, including a SOOTHSAYER. MURELLUS and FLAVIUS follow after.

**CAESAR**

Calphurnia!

**CASCA**

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

**CAESAR**

Calphurnia!

**CALPHURNIA**

Here, my lord.

**CAESAR**

5 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 Calphurnia, for our elders say  
10 The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

**ANTONY**

I shall remember.  
When Caesar says, “do this,” it is performed.

**CAESAR**

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Music plays.*

**SOOTHSAYER**

15 Caesar!

**CAESAR**

Ha! Who calls?

**CASCA**

Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again.

*The music stops.*

**CAESAR**

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

**SOOTHSAYER**

Beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

What man is that?

## Shakescleare Translation

A trumpet sounds. CAESAR, ANTONY (who is dressed for a traditional foot race), CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA enter, followed by great crowd of commoners, including a SOOTHSAYER. MURELLUS and FLAVIUS follow after them.

**CAESAR**

Calphurnia!

**CASCA**

Hey, quiet down! Caesar speaks.

**CAESAR**

Calphurnia!

**CALPHURNIA**

Here I am, my lord.

**CAESAR**

Stand directly in Antonius' path as he runs the race.

*[To ANTONY]* Antonius!

**ANTONY**

Yes, my lord Caesar?

**CAESAR**

Antonius, while you're running don't forget to touch Calphurnia. As our elders say, if an infertile woman is touched during this holy race, she'll escape the curse of sterility.

**ANTONY**

I will remember. When Caesar says “do this,” it is done.

**CAESAR**

Go on, then, and don't leave out any of the proper rituals.

*Music plays.*

**SOOTHSAYER**

Caesar!

**CAESAR**

Hey! Who's calling me?

**CASCA**


Everyone, be quiet! Again, quiet!


*The music stops.*

**CAESAR**

Who is it in the crowd that's calling me? I hear a voice that's shriller than any of this music, calling out “Caesar!” Speak. Caesar is listening.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Beware March 15th .

 In the ancient Roman calendar, the “ides” represented the middle of any given month.

**CAESAR**

Who is saying that?

**BRUTUS**

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

Set him before me. Let me see his face.

**CASSIUS**

25 Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Caesar.

*The SOOTHSAYER approaches.*

**CAESAR**

What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass!

*Trumpets play. Everyone exits, except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

**CASSIUS**

Will you go see the order of the course?

**BRUTUS**

30 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.  
35 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  
40 Over your friend that loves you.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius,  
Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am  
45 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—  
50 Nor construe any further my neglect  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

**CASSIUS**

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
55 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

'Tis just.  
60 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

**BRUTUS**

A soothsayer tells you to beware March 15th.

**CAESAR**

Bring him to me. Let me see his face.

**CASSIUS**

Man, step out of the crowd. Stand before Caesar.

*The SOOTHSAYER approaches.*

**CAESAR**

What are you saying to me now? Say it again.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Beware March 15th.

**CAESAR**

He's crazy. Let's leave him. Continue on!

*Trumpets play. Everyone except BRUTUS and CASSIUS exits.*

**CASSIUS**

Are you going to come watch the race?

**BRUTUS**

Not me.

**CASSIUS**

Please, come and watch it.

**BRUTUS**

I'm not feeling festive. I lack some of Antony's lively,  
competitive spirit. But don't let me stop you from doing  
what you want, Cassius. I'll leave you alone.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, I've been watching you recently. I've noticed that  
you seem less friendly toward me than I'm used to. You've  
been rough and unfriendly to me, your friend who loves  
you.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, don't be fooled. If I seem unfriendly, it's because  
my troubled looks are actually directed at myself. Lately I've  
been overwhelmed with private thoughts and conflicting  
emotions, which must have affected my behavior. But my  
good friends should not be troubled—and I count you as a  
good friend, Cassius. And they should not see anything  
more in my distant behavior than that poor Brutus—who is  
at war with himself—has forgotten to show affection to  
others.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, I misunderstood your feelings. And for that reason, I  
kept to myself a number of important thoughts. Good  
Brutus, tell me, can you see your face?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius, because the eye can't see itself, except in  
reflections on other surfaces.

**CASSIUS**

That's a fact. But it's a shame that you don't have any  
mirrors in which to view your own worthiness, Brutus. I've

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,  
65 Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

**BRUTUS**

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
70 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  
75 That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.  
Were I a common laugh, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester, if you know  
80 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
And, after, scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Trumpets play, and then a shout sounds.*

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
100 Think of this life, but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Caesar. So were you.  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
105 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For once upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood  
110 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow. So indeed he did.  
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
115 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"  
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
120 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man

heard many of the most respected Romans—with the  
exception of immortal Caesar—mention you while  
complaining of the burden of our current government, and  
wish that your eyes were working better.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, what dangers do you want to lead me into, by  
asking me to look inside myself for something that isn't in  
me?

**CASSIUS**

Be prepared to listen, good Brutus. And since you know the  
best way to see yourself is by reflection, I'll act as your  
mirror and show to you the parts of yourself of which you  
are unaware, without exaggerating. Don't be suspicious of  
what I say, noble Brutus. If I were some frivolous fool; or  
made the same stale vows of friendship to every new friend  
I met; or if you knew that I flatter men to their faces only to  
slander them once they're gone; or if you learn that I make  
declarations of friendship to all the mobs of people while at  
a feast, then, of course, don't believe me.

*Trumpets play, and then a shout sounds.*

**BRUTUS**

What is the meaning of this shouting? I fear the people have  
made Caesar their king.


**CASSIUS**


Really, do you fear that? Then I must guess that you don't  
want that to happen.

**BRUTUS**

I don't, Cassius, even though I love Caesar dearly. But why  
do you keep me here so long? What is it that you want to tell  
me? If it's for the general good of Rome, I'd do anything,  
even if it meant my death. May the gods grant me good  
favor only so long as I love honor more than I fear death.

**CASSIUS**

I see that good quality in you, Brutus. It's as familiar to me  
as your appearance. In fact, honor is what I want to discuss  
with you. I don't know what you and other men think of this  
life. But, as for me, I'd rather not live at all than stand in awe  
of a man no better than myself. I was born as free as Caesar.  
So were you. We both have eaten as well, and we can both  
endure the winter's cold as well as he. Once, on a harsh and  
windy day, as the Tiber River swelled against its banks,  
Caesar said to me, "Cassius, would you dare to jump with  
me into this rough water and swim to that distant point?"  
The moment he said that--though I was still in my clothes--I  
jumped in and told him to follow. He did. The water roared,  
and we fought against it with all our strength, inspired to  
overcome it by our competitive natures. But before we  
could reach our destination, Caesar cried, "Help me,  
Cassius, or I'll sink!" Just like Aeneas  carried on his  
shoulders his elderly father Anchises from the shores of Troy, I  
carry the tired Caesar from the waves of the Tiber. And this  
man has now become a god, while I am a wretched creature  
who must bow down if Caesar carelessly nods my way.  
When he was in Spain, Caesar had a fever. And when he was  
in its grip, I noticed how he shook. It's true, this "god" was  
shaking! His cowardly lips lost their color, and that same  
eye whose gaze now terrifies the world lost its gleam. Yes, I  
heard him groan. And that tongue of his that ordered the  
Romans to listen to him and transcribe his speeches in their

 The legendary Aeneas was a  
Trojan soldier who went on to found  
ancient Rome.

Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body  
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 125 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake!  
 His coward lips did from their color fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 130 Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan,  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books—  
 “Alas,” it cried, “give me some drink, Titinius,”  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
 135 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world  
 And bear the palm alone.

*A shout offstage. Trumpets play.*

#### BRUTUS

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

#### CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth stride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
 145 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?  
 150 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,  
 155 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!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was famed with more than with one man?  
 160 When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,  
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 165 There was a Brutus once that would have brooked  
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
 As easily as a king.

#### BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim.  
 170 How I have thought of this and of these times  
 I shall recount hereafter. For this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
 Be any further moved. What you have said  
 I will consider, what you have to say  
 175 I will with patience hear, and find a time  
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:  
 Brutus had rather be a villager  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 180 Under these hard conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.

#### CASSIUS

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

*CAESAR enters with his followers, including CASCA.*


books cried like a sick girl, “Oh, get me a drink, Titinius.”  
 Oh, by the gods, it amazes me that a man of such weak  
 constitution could get an advantage over the entire world  
 and carry the prize of victory alone.


*A shout offstage. Trumpets play.*

#### BRUTUS

More shouting from the crowd! I think this applause is for  
 some new honor given to Caesar.

#### CASSIUS

Why, sir, he straddles the narrow world like a giant, and we  
 petty men walk under his huge legs and peek out just to  
 find our graves, as if we were slaves. Men can be masters of  
 their fate. Brutus, our problem is not destiny, but ourselves.  
 “Brutus” and “Caesar”—what's special about “Caesar?”  
 Why should that name be shouted more than yours? Write  
 them together—yours looks just as good. Say them—yours  
 is just as pleasant to say. Weigh them—it's just as heavy. Do  
 magic with them, and “Brutus” will call up a spirit just as  
 well as “Caesar.” Now, in the name of all the gods, I ask you  
 what meat Caesar has eaten that has made him grow to be  
 so great? The people of our time should be ashamed! Rome  
 has lost the ability to raise noble men! When was there an  
 age, since the great flood , that didn't contain more than  
 one famous man? When could anyone speaking of Rome  
 say, before now, that just one man ruled the entire city?  
 Indeed, now Rome only has room for one man. Oh, you and  
 I have heard our fathers say that once there was a  
 Brutus—your ancestor—who would have let the devil reign  
 in the Roman Republic before he would allow a king.

 Here, Cassius refers to a  
 mythological flood that wiped out all  
 of humanity except for one married  
 couple.

#### BRUTUS

I do not doubt that you love me. I'm starting to understand  
 what you would like me to do. I'll tell you what I think about  
 this and about what's happening in Rome later. For the  
 moment—in the name of our friendship—I would prefer that  
 you not try to do any more persuading. I'll think over what  
 you've said; I'll listen patiently to whatever else you have to  
 say; and I'll find an appropriate time for us to consider and  
 make a decision about such weighty matters. Until then, my  
 noble friend, think about this: I would rather be some  
 villager than call myself a citizen of Rome during the  
 difficult situation these times are likely to put us through.

#### CASSIUS

I'm glad that my weak words have forced even this small  
 show of passion from you.

*CAESAR enters with his followers, including CASCA.*

**BRUTUS**

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

195 Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*As CAESAR and ANTONY talk, BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve.*

**CAESAR**

Antonio.

**ANTONY**

Caesar.

**CAESAR**

*[aside to ANTONY]* Let me have men about me that are  
fat,  
200 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep a-nights.  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.  
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

**ANTONY**

*[aside to CAESAR]* Fear him not, Caesar. He's not  
dangerous.  
205 He is a noble Roman and well given.

**CAESAR**

*[aside to ANTONY]* 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  
210 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  
215 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at anything.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
220 I rather tell thee what is to be feared  
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.

*Trumpets play. CAESAR exits with all his followers except CASCA.*

**CASCA**

*[to BRUTUS]*  
225 You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?

**BRUTUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

The games are finished, and Caesar is returning.

**CASSIUS**

As they pass by, grab Casca by the sleeve. In his sour way,  
he'll tell you if anything important happened today.

**BRUTUS**

I'll do so. But look there, Cassius. Caesar's face is full of  
anger while everyone with him look like they've been  
scolded. Calphurnia's face is pale, and Cicero's eyes are  
darting and angry, just as they get when senators argue  
with him during sessions at the Capitol.

**CASSIUS**

Casca will tell us what's happened.

*As CAESAR and ANTONY talk, BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve.*

**CAESAR**

Antonio.

**ANTONY**

Caesar.

**CAESAR**

*[To ANTONY so that only he can hear]* I want the men  
around me to be fat, well-groomed men who sleep soundly  
through the night. Cassius over there has a lean and hungry  
look. He thinks too much. Men like that are dangerous.

**ANTONY**

*[To CAESAR so that only he can hear]* Don't be afraid of him,  
Caesar. He's not dangerous. He's a noble Roman with an  
honorable character.

**CAESAR**

*[To ANTONY so that only he can hear]* If only he were fatter!  
But I'm not afraid of him. Yet, if I myself were capable of  
fear, I don't know of any man I would avoid more than  
skinny Cassius. He reads a lot. He's a skilled observer, and  
he sees the hidden motives behind men's actions. He  
doesn't enjoy plays like you do, Antony. He never listens to  
music. He almost never smiles. Though when he does  
smile, he does it as if he's mocking the part of himself that  
could be inspired to smile by anything. Men like him can  
never be content as long as they know that there is  
someone better and more powerful than they are. And  
therefore they're very dangerous. I'm telling you what  
should be feared rather than what I fear, because, after all, I  
am Caesar. Step over to my right side, because my left ear is  
deaf, and tell me honestly what you think of Cassius.

*Trumpets play. CAESAR and all his followers except CASCA exit.*

**CASCA**

*[To BRUTUS]* You pulled on my cloak. Do you want to speak  
with me?

**BRUTUS**

Yes, Casca. Tell us what happened today that made Caesar  
seem so unhappy.

**CASCA**

Why, you were with him, were you not?

**BRUTUS**

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

**CASCA**

230 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**

235 They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

**CASCA**

Why, for that too.

**BRUTUS**

Was the crown offered him thrice?

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

Who offered him the crown?

**CASCA**

Why, Antony.

**BRUTUS**

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

**CASCA**

245 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  
250 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 chopp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and  
255 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**

260 But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?

**CASCA**

He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

**BRUTUS**

'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

**CASSIUS**

265 No, Caesar hath it not. But you and I  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

**CASCA**

Well, weren't you with him?

**BRUTUS**

If I were with him, I wouldn't be asking what happened.

**CASCA**

Well, a crown was offered to him, and, when it was offered, he pushed it away with the back of his hand, like this—and then the people started shouting.

**BRUTUS**

What was the second noise for?

**CASCA**

For that same thing.

**CASSIUS**

They shouted three times. What was the last cry for?

**CASCA**

For the same thing.

**BRUTUS**

The crown was offered to him three times?

**CASCA**

Yes, that's right, it was. And he pushed it away three times, but each time more gently than the last. And each time he pushed it away, my noble countrymen cheered.

**CASSIUS**

Who offered him the crown?

**CASCA**

Antony.

**BRUTUS**

Tell us what it was like, noble Casca.

**CASCA**

I'd just as soon be hanged than describe it! It was all foolishness. I paid no attention. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—though it wasn't a real crown, it was more like a wreath—and, as I told you, Caesar refused it once. Although, in my opinion, he would've gladly taken it. Then Antony offered it to him again, and Caesar refused it again—though, in my opinion, he didn't want to take his hand off it. Then Antony offered it the third time, and Caesar refused it the third time. Yet even as he refused it, the masses hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty hats, and roared out such a load of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it nearly choked Caesar, who fainted and fell down. As for me, I didn't dare laugh because I feared opening my lips and inhaling the stinking air.

**CASSIUS**

Stop for a moment, please. What, did Caesar faint?

**CASCA**

He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at the mouth and couldn't speak.

**BRUTUS**

That's very likely. He has epilepsy, the falling sickness.

**CASSIUS**

No, Caesar doesn't have it. But you and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.



**CASCA**

270 I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

**BRUTUS**

What said he when he came unto himself?

**CASCA**

275 Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity.  
280 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**

285 Ay.

**CASSIUS**

Did Cicero say anything?

**CASCA**

Ay, he spoke Greek.

**CASSIUS**

To what effect?

**CASCA**

290 Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' 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. Murellus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was  
295 more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

**CASSIUS**

Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

**CASCA**

No, I am promised forth.

**CASSIUS**

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

**CASCA**

300 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.

*CASCA exits.*

**CASCA**

I don't know what you mean by that. But I'm sure Caesar fell down. If the masses didn't clap for him or hiss at him based on whether he pleased or displeased them--just as they do for actors in the theater--then I'm a liar.

**BRUTUS**

What did he say when he woke up?

**CASCA**

Well, before he fell down--when he realized the commoners were glad he refused the crown--he pulled open his jacket and offered them his throat to cut. If I were a common laborer and didn't take him at his word and cut his throat, then to hell with me. Then he fainted. When he came to, he said to the crowd that if he'd done or said anything wrong, he wanted them to know that it was caused by his sickness. Three or four women standing near me cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But don't pay any attention to them--if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have said the same thing.

**BRUTUS**

And after all that he came this way looking so serious?

**CASCA**

Yes.

**CASSIUS**

Did Cicero say anything?

**CASCA**

Yes, he said something in Greek.

**CASSIUS**

What did he say?

**CASCA**

No, if I told you I understood what he was saying, I wouldn't be able to look you in the eye. But those who did understand him smiled at one another and shook their heads. But, speaking for myself, it was Greek to me. But I have more news to tell you. Murellus and Flavius have been punished for pulling scarves off of statues of Caesar. Goodbye. There was more foolishness, too, but I can't remember it.

**CASSIUS**

Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

**CASCA**

No, I have another commitment.

**CASSIUS**

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

**CASCA**

Yes, if I'm still alive, and you're still sane, and your dinner is worth eating.

**CASSIUS**

Good. I'll expect you.

**CASCA**

Do that. Farewell to both of you.

*CASCA exits.*

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

305 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  
310 With better appetite.

**BRUTUS**

And so it is. For this time I will leave you.  
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you. Or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

**CASSIUS**

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

*BRUTUS exits.*

**CASSIUS**

Well, Brutus, thou art noble. Yet I see  
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought  
From that it is disposed. Therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,  
320 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humor me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
325 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,  
330 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*CASSIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

What a dull man he's become! He was so quick-witted when  
he was in school.

**CASSIUS**

And he's quick-witted now when it comes to carrying out  
any bold or noble enterprise, despite this show of being  
dull. The crudeness of his words is a kind of tasty sauce for  
the wisdom of what he says, which makes other people  
more likely to listen to him.

**BRUTUS**

That's it exactly. For now, I'll leave you. Tomorrow, if you'd  
like to speak with me, I'll come to your house. Or, if you  
want, come to my house, and I'll wait for you.

**CASSIUS**

I'll do that. Until then, think of what's best for the world.

*BRUTUS exits.*

**CASSIUS**

Well, Brutus, you're noble. Yet I see that your honorable  
nature can be turned from its usual inclination. Therefore,  
it's better for noble men to spend time only with other  
noble men, because who is so firm that he can't be  
seduced? Caesar doesn't like me, but he loves Brutus. If I  
were Brutus now and he were Cassius, I wouldn't have let  
him persuade me. Tonight I'll throw a few letters through  
his window—each written with different handwriting, as if  
they came from different citizens—all saying how great his  
reputation is throughout all of Rome, while also hinting at  
Caesar's ambition. And after this, Caesar won't be able to  
sit comfortably in his power, because we'll either overthrow  
him, or suffer worse than we do now.

*CASSIUS exits.*

## Act 1, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Thunder and lightning. CASCA and CICERO enter.*

**CICERO**

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

**CASCA**

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

**CICERO**

Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

### Shakescleare Translation

*Thunder and lightning. CASCA and CICERO enter.*

**CICERO**

Good evening, Casca. Did you walk Caesar home? Why are  
you breathless? And why are you looking around like that?

**CASCA**

Aren't you disturbed when the entire earth shakes as if it  
were unsteady? Oh, Cicero, I've seen storms with gusting  
winds that have split ancient oak trees. And I've seen the  
ocean swell, rage, and foam, as if it wanted to rise all the  
way to the dark clouds above. But not until tonight--not  
until now--have I ever seen a storm that drops fire. Either  
there is a civil war in heaven, or the world--too disrespectful  
toward the gods--angers them so much that they send  
destruction.

**CICERO**

Why, did you see anything else that made it seem like it  
came from the gods?

**CASCA**

15 A common slave—you know him well by sight—  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.  
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—  
20 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glaz'd upon me and went surly by,  
Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
25 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
Even at noon-day upon the marketplace,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
30 "These are their reasons; they are natural."  
For I believe they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

**CICERO**

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

**CASCA**

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

**CICERO**

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

**CASCA**

Farewell, Cicero.

*CICERO exits.*

*CASSIUS enters.*

**CASSIUS**

Who's there?

**CASCA**

A Roman.

**CASSIUS**

Casca, by your voice.

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

A very pleasing night to honest men.

**CASCA**

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

**CASSIUS**

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walked about the streets,  
50 Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,  
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone.  
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
55 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

**CASCA**

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send

**CASCA**

A common slave—you'd recognize him—held up his left  
hand, which flamed and burned with the strength of twenty  
torches. And yet his hand did not feel the fire and was not  
scorched. In addition—I haven't sheathed my sword since  
seeing this—across from the Capitol I saw a lion who stared  
at me and then walked by without harming me. And there  
were a hundred frightened women all clustered together,  
who swore they saw men covered in fire walk up and down  
the streets. And yesterday the owl sat hooting and shrieking  
in the marketplace at noon. When all these strange things  
happen at the same time, men should not say, "Here are  
the reasons why this is happening; it's all natural and  
normal." I believe these are omens regarding what will  
happen in the place where they occur, right here in Rome.

**CICERO**

Yes, these are strange times. But men often interpret things  
for their own purposes, and misunderstand the actual  
meaning of the things themselves. Is Caesar coming to the  
Capitol tomorrow?

**CASCA**

He is. He told Antonius to tell you he'd be there tomorrow.

**CICERO**

Good night then, Casca. This angry weather isn't something  
to walk around in.

**CASCA**

Farewell, Cicero

*CICERO exits.*

*CASSIUS enters.*

**CASSIUS**

Who's there?

**CASCA**

A Roman.

**CASSIUS**

Casca, I recognize your voice.

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

It's a very pleasing night to honest men.

**CASCA**

Who's ever seen the heavens seem so threatening as this?

**CASSIUS**

Those who have known how bad things are here on earth. I  
have walked around the streets, exposing myself to the  
perilous night, with my jacket unbuttoned like this, baring  
my chest to the thunderbolt, as you see, Casca. When the  
forked blue lightning seemed to break open the sky, I put  
myself right where I thought it would hit.

**CASCA**

But why would you tempt the heavens that way? Men are  
supposed to be afraid and tremble when the mightiest gods  
send such dreadful signs to warn and shock us.

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

**CASSIUS**

60 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.  
65 But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,  
Why old men fool and children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their ordinance  
70 Their natures and preformed faculties  
To monstrous quality— why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.  
75 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol—  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
80 In personal action, yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

**CASCA**

'Tis Caesar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

**CASSIUS**

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

**CASCA**

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king,  
90 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.  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong.  
95 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
100 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Thunder sounds again.*

**CASCA**

So can I.  
105 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 sees the Romans are but sheep.  
110 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

115


**CASSIUS**


You are dull, Casca. And you lack the sparks of liveliness that a Roman should have—or else you just don't show them. You look pale, you stare, and you give yourself over to fear and wonder at the strange uproar in the heavens. But if you think about the true cause of all these fires, all these floating ghosts; or the reason why birds and animals are acting differently from how they normally behave; why old men, fools, and children make prophecies; why all these things have transformed from their natural qualities and become monstrous, then you'd see that heaven put such evil spirits in them so as to give a terrifying warning of an unnatural government that is coming. Right now, Casca, I could name a man who's just like this dreadful night. He thunders, shoots lightning, opens up graves, and roars just like the lion in the Capitol. He is a man no mightier in his abilities than you or me. Yet he has grown as tremendous and frightening as tonight's shocking sights.

**CASCA**

It's Caesar you're talking about. Isn't it, Cassius?

**CASSIUS**

Don't worry about who it is. Romans today may have the same strong bodies as our ancestors. But—curse this time!—we don't have the will of our fathers. It's like we have inherited only the spirits of our mothers  instead. Our willingness to be enslaved shows that we are weak, like women.

 In ancient Roman society, women were seen as weak. On the other hand, men in ancient Roman families had the power of life and death over their relatives.

**CASCA**

Indeed, they say that the senators plan to make Caesar a king tomorrow. And he'll wear his crown at sea and on land everywhere except here in Italy.

**CASSIUS**

I know where I'll wear this dagger if that happens. I'll free myself from slavery by killing myself. Oh, you gods, through suicide you make weak become strong. Through suicide, you gods, you can defeat tyrants. No stony tower, no brass walls, no airless dungeon, no iron chains can imprison a strong spirit. Though held by such prisons, life never loses the power to destroy itself. I know—and may all the world know—that I can overthrow the tyranny I currently suffer I whenever I want by killing myself.

*Thunder sounds again.*

**CASCA**

So can I. Every imprisoned man holds in his own hand the ability to escape his captivity.

**CASSIUS**

So then how can Caesar have become a tyrant? Poor man! I know he wouldn't be a wolf if he didn't see that the Romans were such sheep. He would not be a lion if the Romans weren't deer. Someone who wants to make a big fire quickly starts with little twigs. Rome is trash—just rubbish and garbage to be burned—when it allows itself to light up the ambitions of a thing as worthless as Caesar. But, oh, grief! What have you made me say? I might be saying this to

So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman. Then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am armed,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

**CASCA**

120 You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleeing telltale. Hold, my hand.  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

**CASSIUS**

125 There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence.  
130 And I do know by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets,  
And the complexion of the element  
In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
135 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*CINNA enters.*

**CASCA**

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

**CASSIUS**

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

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

**CINNA**

145 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  
150 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**

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

**CASSIUS**

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

someone who wants to be a slave, and then I'll have to face  
the consequences of my words. But I'm armed, and danger  
is unimportant to me.

**CASCA**

You're speaking to Casca, not some smirking tattletale. Take  
my hand. If you're forming a faction that will right all of  
these wrongs, I'll go just as far as the one of you who will go  
the farthest.

**CASSIUS**

You've got a deal. Now you should know, Casca, that I've  
already persuaded some of the noblest Romans to join me  
in an effort that is at once honorable and dangerous. And I  
know that by now they're waiting for me in the lobby of  
Pompey's theater, because no one is out walking in the  
streets right now. And the sky is as bloody, fiery, and  
terrible as the work we are planning to do.

*CINNA enters.*

**CASCA**

Hide for a bit—someone is rushing toward us.

**CASSIUS**

It's Cinna. I recognize him by the way he walks. He is a  
friend.

*[To CINNA]* Cinna, where are you rushing to?

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

No, it's Casca, who is an ally in our efforts. Are the others  
waiting for me, Cinna?

**CINNA**

I'm glad to hear it. What a frightening night this is! There are  
two or three of us who have seen strange sights.

**CASSIUS**

Are the others waiting for me? Tell me.

**CINNA**

Yes, they are. Oh, Cassius, if you could just persuade noble  
Brutus to join us—

**CASSIUS**

Don't worry. Good Cinna, take this paper and put it in the  
judge's chair where Brutus sits so he will find it. And throw  
this one in through his window. Attach this one with wax to  
the statue of Brutus' ancestor, Old Brutus. When all this is  
done, return to the lobby of Pompey's theater, where you  
will find us. Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

**CINNA**

Everyone but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone to look for you  
at your house. Well, I'll get going, and do what you've asked  
me to do with these papers.

**CASSIUS**

When you're done, return to Pompey's theater.

*CINNA exits.***CASSIUS**

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

**CASCA**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

*They exit.**CINNA exits.***CASSIUS**

Come on, Casca. Before the daylight comes, you and I will go see Brutus at his house. He is already three-quarters on our side, and this next meeting will bring him to us completely.

**CASCA**

Oh, he is loved and admired by the people. Just like an alchemist who transforms lead into gold, Brutus' natural nobility would make actions look virtuous and good that would look bad if we did them alone.

**CASSIUS**

You're completely right about both Brutus' nobility and our need for him. Let's go, because it's already after midnight, and before it's day we must wake him and make sure he's with us.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*BRUTUS enters in his orchard.***BRUTUS**

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

*LUCIUS enters.***LUCIUS**

Called you, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

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

**LUCIUS**

I will, my lord.

*LUCIUS exits.***BRUTUS**

10 It must be by his death, and for my part  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him  
But for the general. He would be crowned.  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder  
15 And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,  
And then I grant we put a sting in him  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar,  
20 I have not known when his affections swayed  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
25 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

### Shakescleare Translation

*BRUTUS enters in his orchard.***BRUTUS**

Hello, Lucius, where are you? I can't tell by the position of the stars how near it is to dawn. Lucius, where are you? I wish I had the weakness of sleeping too deeply. Come, Lucius, come! Wake up, I say! Lucius!

*LUCIUS enters.***LUCIUS**

You called, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Put a candle in my study, Lucius. When it's lit, come here and get me.

**LUCIUS**

I will, my lord.

*LUCIUS exits.***BRUTUS**

Killing Caesar is the only way. As for me, I have no personal reason to harm him other than the common good of the people. He wants to be crowned king. The question is, how might being king change him? Just as sunny days cause poisonous snakes to come outside, bad things can come from what looks good—and so we must step carefully. If we crown him king, then—I admit—we'd be giving him a power that he could use to do evil things, if he wanted. The abuse of power comes when power gets separated from compassion. And, to be honest about Caesar, I've never seen his emotions get the better of his reason. But it's a basic truth that an ambitious young man uses humility as a tool to move up the ladder. And then, when he gets to the top rung, he turns his back on those beneath him and shoots for the skies, while scorning what he did to get to the top. Caesar might do the same. Therefore, because he might, we must stop him. And since our argument has nothing to do with who he is right now, I must think of it this way: if he got more power, his character as it is now

Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
 30 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,  
 Would run to these and these extremities.  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg—  
 Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous—  
 And kill him in the shell.

*LUCIUS enters.*

**LUCIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

40 Get you to bed again. It is not day.  
 Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

**LUCIUS**

I know not, sir.

**BRUTUS**

Look in the calendar and bring me word.

**LUCIUS**

I will, sir.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

45 The exhalations whizzing in the air  
 Give so much light that I may read by them.  
*[opens the letter and reads]*  
 "Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself.  
 Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"  
 50 "Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake."  
 Such instigations have been often dropped  
 Where I have took them up.  
 —"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:  
 "Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?" What, Rome?  
 55 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
 The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.  
 —"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated  
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,  
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
 60 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*LUCIUS enters.*

**LUCIUS**

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

*A knock sounds offstage.*

**BRUTUS**

'Tis good. Go to the gate. Somebody knocks.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

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

*LUCIUS enters.*

would be transformed into the extreme one I've described.  
 Therefore, we should think of him as a serpent's  
 egg—which, once it's hatched, grows dangerous, just as all  
 serpents do. So we must kill him while he's still in the shell.

*LUCIUS enters.*

**LUCIUS**

The candle is lit in your study, sir. While I was searching on  
 the window sill for a flint, I found this paper, sealed up like  
 this. And I'm sure it wasn't lying there when I went to bed.  
*[He gives BRUTUS the letter]*

**BRUTUS**

Go back to bed again. It's not daytime yet. Boy, isn't  
 tomorrow March 15th?

**LUCIUS**

I don't know, sir.

**BRUTUS**



Check the calendar and let me know.


**LUCIUS**


I will, sir.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

The meteors  whizzing in the sky give so much light that I  
 can read by them. *[He opens the letter and reads]* "Brutus,  
 you're sleeping. Wake up and see yourself for who you are.  
 Will Rome ... et cetera. Speak, strike, right the wrongs!"  
 "Brutus, you're sleeping. Wake up." I've come upon many  
 other encouragements like these, left in places where I  
 would find them. "Is Rome going to ... et cetera." And so I  
 must complete the thought. Will Rome stand in awe of one  
 single man? Really, Rome? My ancestors drove Tarquin   
 from the streets of Rome when he was pronounced a king.  
 "Speak, strike, right the wrongs!" Is this letter asking me to  
 speak and strike? Oh, Rome, I promise you, if a strike would  
 result in the restoration of the Republic, then I would give  
 you everything you're asking for from my very own hands!

 In the ancient world, and even up  
 through Shakespeare's own time,  
 meteors were thought to be omens.

 Known as Tarquin the Proud, this  
 king was famous for his cruelty. After  
 his expulsion from Rome, the Republic  
 was founded.

*LUCIUS enters.*

**LUCIUS**

Sir, fifteen days of March have passed.

*A knock sounds offstage.*

**BRUTUS**

That's good. Go to the gate. Somebody's knocking.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

I haven't slept since Cassius began to turn me against  
 Caesar. The time spent waiting between the moment when  
 you decide to do something great and terrible, and the  
 instant when you actually do it, feels unreal or like an awful  
 dream. The man who waits becomes like a little kingdom, in  
 which the unconscious and the body join together in a  
 conspiracy to overthrow the conscious mind.

*LUCIUS enters.*

**LUCIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Is he alone?

**LUCIUS**

75 No, sir, there are more with him.

**BRUTUS**

Do you know them?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir. Their hats are plucked about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
80 By any mark of favor.

**BRUTUS**

Let 'em enter.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

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

*The conspirators enter: CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS,  
and TREBONIUS.*

**CASSIUS**

I think we are too bold upon your rest.  
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

100 He is welcome hither.

**CASSIUS**

This, Decius Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

He is welcome too.

**CASSIUS**

This, Casca. This, Cinna. And this, Metellus Cimber.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Shall I entreat a word?

**LUCIUS**

Sir, it's your brother-in-law Cassius at the door. He wants to see you.

**BRUTUS**

Is he alone?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir. There are others with him.

**BRUTUS**

Do you know them?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir. Their hats are pulled down over their ears and their faces are half-hidden behind their cloaks, so I can't make out any features to identify them.

**BRUTUS**

Let them come in.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

It's the faction that wants to kill Caesar. Oh, conspiracy, are you ashamed to show your face even at night, when evil things are most at liberty? If so, when it's day, where are you going to find a cave dark enough to hide your monstrous face? No, don't bother to find a cave, conspiracy. Instead, hide your true face behind smiles and friendliness. If you went ahead and exposed your true face, hell itself wouldn't be dark enough to keep you from being found and stopped.

*The conspirators--CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,  
METELLUS, and TREBONIUS--enter.*

**CASSIUS**

I think we may be interrupting your sleep. Good morning, Brutus. Are we bothering you?

**BRUTUS**

I was up. I've been awake all night. Do I know these men who've come with you?

**CASSIUS**

Yes, every one of them. And every one of them admires you, and wishes you had as high an opinion of yourself as every noble Roman has of you. This is Trebonius.

**BRUTUS**

He's welcome here.

**CASSIUS**

This is Decius Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

He's welcome too.

**CASSIUS**

This is Casca. This is Cinna. And this is Metellus Cimber.

**BRUTUS**

They are all welcome. What nagging worries have stopped you from sleeping tonight?

**CASSIUS**

May I have a private word with you?



*BRUTUS and CASSIUS step aside and whisper together.*

**DECIUS**

Here lies the east. Doth not the day break here?

**CASCA**

No.

**CINNA**

110 O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

**CASCA**

You shall confess that you are both deceived.  
*[points his sword]*

115 Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire, and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

**BRUTUS**

120 *[comes forward with CASSIUS]*  
Give me your hands all over, one by one.  
*[shakes their hands]*

**CASSIUS**

And let us swear our resolution.

**BRUTUS**

No, not an oath. If not the face of men,  
125 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed.  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these—  
130 As I am sure they do—bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? What other bond  
135 Than secret Romans that have spoke the word  
And will not palter? And what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engaged,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
140 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs. Unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt. But do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
145 To think that our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears—and nobly bears—  
Is guilty of a several bastardy  
If he do break the smallest particle  
150 Of any promise that hath passed from him.

**CASSIUS**

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

**CASCA**

Let us not leave him out.

**CINNA**

No, by no means.

**METELLUS**

155 O, let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS step aside and whisper together.*

**DECIUS**

Here's the east. Is that the break of day I see?

**CASCA**

No.

**CINNA**

Oh, pardon me, sir, it is. Those gray lines that adorn the  
clouds are the messengers of coming dawn.

**CASCA**

You'll both soon admit that you are mistaken. *[He points his sword]* Here, where I point my sword, the sun rises—way  
over toward the south, since it's still so early in the year.  
Two months from now, the light of dawn will break a good  
deal further to the north. Due east is where the Capitol  
stands, right there.

**BRUTUS**

*[Coming forward with CASSIUS]* Give me your hands, all of  
you, one by one. *[He shakes their hands]*

**CASSIUS**

Now we should swear to our resolve.

**BRUTUS**

No, no swearing. If the unhappy faces of the men around us,  
the suffering of our own souls, and the corruption of our  
current time aren't motivation enough, then we should  
break it off now and each one of us go back and rest in  
bed. Then we'll just let the ambitious tyrant rule and kill  
each one of us when the whim takes him. But if these  
reasons are powerful enough—and I'm sure they are—to  
spark cowards to act and to strengthen with courage the  
failing spirits of our women, then, countrymen, what else  
do we need other than our cause to spur us to make things  
right? What bond do we need other than being Romans  
who have given their word to act and not back down? And  
what oath do we need other than that we have all said to  
each other honestly that either we will make this happen or  
die trying? Swearing is for priests and cowards and cautious  
men; for people who are old and feeble; and for those weak  
people who like to be mistreated. Oaths are only necessary  
for men you wouldn't trust, who are engaged in causes that  
are bad. Don't stain our justified efforts or the indomitable  
core of our spirits by thinking that either our cause or  
performance requires an oath, when every drop of blood in  
every noble Roman would be nothing more than bastard's  
blood if he broke the smallest part of any promise he had  
made.

**CASSIUS**

But what about Cicero? Should we get a sense of his  
thoughts? I think he will strongly support us.

**CASCA**

Let's not leave him out.

**CINNA**

No, by no means.

**METELLUS**

Yes, we should bring him in. His age and renown will ensure  
that people see us in a good light and speak in praise of our  
actions. It will be said that that Cicero's good judgment

160 It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands.  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Then leave him out.

**CASCA**

165 Indeed he is not fit.

**DECIUS**

Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

175 Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards,  
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.  
Let us be sacrificers but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,  
180 And in the spirit of men there is no blood.  
Oh, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit  
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,  
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly but not wrathfully.  
185 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
190 Our purpose necessary and not envious,  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,  
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
195 When Caesar's head is off.

**CASSIUS**

Yet I fear him.  
For in the grafted love he bears to Caesar—

**BRUTUS**

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

**TREBONIUS**

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

*A clock strikes.*

**BRUTUS**

205 Peace! Count the clock.

**CASSIUS**

The clock hath stricken three.

directed our plans. Our relative youth and recklessness will  
be obscured by his sober seriousness.

**BRUTUS**

No, don't bring him up. We shouldn't speak with him,  
because he'll never follow anything that other men have  
started.

**CASSIUS**

Then leave him out.

**CASCA**

Indeed, he's not a good fit for this.

**DECIUS**

Should Caesar be the only one we target?

**CASSIUS**

Good point, Decius. I think it would be a bad idea to allow  
Mark Antony to outlive Caesar, since Caesar loves Antony so  
dearly. We'll find that he is a cunning schemer. And, as you  
know, if he took advantage of his wealth and reputation, he  
could hurt us all. To prevent this, let Antony die along with  
Caesar.

**BRUTUS**

Caius Cassius, it will seem too bloody if we cut off Caesar's  
head and then also hack off his arms and legs—because  
Mark Antony is just one of Caesar's arms. We want to be  
sacrificers of Caesar out of necessity, not butchers who are  
just out for blood. We are standing up against Caesar's  
spirit, what he stands for, and there's no blood in that. Oh, if  
only we could overcome Caesar's spirit without having to  
cut up Caesar himself! But, sadly, our only option is to kill  
Caesar. Noble friends, let's kill him boldly—but not with  
anger. Let's carve him up like a dish fit for the gods, not  
hack him up like a carcass fit for dogs. Like subtle masters  
do, let's make our bodies—as our servants—act in obedience  
to the anger in our hearts. And then, afterward, we will  
seem to disapprove of our bodies' bloody deeds. This will  
make our actions seem necessary and not driven by envy,  
ensuring that commoners will see us as surgeons instead of  
murderers. As for Mark Antony—don't think about him. He'll  
be able to do nothing more as Caesar's right-hand man  
once Caesar's head is cut off.

**CASSIUS**

But I still fear Antony, because of the depth of his love for  
Caesar—

**BRUTUS**

Alas, good Cassius, don't think about him. If Antony loves  
Caesar, then he can only hurt himself—by falling into  
despair and dying for Caesar. And he's not likely to do even  
that, because he enjoys sports, excitement, and parties too  
much.

**TREBONIUS**

There's nothing to fear from him. Let him not die. He'll live  
and laugh at this later on.

*A clock strikes.*

**BRUTUS**

Quiet! Count the chimes of the clock.

**CASSIUS**

The clock struck three.

**TREBONIUS**

'Tis time to part.

**CASSIUS**

But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no.  
210 For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustomed terror of this night,  
215 And the persuasion of his augurers  
May hold him from the Capitol today.

**DECIUS**

Never fear that. If he be so resolved,  
I can o'ersway him. For he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,  
220 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flatterèd.  
Let me work.  
225 For I can give his humor the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermost?

**CINNA**

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

**METELLUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Now, good Metellus, go along by him.  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.  
235 Send him but hither and I'll fashion him.

**CASSIUS**

The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus.  
—And, friends, disperse yourselves. But all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

**BRUTUS**

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

*Everyone exits except BRUTUS.*

**BRUTUS**

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter.  
245 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men.  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*PORTIA enters.*

**PORTIA**

Brutus, my lord.

**TREBONIUS**

It's time for us to go.

**CASSIUS**

But it's still not certain that Caesar will leave his house today. He's become superstitious lately--a total shift from the opinions he used to hold about fortune-tellers, dream interpreters, and rites meant to tell the future. It might be that these strange omens, the unusual terror of this night, and the advice of his fortune-tellers will stop him from coming to the Capitol today.

**DECIUS**

Don't worry about that. If that's what he's planning, I can persuade him otherwise. He loves to hear me tell him how unicorns can be captured with trickery around trees, bears with glasses, elephants in holes, and lions with nets--just as men can be tricked by flatterers. When I tell him he hates flatterers, he agrees--even though that is the instant when I'm flattering him the most. Let me work on him. I can shape his mood in the right direction, and I'll bring him to the Capitol.

**CASSIUS**

No, we'll all go there to bring him.

**BRUTUS**

By eight o'clock. Is that the latest we can do it?

**CINNA**

Let's make that the latest, but be sure not to arrive any later.

**METELLUS**

Caius Ligarius doesn't like Caesar, who berated him for saying nice things about Pompey. I'm surprised that none of you thought about including him.

**BRUTUS**

Good Metellus, go to see him. He likes me very much, as I've always been good to him. Send him here and I'll persuade him.

**CASSIUS**

The morning comes. We'll leave you, Brutus. And friends, go your separate ways. But all of you: remember what you've said and prove yourselves to be true Romans.

**BRUTUS**

Good gentlemen, look happy and well-rested. Let's not allow our faces betray our plans. Instead, let's carry ourselves as our Roman actors do--with bright spirits and calm faces. And so, good morning to every one of you.

*Everyone except BRUTUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? No matter. Enjoy the sweet nectar of sleep. You don't suffer from the phantoms or fantasies which the cares of the world bring to all men. That's why you sleep so soundly.

*PORTIA enters.*

**PORTIA**

Brutus, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

Is Brutus sick? And is it physical  
To walk unbracèd and suck up the humors  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
280 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus.  
You have some sick offense within your mind,  
285 Which by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of.  
*[kneels]* And upon my knees  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
290 Which did incorporate and make us one  
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight  
Have had to resort to you. For here have been  
Some six or seven who did hide their faces  
295 Even from darkness.

**BRUTUS**

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

**PORTIA**

*[rising]* I should not need if you were gentle, Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
300 That appertain to you? Am I myself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes?  
Dwell I but in the suburbs  
305 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

**BRUTUS**

Portia, why are you here? Why have you woken up so early?  
It's not good for your health to expose your weak body to  
the raw, cold morning.

**PORTIA**

It's not good for yours, either. You rudely snuck out of our  
bed, Brutus. And last night, at dinner, you suddenly got up  
and paced around with your arms crossed, worrying and  
sighing. And when I asked you what was wrong, you stared  
at me with a rude look. I repeated my question, and you  
scratched your head and stamped your foot impatiently. I  
insisted, but you did not answer. Instead, with an angry  
wave of your hand, you signaled that I should leave you  
alone. So I did, because I didn't want to further strengthen  
your anger, which was already inflamed. Yet I hoped that it  
was just the result of a bad mood, which can from time to  
time affect anyone. Your bad mood won't let you eat or talk  
or sleep. If it could affect your appearance as much as it has  
affected the way you are acting, I wouldn't even recognize  
you, Brutus. My dear lord, tell me about what is making you  
upset.

**BRUTUS**

I'm not feeling well, that's all.

**PORTIA**

No. Since you're wise, if you were feeling sick, you'd do the  
right thing to make yourself better.

**BRUTUS**

And that's what I'm doing. Good Portia, go to bed.

**PORTIA**

Are you sick? And is it good for your health to walk outside  
with an open jacket and breathe in the dampness of the  
morning? Really, Brutus? You're not feeling well, but you  
sneak out of your warm bed, letting the humid and dirty air  
make you even sicker? No, my Brutus. You have some  
sickness within your mind. According to my rights as your  
wife, I deserve to know about it. *[He kneels]* On my knees, I  
beg--by my once-praised beauty, by all your vows of love,  
and by that great marriage vow which brought the two of us  
together and made us into one person--that you reveal it to  
me. As I am one-half of yourself, tell me why you're  
unhappy and what men felt the need to visit you tonight.  
For there were six or seven men who came, and who hid  
their faces even in the darkness.

**BRUTUS**

Don't kneel, noble Portia.

**PORTIA**

*[Standing up]* I wouldn't need to kneel if you were acting  
nobly, Brutus. Tell me, Brutus, don't the bonds of our  
marriage mean that I am supposed to know all the secrets  
that concern you? Am I part of you only in a limited  
sense—getting to eat meals with you, sleep with you, and  
talk to you sometimes? Do I exist only on the borders of  
your happiness? If it's only that, then I'm your whore, not  
your wife.

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

*A knock sounds offstage.*

**BRUTUS**

Hark, hark! One knocks. Portia, go in awhile.  
325 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows.  
Leave me with haste.

*PORTIA exits.*

**BRUTUS**

330 Lucius, who's that knocking?

*LUCIUS and LIGARIUS enter. Ligarius wears a handkerchief wrapped around his head.*

**LUCIUS**

He is a sick man that would speak with you.

**BRUTUS**

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —  
Boy, stand aside. —Caius Ligarius, how?

**LIGARIUS**

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

**BRUTUS**

335 O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

**LIGARIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**LIGARIUS**

*[removes his kerchief]*  
By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome,  
Brave son derived from honorable loins,  
345 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

**BRUTUS**

You're my true and honorable wife, as precious to me as the  
blood that runs through my sad heart.

**PORTIA**

If that were true, then I'd know your secret. I admit that I'm  
just a woman. But, even so, I'm the woman that Lord Brutus  
took for his wife. I admit that I'm just a woman. But, even  
so, I'm a woman with a noble reputation, and Cato's  
daughter. Do you think I'm no stronger than the rest of my  
sex, having such a father and such a husband? Tell me your  
secrets. I won't tell them to anyone else. I've proved my  
trustworthiness by giving myself a voluntary wound here in  
my thigh. If I can bear that pain, can't I bear my husband's  
secrets?

*Cato was a statesman famous for his oratory and adherence to Stoic philosophy, not to be confused with his son, also named Cato, who appears later in the play.*

**BRUTUS**

Oh, gods, make me worthy of this noble wife!

*A knock sounds offstage.*

**BRUTUS**

Listen, listen! Someone knocks. Portia, go inside for a while,  
and soon you'll know the secrets of my heart. I'll explain all  
my plans to you, and all the reasons behind the sad  
expression on my face. Leave me quickly.

*PORTIA exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Lucius, who's that knocking?

*LUCIUS and LIGARIUS enter. LIGARIUS wears a handkerchief wrapped around his head.*

**LUCIUS**

Here's a sick man who'd like to speak with you.

**BRUTUS**

Caius Ligarius, whom Metellus spoke of.

*[To LUCIUS]* Boy, stand aside.

*[TO LIGARIUS]* Caius Ligarius, what is going on?

**LIGARIUS**

Please accept this greeting of "good morning" from a sick  
man.

**BRUTUS**

Oh, what a time you've chosen to get ill, brave Caius! I wish  
you were not sick!

**LIGARIUS**

Brutus, I'm not sick if you have something for me to do--  
something that is worthy of being called honorable.

**BRUTUS**

Ligarius, I do have just such a thing for you to do, if you are  
feeling well enough to hear about it.

**LIGARIUS**

*[He takes off his handkerchief]* By all the gods that Romans  
worship, I now throw away my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
Brave son of honorable ancestors! Like an exorcist, you  
have raised up my dead spirit. Now just tell me what to do,

My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible,  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

**BRUTUS**

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

**LIGARIUS**

350 But are not some whole that we must make sick?

**BRUTUS**

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

**LIGARIUS**

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

*Thunder sounds.*

**BRUTUS**

Follow me, then.

*They exit.*

and I will take on the impossible task, and succeed. What is there to do?

**BRUTUS**

A bit of work that will make sick men healthy.

**LIGARIUS**

But aren't there some healthy men whom we'll have to make sick?

**BRUTUS**

We must also do that. My dear Caius, I'll explain what we have to do as we walk toward the one to whom it must be done.

**LIGARIUS**

Start walking, and I'll follow you, with my heart newly full of fire. I don't know what we will be doing, but it is enough that Brutus leads me.

*Thunder sounds.*

**BRUTUS**

Follow me, then.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Thunder and lightning. CAESAR enters, wearing a nightgown.*

**CAESAR**

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight.  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
"Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" —Who's within?

*A SERVANT enters.*

**SERVANT**

My lord.

**CAESAR**

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

**SERVANT**

I will, my lord.

*The SERVANT exits.*

*CALPHURNIA enters.*

**CALPHURNIA**

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

**CAESAR**

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

### Shakesclare Translation

*Thunder and lightning. CAESAR enters, wearing a nightgown.*

**CAESAR**

Neither the sky nor the earth have been at peace tonight.  
Three times Calphurnia cried out in her sleep, "Help, help!  
They're murdering Caesar!" [*He hears a noise*] Who's there?

*A SERVANT enters.*

**SERVANT**

My lord?

**CAESAR**

Go tell the priests to sacrifice an animal to the gods, and bring me their interpretation of the results.

**SERVANT**

I will, my lord.

*The SERVANT exits.*

*CALPHURNIA enters.*

**CALPHURNIA**

What is this, Caesar? Do you think you're going to go outside? You're not leaving this house today.

**CAESAR**

I will go out. The things that threaten me have never seen anything but my back. When they see Caesar's face, they will disappear.

**CALPHURNIA**

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 15 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
 A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets,  
 And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.  
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds  
 20 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air.  
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
 25 O Caesar! These things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

**CAESAR**

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

**CALPHURNIA**

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.  
 35 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.

*The SERVANT enters.*

**CAESAR**

40 What say the augurers?

**SERVANT**

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

**CAESAR**

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

**CALPHURNIA**

Alas, my lord,  
 Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
 Do not go forth today. Call it my fear  
 55 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house,  
 And he shall say you are not well today.  
 [*kneels*] Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

**CAESAR**

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

*CALPHURNIA stands.*

*DECIUS enters.*

**CALPHURNIA**

Caesar, I never paid attention to omens, but now they  
 frighten me. One of our servants told me that--in addition  
 to the things that we have heard and seen--the night-  
 watchmen have also seen horrid things. A lioness gave birth  
 in the streets, and graves opened wide and let out their  
 dead. Fierce, fiery warriors fought in the clouds in ranks and  
 squadrons--the usual military formations--until blood  
 drizzled down from the sky onto the Capitol. The noise of  
 battle clashed in the air, and horses neighed, and dying  
 men groaned, and ghosts shrieked and squealed in the  
 streets. Oh, Caesar! These things are beyond all normal  
 experience, and I fear them.

**CAESAR**

Who can avoid what the gods want to happen? Still, Caesar  
 will go out. These omens have to do with the world in  
 general as much as they have to do with Caesar.

**CALPHURNIA**

When beggars die, no comets appear in the sky. The  
 heavens only light up to announce the deaths of princes.

**CAESAR**

Cowards die many times before their deaths. The brave  
 only die once. Of all the incredible things I've ever heard  
 about, man's fear of death is the strangest. Death--which  
 can't be avoided--will come when it wishes to come.

*The SERVANT enters.*

**CAESAR**

What do the priests say?

**SERVANT**

They don't want you to go out today. When they pulled out  
 the insides of the holy sacrifice, they found no heart within  
 the animal.

**CAESAR**

The gods do this to teach me to be ashamed of my  
 cowardice. They're saying I would be an animal without a  
 heart if I stayed home today out of fear. So, Caesar won't  
 stay home, then. Danger knows very well that Caesar is  
 more dangerous than he is. Danger and I are two lions born  
 from the same mother on the same day, and I'm the older  
 and fiercer one. Caesar will go out.

**CALPHURNIA**

Alas, my lord, your arrogance is overwhelming your  
 wisdom. Don't go out today. Say that it's my fear that keeps  
 you inside, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the  
 Senate, and he'll say that you're not feeling well today. [*She*  
*kneels*] Here on my knees, let me convince you.

**CAESAR**

Mark Antony will say I'm not well, and I will stay at home for  
 your sake.

*CALPHURNIA stands up.*

*DECIUS enters.*

**CAESAR**

Here's Decius Brutus. He shall tell them so.

**DECIUS**

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  
65 To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come today.  
"Cannot" is false, and that I dare not, falser.  
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

**CALPHURNIA**

Say he is sick.

**CAESAR**

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

**DECIUS**

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

**CAESAR**

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

**DECIUS**

This dream is all amiss interpreted.  
It was a vision fair and fortunate.  
90 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.  
95 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

**CAESAR**

And this way have you well expounded it.

**DECIUS**

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.  
100 If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be rendered for someone to say,  
"Break up the senate till another time  
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."  
105 If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
"Lo, Caesar is afraid?"  
Pardon me, Caesar. For my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is liable.

**CAESAR**

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

**CAESAR**

Here's Decius Brutus. He'll tell them that I'll stay home.

**DECIUS**

Hail, Caesar! Good morning, noble Caesar. I've come to  
escort you to the Senate.

**CAESAR**

And you've come at just the right time, so you can carry my  
greetings to the senators and tell them I won't come today.  
It would be false to say that I can't--and even more false to  
say I don't dare to come. I simply won't come today. Tell  
them that, Decius.

**CALPHURNIA**

Say he's sick.

**CAESAR**

Would Caesar send a lie? Have I been so victorious in battle,  
but am now afraid to tell the truth to some old men?  
Decius, go tell them that Caesar won't come.

**DECIUS**

Most mighty Caesar, tell me some reason, so I won't be  
laughed at when I tell them.

**CAESAR**

The reason is that's what I want to do. I'm not coming.  
That's enough to satisfy the senators. But because I like  
you, I'll tell you for your personal satisfaction. My wife  
Calphurnia has asked me to stay home. She dreamed last  
night that she saw a statue of me, that was streaming pure  
blood, like a fountain with a hundred spouts. And many  
happy Romans came smiling and washed their hands in it.  
Calphurnia thinks the dreams are warnings and omens of  
approaching evil, and she begged me on her knees to stay  
home today.

**DECIUS**

This dream has been interpreted all wrong. It was a  
wonderful, lucky vision. Your statue spouting fountains of  
blood, in which so many smiling Romans bathed, means  
that you will give great Rome the blood that will keep it  
alive. And it means that great men will beg you to give your  
blood to them as signs of your approval. This is what  
Calphurnia's dream means.

**CAESAR**

This is a very good interpretation.

**DECIUS**

I will have interpreted it well, after you have heard the rest  
of what I have to say. The Senate has decided to give  
mighty Caesar a crown today. If you send them word that  
you won't come, they may change their minds. Also,  
someone's likely to joke, "Postpone the Senate until some  
other time, when Caesar's wife has had better dreams." If  
you hide yourself, won't they whisper, "See, Caesar is  
afraid?" Excuse me, Caesar. My love and high hopes for your  
advancement makes me tell you this. My manners are less  
powerful than my love for you.

**CAESAR**

How foolish your fears seem now, Calphurnia! I'm ashamed  
that I gave in to them. Give me my robe. I'm going.



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

**CAESAR**

And look, where Publius is come to fetch me.

**PUBLIUS**

Good morrow, Caesar.

**CAESAR**

115 Welcome, Publius.

—What, Brutus, are you stirred 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.

120 —What is 't o'clock?

**BRUTUS**

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

**CAESAR**

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*ANTONY enters.*

**CAESAR**

See, Antony, that revels long a-nights,

Is notwithstanding up. —Good morrow, Antony.

**ANTONY**

125 So to most noble Caesar.

**CAESAR**

Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

—Now, Cinna. —Now, Metellus. —What, Trebonius,

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

130 Remember that you call on me today.

Be near me, that I may remember you.

**TREBONIUS**

Caesar, I will. *[aside]* And so near will I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

**CAESAR**

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

135 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

**BRUTUS**

*[aside]* That every "like" is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus earns to think upon.

*All exit.*

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

**CAESAR**

And look, here's Publius, coming to get me.

**PUBLIUS**

Good morning, Caesar.

**CAESAR**

*[To PUBLIUS]* Welcome, Publius.

*[To BRUTUS]* What, Brutus? Are you awake this early too?

*[To CASCA]* Good morning, Casca.

*[To LIGARIUS]* Caius Ligarius, I was never your enemy as much as the disease that has made you so thin. What time is it?

**BRUTUS**

Caesar, the clock has struck eight.

**CAESAR**

I thank you for your trouble and courtesy.

*ANTONY enters.*

**CAESAR**

Even Antony--who parties all night long--is awake.

*[To ANTONY]* Good morning, Antony.

**ANTONY**

The same to you, most noble Caesar.

**CAESAR**

Tell them to set up the other room for guests. It's my fault you all must wait for me.

*[To CINNA]* Now, Cinna.

*[To METELLUS]* Now, Metellus.

*[To TREBONIUS]* Well, Trebonius, I need an hour to discuss something with you. Remember to come see me today. Stay near me so I'll remember.

**TREBONIUS**

Caesar, I will.

*[To himself]* I'll be so near that your best friends will wish I'd been further away.

**CAESAR**

Good friends, come in and have some wine with me. And we will leave together right after that, like friends.

**BRUTUS**

*[To himself]* Oh Caesar, that we are only "like" friends makes my heart grieve when I think of it.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*ARTEMIDORUS enters, reading a letter.*

### Shakescleare Translation

*ARTEMIDORUS enters, reading a letter.*

**ARTEMIDORUS***[reads aloud]*

“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

5 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!

10 Thy lover,  
Artemidorus”

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.

15 My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live.  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

*He exits.***ARTEMIDORUS***[Reading aloud from the letter]*

“Caesar, beware of Brutus. Pay attention to Cassius. Stay away from Casca. Keep an eye on Cinna. Don’t trust Trebonius. Take note of Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus doesn’t love you. You’ve wronged Caius Ligarius. All these men share just one thought, and it’s aimed against Caesar. If you are not immortal, look around you. A sense of security makes you vulnerable to conspiracy. May the mighty gods protect you!

Your friend,  
Artemidorus.”

I’ll stand here until Caesar passes by, and I’ll give him this as if I’m asking for a favor. My heart is sad that good men aren’t safe from the bite of bitter jealousy. Caesar, if you read this, you will live. If not, the Fates are on the side of the traitors.

*He exits.*

## Act 2, Scene 4

**Shakespeare***PORTIA and LUCIUS enter.***PORTIA**

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

**LUCIUS**

To know my errand, madam.

**PORTIA**

5 I would have had thee there and here again  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.  
—O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain ’tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man’s mind but a woman’s might.

10 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
—Art thou here yet?

**LUCIUS**

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

**PORTIA**

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

**LUCIUS**

I hear none, madam.

**PORTIA**

20 Prithce, listen well.  
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

**LUCIUS**

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*The SOOTHSAYER enters.***Shakescleare Translation***PORTIA and LUCIUS enter.***PORTIA**

Boy, I beg you to run to the Senate House. Don’t stand there to respond—get going. Why are you still here?

**LUCIUS**

To find out what I’m supposed to do, madam.

**PORTIA**

I want you there and back again before I can even tell you what you should do there.

*[To herself]* Oh, willpower, support me so that I do not say what I know in my heart! I have a man’s mind, but only a woman’s strength. How hard it is for women to keep secrets!

*[To LUCIUS]* Are you still here?

**LUCIUS**

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

**PORTIA**

Yes, boy: bring me news of whether your master looks well, because he looked sick when he left. And pay attention to what Caesar does and who is standing close to him. Listen, boy! What’s that noise?

**LUCIUS**

I hear nothing, madam.

**PORTIA**

I beg you, listen well. I heard a clamor like some kind of brawl. It seemed to come on the wind from the Capitol.

**LUCIUS**

Truly, madam, I don’t hear anything.

*The SOOTHSAYER enters.*

**PORTIA**

Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

**SOOTHSAYER**

25 At mine own house, good lady.

**PORTIA**

What is 't o'clock?

**SOOTHSAYER**

About the ninth hour, lady.

**PORTIA**

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

**SOOTHSAYER**

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

**PORTIA**

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

**SOOTHSAYER**

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

**PORTIA**

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

**SOOTHSAYER**

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

*He exits.*

**PORTIA**

I must go in. [*aside*] Ay me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
45 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me. [*to LUCIUS*] Brutus hath a suit  
That Caesar will not grant.—Oh, I grow faint.—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord.  
Say I am merry. Come to me again,  
50 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

*They exit in opposite directions.*

**PORTIA**

Come here, man. Where are you coming from?

**SOOTHSAYER**

From my own house, good lady.

**PORTIA**

What time is it?

**SOOTHSAYER**

Around nine o'clock, lady.

**PORTIA**

Has Caesar gone to the Capitol yet?

**SOOTHSAYER**

Not yet, madam. I'm going to find a place to stand so I can  
see him pass on his way to the Capitol.

**PORTIA**

You have some request for Caesar, don't you?

**SOOTHSAYER**

I do, lady. If it pleases Caesar to do himself the favor of  
listening to me, I'll beg him to do what's good for him.

**PORTIA**

Why, do you know of any harm intended toward him?

**SOOTHSAYER**

Nothing that I know for sure, but there's a lot that I fear may  
happen. Good morning to you. The street is narrow here.  
The mob that follows after Caesar—senators, judges,  
commoners asking for favors—will squeeze a feeble man  
almost to death. I'll find a place that is less crowded and  
speak to great Caesar there as he walks past.

*He exits.*

**PORTIA**

I must go inside.

[*To herself*] Oh my, a woman's heart is such a weak thing!  
Oh Brutus, may the gods help you in your efforts! Surely,  
the boy heard me.

[*To LUCIUS*] Brutus has a claim that Caesar won't grant. Oh,  
I'm getting faint. Run, Lucius, and give my greetings to my  
lord. Say that I'm happy. Then return to me and tell me  
what he says to you.

*They exit in opposite directions.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*A trumpet sounds. CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILLIUS, and PUBLIUS enter, along with a crowd that includes ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER.*

**CAESAR**

[*to the SOOTHSAYER*] The ides of March are come.

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet sounds. CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILLIUS, and PUBLIUS enter, along with a crowd that includes ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER.*

**CAESAR**

[*To the SOOTHSAYER*] March 15th has come.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

*[Offering his letter]* Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

**DECIUS**

*[Offering CAESAR another paper]*

5 Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
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**

10 Delay not, Caesar. Read it instantly.

**CAESAR**

What, is the fellow mad?

**PUBLIUS**

*[to ARTEMIDORUS]* Sirrah, give place.

**CASSIUS**

*[to ARTEMIDORUS]*

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

*CAESAR and the crowd with him go up to the senate house.*

**POPILLIUS**

*[to CASSIUS]* I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

**CASSIUS**

What enterprise, Popillius?

**POPILLIUS**

Fare you well.

*POPILLIUS approaches CAESAR.*

**BRUTUS**

*[to CASSIUS]* What said Popillius Lena?

**CASSIUS**

20 *[aside to BRUTUS]*

He wished today our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

**BRUTUS**

Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

**CASSIUS**

25 Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention  
—Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, be constant.

30 Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes.  
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Yes, Caesar, but the day is not over.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

*[Offering his letter]* Hail, Caesar! Read this letter.

**DECIUS**

*[Offering CAESAR another paper]* Trebonius would like you  
to read his humble request for help, when you have the  
time.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

Oh, Caesar, read mine first, for my letter actually pertains to  
you. Read it, great Caesar.

**CAESAR**

I will leave whatever pertains to me for last.


**ARTEMIDORUS**

Don't delay, Caesar. Read it immediately.

**CAESAR**

What, is this man crazy?

**PUBLIUS**

*[to ARTEMIDORUS]* Sir , stand aside.

**CASSIUS**

*[To ARTEMIDORUS]* What? Are you trying to give Caesar  
your letter in the street? Do it at the Capitol.

*CAESAR and the crowd go up to the senate house.*

**POPILLIUS**

*[To CASSIUS]* I hope your efforts succeed today.

**CASSIUS**

What efforts, Popillius?

**POPILLIUS**

Good luck.

*POPILLIUS approaches CAESAR.*

**BRUTUS**

*[To CASSIUS]* What did Popillius Lena say?

**CASSIUS**

*[To BRUTUS so that only he can hear]* He wished that our  
efforts would succeed today. I'm afraid our plans have been  
discovered.

**BRUTUS**

Look, he's approaching Caesar. Watch him.


**CASSIUS**

Be quick, Casca, because we're afraid our plans might be  
stopped.

*[To BRUTUS]* Brutus, what will we do? If our plan is known,  
either Caesar or I will die, because I'll kill myself if I can't kill  
him.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, be calm. Popillius Lena isn't telling Caesar about  
our plot. Look, he's smiling, and Caesar's expression hasn't  
changed.

 In the original text, Shakespeare uses the word "sirrah," a familiar form of "sir" sometimes used to address men of inferior social rank.

**CASSIUS**

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

*TREBONIUS and ANTONY exit.*

**DECIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

35 He is addressed. Press near and second him.

**CINNA**

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

**CAESAR**

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

**METELLUS**

*[kneeling]*

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

**CAESAR**

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

45 Might fire the blood of ordinary men

And turn preordination and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood

That will be thawed from the true quality

50 With that which melteth fools—I mean, sweet words,

Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished.

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

55 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

**METELLUS**

Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear

For the repealing of my banished brother?

**BRUTUS**

60 *[kneeling]* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,

Caesar,

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

**CAESAR**

What, Brutus?

**CASSIUS**

65 *[kneeling]* Pardon, Caesar. Caesar, pardon.

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

**CAESAR**

I could be well moved if I were as you.

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.

70 But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks.

They are all fire and every one doth shine,

75 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,

**CASSIUS**

Trebonius knows what he should do. Look, Brutus, he's  
guiding Mark Antony out of the way.

*TREBONIUS and ANTONY exit.*

**DECIUS**

Where's Metellus Cimber? He should go now to present his  
petition to Caesar.

**BRUTUS**

They're speaking to him. Move up close and second his  
petition.

**CINNA**

Casca, you raise your hand first.

**CAESAR**

Are we all ready? What are the problems that Caesar and his  
senate should deal with?

**METELLUS**

*[Kneeling]* Most high, most mighty, and most powerful  
Caesar, Metellus Cimber kneels before you with a humble  
heart—

**CAESAR**

I must stop you, Cimber. Your kneeling and overly humble  
courtesies might flatter ordinary men to turn Roman law  
into some kind of child's game. But don't be so foolish as to  
think that you can influence Caesar to do something that is  
not right through the tricks that persuade fools—flattery,  
low bows, and pathetic dog-like fawning. Your brother was  
banished by decree. If you kneel and beg and flatter for  
him, I'll kick you like a dog out of my way. Know that Caesar  
does not punish him without good reason, and will not give  
him what he wants without good reason.

**METELLUS**

Is there no voice worthier than my own to sweetly ask the  
great Caesar to repeal the banishment of my brother?

**BRUTUS**

*[Kneeling]* Caesar, I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, as I  
also want you to repeal Publius Cimber's banishment  
immediately.

**CAESAR**

What, Brutus?

**CASSIUS**

*[Kneeling]* Caesar, pardon Publius. Caesar, pardon him. I  
throw myself down at your feet to beg that Publius Cimber  
regain his citizenship.

**CAESAR**

I could be influenced if I were like you. If I could beg others  
to change their minds, begging would convince me, too.  
But I'm as steady as the northern star, whose stable and  
immobile quality has no equal in the sky. The skies are  
filled with countless stars. They are all made of fire, and  
every single one shines. But there's just one out of all of  
them that holds its central place. The world is the same  
way. It's full of men—and men are flesh and blood, and  
capable of understanding. Yet of them all, I know just one  
who is beyond questioning and immovable, who never

80 Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion. And that I am he  
Let me a little show it even in this:  
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

**CINNA**

*[kneeling]* O Caesar—

**CAESAR**

85 Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

**DECIUS**

*[kneeling]* Great Caesar—

**CAESAR**

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

**CASCA**

Speak, hands, for me!

*CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS stabs him last.*

**CAESAR**

90 Et tu, Bruté? —Then fall, Caesar.  
*[dies]*

**CINNA**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

*Confusion. Some citizens and senators exit.*

**BRUTUS**

95 People and senators, be not affrighted.  
Fly not. Stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

**CASCA**

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**DECIUS**

And Cassius too.

**BRUTUS**

Where's Publius?

**CINNA**

100 Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

**METELLUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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


shifts from his position. I am that man, and I will show you  
in this way: I was resolved that Cimber should be banished,  
and I am resolved that he should remain banished.

**CINNA**

*[Kneeling]* Oh, Caesar—

**CAESAR**

Enough! Would you try to lift up [Mount Olympus](#)?

 *Mount Olympus was home to the gods in ancient Greek and Roman mythology.*

**DECIUS**

*[Kneeling]* Great Caesar—

**CAESAR**

Why are you kneeling, when even Brutus' kneeling is in  
vain?

**CASCA**

Hands, speak for me!

*CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS stabs him last.*

**CAESAR**

And you too, Brutus?

*[To himself]* Then die, Caesar. *[He dies]*

**CINNA**

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run and shout it out in  
the streets.

**CASSIUS**

Some of us should go to the public platforms, and cry out,  
“Liberty, freedom, and full citizenship to all!”

*Confusion. Some citizens and senators exit.*

**BRUTUS**

People and Senators, don't be afraid. Don't leave. Stay here.  
Caesar alone had to die for his ambition.

**CASCA**

Go to the platform, Brutus.

**DECIUS**

And Cassius too.

**BRUTUS**

Where's Publius?

**CINNA**

Here, shocked by this rebellion.

**METELLUS**

Stand close together, in case some friend of Caesar tries—

**BRUTUS**

Don't talk about standing together.

*[To PUBLIUS]* Publius, cheer up. We don't mean any harm  
to you, or to any other Roman. Tell the people this, Publius.

**CASSIUS**

And leave us, Publius, in case the people should rush at us  
and harm you.

**BRUTUS**

Do so. And let no man abide this deed  
But we the doers.

*PUBLIUS exits.*

*TREBONIUS enters.*

**CASSIUS**

110 Where is Antony?

**TREBONIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

115 Fates, we will know your pleasures.  
That we shall die, we know. 'Tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

120 Grant that, and then is death a benefit.  
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords.  
Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace,  
125 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads  
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

**CASSIUS**

Stoop, then, and wash.

*The conspirators smear their hands and swords with CAESAR's blood.*

**CASSIUS**

130 How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

**BRUTUS**

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

**CASSIUS**

135 So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be called  
"The men that gave their country liberty."

**DECIUS**

What, shall we forth?

**CASSIUS**

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

*ANTONY'S SERVANT enters.*

**BRUTUS**

Soft! Who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

**BRUTUS**

Leave us. Let no man suffer the consequences of deed  
except we who did it.

*PUBLIUS exits.*

*TREBONIUS enters.*

**CASSIUS**

Where's Antony?

**TREBONIUS**

He ran to his house, stunned. Men, wives, and children  
stare, cry out, and run around as if it were doomsday.

**BRUTUS**

We'll soon discover what the Fates want to happen to us.  
We already know that we'll all die one day. It's just a matter  
of when. Men try to control that by prolonging the time they  
have left to live as long as possible.

**CASSIUS**

Why, he who shortens his own life by twenty years also cuts  
off twenty years of worrying about death.

**BRUTUS**

If you look at it that way, then death becomes a gift. This  
makes us Caesar's friends, since we've shortened the time  
he would have spent fearing death. Kneel, Romans, kneel.  
And let's wash our hands up to the elbows in Caesar's  
blood, and smear our swords with it. Then we'll walk  
outside, even to the public marketplace. And, waving our  
bloody swords over our heads, we'll cry, "Peace, freedom,  
and liberty!"

**CASSIUS**

Kneel, then, and wash.

*The conspirators smear their hands and swords with  
CAESAR's blood.*

**CASSIUS**

How many years from now will this epic scene be reenacted  
in countries that don't yet exist, and in languages not yet  
known?!

**BRUTUS**

How many times will Caesar bleed in plays about this  
moment, just as he now lies beneath Pompey's statue as  
worthless as dust?!

**CASSIUS**

And every time that the play is shown, the group of us will  
be acclaimed as "the men who gave their country liberty."

**DECIUS**

Well, should we go out?

**CASSIUS**

Yes, every man should go. Brutus will lead the way, and  
we'll follow him with the boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*ANTONY'S SERVANT enters.*

**BRUTUS**

Wait! Who's coming? A friend of Antony's.

**ANTONY'S SERVANT**

*[kneeling]* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel.

*[falls prostrate]* Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

- 145 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest.  
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.  
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him.  
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
- 150 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him and be resolved  
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead  
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
- 155 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

**BRUTUS**

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

- 160 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,  
Depart untouched.

**ANTONY'S SERVANT**

*[rising]* I'll fetch him presently.

*ANTONY'S SERVANT exits.*

**BRUTUS**

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

**CASSIUS**

- 165 I wish we may. But yet have I a mind  
That fears him much, and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*ANTONY enters.*

**BRUTUS**

But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?

- 170 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
- 175 As Caesar's death's 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,
- 180 Fulfill 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**

- 185 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.
- 190 Our hearts you see not. They are pitiful.  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—  
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

**ANTONY'S SERVANT**

*[Kneeling]* Brutus, my master told me to kneel just like this.

*[He lays down with his head down to the floor]* And like this.

He told me to prostrate myself, and, being on the ground like this, he told me to say: "Brutus is noble, wise, brave, and honest. Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving. Antony loves Brutus and honors him. Antony feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him. If Brutus will promise that Antony would be safe to come to him and hear and explanation why Caesar deserved to be killed, Mark Antony will not love dead Caesar as much as living Brutus. And he will follow noble Brutus through the hard times of this unprecedented state of affairs." So says my master, Antony.

**BRUTUS**

Your master is a wise and brave Roman. I never thought otherwise. Tell him that if he wants to come here, he'll get a full explanation, and he'll leave unharmed. I swear it on my honor.

**ANTONY'S SERVANT**

*[Standing up]* I'll get him now.

*ANTONY'S SERVANT exits.*

**BRUTUS**

I know that we'll soon have Antony as a good friend to us.

**CASSIUS**

I hope we do. But still, I fear him greatly, and my misgivings usually end up coming painfully true.

*ANTONY enters.*

**BRUTUS**

But here comes Antony.

*[To ANTONY]* Welcome, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

*[To CAESAR's body]* Oh, mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low? Are all of your conquests, glories, triumphs, and successes now shrunk to such little value? Farewell.

*[To the conspirators]* Gentlemen, I don't know what you plan to do; who else you must kill; who else you think is corrupt. If it's me, there's no time as fitting as this hour of Caesar's death, and no weapons even half as worthy as your swords-- which have been made rich by being covered in the noblest blood in the whole world. I beg you, if you have a grudge against me, do what you want to do right now while your stained hands still smell of blood. Even if were I to live a thousand years, I would never find another moment when I would be as ready to die as I am now. There's no place I'd rather die than next to Caesar, and no manner of death I'd prefer than being stabbed by you, the leaders of this new era.

**BRUTUS**

Oh, Antony, don't beg us to kill you. Though we must seem to be bloody and cruel right now to you--with our bloody hands and what we've just done--you're only seeing our hands and the bloody work they've done. You have not seen into our hearts. They are full of pity for Caesar. But, just as fire drives out fire, our pity for the wrongs committed against Rome overcame our pity for Caesar and made us do what we did to Caesar. As for you, our swords have soft points that will not harm you, Mark Antony. Our arms--with



To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.  
 195 Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts  
 Of brothers' temper do receive you in  
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

200 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**

205 I doubt not of your wisdom.  
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
*[shakes hands with the conspirators]*  
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.  
 —Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand.  
 210 —Now, Decius Brutus, yours. —Now yours, Metellus.  
 —Yours, Cinna. —And, my valiant Casca, yours.  
 —Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
 —Gentlemen all, alas, what shall I say?  
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground  
 215 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  
 220 To see thy Antony 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,  
 225 It would become me better than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;  
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.  
 230 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,  
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
 How like a deer, strucken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie!

**CASSIUS**

Mark Antony—

**ANTONY**

235 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?  
 240 Will you be pricked in number of our friends?  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

**ANTONY**

Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed  
 Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.  
 Friends am I with you all and love you all

245

the same strength they had in striking Caesar--and our  
 hearts--filled with brotherly love--embrace you with kind  
 love, good thoughts, and admiration.

**CASSIUS**

Your influence will be as strong as anyone's in the selection  
 of new government officials.

**BRUTUS**

Just be patient until we've calmed the masses, who are  
 beside themselves with fear. And then we'll explain to you  
 why I--who loved Caesar even while I stabbed him--have  
 done this.

**ANTONY**

I don't doubt your wisdom. May each of you give me his  
 bloody hand. *[He shakes hands with the conspirators]*

*[To BRUTUS]* First, Marcus Brutus, I will shake your hand.

*[To CASSIUS]* Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand.

*[To DECIUS]* Now, Decius Brutus, yours.

*[To METELLUS]* Now yours, Metellus.

*[To CINNA]* Yours, Cinna.

*[To CASCA]* And, my valiant Casca, yours.

*[To TREBONIUS]* Though I shake your hand last, I do not  
 love you the least, good Trebonius.

*[To the conspirators]* All of you gentlemen, alas, what can I  
 say? Now that we've shaken hands, my credibility stands on  
 such slippery ground that you must think me either a  
 coward or a flatterer.

*[To CAESAR's body]* It is true that I loved you, Caesar. If your  
 spirit is looking down upon us now, would it grieve you  
 more than even your death to see your Antony making  
 peace, and shaking the bloody hands of your  
 enemies--most noble enemies!--in the presence of your  
 corpse? If I had as many eyes as you have wounds, and they  
 wept tears as fast as your wounds stream blood, even that  
 would be more becoming than joining your enemies in  
 friendship. Forgive me, Julius! Here is where you were  
 brought down, like a brave deer surrounded by hunting  
 dogs. Here is where you fell, and here your hunters still  
 stand, stained and reddened by your blood. Oh, world, you  
 were the forest to this deer. And this deer, oh world, was  
 your dear. Now you lie here, so much like a deer, stabbed by  
 many princes!

**CASSIUS**

Mark Antony—

**ANTONY**

Pardon me, Caius Cassius. Even the enemies of Caesar  
 would say the same. So, when said by a friend, it's just a  
 plain unemotional truth.

**CASSIUS**

I don't blame you for praising Caesar as you do. But what  
 agreement do you plan to make with us? Will you be  
 marked down as one of our friends, or should we move on  
 without depending on you?

**ANTONY**

Because I wanted to be your friend, I shook your hands.  
 But, indeed, I was distracted when I looked down at Caesar.  
 I am friends with you all and love you all, on one

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,  
250 You should be satisfied.

**ANTONY**

That's all I seek.  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the marketplace,  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
255 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  
260 That Antony speak in his funeral.  
Know you how much the people may be moved  
By that which he will utter?

**BRUTUS**

*[aside to CASSIUS]* By your pardon.  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
265 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.  
270 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

**CASSIUS**

*[aside to BRUTUS]* 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,  
275 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,  
280 After my speech is ended.

**ANTONY**

Be it so.  
I do desire no more.

**BRUTUS**

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*Everyone exits except ANTONY.*

**ANTONY**

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
285 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—  
290 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.  
295 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

condition—that you will give me the reasons how and why  
Caesar was dangerous.

**BRUTUS**

If we couldn't, killing him would have been just some  
savage act! Antony, our reasons are so well thought-out  
that even if you were Caesar's son, you would be satisfied  
by them.

**ANTONY**

That's all I ask—and would also ask the favor that I be  
allowed to bring his body to the marketplace and stand on  
the platform and speak during his funeral ceremony, as a  
friend ought to do.

**BRUTUS**

You may, Mark Antony.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, may I speak with you?

*[To BRUTUS so that only he can hear]* You don't know what  
you're doing. Don't agree to let Antony speak at his funeral.  
Do you know how much the people could be stirred up by  
what he says?

**BRUTUS**

*[To CASSIUS so that only he can hear]* If you'll agree, I  
myself will stand on the platform first and explain the  
reason for Caesar's death. I will announce that Antony  
speaks with our permission, and I will say that we believe  
Caesar should be honored with all the usual and lawful  
ceremonies. It will help us more than it will do us harm.

**CASSIUS**

*[To BRUTUS so that only he can hear]* Anything could  
happen. I don't like this.

**BRUTUS**

Mark Antony, here, take Caesar's body. You will not blame  
us in your funeral speech, but will say all the good you can  
think of about Caesar. And you will also say that you do all  
this with our permission. Otherwise, you won't take any  
part in his funeral. And you'll speak on the same platform  
that I do, after I've finished my own speech.

**ANTONY**

So be it. I want nothing more than that.


**BRUTUS**

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

*Everyone except ANTONY exits.*

**ANTONY**

Oh, pardon me, you bleeding corpse, for being quiet and  
friendly with these butchers! You are the remains of the  
noblest man that ever lived. May disaster strike the hand  
that shed this priceless blood. Over your wounds—which,  
like speechless mouths, open their red lips as if to beg me  
to speak—I predict that a curse will come down on us.  
Anger between brothers and fierce civil war will burden all  
of Italy. Blood and destruction will be so common and  
dreadful events so familiar, that mothers will just smile  
when they watch their babies cut to pieces by the hands of  
war. The sheer volume of evil deeds will choke people's  
compassion. And Caesar's ghost—searching for revenge

 Here, Antony invokes Atē, the  
ancient Greek goddess of destruction  
and folly.

And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,  
300 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
305 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.*

**ANTONY**

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

I do, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

He did receive his letters and is coming.  
310 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
[sees CAESAR's body] O Caesar!—

**ANTONY**

Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
315 Began to water. Is thy master coming?


**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

**ANTONY**

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

*They exit with CAESAR's body.*

with Ate  by his side—will rush up from hell and cry in the voice of a king, "Havoc!" His ghost will unleash the dogs of war, so that this foul murder will cover the earth with men's corpses, begging to be buried.

*OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.*

**ANTONY**

You serve Octavius Caesar, right?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

I do, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

Caesar wrote to him that he should come to Rome.

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

He received Caesar's letters and is coming. He told me to say to you personally—[Seeing CAESAR's body] Oh, Caesar!—

**ANTONY**

Your heart swells with sadness. Go find some privacy and weep. I see that grief is contagious. Seeing the tears of sorrow in your eyes makes my eyes begin to water. Is your master coming?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

He is resting tonight within twenty miles of Rome.

**ANTONY**

Ride quickly back to him, and tell him what has happened. This is now a Rome in mourning, a dangerous Rome. A Rome that is not safe for Octavius yet. Get going and tell him so. No, actually, stay a while. You shouldn't go back until I've carried the corpse into the marketplace. There I'll figure out, through my speech, what the people think of the cruel deeds of these bloody men. Based on how the people respond, you'll report back to young Octavius about the state of things. Help me with the body.

*They exit with CAESAR's body.*

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with a crowd of PLEBEIANS.*


**PLEBEIANS**


We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

**BRUTUS**

Then follow me and give me audience, friends.  
—Cassius, go you into the other street  
And part the numbers.  
5 —Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here.  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,  
And public reasons shall be rendered

### Shakescleare Translation

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with a crowd of PLEBEIANS .*

 Plebeians were members of ancient Rome's lower social class.

**PLEBEIANS**

We demand answers! Give us answers!

**BRUTUS**

Then follow me and listen to what I say, friends.

[To CASSIUS] Cassius, go on to the next street. Split up the crowd.

[To PLEBEIANS] Let those who want to hear me speak stay

Of Caesar's death.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

I will hear Brutus speak.

**ANOTHER PLEBEIAN**

10 I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons  
When severally we hear them rendered.

*CASSIUS exits with some of the PLEBEIANS. BRUTUS gets up on the platform.*

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

**BRUTUS**

Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and  
lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may  
hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to  
15 mine honor that you may believe. Censure me in your  
wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better  
judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend  
of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar  
20 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  
25 me, I weep for him. As he was fortunate, I rejoice at  
it. As he was valiant, I honor him. But, as he was  
ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy  
for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his  
ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman?  
30 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**

35 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 offenses  
40 enforced for which he suffered death.

*ANTONY enters with CAESAR's body.*

**BRUTUS**

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  
45 slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same  
dagger for myself when it shall please my country to  
need my death.

**ALL**

Live, Brutus! Live, live!

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

50 Give him a statue with his ancestors!

here. Those who want to hear from Cassius, go with him.  
We'll explain the reasons behind Caesar's death publicly.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

I'll listen to Brutus.

**ANOTHER PLEBEIAN**

I'll listen to Cassius, and later we'll compare what they've  
said.

*CASSIUS exits with some of the PLEBEIANS. BRUTUS gets up on the platform.*

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Noble Brutus has walked up to the platform. Quiet!

**BRUTUS**

Please be calm until I finish. Romans, countrymen, and  
friends! Listen to the reasons for my actions, and be silent  
so you can hear. Do me the honor of believing me, and  
know that, upon my honor, you can believe me. Be wise in  
your judgment of me, and keep your minds alert so that you  
can judge me wisely. If there's anyone in this assembly, any  
dear friend of Caesar's, I say to him that my love for Caesar  
was no less than his. If, then, that friend demands to know  
why I rose up against Caesar, this is my answer: it's not that  
I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Would you  
prefer that Caesar were living, and we would all one day die  
as slaves? Or would you prefer that Caesar were dead and  
we all lived as free men? Because Caesar was my friend, I  
weep for him. Because he had so much good fortune, I am  
so happy for him. Because he was brave, I honor him. But  
because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for  
his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his bravery, and death  
for his ambition. Who standing here is so wretched that he  
wants to be a slave? If there are any, let them speak—  
because they are the ones that I have offended. Who here is  
so uncivilized that he does not want to be a Roman? If there  
are any, let them speak—because they are the ones that I  
have offended. Who here is so despicable that he does not  
love his country? If there are any, let them speak—because  
they are the ones that I have offended. I will wait for a reply.

**ALL**

No one, Brutus, no one.

**BRUTUS**

Then I have offended no one. I've done no more to Caesar  
than you would do to me. The reasons for his death are on  
record in the Capitol. His glory has not been reduced where  
he earned it, nor have the offenses for which he was killed  
been exaggerated.

*ANTONY enters with CAESAR's body.*

**BRUTUS**

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,  
though he had no part in killing Caesar, will benefit from his  
death—full citizenship in the commonwealth. And which of  
you won't benefit from that? I will depart with these final  
words: just as I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, I  
will still keep the same dagger, so that I can kill myself  
when my country requires my death.

**ALL**

Live, Brutus! Live, live!

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Let's carry him in triumph to his house!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Let's build a statue of him, near those of his ancestors!

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Let him be Caesar!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Caesar's better parts  
Shall be crowned in Brutus!

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

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

**BRUTUS**

55 My countrymen—

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Peace, ho!

**BRUTUS**

Good countrymen, let me depart alone.  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

60 Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony  
By our permission is allowed to make.  
I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

*BRUTUS exits.*

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

65 Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Antony.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

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.  
*[ascends the pulpit]*

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

70 What does he say of Brutus?

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

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

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

This Caesar was a tyrant.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

75 Nay, that's certain.  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

**ANTONY**

You gentle Romans—

**ALL**

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

**ANTONY**

80 Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Let him become Caesar!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

We will crown Brutus, who has all of Caesar's better  
qualities.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

We'll carry him to his house with shouts and celebration!

**BRUTUS**

My countrymen—

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Quiet! Silence! Brutus speaks.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Hey, quiet!

**BRUTUS**

Good countrymen, let me leave on my own. And, for my  
sake, stay here with Antony. Give honor to Caesar's corpse,  
as well as to Antony's speech about Caesar's glories—which  
we have given him our permission to make. I beg that none  
of you leave until Antony has spoken, except for me.

*BRUTUS exits.*

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

We'll stay! Let us listen to Mark Antony.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Let him walk up to the platform. We'll listen to him.

*[To ANTONY]* Noble Antony, mount the platform.

**ANTONY**

For Brutus' sake, I am indebted to you.  
*[He steps up onto the platform]*

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

What does he say about Brutus?

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

He says that for Brutus' sake he finds himself indebted to us  
all.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

He'd better not say anything bad about Brutus here.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Caesar was a tyrant.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

That's for sure. We're lucky that Rome is rid of him.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Quiet! Let's hear what Antony has to say.

**ANTONY**

You noble Romans—

**ALL**

Hey, quiet! Let us hear him.

**ANTONY**

Friends, Romans, countrymen: give me a moment of your  
attention. I've come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

85 Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
For Brutus is an honorable man;  
90 So are they all, all honorable 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 honorable man.

95 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.

100 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

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

110 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. *[weeps]*

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

115 Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

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

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

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

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

120 Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown.  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

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

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with weeping.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

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

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

125 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

130 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong—  
Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

135 Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar.

The evil that men do is remembered after they die, but the good is often buried with their bones. May it be that way with Caesar. The noble Brutus told you that Caesar was ambitious. If that's true, it's a terrible fault—and Caesar has paid terribly for it. Now, with the permission of Brutus and the others—because Brutus is an honorable man, as all the others are honorable men—I have come to speak at Caesar's funeral. He was my friend. He was loyal and fair to me. But Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. He brought many captives home to Rome whose filled the public treasury. Did Caesar seem ambitious when he did this? When the poor cried, Caesar cried. Ambition shouldn't be so tender-hearted. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. You all saw that on the feast day of Lupercal, I offered Caesar a king's crown three times. And all three times he refused it. Was that ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. And, of course, Brutus is an honorable man. I do not say this to disprove what Brutus has said, but to speak about what I know. You all loved Caesar once, and not without reason. So what reason stops you from mourning him? Oh, gods! You have become brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason! Apologies for that outburst. My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause until it returns to me. *[He weeps]*

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

I think that a lot of what he's saying makes sense.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

If you think about it the right way, Caesar has been badly wronged.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Has he, good sirs? I worry that someone worse than Caesar will come to replace him.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Did you listen to Antony's words? Caesar wouldn't take the crown. Therefore it's certain that he wasn't ambitious.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

If it can be proven that he wasn't, certain people will pay dearly for all this.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Poor man! Antony's eyes are fiery red from weeping.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

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

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Now pay attention to him. He's starting to speak again.

**ANTONY**

Just yesterday, no one in the world would have stood against Caesar's commands. Now he lies there dead, and no one is so humble as to show him respect. Oh, sirs, if I were trying to stir your hearts and minds to rage and rebellion, I would be doing wrong to Brutus and Cassius—who, as you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. I choose rather to wrong the dead, and wrong myself and you, than wrong such honorable men. But here's a paper with Caesar's seal on it. I found it in his room. It's his will. If the public were to know what was in this will—which, excuse me, I don't plan on reading to you—they would go

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—  
 140 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  
 145 Unto their issue.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

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.  
 150 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.  
 And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs.  
 For, if you should—Oh, what would come of it!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

155 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 honorable men  
 160 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

They were traitors! "Honorable men"!

**ALL**

The will! The testament!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

**ANTONY**

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

**ALL**

Come down.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Descend.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

170 You shall have leave.

*ANTONY comes down from the platform.*

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

A ring!  
 Stand round.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

and kiss dead Caesar's wounds, dip their handkerchiefs in  
 his blessed blood, and even beg for a lock of his hair to  
 remember him by. And when they died, they would include  
 the handkerchief or the hair in their wills, passing it on to  
 their own heirs as a treasured inheritance.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

We want to hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony!

**ALL**

The will, the will! We want to hear Caesar's will.

**ANTONY**

Have patience, noble friends. I must not read it. It's not right  
 for you to know how much Caesar loved you. You're not  
 wood, you're not stones. You're men. And, being men, if you  
 knew what was in Caesar's will, it would anger you. It will  
 drive you crazy. It's better that you not know that you are  
 his heirs. Because, if you did know—oh, what would  
 happen!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Read the will. We want to hear it, Antony. You must read us  
 the will, Caesar's will.

**ANTONY**

Will you be patient? Will you wait a while? I've said too  
 much in telling you about it. I'm afraid that I wrong the  
 honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I really  
 fear it.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

They were traitors, these so-called "honorable men!"

**ALL**

The will! The testament!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

**ANTONY**

So you'll force me to read the will? Then form a circle  
 around Caesar's corpse, and let me show you the man who  
 made this will. Shall I come down? Will you allow me to?

**ALL**

Come down.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Come down.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

We'll allow you.

*ANTONY comes down from the platform.*

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

A circle! Form a circle!

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Stand back from the hearse. Stand back from the body.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

**ANTONY**

175 Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.

**ALL**

Stand back. Room! Bear back.

**ANTONY**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle. I remember  
The first time ever Caesar put it on.

180 '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-belovèd Brutus stabbed.  
185 And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no.  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.  
190 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 vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,  
195 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,  
200 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
Oh, 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,  
205 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.  
*[lifts up CAESAR's mantle]*

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

O piteous spectacle!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

O noble Caesar!

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

O woeful day!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

210 O traitors, villains!

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

O most bloody sight!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

We will be revenged.

**ALL**

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!  
Let not a traitor live!

**ANTONY**

215 Stay, countrymen.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

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.

220 They that have done this deed are honorable.

**ANTONY**


No, don't press up against me. Stand further away.

**ALL**

Stand back. Give him room. Move back.

**ANTONY**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all know this cloak. I remember the first time Caesar ever put it on. It was a summer evening in his tent, on the day he defeated the Nervii warriors. Look, this is the place where Cassius's dagger cut through it. See the rip that the envious Casca made. The much beloved Brutus stabbed him through this hole. And when Brutus yanked out his cursed dagger, see how Caesar's blood followed after it--as if rushing out a door to see for sure if it was Brutus knocking so rudely. For Brutus was Caesar's angel, as you know. Oh gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the cruelest cut of all. When the noble Caesar saw him stab, it was Brutus' ingratitude more than the traitors' weapons that overwhelmed him. Then his mighty heart burst. And with his face covered by his cloak--which was dripping with blood--great Caesar fell at the base of Pompey's statue. Oh, what a fall it was, my countrymen! Then I, and you, all of us fell down, while bloody treason celebrated its victory over us. Oh, now you weep, and I see you feel the pain of pity. These tears are honorable. Good men, do you weep when all you're looking at is Caesar's wounded cloak? Look right here, here is the man himself, battered by traitors, as you can see. *[He lifts up CAESAR's cloak]*

 The "Nervii," or Nervians, were a Belgian tribe whom Caesar defeated in battle in 57 BCE.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Oh, what a heartbreaking sight!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Oh, noble Caesar!

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Oh, what a sad day!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Oh, traitors, villains!

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Oh, most bloody sight!

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

We will get revenge.

**ALL**

Revenge! Look around. Find them! Burn! Set fire! Kill! Slay!  
Leave no traitors alive!

**ANTONY**

Wait, countrymen.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

We'll listen to him. We'll follow him. We'll die with him.

**ANTONY**

Good friends, sweet friends: don't let me stir you up to such a sudden surge of revolt. Those who have done this deed are honorable. I don't know what personal grudges they



What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.  
225 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,  
230 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,  
235 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 PLEBEIAN**

240 We'll burn the house of Brutus.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

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.  
245 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  
250 To every Roman citizen he gives—  
To every several man—seventy-five drachmas.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

O royal Caesar!

**ANTONY**

Hear me with patience.

**ALL**

255 Peace, ho!

**ANTONY**

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you  
And to your heirs forever—common pleasures,  
260 To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

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

had that made them do it. They are wise and honorable,  
and will give you reasons for their actions, without a doubt.  
I am not here to steal your loyalty, friends. I'm no orator like  
Brutus. As you all know, I'm just a plain, blunt man who  
loved his friend. And those who gave me permission to  
speak know this very well. I don't have the cleverness,  
vocabulary, reputation, body language, or eloquence to stir  
men to passion. I just say what I really think. I tell you what  
you already know. I show you sweet Caesar's  
wounds—those poor, poor, speechless mouths—and ask  
them to speak for me. But if I were Brutus—and Brutus were  
me—then that would be an Antony who would fill your  
spirits with rage, and put in each of Caesar's wounds a voice  
that would inspire even the stones in Rome to rise up and  
rebel.

**ALL**

We'll revolt.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

We'll burn Brutus' house.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Let's go, then! Come, find the conspirators!

**ANTONY**

Wait, and listen to me, countrymen.

**ALL**

Quiet! Wait! Listen to Antony. Most noble Antony!

**ANTONY**

Why, friends, you don't know what you're doing. What has  
Caesar done to deserve your love? Alas, you don't know. I  
must tell you then. You've forgotten the will I told you  
about.

**ALL**

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

**ANTONY**

Here's the will, marked by Caesar's seal. To every Roman  
citizen he gives—to every single man—seventy-five silver  
coins.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Oh, royal Caesar!

**ANTONY**

Listen to me with patience.

**ALL**

Quiet!

**ANTONY**

In addition, he's left you all of his walkways, his private  
gardens, and newly planted orchards, on this side of the  
Tiber River. He has left them to you and to your heirs  
forever—public parks where you can wander and relax.  
Here was a Caesar! When will there be another like him?

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Never, never. Come, let's go, let's go! We'll burn his body in  
the holy place, and use the torches to set fire to the traitors'  
houses. Lift up the body.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Go fetch fire.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Pluck down benches.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

*PLEBEIANS exit with CAESAR's body.*

**ANTONY**

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.

270 Take thou what course thou wilt!

*OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.*

**ANTONY**

How now, fellow?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

**ANTONY**

Where is he?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

**ANTONY**

275 And thither will I straight to visit him.  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us anything.

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

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

**ANTONY**

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

*They exit.*

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Go get some fire.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Go get some benches for wood.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Rip down doors, windowsills, anything.

*PLEBEIANS exit with CAESAR's body.*

**ANTONY**

Now let it work. Mischief, you are on the loose. Follow  
whatever path you want!

*OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.*

**ANTONY**

What's going on?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.

**ANTONY**

Where is he?

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

**ANTONY**

I'll go straight there to visit him. He comes just when I  
hoped he would. Fortune is happy and will give us anything  
in this mood.

**OCTAVIUS' SERVANT**

I heard Octavius say that Brutus and Cassius rode their  
horses like madmen to escape through the gates of Rome.

**ANTONY**

They probably got some warning of how much I stirred up  
the people. Bring me to Octavius.

*They exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*CINNA THE POET enters, followed by PLEBEIANS.*

**CINNA THE POET**

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

5 What is your name?

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Whither are you going?

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Where do you dwell?

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

### Shakesclare Translation

*CINNA THE POET enters, followed by PLEBEIANS.*

**CINNA THE POET**

I dreamed last night that I was feasting with Caesar, and  
ominous signs filled my mind. I have no desire to walk  
around outdoors, yet something leads me out.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

What's your name?

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Where are you going?

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Where do you live?

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Are you married or single?

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Answer every man directly.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

10 Ay, and briefly.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Ay, and wisely.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Ay, and truly, you were best.

**CINNA THE POET**

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

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

That's as much as to say they are fools that marry.  
You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed,  
directly.

**CINNA THE POET**

20 Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

As a friend or an enemy?

**CINNA THE POET**

As a friend.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

That matter is answered directly.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

For your dwelling—briefly.

**CINNA THE POET**

25 Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Your name, sir, truly.

**CINNA THE POET**

Truly, my name is Cinna.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.

**CINNA THE POET**

I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

30 Tear him for his bad verses! Tear him for his bad  
verses!

**CINNA THE POET**

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

It is no matter. His name's Cinna. Pluck but his name  
out of his heart and turn him going.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

35 Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! Firebrands: to  
Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house  
and some to Casca's. Some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

*The PLEBEIANS exit, dragging CINNA THE POET.*

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Answer each one of us right now.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Yes, and quickly.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Yes, and wisely.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Yes, and be truthful, or else.

**CINNA THE POET**

What's my name? Where am I going? Where do I live? Am I  
married or single? Then, to answer every man quickly,  
wisely, and truthfully—wisely, I say, I am single.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

That's like saying that anyone who marries is a fool. I'm  
afraid you'll get a beating from me for that. Continue, right  
now.

**CINNA THE POET**

Right now, I'm going to Caesar's funeral.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

As a friend or an enemy?

**CINNA THE POET**

As a friend.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

He answered that question straightforwardly.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

And where do you live—quickly.

**CINNA THE POET**

Quickly, I live near the Capitol.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Tell us your name, sir, truthfully.

**CINNA THE POET**

Truthfully, my name is Cinna.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN**

Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.

**CINNA THE POET**

I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

Tear him apart for his bad poetry. Tear him apart for his bad  
poetry.

**CINNA THE POET**

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN**

It doesn't matter. His name's Cinna. Rip only his name out  
of his heart, and send him away.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN**

Tear him apart, tear him apart! Come, firebrands: let's go to  
Brutus' house; then to Cassius's house; let's burn them all.  
Some of you go to Decius's house, and some to Casca's.  
Some to Ligarius'. Get going. Go!

*The PLEBEIANS exit, dragging CINNA THE POET.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

## Shakespeare

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS enter.

**ANTONY**

These many, then, shall die. Their names are pricked.

**OCTAVIUS**

[to LEPIDUS]

Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

**LEPIDUS**

I do consent—

**OCTAVIUS**

5 Prick him down, Antony.

**LEPIDUS**

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

**ANTONY**

He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house.

10 Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

**LEPIDUS**

What, shall I find you here?

**OCTAVIUS**

Or here, or at the Capitol.

*LEPIDUS exits.*

**ANTONY**

This is a slight, unmeritable man,  
15 Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

**OCTAVIUS**

So you thought him.  
And took his voice who should be pricked to die  
20 In our black sentence and proscription.

**ANTONY**

Octavius, I have seen more days than you.  
And though we lay these honors on this man  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
25 To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way.  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears  
30 And graze in commons.

**OCTAVIUS**

You may do your will,  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

**ANTONY**

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
35 It is a creature that I teach to fight,

## Shakescleare Translation

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS enter.

**ANTONY**

These are the ones who will be killed. Their names are marked.

**OCTAVIUS**

[To LEPIDUS] Your brother must die, too. Do you agree, Lepidus?

**LEPIDUS**

I agree—

**OCTAVIUS**

Mark him down, Antony.

**LEPIDUS**

On the condition that your sister's son, Publius, also must not be allowed to live, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

He will not live. See—with this mark I've sentenced him to death. But, Lepidus, go now to Caesar's house. Bring his will here, and we'll figure out a way to reduce his gifts to the people.

**LEPIDUS**


Will you be here when I get back?

**OCTAVIUS**

We'll either be here or at the Capitol.

*LEPIDUS exits.*

**ANTONY**

He's an insignificant, and unworthy man—only fit to be sent on errands. When we've split rulership of the world into three parts , is it proper that he should be one of the three men to share it?

**OCTAVIUS**

You thought so. Besides, you listened to his opinion about who we should mark for death.

**ANTONY**


Octavius, I've lived longer than you have. And though we're giving these honors to this man so that he carries the blame for the wrongs we're going to do, he'll carry these honors like a jackass carries gold—groaning and sweating under the load, either led or pushed, as we direct the way he should go. And once he's brought our treasure where we want, we'll relieve him of the load and put him out to pasture, like a jackass, to shake his ears and graze.

**OCTAVIUS**

You can do whatever you want, but he's an experienced and brave soldier.

**ANTONY**

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that reason I give him a supply of food. My horse is a creature that I direct during a fight—to turn, to stop, to run straight ahead. I control his

 Antony hints at the formation of the Second Triumvirate—a formal political alliance among Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus—which would rule over Rome from 43 BCE to 33 BCE.

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
 His corporal motion governed by my spirit,  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so.  
 He must be taught and trained and bid go forth,  
 40 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds  
 On objects, arts, and imitations,  
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
 45 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers. We must straight make head.  
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
 Our best friends made, our means stretched.  
 And let us presently go sit in council  
 50 How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
 And open perils surest answered.


**OCTAVIUS**


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

*They exit.*

movements. And, to some degree, Lepidus is nothing more than that. He has to be taught and trained and told what to do. He's an empty sort of man, and he considers the trends and tastes that went out of fashion with other men long ago to be the utmost in style. Don't think of Lepidus as anything other than a tool for us to use. And now, Octavius, listen to more important things. Brutus and Cassius are building armies. We must immediately do the same. Therefore, we should combine our strength, confirm the support of our allies, and stretch our connections to their fullest reach. Let's now go discuss how we can find out what hidden dangers face us, and how to respond to those dangers we already know about.

**OCTAVIUS**

Let's do that, because we're surrounded by many enemies, like a bear chained to a stake  and circled by howling dogs. And I fear that some of the people who smile at us actually mean to harm us.

 In Shakespeare's time, bears were chained to stakes and made to fight other animals in a popular form of entertainment called bear-baiting.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*A drum plays. BRUTUS, LUCIUS, LUCILLIUS, and soldiers enter. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.*

**BRUTUS**

Stand, ho!

**LUCILLIUS**

Give the word, ho, and stand.

**BRUTUS**

What now, Lucillius? Is Cassius near?

**LUCILLIUS**

5 He is at hand, and Pindarus is come  
 To do you salutation from his master.

**BRUTUS**

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

**PINDARUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

He is not doubted. —A word, Lucillius.  
 15 *[takes LUCILLIUS aside]*  
 How he received you, let me be resolved.

**LUCILLIUS**

With courtesy and with respect enough.  
 But not with such familiar instances  
 Nor with such free and friendly conference  
 20

### Shakescleare Translation

*A drum plays. BRUTUS, LUCIUS, LUCILLIUS, and soldiers enter. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.*

**BRUTUS**

Halt!

**LUCILLIUS**

Hey, pass on the command to halt.

**BRUTUS**

What's going on, Lucillius? Is Cassius nearby?

**LUCILLIUS**

He's close by, and Pindarus has come to greet you on his master's behalf.

**BRUTUS**

He has sent a noble man to greet me.

*[To PINDARUS]* Your master, Pindarus—either because his feelings for me have changed or because he's been influenced by bad advice—has made me wish we could undo some of the things we've done. But if he is nearby, I'll get an explanation.

**PINDARUS**

I don't doubt that my noble master will prove himself to be what he is: respectful and honorable.

**BRUTUS**

I don't doubt him.

*[To LUCILLIUS]* Lucillius, can I speak with you? *[He takes LUCILLIUS aside]* Please tell me, how did Cassius greet you?

**LUCILLIUS**

With suitable courtesy and respect, but not with real friendship or with the same open and friendly conversation that he used to greet me before.

As he hath used of old.

**BRUTUS**

Thou hast described  
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
25 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.

*Faint drumbeats sound.*

**BRUTUS**

30 But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

**LUCILLIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

35 Hark! He is arrived.  
March gently on to meet him.

*CASSIUS enters with his army.*

**CASSIUS**

Stand, ho!

**BRUTUS**

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

**FIRST SOLDIER**

Stand!

**SECOND SOLDIER**

Stand!

**THIRD SOLDIER**

40 Stand!

**CASSIUS**

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

**BRUTUS**

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?  
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

**CASSIUS**

45 Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs.  
And when you do them—

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**


You've described a formerly good friend who's now cooling off. Note this, Lucilius: when a love starts to fade and wither, what remains is strained formality. There are no tricks hiding behind plain and simple friendship. But insincere men make a big show of their courage, like horses who are too spirited when a rider first takes the reins.


*Faint drumbeats sound.*

**BRUTUS**

But when the going gets tough, they drop their necks and fail the test, like the poor horse they truly are. Is Cassius' army approaching?

**LUCILLIUS**

They plan to spend the night in Sardis . The larger part, including all the cavalry, are coming with Cassius.

 Sardis was an ancient city in Asia Minor (present-day Turkey). Brutus and Cassius maintained territory there before clashing with Caesar's supporters.

**BRUTUS**

Look! He's arrived. March to meet him slowly, without hostility.

*CASSIUS enters with his army.*

**CASSIUS**

Halt!

**BRUTUS**

Halt! Pass along the order.

**FIRST SOLDIER**

Halt!

**SECOND SOLDIER**

Halt!

**THIRD SOLDIER**

Halt!

**CASSIUS**

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

**BRUTUS**

May the gods judge me, then! Do I mistreat my enemies?  
No. So why would I wrong a brother?

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, this dignified manner of yours hides the fact that you've wronged me. And when you do these wrongs—

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, keep calm. We know each other well, so you don't have to shout your grievances. Let's not argue in front of our armies, which should see nothing but love between us. Tell them to move away. Then, in my tent, you can fully explain your grievances, and I'll listen.

**CASSIUS**

Pindarus, tell our commanders to lead their soldiers a little ways away from this spot.

**BRUTUS**

Lucillius, do you the like. And let no man  
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

*Everyone exits except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

**BRUTUS**

Lucillius, you do the same. And don't let any man come  
near our tent until we've finished our conversation. Have  
Lucius and Titinius guard the door.

*Everyone except BRUTUS and CASSIUS exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS remain onstage, now in Brutus' tent.*

**CASSIUS**

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:  
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side  
5 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

**BRUTUS**

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

**CASSIUS**

Chastisement!

**BRUTUS**

Remember March, the ides of March remember.  
20 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
25 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?  
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon  
Than such a Roman.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

35 Go to. You are not, Cassius.

### Shakesclore Translation

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS remain onstage, now in Brutus' tent.*

**CASSIUS**

This is how you have wronged me: you condemned and  
publicly disgraced Lucius Pella for taking bribes from the  
Sardinians. Then you ignored my letters, in which I asked  
you to be lenient with him because I know the man.

**BRUTUS**

You wronged yourself to write in support of such a man.

**CASSIUS**

In a time like this, it is not appropriate to focus on every  
little offense.

**BRUTUS**

Let me tell you, Cassius, that you yourself are often accused  
of being corrupt, of selling positions in your army to  
undeserving men.

**CASSIUS**

Me, "corrupt!" You know that if you were not Brutus, then I  
swear by the gods, that speech would have been your last.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, your honorable reputation masks this corruption,  
and so it is not condemned.

**CASSIUS**

Condemned!

**BRUTUS**

Remember March. March 15th. Remember. Didn't great  
Caesar die for the sake of justice? Any man who stabbed  
him for reasons other than justice is a villain. What? Did we  
strike down the most powerful man in the world in part  
because he allowed tax-collectors to act corruptly, only to  
dirty our own hands with immoral bribes now? And sell our  
reputations for as much money as we can grab? I'd rather  
be a dog, howling at the moon, than be that kind of Roman.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, don't hassle me. I won't take it. You're forgetting  
yourself if you think you can limit my authority. I'm a  
soldier, more experienced than you, and better able to  
decide how to manage things.

**BRUTUS**

You must be kidding! You are not, Cassius.

**CASSIUS**

I am.

**BRUTUS**

I say you are not.

**CASSIUS**

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

**BRUTUS**

40 Away, slight man!

**CASSIUS**

Is 't possible?

**BRUTUS**

Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

**CASSIUS**

45 O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?

**BRUTUS**

"All this?" Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
50 Under your testy humor? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you. For from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

**CASSIUS**

55 Is it come to this?

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

60 You wrong me every way. You wrong me, Brutus.  
I said an elder soldier, not a better.  
Did I say "better?"

**BRUTUS**

If you did, I care not.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

65 Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

**CASSIUS**

I durst not!

**BRUTUS**

No.

**CASSIUS**

What, durst not tempt him?

**BRUTUS**

For your life you durst not!

**CASSIUS**

I am.

**BRUTUS**

I say you're not.

**CASSIUS**

Stop pushing me, or I might forget to control myself. Think  
about your health. Provoke me no more.

**BRUTUS**

Go away, you little man.

**CASSIUS**

Is this possible?

**BRUTUS**

Listen to me, because I have something to say. Must I give in  
to your impulsive anger? Should I be frightened when a  
madman stares wildly around?

**CASSIUS**

Oh you gods, oh you gods! Must I tolerate all this?

**BRUTUS**

"All this?" Yes, and more. Rage until your proud heart  
breaks. Go show your slaves how angry you are, and make  
your servants tremble. But must I give way? Must I watch  
out for you? Must I hide in fear when you're in a bad mood?  
By the gods, before I'll respond to you, you'll have to  
swallow the poison of your bad temper until it makes you  
burst. From this day on, you'll only make me laugh when  
you get hotheaded.

**CASSIUS**

Has it come to this?

**BRUTUS**

You say that you're a better soldier. Prove it. Make your  
boasting come true, and I'll be delighted. I'm always happy  
to learn from noble men.

**CASSIUS**

You wrong me in every way. You wrong me, Brutus. I said an  
older soldier, not a better one. Did I say "better?"

**BRUTUS**

If you did, I don't care.

**CASSIUS**

When Caesar was alive, even he didn't dare to anger me this  
way.

**BRUTUS**

Enough, enough! You would not have dared to tempt him  
like this.

**CASSIUS**

I wouldn't have dared!

**BRUTUS**

No.

**CASSIUS**

What? Not dared to tempt him?

**BRUTUS**

Not on your life!



**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am armed so strong in honesty  
75 That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,  
For I can raise no money by vile means.  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart  
80 And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?  
85 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

**CASSIUS**

90 I denied you not.

**BRUTUS**

You did.

**CASSIUS**

I did not. He was but a fool that brought  
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
95 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

**BRUTUS**

I do not, till you practice them on me.

**CASSIUS**

You love me not.

**BRUTUS**

I do not like your faults.

**CASSIUS**

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is away of the world—  
105 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Checked like a bondman, all his faults observed,  
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote  
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes.  
110 *[offers BRUTUS his bared dagger]* There is my dagger.  
And here my naked breast. Within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.  
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
115 Strike, as thou didst at Caesar. For I know  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

**BRUTUS**

Sheathe your dagger.  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.

120

**CASSIUS**

Don't count too much on my love for you. I might do something that I'll regret.

**BRUTUS**

You've already done the thing you should regret. Cassius, your threats don't frighten me, because I'm so sure that I am in the right that they pass me by like an insignificant breeze that I barely even notice. I sent you a message asking for a certain amount of gold, which you refused to give me. It's against my nature to raise money in immoral ways. By god, I'd rather turn my heart into money--spilling my blood in exchange for coins--than to wring from the calloused hands of peasants what little they have through dishonesty or trickery. I asked you for gold to pay my soldiers, and you refused. Is that how Caius Cassius acts? Would I have ever responded in such a way to you? If I ever grow so greedy that I hoard such a measly amount of money from my friends, then, gods, crush me to pieces with your thunderbolts!

**CASSIUS**

I did not refuse you.

**BRUTUS**

You did.

**CASSIUS**

I did not. The man who brought my answer back to you was a fool. Brutus, you've broken my heart. A friend should put up with his friend's weaknesses, but you make mine seem larger than they are.

**BRUTUS**

I don't, until you practice them on me.

**CASSIUS**

You do not love me.

**BRUTUS**

I don't like your faults.


**CASSIUS**

A friend would never see those faults.

**BRUTUS**


No, a flatterer wouldn't, even though they are as huge as towering Mount Olympus.

**CASSIUS**

Come, Antony and young Octavius, come. Take your revenge on Cassius alone, because Cassius has grown tired of the world. Hated by someone he loves; defied by his brother; scolded like a servant; and all his faults noted, written down in a notebook, studied, and memorized so that they can be thrown back in his face. Oh, I could weep my soul right out of my eyes. *[He offers BRUTUS his unsheathed dagger]* There's my dagger, and here's my bare chest. Inside it is a heart more valuable than Pluto's  silver mine, and richer than gold. If you are a Roman, take out my heart. I, who refused to give you gold, will give you my heart. Strike at me just as you did at Caesar. Because I know that even when you hated him the most, you still loved him better than you ever loved me.

**BRUTUS**

No, put away your dagger. Be angry whenever you like, I won't try to stop you. Do whatever you want, and I'll look

 Pluto was the ancient Roman god of the underworld, known for his wealth.

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

**CASSIUS**

125 Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

**BRUTUS**

When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

**CASSIUS**

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

**BRUTUS**

130 And my heart too.

*CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands.*

**CASSIUS**

O Brutus!

**BRUTUS**

What's the matter?

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**POET**

140 *[within]* Let me go in to see the generals.  
There is some grudge between 'em. 'Tis not meet  
They be alone.

**LUCILLIUS**

*[within]* You shall not come to them.

**POET**

*[within]* Nothing but death shall stay me.

*A POET enters, followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS.*

**CASSIUS**

How now? What's the matter?

**POET**

145 For shame, you generals! What do you mean?  
Love, and be friends as two such men should be.  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

**CASSIUS**

Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

**BRUTUS**

*[to POET]* Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy fellow, hence!

**CASSIUS**

150 Bear with him, Brutus. 'Tis his fashion.

**BRUTUS**

I'll know his humor when he knows his time.  
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?  
—Companion, hence!

upon your insults as just the product of a bad mood. Oh, Cassius, you are partners with a quiet lamb that gets angry in the same way that a flint makes fire—a brief spark when struck, and then immediately I'm cold again.

**CASSIUS**

Have I lived this long only to be mocked by Brutus when grief and anger get the best of me?

**BRUTUS**

When I said that, I was angry too.

**CASSIUS**

You admit that? Give me your hand.

**BRUTUS**

And my heart too.

*CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands.*

**CASSIUS**

Oh, Brutus!

**BRUTUS**

What's the matter?

**CASSIUS**

Do you have enough love for me to patiently bear with me when the bad temper I inherited from my mother makes me forget how I should act?

**BRUTUS**

Yes, Cassius. And from now on, when you get angry with me, I'll assume it's your mother scolding me, and leave it at that.

**POET**

*[Offstage]* Let me in to see the generals. There's a grudge between them. It isn't good for them to be alone.

**LUCILLIUS**

*[Offstage]* You can't go in to see them.

**POET**

*[Offstage]* Only death will stop me.

*A POET enters, followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS.*

**CASSIUS**

What's going on? What's the matter?

**POET**

Shame on you, generals! What do you do?  
Love each other and be friends, as men like you two should.  
Listen to me, because I'm older than you.

**CASSIUS**

Ha ha! How badly this rude man rhymes!

**BRUTUS**

*[To POET]* Get out of here, sir! Rude man, get gone!

**CASSIUS**

Go easy on him, Brutus. That's just how he is.

**BRUTUS**

I'll humor his behavior when he learns the right time for it.  
What should we do with all these rhyming fools that follow our armies?

**CASSIUS**

Away, away, be gone.

*The POET exits.*

**BRUTUS**

155 Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

**CASSIUS**

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

*LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS exit.*

**BRUTUS**

*[calls off]* Lucius, a bowl of wine!

**CASSIUS**

160 I did not think you could have been so angry.

**BRUTUS**

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

**CASSIUS**

Of your philosophy you make no use  
If you give place to accidental evils.

**BRUTUS**

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

**CASSIUS**

165 Ha, Portia?

**BRUTUS**

She is dead.

**CASSIUS**

How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

175 And died so?

**BRUTUS**

Even so.

**CASSIUS**

O ye immortal gods!

*LUCIUS enters with wine and candles.*

**BRUTUS**

180 Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.  
*[drinks]*

*[To the POET]* Get out of here, buddy.

**CASSIUS**

Away, away, be gone.

*The POET exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Lucilius and Titinius, tell the commanders to prepare to  
camp for the night.

**CASSIUS**

Then come back, immediately, and bring Messala with you.

*LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS exit.*

**BRUTUS**

*[Calling offstage]* Lucius, bring a bowl of wine.

**CASSIUS**

I didn't think you could get so angry.

**BRUTUS**

Oh, Cassius, I'm worn out by many sorrows.

**CASSIUS**

You're not using your [Stoic](#) philosophy if you let bad luck  
upset you.

[Stoicism](#) was an ancient Greek school of philosophy to which Cassius adhered. Stoicism emphasized reason and knowledge, and called for accepting things as they come—not giving in to feelings of pleasure or pain.

**BRUTUS**

No one bears sorrow better than I do. Portia is dead.

**CASSIUS**

What, Portia?

**BRUTUS**

She is dead.

**CASSIUS**

How did I escape getting killed when I argued with you just  
now? What an unbearable and pitiful loss! What sickness  
killed her?

**BRUTUS**

Unable to bear my absence, and worried that young  
Octavius and Mark Antony have become so strong—which I  
learned about along with the news of her death—she fell  
into despair. And, when her attendants were away, she  
swallowed burning coals.

**CASSIUS**

That's how she died?

**BRUTUS**

Like that.

**CASSIUS**

Oh, you immortal gods!

*LUCIUS enters with wine and candles.*

**BRUTUS**

Speak no more about her. Give me a bowl of wine. I bury all  
our previous anger with this drink, Cassius. *[He drinks]*

**CASSIUS**

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

*LUCIUS exits.*

*TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.*

**BRUTUS**

185 Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala!  
Now sit we close about this taper here  
And call in question our necessities.

**CASSIUS**

Portia, art thou gone?

**BRUTUS**

No more, I pray you.  
190 —Messala, I have here received letters  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

**MESSALA**

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

**BRUTUS**

195 With what addition?

**MESSALA**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Cicero one?

**MESSALA**

Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.  
205 *[to BRUTUS]* Had you your letters from your wife, my  
lord?

**BRUTUS**

No, Messala.

**MESSALA**

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

**BRUTUS**

Nothing, Messala.

**MESSALA**

210 That methinks is strange.

**BRUTUS**

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

**MESSALA**

No, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

My heart is thirsty for that noble promise. Pour, Lucius, until  
the wine overflows my cup. I cannot drink too much of  
Brutus' love. *[He drinks]*

*LUCIUS exits.*

*TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.*


**BRUTUS**

Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala. Now let's sit  
around this candle and consider our situation.

**CASSIUS**

Portia, are you really gone?

**BRUTUS**

No more on that, please. Messala, I have here some letters  
saying that young Octavius and Mark Antony are marching  
fast toward Philippi  and bearing down upon us with a  
mighty power.

**MESSALA**

I have gotten letters that say the same thing.

**BRUTUS**

Do they say anything else?

**MESSALA**

They say that Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus have put to  
death a hundred senators through legal proclamations  
declaring men to be unprotected by the law.

**BRUTUS**

There, our letters don't agree. My letters mention only  
seventy senators that were killed, with Cicero being one.

**CASSIUS**

Cicero too?

**MESSALA**

Cicero is dead, by that same proclamation.

*[To BRUTUS]* Have you gotten letters from your wife, my  
lord?

**BRUTUS**

No, Messala.

**MESSALA**

And the letters you have received say nothing about her?

**BRUTUS**

Nothing, Messala.

**MESSALA**

I think that's strange.

**BRUTUS**


Why do you ask? Have you heard something about her in  
your letters?

**MESSALA**

No, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Now, as you're a Roman, tell me the truth.

 *Philippi was an ancient  
Macedonian city, and the site of the  
final battle between the conspirators  
and Caesar's followers.*

**MESSALA**

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.

215 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

**BRUTUS**

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

**MESSALA**

Even so great men great losses should endure.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

I do not think it good.

**BRUTUS**

225 Your reason?

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Good reasons must of force give place to better.  
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forced affection,  
For they have grudged us contribution.  
235 The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged,  
From which advantage shall we cut him off  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
240 These people at our back.

**CASSIUS**

Hear me, good brother—

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**MESSALA**

Then like a Roman you must bear the truth. It's certain that  
she is dead, and she died in a strange way.

**BRUTUS**

Well, goodbye, Portia. We all must die, Messala. Knowing  
that she would have to die sometime, I can endure her  
death now.

**MESSALA**

That's exactly the way that great men should endure great  
losses.

**CASSIUS**

I know the philosophy of Stoicism as well as you, but I still  
couldn't bear this news as you do.

**BRUTUS**

Well, now for our work concerning the living. Should we  
march to Philippi immediately?

**CASSIUS**

I don't think that's a good idea.

**BRUTUS**

Your reasons?

**CASSIUS**

Here it is: it's better if the enemy has to come to us. In doing  
so, he'll waste his supplies and tire out his soldiers--  
reducing his own strength. Meanwhile we will be rested,  
strong, and nimble by staying here.

**BRUTUS**

Those are good reasons, but they must give way to better  
ones. The people who live between here and Philippi are  
only loyal to us out of fear of our force. They only gave us  
men and money for our army because they felt they had to.  
The enemy, marching past them, will be able to grow by  
recruiting them. Then, they'll come at us refreshed, newly  
reinforced, and confident. We can block this advantage if  
we face the enemy at Philippi, because these people will  
then be behind us.

**CASSIUS**

Listen to me, good brother--

**BRUTUS**

Allow me to finish. You must also recognize that we've  
gotten as much as we can from those who support us. Our  
regiments are full, and our cause is ready. While the enemy  
gets larger each day, we--now at our largest--can only  
decrease. There's a kind of tidal movement, a back-and-  
forth, in the affairs of men. Acting when you are at high tide  
leads to success. But if you miss high tide, all the rest of the  
voyage of your life will be mired in the shallows of misery.  
We now float on such a high tide. And we must ride the  
current now, or lose out.

**CASSIUS**

Then, if that's your desire, proceed. We two will go as well,  
and meet them at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

Night has snuck up on us while we were talking. Our bodies  
must obey the requirement of nature and sleep. But we'll  
satisfy that requirement with as little rest as possible. Is  
there anything else to discuss?

**CASSIUS**

260 No more. Good night.  
Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

**BRUTUS**

Lucius!

*LUCIUS enters.*

**BRUTUS**

My gown.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, good Messala.—

265 Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night and good repose.

**CASSIUS**

O my dear brother,

This was an ill beginning of the night.

Never come such division 'tween our souls.

270 Let it not, Brutus.

*LUCIUS enters with the nightgown.*

**BRUTUS**

Everything is well.

**CASSIUS**

Good night, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Good night, good brother.

**TITINIUS, MESSALA**

Good night, Lord Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

275 Farewell, everyone.

*CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA exit.*

**BRUTUS**

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

**LUCIUS**

Here in the tent.

**BRUTUS**

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not. Thou art o'erwatched.

280 Call Claudio and some other of my men.

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

**LUCIUS**

Varrus and Claudio!

*VARRUS and CLAUDIO enter.*

**VARRUS**

Calls my lord?

**BRUTUS**

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.

285 It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

**CASSIUS**

Nothing else. Good night. Early tomorrow, we will get up  
and get moving.

**BRUTUS**

Lucius!

*LUCIUS enters.*

**BRUTUS**

My nightgown.

*LUCIUS exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble

Cassius, good night, and sleep well.

**CASSIUS**

Oh, my dear brother! This was a poor start to the night. May

we never again have such a disagreement. Let's not, Brutus.

*LUCIUS enters with the nightgown.*

**BRUTUS**

All is well.

**CASSIUS**

Good night, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Good night, good brother.

**TITINIUS, MESSALA**

Good night, Lord Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, everyone.

*CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA exit.*

**BRUTUS**

Give me the nightgown. Where's your lute?

**LUCIUS**

Here in the tent.

**BRUTUS**

What, you speak as if you are tired? Poor fool, I don't blame

you. You've stayed awake too long, watching over me. Call

Claudio and some of my other men. I'll have them sleep on

cushions in my tent.

**LUCIUS**

Varrus and Claudio!

*VARRUS and CLAUDIO enter.*

**VARRUS**

You called us, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Sirs, I ask you to sleep in my tent. I might wake you up at

some point to send you on business to my brother Cassius.

**VARRUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

290 —Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down.*

**LUCIUS**

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

**BRUTUS**

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
295 And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

**LUCIUS**

Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

**BRUTUS**

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

**LUCIUS**

It is my duty, sir.

**BRUTUS**

300 I should not urge thy duty past thy might.  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

**LUCIUS**

I have slept, my lord, already.

**BRUTUS**

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again.  
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,  
305 I will be good to thee.

*LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, then falls asleep.*

**BRUTUS**

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,  
Layst thou thy leaden mace upon my boy  
That plays thee music? —Gentle knave, good night.  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
310 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.  
I'll take it from thee. And, good boy, good night.  
—Let me see, let me see. Is not the leaf turned down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*The GHOST of Caesar enters.*

**BRUTUS**

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

**GHOST**

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

**VARRUS**

If you'd like, we'll stand by and be ready to do what  
whatever you need.

**BRUTUS**

I refuse to let you stay up. Lie down, good sirs. I might  
decide not to send you. Look, Lucius, here's the book I was  
searching for. I put it in the pocket of my nightgown.

*VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down.*

**LUCIUS**

I was sure that you hadn't given it to me.

**BRUTUS**

Bear with me, good boy. I'm very forgetful. Can you stay  
awake a while longer and play a song or two on your lute?

**LUCIUS**

Yes, if it would make you happy, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

It would, my boy. I ask too much of you, but you're willing.

**LUCIUS**

It's my duty, sir.

**BRUTUS**

I shouldn't make you perform your duty beyond what  
you're able to do. I know that the young need rest.

**LUCIUS**

I've slept already, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

That was smart, and you'll sleep some more. I won't keep  
you very long. If I survive, I'll be good to you.

*LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, then falls asleep.*

**BRUTUS**

This is a sleepy tune. Oh, deadening sleep, have you  
touched your staff to my boy who plays music for you?

*[To LUCIUS]* Dear boy, good night. I won't trouble you so  
much as to wake you. If your head were to nod down, you'd  
break your instrument, so I'll take it from you. Good boy,  
good night.

*[To himself]* Let me see, let me see. Didn't I turn down the  
corner of the page where I stopped reading? Here it is, I  
think.

*The GHOST of Caesar enters.*

**BRUTUS**

This candle is so dim. Hey! Who comes here? I think the  
weakness in my eyes is making me see this awful ghost. It's  
coming toward me. Are you real? Are you some god, some  
angel, or some devil, that you make my blood turn cold and  
my hair stand up? Tell me what you are.

**GHOST**

Your evil spirit, Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

Why comest thou?

**GHOST**

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

Well, then I shall see thee again?

**GHOST**

325 Ay, at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

*The GHOST exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
—Boy, Lucius!—Varrus!—Claudio!—Sirs, awake!  
330 —Claudio!

**LUCIUS**

The strings, my lord, are false.

**BRUTUS**

He thinks he still is at his instrument.  
Lucius, awake.

**LUCIUS**

My lord?

**BRUTUS**

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

**LUCIUS**

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

**BRUTUS**

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

**LUCIUS**

Nothing, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

340 Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudio!  
*[to VARRUS]*  
Fellow thou, awake!

**VARRUS**

My lord?

**CLAUDIO**

My lord?

**BRUTUS**

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

**VARRUS, CLAUDIO**

345 Did we, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Ay. Saw you anything?

**VARRUS**

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

**CLAUDIO**

Nor I, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Why did you come here?

**GHOST**

To tell you that you'll see me at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

Then I will see you again?

**GHOST**

Yes, at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

I guess I will see you at Philippi, then.

*The GHOST exits.*

**BRUTUS**

Just as I get the courage to talk to you, you disappear. Evil spirit, I'd like to talk with you some more. Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Sirs, awake! Claudio!

**LUCIUS**

The strings are out of tune, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

He thinks he's still playing his instrument. Lucius, wake up!

**LUCIUS**

My lord?

**BRUTUS**

Were you dreaming, Lucius? Is that why you cried out?

**LUCIUS**

My lord, I don't know if I did cry out.

**BRUTUS**

Yes, you did. Did you see anything?

**LUCIUS**

Nothing, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Go back to sleep, Lucius. Sir Claudio!

*[To VARRUS]* You there, wake up!

**VARRUS**

My lord?

**CLAUDIO**

My lord?

**BRUTUS**

Why did you cry out in your sleep?

**VARRUS, CLAUDIO**

Did we, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Yes. Did you see anything?

**VARRUS**

No, my lord, I didn't see anything.

**CLAUDIO**

Me neither, my lord.



**BRUTUS**

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

**VARRUS, CLAUDIO**

It shall be done, my lord.

*Everyone exits in different directions.*

**BRUTUS**

Go and bring my greetings to my brother Cassius. Ask him to get his soldiers marching first, and we will follow.

**VARRUS, CLAUDIO**

It will be done, my lord.

*They all exit in different directions.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*OCTAVIUS and ANTONY enter, along with their army.*

**OCTAVIUS**

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

**ANTONY**

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

*A MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

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

**ANTONY**

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

**OCTAVIUS**

Upon the right hand I. Keep thou the left.

**ANTONY**

20 Why do you cross me in this exigent?

**OCTAVIUS**

I do not cross you. But I will do so.

*The sound of drums and soldiers. BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army enter, including LUCILLIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

**BRUTUS**

They stand and would have parley.

**CASSIUS**

Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

**OCTAVIUS**

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

**ANTONY**

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

### Shakesclore Translation

*OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army enter.*

**OCTAVIUS**

Now, Antony, our prayers have been answered. You said the enemy wouldn't come down, but would keep to the hills and high ground instead. They have not. Their forces are nearby. They mean to attack us here on the plains of Philippi, fighting us before we've forced them to.

**ANTONY**

No, I know their secret thoughts, and I understand why they're doing this. They'd be happier if they were somewhere else. They come here with a false show of bravery, to convince us that they have courage. But they don't.

*A MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Prepare yourselves, generals. The enemy approaches with a great display. They've raised their battle standards as if they are about to attack.

**ANTONY**

Octavius, lead your forces out slowly, to the left side of the flat field.

**OCTAVIUS**

I'll go to the right side. You take the left.

**ANTONY**

Why do you defy me at this critical moment?

**OCTAVIUS**

I'm not defying you. But this is what I'm going to do.

*The sound of drums and soldiers. BRUTUS, CASSIUS, their army, LUCILLIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA enter.*

**BRUTUS**

They haven't advanced, and want to talk.

**CASSIUS**

Stay here, Titinius. We must go and talk to them.

**OCTAVIUS**

Mark Antony, should we give the signal to attack?

**ANTONY**

No, Octavius Caesar. We'll only respond once they attack. Step forward. The generals want to speak with us.

**OCTAVIUS**

[to his army] Stir not until the signal.

**BRUTUS**

Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

**OCTAVIUS**

Not that we love words better, as you do.

**BRUTUS**

30 Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

**ANTONY**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**ANTONY**

Not stingless too?

**BRUTUS**

Oh, yes, and soundless too.  
40 For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

**ANTONY**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**OCTAVIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**OCTAVIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
65 Young man, thou couldst not die more honorably.

**CASSIUS**

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,  
Joined with a masker and a reveler!

**OCTAVIUS**

[To his army] Don't move until we give the signal.

**BRUTUS**

Words before fighting. Is that it, countrymen?

**OCTAVIUS**

Not that we prefer words to fighting, as you do.

**BRUTUS**


Good words are better than worthless fighting, Octavius.

**ANTONY**

Brutus, along with your treacherous strokes you say "good"  
words. For instance, the hole you made in Caesar's heart  
while you cried, "Long live Caesar! Hail, Caesar!"

**CASSIUS**

Antony, we don't know the effectiveness of your blows yet.  
But your words are so sweet, it's as if you've stolen from the  
bees of [Hybla](#) and left them without honey.

 Hybla was an area in ancient Sicily, famous for its bees and honey.

**ANTONY**

Didn't I take the bees' stingers too?

**BRUTUS**

Oh, yes, and their sounds, because you stole their buzzing.  
Antony, you seem to do a lot of warning about how you are  
going to sting.

**ANTONY**

Scoundrels, you did not give any warning before your vile  
daggers clashed, hacking away at Caesar's sides. You  
smiled like apes and fawned like dogs and bowed like  
servants, kissing Caesar's feet. Then damned Casca, like a  
mangy dog, struck Caesar on the neck from behind. Oh, you  
flatterers!

**CASSIUS**

Flatterers? Now, Brutus, you have only yourself to thank.  
Antony's tongue would not be offending us today if I'd had  
my way.

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, come, back to the point. Arguing makes us sweat,  
but the real trial will produce blood. [He draws his sword]  
Look: I draw my sword against conspirators. When do you  
think I'll put this sword away again? Never, until Caesar's  
thirty-three wounds are well avenged, or until you traitors  
have killed me too.

**BRUTUS**

Octavius Caesar, the only way you will die by a traitor's  
hands is if you have some mutinous soldiers in your army.

**OCTAVIUS**

I hope you're right. I wasn't born to die on your sword.

**BRUTUS**

Oh, young man, if you were the noblest of your family you  
couldn't die more honorably.

**CASSIUS**

A cranky schoolboy, unworthy of such an honor, partnered  
with a masquerader and a partier!

**ANTONY**

Old Cassius still.

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, Antony, away.—

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

*OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army exit.*

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

75 Ho, Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

**LUCILLIUS**

*[stands forth]*  
My lord?

*BRUTUS and LUCILLIUS converse to the side.*

**CASSIUS**

Messala!

**MESSALA**

*[stands forth]*  
80 What says my general?

**CASSIUS**

Messala,  
This is my birthday, as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
85 As Pompey was, am I compelled to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.  
You know that I held Epicurus strong  
And his opinion. Now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
90 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,  
Who to Philippi here consorted us.  
This morning are they fled away and gone,  
95 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us  
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

**MESSALA**

100 Believe not so.

**CASSIUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

*[returning with LUCILLIUS]* Even so, Lucilius.

**CASSIUS**

105 Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods today stand friendly that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.  
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
110 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together.  
What are you then determined to do?

**ANTONY**

The same old Cassius.

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, Antony, let's go.

*[To CASSIUS and BRUTUS]* Traitors, we throw our defiance  
at your teeth. If you dare to fight today, come to the field. If  
not, come when you have the courage.

*OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army exit.*

**CASSIUS**

Blow wind, swell waves, and may the ship float where it  
will! The storm has risen and everything is at stake.

**BRUTUS**

Hey, Lucilius! I'd like a word with you.

**LUCILLIUS**

*[Stepping forward]* My lord?

*BRUTUS and LUCILLIUS converse to the side.*

**CASSIUS**


Messala!

**MESSALA**

*[Coming forward]* What is it, my general?

**CASSIUS**

Messala, today is my birthday. On this very day, I was born.  
Give me your hand, Messala. Be my witness that I've been  
forced against my desire, as Pompey was, to bet all of our  
freedoms on one battle. You know that I used to believe in  
Epicurus' position that the gods did not send omens.  
Now I've changed my mind, and partly believe in signs that  
foretell what is to come. As we traveled from Sardis, two  
mighty eagles landed and perched on our front flag, and ate  
from the hands of the soldiers who marched with us to  
Philippi. This morning, they've flown away and in their  
place are ravens, crows, and kites, flying over our heads and  
looking down on us, as though we were their sickly prey.  
Their shadows are like a deadly canopy, under which our  
army lies, ready to die.

 Epicurus was an ancient Greek philosopher who argued that people should pursue pleasure and deemphasized the role of the gods.

**MESSALA**

Don't believe it.

**CASSIUS**

I believe it only partly, for I'm hopeful and determined to  
meet all dangers without flinching.

**BRUTUS**

*[Returning with LUCILLIUS]* Right, Lucilius.

**CASSIUS**

Now, most noble Brutus, may the gods be friendly with us  
today so that we, who love peace, can live on to old age.  
But since the affairs of men are always uncertain, let's think  
about the worst that may happen. If we lose this battle,  
then this will be the last time we speak to each other. What  
do you plan to do if we do lose?

**BRUTUS**

Even by the rule of that philosophy  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 115 Which he did give himself — I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life — arming myself with patience  
 To stay the providence of some high powers  
 120 That govern us below.

**CASSIUS**

Then if we lose this battle  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,  
 125 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.  
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
 Must end that work the ides of March begun.  
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take.  
 130 Forever and forever farewell, Cassius.  
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile.  
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

**CASSIUS**

Forever and forever farewell, Brutus.  
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed.  
 135 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

**BRUTUS**

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

*They all exit.*

**BRUTUS**

By the same Stoic philosophy that made me condemn Cato  
 for committing suicide, I will be patient and await whatever  
 outcome the gods have in store for us. I don't know why,  
 but I find it cowardly and vile to cut off your life early by  
 suicide, in order to prevent possible suffering later on.

**CASSIUS**

Then if we lose this battle, you'd be willing to be led in  
 chains by those who defeated you through the streets of  
 Rome?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius, no. Don't imagine, you noble Roman, that I will  
 ever return to Rome in chains. I am too great for that. But  
 today will be the end of the work that we began on March  
 15th. I don't know if we will ever meet again. Therefore,  
 accept my everlasting farewell. Forever and forever,  
 farewell, Cassius. If we meet again, why, then we'll smile. If  
 not, then this parting was well done.

**CASSIUS**

Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus. If we meet again, we'll  
 smile indeed. If not, it's true this parting was well done.

**BRUTUS**

Then, lead on. Oh, if only I could know the outcome of  
 today's business before it happens! But it's enough to know  
 that the day will end, and then the end will be known.  
 Come! Let's go!

*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS and MESSALA enter.*

**BRUTUS**

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
 Unto the legions on the other side.

*Sounds of battle.*

**BRUTUS**

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

*They exit in opposite directions.*

### Shakescleare Translation

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS and MESSALA enter.*

**BRUTUS**

Ride, ride, Messala! Ride, and give these written orders to  
 Cassius' forces on the other side.

*Sounds of battle.*

**BRUTUS**

They should attack right now, because Octavius' forces  
 seem demoralized. A sudden push would defeat them  
 entirely. Ride, ride, Messala. All Cassius' men should  
 commit to the attack.

*They exit in opposite directions.*

## Act 5, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Sounds of battle. CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter.*

### Shakescleare Translation

*Sounds of battle. CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter.*

**CASSIUS**

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

5 *[indicates his standard]*

**TITINIUS**

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

*PINDARUS enters.*

**PINDARUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

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

**TITINIUS**

15 They are, my lord.

**CASSIUS**

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

**TITINIUS**

I will be here again, even with a thought.

*TITINIUS exits.*

**CASSIUS**

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

*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*

**CASSIUS**

25 This day I breathed first. Time is come round,  
 And where I did begin, there shall I end.  
 My life is run his compass.  
*[to PINDARUS]* Sirrah, what news?

**PINDARUS**

*[above]* O my lord!

**CASSIUS**

30 What news?

**PINDARUS**

*[above]* Titinius is enclosed round about  
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur.  
 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.  
 Now, Titinius. Now some light. Oh, he lights too.  
 35 He's ta'en.

*A shout offstage.*

**PINDARUS**

And, hark! They shout for joy.

**CASSIUS**

Oh, look, Titinius, look! My soldiers, those scoundrels, are  
 running away! I have become an enemy to my own soldiers!  
 This flag-bearer of mine was running away, so I killed the  
 coward and took the flag from him. *[Points to the flag he's*  
*holding]*

**TITINIUS**

Oh, Cassius, Brutus gave the orders too soon. Having an  
 advantage on Octavius, he took a his chance too early. His  
 soldiers began looting, while we were surrounded by  
 Antony's men.

*PINDARUS enters.*

**PINDARUS**

Retreat further, my lord, retreat further. Mark Antony has  
 over-run your camp, my lord. Run, noble Cassius, run far  
 away.

**CASSIUS**

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius. Are those my  
 tents on fire?

**TITINIUS**

They are, my lord.

**CASSIUS**

Titinius, if you love me, get on your horse and spur him on  
 as fast as you can until he's brought you near to those  
 troops and back again. That way, I can learn whether those  
 troops are friends or enemies.

**TITINIUS**

I'll be there and back again, as quick as a thought.

*TITINIUS exits.*

**CASSIUS**

Go, Pindarus. Climb a little higher up that hill. My eyesight  
 was always bad. Watch Titinius and tell me what you see in  
 the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*

**CASSIUS**

Today was the day I breathed my first breath. Time has  
 come around, and I'll end where I began—on my birthday.  
 My life has run its circle.

*[To PINDARUS]* What can you see, boy?

**PINDARUS**

*[From above the stage]* Oh, my lord!

**CASSIUS**

What news?

**PINDARUS**

*[From above the stage]* Titinius is surrounded by horsemen  
 who are riding rapidly toward him. Yet he rides onward.  
 Now they're almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some men  
 are dismounting from their horses. Oh, he's getting down  
 too. He's been taken captive.

*A shout offstage.*

**PINDARUS**

And listen! They shout for joy.

**CASSIUS**

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

*PINDARUS returns.*

**CASSIUS**

40 Come hither, sirrah.  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner.  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.  
45 *[gives his sword to PINDARUS]*  
Now be a free man, and with this good sword  
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilts  
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,  
50 Guide thou the sword.

*PINDARUS stabs CASSIUS.*

**CASSIUS**

Caesar, thou art revenged,  
Even with the sword that killed thee.  
*[dies]*

**PINDARUS**

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

*PINDARUS exits.*

*TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.*

**MESSALA**

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

**TITINIUS**

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

**MESSALA**

Where did you leave him?

**TITINIUS**

All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman on this hill.

**MESSALA**

65 Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

**TITINIUS**

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

**MESSALA**

Is not that he?

**TITINIUS**


70 No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.  
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone.  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come! Our deeds are done.  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.


**CASSIUS**

Come down. Don't look anymore. Oh, what a coward I am  
to live long enough to see my best friend taken before my  
eyes!

*PINDARUS returns.*

**CASSIUS**

Come here, boy. I took you prisoner in Parthia , and at  
that time, I spared your life and made you swear to attempt  
to do whatever I ordered you to. Come now, keep your oath.  
*[He gives his sword to PINDARUS]* Now you'll be a free man.  
Take this good sword, which ran through Caesar's guts, and  
thrust it into my chest. Don't pause to ask questions. Here,  
take the handle, and when my face is covered as it is now,  
thrust the sword.

 *The ancient kingdom of Parthia  
was located in present-day Iran.*

*PINDARUS stabs CASSIUS.*

**CASSIUS**

Caesar, you are revenged, with the same sword that killed  
you. *[He dies]*

**PINDARUS**

So I'm free. But if I had dared to follow my own desires, I  
wouldn't be free. Oh, Cassius, I'll run far from this country  
to where no Romans can find me.

*PINDARUS exits.*

*TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.*

**MESSALA**

Titinius, it's a meaningless change. Noble Brutus' forces  
overcame Octavius' troops at the same time Antony  
overcame Cassius' legions.

**TITINIUS**

This news will comfort Cassius.

**MESSALA**

Where did you leave him?

**TITINIUS**

In despair, with his slave Pindarus on this hill.

**MESSALA**

Isn't that him lying on the ground?

**TITINIUS**

He lies there as if he isn't alive. Oh, my heart!

**MESSALA**

Isn't that him?

**TITINIUS**

It was him, Messala. But Cassius is no more. Oh, setting sun,  
just as you sink into your red rays to end the day, so has  
Cassius' life ended in his own red blood. The sun of Rome  
has set! Our day is over. Clouds, dew, and dangers  
approach. We're finished! His doubts about the successful  
outcome of my mission drove him to kill himself.

**MESSALA**

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

**TITINIUS**

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

**MESSALA**

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

**TITINIUS**

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

*MESSALA exits.*

**TITINIUS**

90 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?  
95 Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!  
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.  
[*lays wreath on CASSIUS' head*] Brutus, come apace,  
100 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
—By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part.  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.  
[*stabs himself with CASSIUS's sword and dies*]

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILLIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO enter.*

**BRUTUS**

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

**MESSALA**

105 Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

**BRUTUS**

Titinius' face is upward.

**CATO**

He is slain.

**BRUTUS**

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

*Faint sounds of battle.*

**CATO**

Brave Titinius!—  
Look whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.

**MESSALA**

His uncertainty of any positive outcome drove him to do this. Despair, why do you make men believe things that are false, so that they act in error? And error, as soon as you come into being, you kill the person that created you, instead of bringing joy to that person!

**TITINIUS**

Pindarus! Where are you, Pindarus?

**MESSALA**

Titinius, look for Pindarus while I go to meet the noble Brutus and thrust this news into his ears. I say "thrust" because Brutus would prefer to have sharp blades and poisoned darts in his ears than to hear of this.


**TITINIUS**


Get going, Messala, and I'll look for Pindarus in the meantime.

*MESSALA exits.*

**TITINIUS**

Why did you send me out, brave Cassius? Didn't I meet up with your allies? And didn't they place the wreath of victory on my forehead and ask me to give it to you? Didn't you hear their shouts? Alas, you misunderstood everything! But, wait, I'll place this wreath on your head. Your Brutus asked me to give it to you, and I'll do as he asks. [*He lays a wreath on CASSIUS' head*] Brutus, come quickly, and see how much I loved Caius Cassius. With your permission, gods, this is a Roman's duty. Come, Cassius's sword, and find Titinius's heart. [*He stabs himself with CASSIUS' sword and dies.*]

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO , STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILLIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO enter.*

 Young Cato is the brother of Portia, Brutus's lately deceased wife.

**BRUTUS**

Where, where is his body lying, Messala?

**MESSALA**

Look, over there, where Titinius mourns it.

**BRUTUS**

Titinius is lying face-up.

**CATO**

He is dead.

**BRUTUS**

Oh, Julius Caesar, you are still mighty. Your ghost walks among us, and turns our swords toward our own stomachs.

*Faint sounds of battle.*

**CATO**

Brave Titinius! Look, he even placed a wreath on dead Cassius!

**BRUTUS**

Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
 —The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
 115 It is impossible that ever Rome  
 Should breed thy fellow. —Friends, I owe more tears  
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
 —I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
 —Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body.  
 120 His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
 Lest it discomfort us. —Lucillius, come. —  
 And come, young Cato. Let us to the field.  
 —Labio and Flavio, set our battles on.  
 —'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night  
 125 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

*They all exit.*

**BRUTUS**

Are there two Romans left who are as good as these men?


*[To CASSIUS and TITINIUS' bodies]* Goodbye, the last of all the Romans. It is impossible that Rome will ever produce your equal.

*[To the others]* Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man than you will see me shed.

*[To CASSIUS' body]* I will find the time to cry for you, Cassius, I will find the time.

*[To the others]* Come, now, and send his body to Thasos. His funeral won't be held at our camp, because it may make us too demoralized to fight. Lucillius, come. And come, young Cato. Let's go to the field. Labio and Flavio, send our armies forward. It is three o'clock. And, Romans, before night, we will test our luck in a second battle.

*They all exit.*

 Thasos is a Greek island near Philippi.

## Act 5, Scene 4

## Shakespeare

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO enter.*

**BRUTUS**

Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

*BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO exit.*

**CATO**

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

*ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS enter and fight.*

**LUCILLIUS**

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!  
 Brutus, my country's friend. Know me for Brutus!

*SOLDIERS kill Young CATO.*

**LUCILLIUS**

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

**FIRST SOLDIER**

*[to LUCILLIUS]* Yield, or thou diest.

**LUCILLIUS**

Only I yield to die.  
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.  
 15 Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

**FIRST SOLDIER**

We must not. A noble prisoner!

*ANTONY enters.*

## Shakescleare Translation

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO enter.*

**BRUTUS**

Fight on, countrymen. Oh, keep holding your heads up high!

*BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO exit.*

**CATO**

Who would be such a bastard as to give up? Who will fight on with me? I will proclaim my name around the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato! An enemy to tyrants and a friend to my country. Hey, I am the son of Marcus Cato!

*ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS enter and fight.*

**LUCILLIUS**

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus. Brutus, my country's friend. Know that I am Brutus!

*SOLDIERS kill Young CATO.*

**LUCILLIUS**

Oh, young and noble Cato, are you killed? Why, you die now as bravely as Titinius did. And you will be honored as Cato's son.

**FIRST SOLDIER**

*[To LUCILLIUS]* Surrender, or you die.

**LUCILLIUS**

I'll surrender only to death. Here's enough money for you to kill me immediately. Kill Brutus, and be honored by the killing.

**FIRST SOLDIER**

We must not. He's a noble prisoner!

*ANTONY enters.*



**SECOND SOLDIER**

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

**FIRST SOLDIER**

I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.  
—Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

**ANTONY**

20 Where is he?

**LUCILLIUS**

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

**ANTONY**

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

*They exit in opposite directions.*

**SECOND SOLDIER**

Hey, make room! Tell Antony that Brutus has been taken.

**FIRST SOLDIER**

I'll tell him the news. Here comes the general.

*[To ANTONY]* Brutus is captured, Brutus is captured, my  
lord.

**ANTONY**

Where is he?

**LUCILLIUS**

Safe, Antony. Brutus is safe enough. I assure you that no  
enemy will ever take the noble Brutus alive. The gods  
protect him from so great a shame! When you do find him,  
alive or dead, he'll be found as Brutus, on his own terms.

**ANTONY**

*[To SOLDIERS]* Friend, this isn't Brutus. But, I assure you, he  
is as valuable a prize. Keep this man safe. Be gentle with  
him. I would rather have such men as my friends than as my  
enemies. Keep going, and see if Brutus is alive or dead.  
Then return to Octavius' tent to bring us word of how  
thing's have turned out.

*They exit in opposite directions.*

## Act 5, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

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

**BRUTUS**

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

**CLITUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word.  
5 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.  
*[whispers to CLITUS]*

**CLITUS**

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

**BRUTUS**

Peace then! No words.

**CLITUS**

I'll rather kill myself.

**BRUTUS**

10 Hark thee, Dardanius.  
*[whispers to DARDANIUS]*

**DARDANIUS**

Shall I do such a deed?

### Shakesclare Translation

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

**BRUTUS**

Come, my few last remaining friends, and rest on this rock.

**CLITUS**

Statilius waved the torchlight at us, but he hasn't come  
back. He's been captured or killed.

**BRUTUS**

Sit down, Clitus. Killed, probably. It's in fashion, apparently.  
Listen, Clitus. *[He whispers to CLITUS]*

**CLITUS**

Who, me, my lord? No, not for all the world.

**BRUTUS**

Silence, then! Don't say anything.

**CLITUS**

I'd rather kill myself.

**BRUTUS**

Listen, Dardanius. *[He whispers to DARDANIUS]*

**DARDANIUS**

Me, do something like that?

**CLITUS**

O Dardanius!

**DARDANIUS**

O Clitus!

**CLITUS**

15 *[aside to DARDANIUS]*  
What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

**DARDANIUS**

*[aside to CLITUS]*  
To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

**CLITUS**

20 *[aside to DARDANIUS]* Now is that noble vessel full of  
grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

**BRUTUS**

Come hither, good Volumnius. List a word.

**VOLUMNIUS**

What says my lord?

**BRUTUS**

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

**VOLUMNIUS**

Not so, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

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

*Faint sounds of battle.*

**BRUTUS**

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
35 Thou know'st that we two went to school together.  
Even for that our love of old, I prithe thee,  
Hold thou my sword hilts, whilst I run on it.

**VOLUMNIUS**

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

*Sounds of battle.*

**CLITUS**

Fly, fly, my lord. There is no tarrying here.

**BRUTUS**

40 Farewell to you. —And you. —And you, Volumnius.  
—Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep.  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. —Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
45 I shall have glory by this losing day  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history.  
50 Night hangs upon mine eyes. My bones would rest,  
That have but labored to attain this hour.

**CLITUS**

Oh, Dardanius!

**DARDANIUS**

Oh, Clitus!

**CLITUS**

*[To DARDANIUS so that only he can hear]* What awful  
request did Brutus ask of you?

**DARDANIUS**

*[To CLITUS so that only he can hear]* To kill him, Clitus.  
Look, he's thinking about what to do.

**CLITUS**

*[To DARDANIUS so that only he can hear]* Now that noble  
man is so full of grief that it spills from his eyes.

**BRUTUS**

Come here, good Volumnius. Listen for a minute.

**VOLUMNIUS**

What is it, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Well, this, Volumnius. The ghost of Caesar has appeared to  
me two times at night. Once at Sardis, and then last night,  
here in the fields of Philippi. I know that my hour has come.

**VOLUMNIUS**

No it hasn't, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

No, I'm sure it has, Volumnius. You understand the world  
and how it works, Volumnius. Our enemies have driven us  
to the edge of the grave.

*Faint sounds of battle.*

**BRUTUS**

It's nobler to leap in ourselves than wait until they push us.  
Good Volumnius, you know that we went to school  
together. In the name of our old friendship, I beg you, hold  
my the handle of my sword while I impale myself on it.

**VOLUMNIUS**

That's not a job for a friend, my lord.

*Sounds of battle.*

**CLITUS**

Run, run, my lord. We can't wait here.

**BRUTUS**

*[To CLITUS]* Farewell to you.

*[To DARDANIUS]* And you.

*[To VOLUMNIUS]* And you, Volumnius.

*[To STRATO]* Strato, you've slept all this while. Farewell to  
you too, Strato.

*[To all of his soldiers]* Countrymen, my heart rejoices that,  
throughout my life, I've only known men who were true to  
me. I'll have glory in defeat this day—more than Octavius  
and Mark Antony will gain by their foul victory. So farewell,  
without further ado, for my tongue has almost finished

*Sounds of battle. Offstage, someone cries, "Run, run, run!"*

**CLITUS**

Fly, my lord, fly.

**BRUTUS**

Hence. I will follow.

*CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS exit.*

**BRUTUS**

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

55 Thou art a fellow of a good respect.

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.

Hold then my sword and turn away thy face

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

**STRATO**

Give me your hand first.

60 *[holds BRUTUS' sword]* Fare you well, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, good Strato.

*[runs on his sword]* Caesar, now be still.

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

*[dies]*

*Sounds of battle. Trumpets sound a retreat. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and LUCILLIUS enter with the army.*

**OCTAVIUS**

65 What man is that?

**MESSALA**

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

**STRATO**

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

The conquerors can but make a fire of him.

For Brutus only overcame himself,

70 And no man else hath honor by his death.

**LUCILLIUS**

So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucillius' saying true.

**OCTAVIUS**

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

**STRATO**

75 Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

**OCTAVIUS**

Do so, good Messala.

**MESSALA**

How died my master, Strato?

**STRATO**

I held the sword and he did run on it.

**MESSALA**

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

80 That did the latest service to my master.

speaking. I see only darkness before my eyes. My bones, which have worked to hold me up until this time, now want to rest.

*Sounds of battle. Offstage, someone cries, "Run, run, run!"*

**CLITUS**

Run, my lord, run.

**BRUTUS**

Go on! I'll follow.

*CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS exit.*

**BRUTUS**

I beg you, Strato, stay by me, your lord. You're a man with a

good reputation. Your life has had some taste of honor in it.

So hold my sword, and turn your face away while I run

myself onto it. Will you, Strato?

**STRATO**

Shake my hand, first. *[He holds BRUTUS' sword]* Farewell,

my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, good Strato. *[He runs onto his sword]* Caesar, now

rest. I killed you half as willingly as I kill myself. *[He dies]*

*Sounds of battle. Trumpets sound a retreat. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and LUCILLIUS enter with the army.*

**OCTAVIUS**

What man is that?

**MESSALA**

My master's man. Strato, where's your master?

**STRATO**

He's free from the captivity you are in, Messala. The

conquerors can do nothing but make a fire of him, because

Brutus alone defeated himself. And no other man can gain

honor from his death.

**LUCILLIUS**

This is how Brutus should be found. Thank you, Brutus, for

proving my prediction true.

**OCTAVIUS**

I will gladly take anyone who served Brutus into my own

service.

*[To STRATO]* Will you serve me, man?

**STRATO**

Yes, if Messala recommends me to you.

**OCTAVIUS**

Do so, good Messala.

**MESSALA**

How did my master die, Strato?

**STRATO**

I held the sword and he impaled himself on it.

**MESSALA**

Then take this man into your service, Octavius, for he did

the final service to my master.

**ANTONY**

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

**OCTAVIUS**

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

*All exit.*

**ANTONY**

This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators except for Brutus did what they did because they were jealous of great Caesar. He alone acted from high ideals, and for the general good. His life was noble, and the elements were so perfectly balanced in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."

**OCTAVIUS**

We will treat him according to his virtue, with the highest respect and all the proper burial rites. His body will rest tonight in my tent with all the honorable ceremony owed to a soldier. So order the armies in the fields to rest, and let's go share the glories of this happy day.

*They all exit.*

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