

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

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<http://nfs.sparknotes.com/juliuscaesar>

Act 1, Scene 1

	<i>Enter FLAVIUS, MURELLUS, a CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and certain other COMMONERS over the stage</i>	<i>FLAVIUS and MURELLUS enter and speak to a CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and some other commoners.</i>
5	<p>FLAVIUS</p> <p>Hence! Home, you idle creatures get you home! Is this a holiday? What, know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?</p>	<p>FLAVIUS</p> <p>Get out of here! Go home, you lazy men. What, is today a holiday? Don't you know that working men aren't supposed to walk around on a workday without wearing their work clothes? You there, speak up. What's your occupation?</p>
	<p>CARPENTER</p> <p>Why, sir, a carpenter.</p>	<p>CARPENTER</p> <p>I'm a carpenter, sir.</p>
	<p>MURELLUS</p> <p>Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —You, sir, what trade are you?</p>	<p>MURELLUS</p> <p>Where are your leather apron and your ruler? What are you doing, wearing your best clothes? And you, sir, what's <i>your</i> trade?</p>
10	<p>COBBLER</p> <p>Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.</p>	<p>COBBLER</p> <p>Well, compared to a fine workman, you might call me a mere cobbler.</p>
	<p>MURELLUS</p> <p>But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.</p>	<p>MURELLUS</p> <p>But what's your trade? Answer me straightforwardly.</p>
	<p>COBBLER</p> <p>A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience, which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.</p>	<p>COBBLER</p> <p>It is a trade, sir, that I practice with a clear conscience. I am a mender of worn soles.</p>
15	<p>MURELLUS</p> <p>What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?</p>	<p>MURELLUS</p> <p>What trade, boy? You insolent rascal, what trade?</p>
	<p>COBBLER</p> <p>Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me. Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.</p>	<p>COBBLER</p> <p>Sir, please, don't be angry. But if your soles are worn out, I can mend you.</p>
	<p>MURELLUS</p>	<p>MURELLUS</p>

	What mean'st thou by that? "Mend" me, thou saucy fellow?	What do you mean by that? "Mend" me, you impertinent fellow?!
20	COBBLER Why, sir, cobble you.	COBBLER Cobble you, sir.
	FLAVIUS Thou art a cobbler, art thou?	FLAVIUS You're a cobbler, are you?
	COBBLER 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.	COBBLER Sir, I make my living using an awl. I stick to my work; I don't meddle in politics or chase women. I'm a surgeon to old shoes. When they're endangered, I save them. The noblest men who ever walked on leather have walked on my handiwork.
	FLAVIUS But wherefore art not in thy shop today? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?	FLAVIUS But why aren't you in your shop today? Why are you leading these men through 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.	COBBLER Well, to wear out their shoes and get myself more work. Seriously, though, we took the day off to see Caesar, sir, and celebrate his triumph.
35	MURELLUS Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? 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, 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 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	MURELLUS Why would you celebrate it? What victory does he bring home? What foreign lands has he conquered and captive foreigners chained to his chariot wheels? You blockheads, you unfeeling men! You hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, didn't you know Pompey? Many times you climbed up on walls and battlements, towers and windows—even chimney tops—with your babies in your arms, and sat there patiently all day waiting to see great Pompey ride through the streets of Rome. And when you caught a glimpse of his chariot, didn't you shout so loud that the river Tiber shook as it echoed? And now you put on your best clothes? And now you take a holiday?
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	<p>To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday?</p>	
50 55	<p>And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.</p>	<p>And now you toss flowers in the path of Caesar, who comes in triumph over Pompey's defeated sons? Go home! Run to your houses, fall on your knees, and pray to the gods to spare you the pain that you deserve for such ingratitude.</p>
60	<p>FLAVIUS Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault, Assemble all the poor men of your sort, Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.</p>	<p>FLAVIUS Go, go, good countrymen, and to make up for having done wrong, gather up all the poor men like yourselves, lead them to the Tiber, and weep into the river until it overflows its banks.</p>
	<p><i>Exeunt CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all the other commoners</i></p>	<p><i>The CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all the commoners exit.</i></p>
65	<p>See whether their basest metal be not moved. They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol. This way will I. Disrobe the images If you do find them decked with ceremonies.</p>	<p>Well, that ought to move even the most thickheaded of them. There they go, feeling so guilty they're now tongue-tied— they don't have a thing to say. You go down toward the Capitol, and I'll go this way. Undress the statues if they're decorated in honor of Caesar.</p>
	<p>MURELLUS May we do so? You know it is the feast of Lupercal.</p>	<p>MURELLUS Can we do that? You know it's the feast of Lupercal.</p>
70 75	<p>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. 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.</p>	<p>FLAVIUS It doesn't matter. Make sure that none of the statues are decorated in tribute to Caesar. I'll walk around and force the commoners off the streets. You do the same, wherever the crowds are thick. If we take away Caesar's support, he'll have to come back down to earth; otherwise, he'll fly too high and keep the rest of us in a state of fear and obedience.</p>

Act 1, Scene 2

	<i>Exeunt severally</i>	<i>They exit in different directions.</i>
	<i>Flourish Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, dressed for the course, CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, and a SOOTHSAYER in a throng of plebians. After them, MURELLUS and FLAVIUS</i>	<i>A trumpet sounds. CAESAR enters, followed by ANTONY, dressed formally for a foot race, then CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA. A great crowd follows, among them a SOOTHSAYER.</i>
	CAESAR Calphurnia!	CAESAR Calphurnia!
	CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.	CASCA Quiet! Caesar's talking.
	CAESAR Calphurnia!	CAESAR Calphurnia!
	CALPHURNIA Here, my lord.	CALPHURNIA I'm here, my lord.
5	CAESAR Stand you directly in Antonius' way When he doth run his course.—Antonius!	CAESAR Stand right in Antonius's path when he runs the race. Antonius!
	ANTONY Caesar, my lord.	ANTONY Yes, Caesar?
10	CAESAR Forget not in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say The barren, touchèd in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.	CAESAR Antonius, after you take off, don't forget to touch Calphurnia, because our wise elders say that if you touch an infertile woman during this holy race, she'll be freed from the curse of sterility.
	ANTONY I shall remember. When Caesar says, "do this," it is performed.	ANTONY I'll remember. When Caesar says "do this," it is done.
	CAESAR Set on, and leave no ceremony out.	CAESAR Continue, then, and don't forget to perform all of the rituals.

	<i>Music</i>	<i>A trumpet plays.</i>
	SOOTHSAYER Caesar!	SOOTHSAYER Caesar!
15	CAESAR Ha! Who calls?	CAESAR Who's calling me?
	CASCA Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again.	CASCA Quiet, everyone! Quiet!
	<i>Music ceases</i>	<i>The trumpet stops playing.</i>
	CAESAR Who is it in the press that calls on me? I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, Cry "Caesar!"—Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.	CAESAR Who in the crowd is calling me? I hear a voice more piercing than the music of these trumpets calling "Caesar!" Speak. Caesar is listening.
20	SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March.	SOOTHSAYER Beware of March 15th.
	CAESAR What man is that?	CAESAR Who's that?
	BRUTUS A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.	BRUTUS A soothsayer tells you to beware of March 15th.
	CAESAR Set him before me. Let me see his face.	CAESAR Bring him in front of me. Let me see his face.
	CASSIUS Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Caesar.	CASSIUS You, fellow, step out of the crowd. This is Caesar you're looking at.
	<i>SOOTHSAYER approaches</i>	<i>The SOOTHSAYER approaches.</i>
	CAESAR What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.	CAESAR What do you have to say to me now? Speak once again.
25	SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March.	SOOTHSAYER Beware of March 15th.
	CAESAR He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass!	CAESAR He's insane. Let's leave him. Let's move.

	<i>Sennet. Exeunt. Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS</i>	<i>Trumpets play. Everyone exits except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.</i>
	CASSIUS Will you go see the order of the course?	CASSIUS Are you going to watch the race?
	BRUTUS Not I.	BRUTUS Not me.
	CASSIUS I pray you, do.	CASSIUS Please, come.
30	BRUTUS I am not gamesome. I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires. I'll leave you.	BRUTUS I don't like sports. I'm not competitive like Antony. But don't let me keep you from going, Cassius. I'll go my own way.
35	CASSIUS Brutus, I do observe you now of late I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have. You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.	CASSIUS Brutus, I've been watching you lately. You seem less good-natured and affectionate toward me than usual. You've been stubborn and unfamiliar with me, your friend who loves you.
40	BRUTUS Cassius, Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors.	BRUTUS Cassius, don't take it badly. If I seem guarded, it's only because I'm uneasy with <i>myself</i> . Lately I've been overwhelmed with private thoughts and inner conflicts, which have affected my behavior. But this shouldn't trouble my good friends—and I consider you a good friend, Cassius.
45	But let not therefore, my good friends, be grieved— Among which number, Cassius, be you one— Nor construe any further my neglect Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men.	Don't think anything more about my distraction than that poor Brutus, who is at war with himself, forgets to show affection to others.
	CASSIUS	CASSIUS

50	<p>Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion, By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?</p>	<p>Brutus, I misunderstood your feelings, and therefore kept to myself certain thoughts I might have shared. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?</p>
55	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself But by reflection, by some other things.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>No, Cassius. The eye can't see itself, except by reflection in other surfaces.</p>
60	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>'Tis just. And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye That you might see your shadow. I have heard Where many of the best respect in Rome, Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>That's true. And it's too bad, Brutus, that you don't have any mirrors that could display your hidden excellence to yourself. I've heard many of the noblest Romans—next to immortal Caesar—speaking of you, complaining of the tyranny of today's government, and wishing that your eyes were working better.</p>
65	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>What dangers are you trying to lead me into, Cassius, that you want me to look inside myself for something that's not there?</p>
70	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear. And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus. Were I a common laughers, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester, if you know That I do fawn on men and hug them hard And, after, scandal them, or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>I'll tell you, good Brutus. And since you know you can see yourself best by reflection, I'll be your mirror and show you, without exaggeration, things inside you that you can't see. And don't be suspicious of me, noble Brutus. If I were your average fool, or if I made my feelings for you worthless by making the same promises of friendship to everybody, or if you'd seen me first flattering men, hugging them tightly, and later slandering them behind their backs, or if you hear that I drunkenly declare friendship at banquets with all the rabble, only then, of course, go ahead and assume I'm dangerous.</p>
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	<i>Flourish, and shout within</i>	<i>Trumpets play offstage, and then a shout is heard.</i>
	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">What means this shouting? I do fear, the people Choose Caesar for their king.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Why are they shouting? I'm afraid the people have made Caesar their king.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Really, are you afraid of that? Then I have to assume you don't want him to be king.</p>
85	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I would not, Cassius. Yet I love him well. But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, 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 The name of honor more than I fear eath.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I don't, Cassius, though I love Caesar very much. But why do you keep me here so long? What do you want to tell me? If it's for the good of all Romans, I'd do it even if it meant my death. Let the gods give me good luck only as long as I love honor more than I fear death.</p>
90	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">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 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 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 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in And bade him follow. So indeed he did.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I know this quality in you, Brutus—it's as familiar to me as your face. Indeed, honor is what I want to talk to you about. 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 live to worship a man as ordinary as myself. I was born as free as Caesar. So were you. We both have eaten as well, and we can both endure the cold winter as well as he. Once, on a cold and windy day, when the river Tiber was crashing against its banks, Caesar said to me, "Cassius, I dare you to jump into this rough water with me and swim to that point there." As soon as he spoke, though I was fully dressed, I plunged in and called for him to follow. And he did. The water roared, and we fought against it with vigorous arms. And, thanks to our fierce competitiveness, we made progress. But before we reached the end point, Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I will sink!" And just as Aeneas, the hero who founded Rome, emerged from the fires of Troy with his elderly father Anchises on his</p>
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<p>110</p> <p>115</p>	<p>The torrent roared, and we did buffet it With lusty sinews, throwing it aside 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 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired Caesar. And this man</p>	<p>shoulder, so I emerged from the Tiber carrying the tired Caesar.</p>
<p>120</p> <p>125</p> <p>130</p>	<p>Is now become a god, and Cassius is A wretched creature and must bend his body If Caesar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him, I did mark How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake! His coward lips did from their color fly, And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world Did lose his 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 A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the majestic world And bear the palm alone.</p>	<p>And this is the man who has now become a god, and I'm a wretched creature who must bow down if Caesar so much as carelessly nods my way. In Spain, Caesar had a fever, and it made him shake. It's true, this so-called "god"—he shook. His cowardly lips turned white, and the same eye whose gaze terrifies the world lost its gleam. I heard him groan— yes, I did—and the same tongue that ordered the Romans to obey him and transcribe his speeches in their books cried, "Give me some water, Titinius," like a sick girl. It astounds me that such a weak man could beat the whole world and carry the trophy of victory alone.</p>
	<p><i>Shout within. Flourish</i></p>	<p><i>A shout offstage. Trumpets play.</i></p>
<p>135</p>	<p>BRUTUS Another general shout! I do believe that these applauses are For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.</p>	<p>BRUTUS More shouting! I think this applause is for some new honors awarded to Caesar.</p>
	<p>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.</p>	<p>CASSIUS Why, Caesar straddles the narrow world like a giant, and we petty men walk under his huge legs and look forward only to dying dishonorably, as slaves. Men can be masters of their fate. It is not destiny's fault, but our own faults, that we're</p>

140 145	<p>Men at some time are masters of their fates. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars But in ourselves, that we are underlings. Brutus and Caesar—what should be in that “Caesar”? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name. Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well. Weigh them, it is as heavy. Conjure with ‘em,</p>	<p>slaves. “Brutus” and “Caesar.” What’s so special about “Caesar”? Why should that name be proclaimed more than yours? Write them together—yours is just as good a name. Pronounce them—it is just as nice to say. Weigh them—it’s just as heavy.</p>
	Original Text	Modern Text
150 155 160	<p>“Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Caesar.” Now in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with more than with one man? When could they say till now, that 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, There was a Brutus once that would have brooked Th’ eternal devil to keep his state in Rome As easily as a king.</p>	<p>Cast spells with them, and “Brutus” will call up a ghost as well as “Caesar.” Now, in the name of all the gods, I ask you what food does Caesar eat that has made him grow so great? Our era should be ashamed! Rome has lost the ability to raise noble men! When was there ever an age, since the beginning of time, that didn’t feature more than one famous man? Until now, no one could say that only one man mattered in all of vast Rome. Now, though, in all of Rome, there’s room for only one man. You and I have heard our fathers talk of another Brutus—your ancestor—who would’ve let the devil himself reign in his Roman Republic before he let a king rule.</p>
165 170	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>That you do love me, I am nothing jealous. What you would work me to, I have some aim. How I have thought of this and of these times I shall recount hereafter. For this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be any further moved. What you have said I will consider, what you have to say I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>I have no doubt that you love me. I’m beginning to understand what you want me to do. What I think about this, and about what’s happening here in Rome, I’ll tell you later. For now, don’t try to persuade me anymore—I ask you as a friend. I’ll think over what you’ve said, I’ll listen patiently to whatever else you have to say, and I’ll find a good time for us to discuss further such weighty matters. Until then, my noble friend, think about this: I’d rather be a poor villager than call myself a citizen of Rome under the hard conditions that this time is likely to</p>

175	<p>Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.</p>	<p>put us through.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.</p>	<p>CASSIUS I'm glad that my weak words have provoked even this small show of protest from you.</p>
	<p>Enter CAESAR and his train, which includes CASCA</p>	<p>CAESAR enters with his followers, who include CASCA.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS The games are done and Caesar is returning.</p>	<p>BRUTUS The games are done and Caesar is returning.</p>
180	<p>CASSIUS As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve, And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note today.</p>	<p>CASSIUS As they pass by, grab Casca by the sleeve, and he'll tell you if anything important happened today—in his usual sour way.</p>
185	<p>BRUTUS I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train. 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.</p>	<p>BRUTUS I'll do so. But look, Cassius, Caesar looks angry and everyone else looks as if they've been scolded. Calphurnia's face is pale, and Cicero's eyes are as red and fiery as they get when senators are arguing with him at the Capitol.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS Casca will tell us what the matter is.</p>	<p>CASSIUS Casca will tell us what's the matter.</p>
	<p><i>During the exchange between CAESAR and ANTONY, BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve</i></p>	<p><i>During the exchange between CAESAR and ANTONY, BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve.</i></p>
190	<p>CAESAR Antonio.</p>	<p>CAESAR Antonio!</p>
	<p>ANTONY Caesar.</p>	<p>ANTONY Caesar?</p>

195	<p style="text-align: center;">CAESAR</p> <p><i>(aside to ANTONY)</i> Let me have men about me that are fat, 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.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CAESAR</p> <p><i>(speaking so that only ANTONY can hear)</i> I want the men around me to be fat, healthy-looking men who sleep at night. That Cassius over there has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Men like him are dangerous.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p><i>(aside to CAESAR)</i> Fear him not, Caesar. He's not dangerous. He is a noble Roman and well given.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p><i>(speaking so that only CAESAR can hear)</i> Don't be afraid of him, Caesar. He isn't dangerous. He's a noble Roman with a good disposition.</p>
200 205 210	<p style="text-align: center;">CAESAR</p> <p><i>(aside to ANTONY)</i> Would he were fatter! But I fear him not. Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much. He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays, As thou dost, Antony. He hears no music. Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort As if he 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. 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.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CAESAR</p> <p><i>(speaking so that only ANTONY can hear)</i> I wish he were fatter! But I'm not afraid of him. And yet, if I were capable of fearing anyone, Cassius would be the first man I'd avoid. He reads a lot, he's a keen observer, and he sees the hidden motives in what men do. He doesn't like plays the way you do, Antony. He doesn't listen to music. He rarely smiles, and when he does smile, he does so in a self-mocking way, as if he scorns himself for smiling at all. Men like him will never be comfortable while someone ranks higher than themselves, and therefore they're very dangerous. I'm telling you what should be feared, not what I fear—because after all, I am Caesar. Come over to my right side, because this ear is deaf, and tell me what you really think of Cassius.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his train except CASCA</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Trumpets play. CAESAR exits with all his followers except CASCA.</i></p>
215	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p><i>(to BRUTUS)</i> You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p><i>(to BRUTUS)</i> You tugged on my cloak. Do you want to speak with me?</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath chanced today</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Yes, Casca. Tell us what happened today that put Caesar in</p>

	That Caesar looks so sad.	such a serious mood.
	CASCA Why, you were with him, were you not?	CASCA But you were with him, weren't you?
220	BRUTUS I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.	BRUTUS If I were, I wouldn't need to ask you what happened.
	CASCA Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.	CASCA A crown was offered to him, and 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?	BRUTUS What was the second noise for?
225	CASCA Why, for that too.	CASCA The same thing.
	CASSIUS They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?	CASSIUS They shouted three times. What was the last cry for?
	CASCA Why, for that too.	CASCA For the same thing.
	BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?	BRUTUS The crown was offered to him three times?
	CASCA Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.	CASCA Yes, indeed, it was, and he pushed it away three times, each time more gently than the last; and at each refusal my countrymen shouted.
	CASSIUS Who offered him the crown?	CASSIUS Who offered him the crown?
	CASCA Why, Antony.	CASCA Antony.
	BRUTUS Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.	BRUTUS Tell us how it happened, noble Casca.
	CASCA	CASCA

	<p>I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown (yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets) and, as I told you, he put it by once—but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again, then he put it by again—but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time. He put it the third time by. And still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar—for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.</p>	<p>I can't explain it. It was all silly and so I paid no attention. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—though it wasn't a real crown, just a small circlet—and, as I told you, he refused it once—though in my opinion he would've liked to have it. Then Antony offered it to him again, and he refused it again (though, in my opinion, he was reluctant to take his hand off it). Then Antony offered it the third time. He refused it the third time, and as he refused it the commoners hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty hats, and let loose such a great deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it nearly choked Caesar, because he fainted and fell down. As for myself, I didn't dare laugh, for fear of opening my lips and inhaling the stinking air.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?</p>	<p>CASSIUS But wait a minute, please. Did you say Caesar fainted?</p>
250	<p>CASCA He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.</p>	<p>CASCA He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at the mouth and was speechless.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS 'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.</p>	<p>BRUTUS That's very likely. He has epilepsy, a disease where you fall down.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS No, Caesar hath it not. But you and I And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.</p>	<p>CASSIUS No, Caesar doesn't have epilepsy. You and I, and honest Casca, we have epilepsy—we've fallen.</p>
255	<p>CASCA 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.</p>	<p>CASCA I don't know what you mean by that, but I'm sure Caesar fell down. The rabble applauded and hissed him according to whether he pleased them or displeased them, just like they do to actors in the theater. If they didn't, I'm a liar.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS What said he when he came unto himself?</p>	<p>BRUTUS What did he say when he regained consciousness?</p>
260	<p>CASCA Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. 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. 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.</p>	<p>CASCA Indeed, before he fell down, when he realized the commoners were glad he refused the crown, he pulled open his robe and offered them his throat to cut. If I'd been a common laborer and hadn't taken him up on his offer, to hell with me. And so he fainted. When he regained consciousness again, he said that if he'd done or said anything wrong, he wanted them to know that it was all because of his sickness. Three or four women near me cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But never mind them—if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would've forgiven him.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS And after that he came thus sad away?</p>	<p>BRUTUS And after that he came back here looking so serious?</p>
	<p>CASCA Ay.</p>	<p>CASCA Yes.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p>

	Did Cicero say anything?	Did Cicero say anything?
275	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Ay, he spoke Greek.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Yes, he said something in Greek.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>To what effect?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>What did he say?</p>
	<p>CASCA</p> <p>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 more foolery yet, if I could remember it.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>If I told you I understood Greek, I'd be lying. But those who understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads. As for myself, it was Greek to me. I have more news too. Murellus and Flavius have been punished for pulling scarves off statues of Caesar. There you go. There was even more foolishness, if I could only remember it.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?</p>
285	<p>CASCA</p> <p>No, I am promised forth.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>No, I have a commitment.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Will you dine with me tomorrow?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Will you dine with me tomorrow?</p>
	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Yes, if I'm still alive, and you're still sane, and your dinner is worth eating.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Good. I will expect you.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Good. I'll expect you.</p>
290	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Do so. Farewell both.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Do so. Farewell to you both.</p>
	<p><i>Exit CASCA</i></p>	<p>CASCA <i>exits.</i></p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>What a stupid man he's become! He was so sharp when he was in school.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>So is he now in execution</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>He's still sharp when it comes to carrying out a bold or noble</p>

295	<p>Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.</p>	<p>enterprise, though he puts on this show of stupidity. He speaks roughly, but what he says is smart, and his roughness makes other people enjoy listening to him.</p>
300	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>You're right, that's how it is. I'll leave you for now. If you'd like to talk tomorrow, I'll come to your home. Or, if you don't mind, come to my home, and I'll wait for you.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>I will do so. Till then, think of the world.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>I'll do so. Until then, think about the well-being of Rome.</p>
	<p><i>Exit BRUTUS</i></p>	<p><i>BRUTUS exits.</i></p>
305	<p>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, For who so firm that cannot be seduced? Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.</p>	<p>Well, Brutus, you're noble. Yet I see that your honorable character can be bent from its usual shape, which proves that good men should stick only to the company of other good men, because who is so firm that he can't be seduced? Caesar resents me, but he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now and Brutus were me, I wouldn't have let him influence me.</p>
310	<p>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, As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion</p>	<p>Tonight I'll throw through his window a few letters in different handwriting—as if they came from several citizens—all testifying to the great respect Romans have for Brutus, and all alluding to Caesar's unseemly ambition. And after this, let Caesar brace himself, for we'll either dethrone him or suffer</p>
315	<p>That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at. And after this let Caesar seat him sure, For we will shake him, or worse days endure.</p>	<p>even worse than now.</p>
	<p><i>Exit</i></p>	<p><i>CASSIUS exits.</i></p>

Act 1, Scene 3

<p><i>Thunder and lightning. Enter CASCA and CICERO</i></p>	<p><i>Thunder and lightning. CASCA and CICERO enter.</i></p>
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	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Good evening, Casca. Did you accompany Caesar home? Why are you breathless, and why are you staring like that?</p>
5	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>Are not you moved when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam To be exalted with the threatening clouds, But never till tonight, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>Aren't you disturbed when the earth itself is shaking and swaying as if it were a flimsy thing? Cicero, I've seen storms in which the angry winds split old oak trees, and I've seen the ocean swell, rage, and foam, as if it wanted to reach the storm clouds, but never before tonight, never until now, have I experienced a storm that drops fire. Either there are wars in heaven, or else the world, too insolent toward the gods, provokes them to send destruction.</p>
10		
	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Why, saw you anything more wonderful?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>What—have you seen something so strange that it is clearly an omen from the gods?</p>
15	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>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— Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glared upon me and went surly by, Without annoying me. And there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>A common slave—you'd know him if you saw him—held up his left hand, which flamed and burned like twenty torches together. And yet his hand was immune to the fire and didn't get burned. Also—I've kept my sword unsheathed since I saw this—in front of the Capitol I met a lion who looked at me and strutted by without bothering to attack me. And there were a hundred spooked women huddled together in fear who swore they saw men on fire walk up and down the streets.</p>
20		
25		
	<p>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, "These are their reasons. They are natural." For I believe they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.</p>	<p>And yesterday the night owl sat hooting and shrieking in the marketplace at noon. When all these extraordinary things happen at once, we shouldn't say, "These happenings can be explained rationally. They're natural enough." I think these things are omens of things to come in our country.</p>
30		
	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time. But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Indeed, it's a strange time. But men tend to interpret things however suits them and totally miss the actual meaning of the things themselves. Is Caesar visiting the Capitol tomorrow?</p>
35		
	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>He doth, for he did bid Antonius Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>He is, because he told Antonius to tell you he'd be there tomorrow.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Good night then, Casca. This disturbèd sky Is not to walk in.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CICERO</p> <p>Good night then, Casca. This bad weather isn't good to walk around in.</p>
40		
	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p>

	Farewell, Cicero.	Farewell, Cicero
	<i>Exit CICERO</i>	<i>CICERO exits.</i>
	<i>Enter CASSIUS</i>	<i>CASSIUS enters.</i>
	CASSIUS Who's there?	CASSIUS Who's there?
	CASCA A Roman.	CASCA A Roman.
	CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.	CASSIUS It's Casca—I know your voice.
	CASCA Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!	CASCA Your ear is good. Cassius, what a night this is!
	CASSIUS A very pleasing night to honest men.	CASSIUS It's a very pleasing night to honest men.
45	CASCA Who ever knew the heavens menace so?	CASCA Who ever saw the heavens threaten like this?
50	CASSIUS Those that have known the earth so full of faults. For my part, I have walked about the streets, 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 Even in the aim and very flash of it.	CASSIUS Those who have known how bad things are here on earth. I have walked around the streets, exposing myself to the perilous night, unbuttoned like this, as you see, Casca, baring my chest to the thunderbolt. When the forked blue lightning seemed to break open the sky, I put myself right where I thought it would hit.
55	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 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.	CASCA But why did you tempt the heavens like that? Mankind's role is to fear and tremble when the almighty gods send warning signals.
60	CASSIUS 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. But if you would consider the true cause Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts, 65 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind, Why old men fool and children calculate, Why all these things change from their ordinance Their natures and preformèd faculties 70 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. Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man Most like this dreadful night, 75 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars	CASSIUS You're acting stupid, Casca, and you lack the quick wits that a Roman should have—or else you don't use them. You go pale, you stare, and you act in awe of the strange disturbance in the heavens. But if you thought about the real reason for all these fires, all these gliding ghosts, for why birds and animals abandon their natural behavior, why old men, fools, and children make predictions, why all sorts of things have departed from the usual course of their natures and become monstrosities, then you'd understand that heaven had them act this way so they would serve as frightening warnings of an unnatural state to come. Right this minute, Casca, I could name a man who's just like this dreadful night. A man who thunders, throws lightning, splits open graves, and roars like the lion in the Capitol.

	As doth the lion in the Capitol—	
	A man no mightier than thyself or me In personal action, yet prodigious grown, And fearful as these strange eruptions are.	A man no mightier than you or I in ability, yet grown as huge and frightening as tonight's strange happenings.
80	CASCA 'Tis Caesar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?	CASCA You're talking about Caesar, right, Cassius?
85	CASSIUS Let it be who it is. For Romans now Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors, But—woe the while!—our fathers' minds are dead, And we are governed with our mothers' spirits. Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.	CASSIUS Let it be who it is. Romans today still have the powerful bodies of their ancestors, but, unfortunately, we don't have their manly spirits, and instead we take after our mothers. Our tolerance for slavery and oppression shows us to be weak, like women.
	CASCA Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow Mean to establish Caesar as a king, And he shall wear his crown by sea and land In every place save here in Italy.	CASCA Indeed, they say that the senators plan to establish Caesar as a king tomorrow, and he'll wear his crown at sea and on land everywhere except here in Italy.
90	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.	CASSIUS I know where I'll wear this dagger, then. I'll kill myself to save myself from slavery. In suicide, gods make the weak strong. In suicide, gods allow tyrants to be defeated. No stony tower, no brass walls, no airless dungeon, no iron chains can contain a strong mind. But if a man becomes weary of these obstacles, he can always kill himself. Let everyone beware: I can shake off the tyranny that now oppresses me whenever I choose.
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.	
100	But life, being weary of these worldly bars, Never lacks power to dismiss itself. If I know this, know all the world besides, That part of tyranny that I do bear I can shake off at pleasure.	
	<i>Thunder still</i>	<i>Thunder continues.</i>
	CASCA So can I. So every bondman in his own hand bears The power to cancel his captivity.	CASCA So can I. In fact, every imprisoned man holds in his own hand the tool to free himself.
105	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. 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	CASSIUS How can Caesar be a tyrant then? Poor man! I know he wouldn't be a wolf if the Romans didn't act like sheep. He couldn't be a lion if the Romans weren't such easy prey. People who want to start a big fire quickly start with little twigs. Rome becomes complete trash, nothing but rubbish and garbage, when it works to light up the ambitions of someone as worthless as Caesar. But, oh no! What have I said in my grief? I might be speaking to someone who <i>wants</i> to be a slave, in which case I'll be held accountable for my words. But I'm armed and I don't care about danger.
110	For the base matter to illuminate So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this Before a willing bondman. Then I know My answer must be made. But I am armed, And dangers are to me indifferent.	
115		

120	<p>CASCA</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>You're talking to Casca, not to some smiling, two-faced tattletale. Say no more. Shake my hand. If you're joining together to right these wrongs, I'll go as far as any one of you.</p>
125	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>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. 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, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>That's a deal. Now let me tell you, Casca, I have already convinced some of the noblest Romans to join me in an honorable but dangerous mission. And I know that by now they're waiting for me on the porch outside Pompey's theater. We're meeting on this fearful night because no one is out on the streets. The sky tonight looks bloody, fiery, and terrible, just like the work we have to do.</p>
130	<p><i>Enter CINNA</i></p>	<p><i>CINNA enters.</i></p>
	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.</p>	<p>CASCA</p> <p>Hide for a minute—someone's approaching fast.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>'Tis Cinna. I do know him by his gait. He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>It's Cinna. I recognize his walk. He's a friend. Cinna, where are you going in such a hurry?</p>
135	<p>CINNA</p> <p>To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?</p>	<p>CINNA</p> <p>To find you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>No, it is Casca, one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>No, it's Casca, someone who's going to work with us. Aren't the others waiting for me, Cinna?</p>
	<p>CINNA</p> <p>I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.</p>	<p>CINNA</p> <p>I'm glad Casca is with us. What a fearful night this is! Two or three of us have seen strange things.</p>
140	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Am I not stayed for? Tell me.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Are the others waiting? Tell me.</p>
	<p>CINNA</p> <p>Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could But win the noble Brutus to our party—</p>	<p>CINNA</p> <p>Yes, they are. Oh, Cassius, if you could only convince Brutus to join us—</p>
145	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper, And look you lay it in the praetor's chair Where Brutus may but find it. And throw this In at his window. Set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Don't worry. Good Cinna, take this paper and be sure to lay it in the judge's chair where Brutus sits, so he'll find it. And throw this one in his window, and attach this one with wax to the statue of Brutus's ancestor, old Brutus. When you've finished all this, return to the porch of Pompey's theater, where you'll find us. Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?</p>
150	<p>CINNA</p> <p>All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone</p>	<p>CINNA</p> <p>Everyone's there except Metellus Cimber, and he's gone to</p>

	To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.	look for you at your house. Well, I'll hurry and put these papers where you told me.
	CASSIUS That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.	CASSIUS When you've finished, go back to Pompey's theater.
	<i>Exit CINNA</i>	<i>CINNA exits.</i>
155	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.	Come on, Casca, you and I will go see Brutus at his house before sunrise. He's three-quarters on our side already, and we'll win him over entirely at this meeting.
160	CASCA 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.	CASCA Oh, the people love him well. Things that would look bad if we did them, Brutus could do and look virtuous—just like an alchemist turns worthless tin to gold.
165	CASSIUS 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.	CASSIUS Yes, you're absolutely right about how worthy Brutus is and how much we need him. Let's go, because it's already after midnight, and we want him on our side before daylight.
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

Act 2, Scene 1

	<i>Enter BRUTUS in his orchard</i>	<i>BRUTUS enters in his orchard.</i>
5	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.— When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!	BRUTUS Lucius, are you there? I can't tell by the position of the stars how near it is to daybreak—Lucius, are you there? I wish I had that weakness, to sleep too soundly. Come on, Lucius! Wake up, I say! Lucius!
	<i>Enter LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS enters.</i>
	LUCIUS Called you, my lord?	LUCIUS Did you call me, my lord?
	BRUTUS Get me a taper in my study, Lucius. When it is lighted, come and call me here.	BRUTUS Put a candle in my study, Lucius. Call me when it's lit.
	LUCIUS I will, my lord.	LUCIUS I will, my lord.
	<i>Exit LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS exits.</i>
10	BRUTUS It must be by his death, and for my part I know no personal cause to spurn at him But for the general. He would be crowned. How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,	BRUTUS The only way is to kill Caesar. I have no personal reason to strike at him—only the best interest of the people. He wants to be crowned. The question is, how would being king change him? Evil can come from good, just as poisonous snakes tend to come out into the open on bright sunny days—which means we have to walk carefully. If we crown him, I have to admit

15	And then I grant we put a sting in him That at his will he may do danger with.	we'd be giving him the power to do damage.
20	Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections swayed More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber upward turns his face. But when he once attains the upmost round,	Rulers abuse their power when they separate it from compassion. To be honest, I've never known Caesar to let his emotions get the better of his reason. But everyone knows that an ambitious young man uses humility to advance himself, but when he reaches the top, he turns his back on his supporters and reaches for the skies while scorning those who helped him get where he is. Caesar might act like that. Therefore, in case
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	he does, we must hold him back. And since our quarrel is with his future behavior, not what he does now, I must frame the argument like this: if his position is furthered, his character will fulfill these predictions. And therefore we should liken him to a
30	Will bear no color for the thing he is, 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.	serpent's egg—once it has hatched, it becomes dangerous, like all serpents. Thus we must kill him while he's still in the shell.
	<i>Enter LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS enters.</i>
35	LUCIUS The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure It did not lie there when I went to bed. <i>(gives him a letter)</i>	LUCIUS The candle is burning in your study, sir. While I was looking for a flint to light it, I found this paper on the window, sealed up like this, and I'm sure it wasn't there when I went to bed. <i>(he gives BRUTUS the letter)</i>
40	BRUTUS Get you to bed again. It is not day. Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?	BRUTUS Go back to bed. It isn't daybreak yet. Is tomorrow the 15th of March, boy?
	LUCIUS I know not, sir.	LUCIUS I don't know, sir.
	BRUTUS Look in the calendar and bring me word.	BRUTUS Check the calendar and come tell me.
	LUCIUS I will, sir.	LUCIUS I will, sir.
	<i>Exit LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS exits.</i>
45	BRUTUS The exhalations whizzing in the air Give so much light that I may read by them. <i>(opens the letter and reads)</i> "Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself. Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!" "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?	The meteors whizzing in the sky are so bright that I can read by them. <i>(he opens the letter and reads)</i> "Brutus, you're sleeping. Wake up and look at yourself. Is Rome going to ... etc. Speak, strike, fix the wrongs!" "Brutus, you're sleeping. Wake up." I've noticed many such calls to action left where I would find them. "Is Rome going to ... etc." What does this mean? Will Rome submit to one man's power? My ancestors drove Tarquin from the streets of Rome when he was pronounced a king. "Speak, strike, fix it!" Is this asking me to speak and strike? Oh, Rome, I promise you, if you're meant to receive justice, you'll receive it by my hand!
50		
55	My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.	

60	<p>—“Speak, strike, redress!” Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise, If the redress will follow, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!</p>	
	<i>Enter LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS enters.</i>
	<p>LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.</p>	<p>LUCIUS Sir, fifteen days of March have gone by.</p>
	<i>Knock within</i>	<i>The sound of a knock offstage.</i>
	<p>BRUTUS 'Tis good. Go to the gate. Somebody knocks.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Good. Go to the gate. Somebody's knocking.</p>
	<i>Exit LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS exits.</i>
	<p>Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept.</p>	<p>I haven't slept since Cassius first began to turn me against Caesar.</p>
65	<p>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,</p>	<p>From the time when you decide to do something terrible to the moment you do it, everything feels unreal, like a horrible dream. The unconscious and the body work together and rebel against the conscious mind.</p>
70	<p>Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.</p>	
	<i>Enter LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS enters.</i>
	<p>LUCIUS Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you.</p>	<p>LUCIUS Sir, it's your brother-in-law Cassius at the door. He wants to see you.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Is he alone?</p>	<p>BRUTUS Is he alone?</p>
	<p>LUCIUS No, sir, there are more with him.</p>	<p>LUCIUS No, sir. There are others with him.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Do you know them?</p>	<p>BRUTUS Do you know them?</p>
75	<p>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 By any mark of favor.</p>	<p>LUCIUS No, sir, their hats are pulled down over their ears and their faces are half buried under their cloaks, so there's no way to tell who they are.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Let 'em enter.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Let them in.</p>
	<i>Exit LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS exits.</i>
80	<p>They are the faction. O conspiracy, Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night When evils are most free? O, then by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy. Hide it in smiles and affability.</p>	<p>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 free? 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.</p>

85	For if thou path, thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.	If you went ahead and exposed your true face, Hell itself wouldn't be dark enough to keep you from being found and stopped.
	<i>Enter the conspirators: CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS</i>	<i>The conspirators—CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS—enter.</i>
	CASSIUS I think we are too bold upon your rest. Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?	CASSIUS I'm afraid we're intruding too boldly on your sleep time. Good morning, Brutus. Are we bothering you?
90	BRUTUS I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you?	BRUTUS I was awake. I've been up all night. Do I know these men who are with you?
95	CASSIUS 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.	CASSIUS Yes, every one of them. There isn't one of them who doesn't admire you, and each one of them wishes you had as high an opinion of yourself as every noble Roman has of you. This is Trebonius.
	BRUTUS He is welcome hither.	BRUTUS He's welcome here.
	CASSIUS This, Decius Brutus.	CASSIUS This is Decius Brutus.
	BRUTUS He is welcome too.	BRUTUS He's welcome too.
	CASSIUS This, Casca. This, Cinna. And this, Metellus Cimber.	CASSIUS This is Casca. This is Cinna. And this is Metellus Cimber.
100	BRUTUS They are all welcome. What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?	BRUTUS They're all welcome. What worries have kept you awake tonight?
	CASSIUS Shall I entreat a word?	CASSIUS Can I have a word with you?
	<i>BRUTUS and CASSIUS withdraw and whisper</i>	<i>BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper together.</i>
	DECIUS Here lies the east. Doth not the day break here?	DECIUS Here's the east. Won't the dawn come from here?
105	CASCA No.	CASCA No.
	CINNA O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.	CINNA Excuse me, sir, it will. These gray lines that lace the clouds are the beginnings of the dawn.
110	CASCA You shall confess that you are both deceived. <i>(points his sword)</i> 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	CASCA You're both wrong. <i>(pointing his sword)</i> Here, where I point my sword, the sun rises. It's quite near the south, since it's still winter. About two months from now, the dawn will break further toward the north, and due east is where the Capitol stands, here.

115	He first presents his fire, and the high east Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.	
	BRUTUS <i>(comes forward with CASSIUS)</i> Give me your hands all over, one by one. <i>(shakes their hands)</i>	BRUTUS <i>(coming forward with CASSIUS)</i> Give me your hands, all of you, one by one. <i>(he shakes their hands)</i>
	CASSIUS And let us swear our resolution.	CASSIUS And let us swear to our resolution.
120	BRUTUS No, not an oath. If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed. So let high-sighted tyranny range on	BRUTUS No, let's not swear an oath. If the sad faces of our fellow men, the suffering of our own souls, and the corruption of the present time aren't enough to motivate us, let's break it off now and each of us go back to bed. Then we can let this ambitious tyrant continue unchallenged until each of us is killed at his whim. But if we have reasons that are strong enough to ignite
125	Till each man drop by lottery. But if these— 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	cowards into action and to make weak women brave—and I think we do—then, countrymen, what else could we possibly need to spur us to action? What bond do we need other than that of discreet Romans who have said what they're going to do and won't back down? And what oath do we need other than that we honest men have told each other that this will happen or we will die trying? Swearing is for priests, cowards, overly cautious men, feeble old people, and those long-
130	To prick us to redress? What other bond 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?	suffering weaklings who welcome abuse. Only men whom you wouldn't trust anyway would swear oaths, and for the worst reasons. Don't spoil the justness and virtue of our endeavor nor weaken our own irrepressible spirits by thinking that we need a binding oath, when the blood that every noble Roman contains within him would be proven bastard's blood if he broke the smallest part of any promise he had made.
135	Swear priests and cowards and men cautious, 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,	
140	Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or 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	
145	If he do break the smallest particle 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.	CASSIUS But what about Cicero? Should we see what he thinks? I think he will stand strong with us.
	CASCA Let us not leave him out.	CASCA Let's not leave him out.
	CINNA No, by no means.	CINNA No, by no means.
150	METELLUS O, let us have him, for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion And buy men's voices to commend our deeds. It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands. Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.	METELLUS Yes, we should get his support, for his mature presence will make others think well of us and speak out in support of our actions. They'll assume that Cicero, with his sound judgment, ordered the actions. His dignified maturity will distract attention from our youth and wildness.
155		

	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>O, name him not. Let us not break with him, For he will never follow anything That other men begin.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>No, don't even mention him. We shouldn't tell him about our plans. He'll never follow anything that other men have started.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Then leave him out.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Then leave him out.</p>
160	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>Indeed he is not fit.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASCA</p> <p>Indeed, he's not right for this.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">DECIUS</p> <p>Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DECIUS</p> <p>But should we only go after Caesar? No one else?</p>
165	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him A shrewd contriver. And, you know, his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all; which to prevent, Let Antony and Caesar fall together.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Good point, Decius. I don't think it would be wise to let Mark Antony, whom Caesar is so fond of, outlive Caesar. We'd find that he was a dangerous plotter. And as you know, his connections, if he put them to good use, might be enough to hurt us all. To prevent this, Mark Antony should die along with Caesar.</p>
170	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>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, 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. 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 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 When Caesar's head is off.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Our action will seem too bloody if we cut off Caesar's head and then hack at his arms and legs too, Caius Cassius—because Mark Antony is merely one of Caesar's arms. It'll look like we killed Caesar out of anger and Mark Antony out of envy. Let's be sacrificers but not butchers, Caius. We're all against what Caesar stands for, and there's no blood in that. Oh, how I wish we could oppose Caesar's spirit—his overblown ambition—and not hack up Caesar himself! But, unfortunately, Caesar has to bleed if we're going to stop him. Noble friends, let's kill him boldly but not with anger. Let's carve him up like a dish fit for the gods, not chop him up like a carcass fit for dogs. Let's be angry only long enough to do the deed, and then let's act like we're disgusted by what we had to do. This will make our actions seem practical and not vengeful. If we appear calm to the people, they'll call us surgeons rather than murderers. As for Mark Antony—forget him. He'll be as useless as Caesar's arm after Caesar's head is cut off.</p>
175		
180		
185		
190		
	Original Text	Modern Text
	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Yet I fear him. For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>But I'm still afraid of him, because the deep-rooted love he has for Caesar—</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him. If he love Caesar, all that he can do Is to himself: take thought and die for Caesar.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Alas, good Cassius, don't think about him. If he loves Caesar, then he can only hurt himself—by grieving and dying for Caesar. And I'd be surprised if he even did that, for he prefers</p>

195	And that were much he should, for he is given To sports, to wildness and much company.	sports, fun, and friends.
	TREBONIUS There is no fear in him. Let him not die, For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.	TREBONIUS There's nothing to fear in him. Let's not kill him. He'll live and laugh at this afterward.
	<i>Clock strikes</i>	<i>A clock strikes.</i>
	BRUTUS Peace! Count the clock.	BRUTUS Quiet! Count how many times the clock chimes.
200	CASSIUS The clock hath stricken three.	CASSIUS The clock struck three.
	TREBONIUS 'Tis time to part.	TREBONIUS It's time to leave.
205	CASSIUS But it is doubtful yet Whether Caesar will come forth today or no. 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, And the persuasion of his augurers May hold him from the Capitol today.	CASSIUS But we still don't know whether Caesar will go out in public today or not, because he's become superstitious lately, a complete turnaround from when he used to have such a bad opinion of fortune-tellers, dream interpreters, and ritual mumbo-jumbo. It might happen that these strange signs, the unusual terror of this night, and the urgings of his fortune- tellers will keep him away from the Capitol today.
210	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, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.	DECIUS Don't worry about that. If he's reluctant, I can convince him. He loves to hear me tell him how men can be snared by flatterers, just like unicorns can be captured in trees, elephants in holes, and lions with nets. When I tell him he hates flatterers, he agrees, just at the moment when I'm flattering him the most.
215	But when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flatterèd. Let me work. For I can give his humor the true bent, And I will bring him to the Capitol.	Let me work on him. I can put him in the right mood, and I'll bring him to the Capitol.
	Original Text	Modern Text
220	CASSIUS Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.	CASSIUS No, we'll all go there to bring him.
	BRUTUS By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermost?	BRUTUS By eight o'clock. Is that the latest we can do it?
	CINNA Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.	CINNA Let's make that the latest, but be sure to get there before then.
225	METELLUS Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey. I wonder none of you have thought of him.	METELLUS Caius Ligarius doesn't like Caesar, who berated him for speaking well of Pompey. I wonder that none of you thought about getting his support.
	BRUTUS Now, good Metellus, go along by him.	BRUTUS Good Metellus, go to him now. He likes me, and I've given him

	<p>He loves me well, and I have given him reasons. Send him but hither and I'll fashion him.</p>	<p>good reason to. Just send him here, and I'll persuade him.</p>
230	<p>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.</p>	<p>CASSIUS The morning is approaching. We'll leave, Brutus. Friends, go your separate ways. But all of you, remember what you've said and prove yourselves true Romans.</p>
235	<p>BRUTUS Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily. Let not our looks put on our purposes, But bear it as our Roman actors do, With untired spirits and formal constancy. And so good morrow to you every one.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Good gentlemen, look like you're rested and happy. Don't let our faces betray our plans. Instead, carry yourselves like Roman actors, with cheerful spirits and well-composed faces. And so, good morning to all of you.</p>
	<p><i>Exeunt. Manet BRUTUS</i></p>	<p><i>Everyone except BRUTUS exits.</i></p>
240	<p>Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter. 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.</p>	<p>Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? Well, enjoy the sweetness of deep sleep. Your brain isn't stuffed with the strange shapes and fantasies that come to men who are overwhelmed by worries. That's why you sleep so soundly.</p>
	<p><i>Enter PORTIA</i></p>	<p><i>PORTIA enters.</i></p>
	<p>PORTIA Brutus, my lord.</p>	<p>PORTIA Brutus, my lord.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now? It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw, cold morning.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Portia, what are you doing awake? It isn't good for your health to expose your weak body to the raw, cold morning.</p>
245	<p>PORTIA Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed. And yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose and walked about, Musing and sighing, with your arms across, And when I asked you what the matter was, You stared upon me with ungentle looks. I urged you further, then you scratched your head And too impatiently stamped with your foot. Yet I insisted; yet you answered not, But with an angry wafture of your hand Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal Hoping it was but an effect of 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 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.</p>	<p>PORTIA It's not good for your health, either. You rudely snuck out of bed. And last night at dinner, you got up abruptly and paced back and forth with your arms crossed, brooding and sighing, and when I asked you what was the matter, you gave me a dirty look. I asked you again, and you scratched your head and stamped your foot impatiently. I still insisted on knowing what the matter was, but you wouldn't answer me, instead giving me an angry wave of your hand and telling me to leave you alone. So I left, afraid of further provoking anger that was already inflamed but still hoping this was merely moodiness, which everyone is affected by once in awhile. Your strange mood won't let you eat or talk or sleep. If it had changed your outward appearance as much as it has affected you on the inside, I wouldn't even be able to recognize you, Brutus. My dear lord, tell me what's bothering you.</p>
260		
265	<p>BRUTUS I am not well in health, and that is all.</p>	<p>BRUTUS I'm not feeling well—that's all.</p>

	PORTIA Brutus is wise, and were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.	PORTIA You're smart, though, and if you were sick, you'd take what you needed to get better.
	BRUTUS Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.	BRUTUS I'm doing so. Good Portia, go to bed.
270	PORTIA Is Brutus sick? And is it physical To walk unbracèd and suck up the humors Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick, 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, Which by the right and virtue of my place I ought to know of. <i>(kneels)</i> And upon my knees	PORTIA Are you sick? And is it healthy to walk uncovered and breathe in the dampness of the morning? You're sick, yet you sneak out of your warm bed and let the humid and disease-infested air make you sicker? No, my Brutus, you have some sickness within your mind, which by virtue of my position I deserve to know about. <i>(she kneels)</i> And on my knees, I urge you, by my once-praised beauty, by all your vows of love and that great vow of marriage which made the two of us one person, that you should reveal to me, who is one half of yourself, why you're troubled and what men have visited you tonight. For there were six or seven men here, who hid their faces even in the darkness.
275	I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, By all your vows of love and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one That you unfold to me, 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 Even from darkness.	
280	BRUTUS Kneel not, gentle Portia.	
285	BRUTUS Kneel not, gentle Portia.	BRUTUS Don't kneel, noble Portia.
290	PORTIA <i>(rising)</i> I should not need if you were gentle, Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes?	PORTIA <i>(getting up)</i> I wouldn't need to if you were acting nobly. Tell me, Brutus, as your wife, aren't I supposed to be told the secrets that concern you? Am I part of you only in a limited sense—I get to have dinner with you, sleep with you, and talk to you sometimes?
295	Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.	Is my place only on the outskirts of your happiness? If it's nothing more than 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.	BRUTUS You're my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as the blood that runs through my sad heart.
300	PORTIA If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife. I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.	PORTIA If that were true, then I'd know your secret. I admit I'm only a woman, but nevertheless I'm the woman Lord Brutus took for his wife. I admit I'm only a woman, but I'm still a woman from a noble family—I'm Cato's daughter. Do you really think I'm no stronger than the rest of my sex, with such a father and such a husband? Tell me your secrets. I won't betray them. I've proved my trustworthiness by giving myself a voluntary wound
305	Think you I am no stronger than my sex, Being so fathered and so husbanded?	

310	<p>Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose 'em. I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience, And not my husband's secrets?</p>	<p>here in my thigh. If I can bear that pain, then I can bear my husband's secrets.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife!</p>	<p>BRUTUS Oh, gods, make me worthy of this noble wife!</p>
	<p><i>Knock within</i></p>	<p><i>A knocking sound offstage.</i></p>
315	<p>Hark, hark! One knocks. Portia, go in awhile. 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.</p>	<p>Listen! Someone knocks. Portia, go inside awhile, and soon enough you'll share the secrets of my heart. I'll explain all that I have committed to do and all the reasons for my sad face. Leave me quickly.</p>
	<p><i>Exit PORTIA</i></p>	<p><i>PORTIA exits.</i></p>
	<p>Lucius, who's that knocking?</p>	<p>Lucius, who's that knocking?</p>
	<p><i>Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS</i></p>	<p><i>LUCIUS and LIGARIUS enter. Ligarius wears a cloth wrapped around his head, indicating that he's sick.</i></p>
320	<p>LUCIUS He is a sick man that would speak with you.</p>	<p>LUCIUS Here's a sick man who wants to speak with you.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.— Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius, how?</p>	<p>BRUTUS It's Caius Ligarius, whom Metellus spoke of. Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! How are you?</p>
	<p>LIGARIUS Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.</p>	<p>LIGARIUS Please accept my feeble "good morning."</p>
325	<p>BRUTUS O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!</p>	<p>BRUTUS Oh, what a time you've chosen to be sick, brave Caius! How I wish you felt better!</p>
	<p>LIGARIUS I am not sick if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honor.</p>	<p>LIGARIUS I'm not sick if you've prepared some honorable exploit for me.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Indeed, I would have such an exploit for you, Ligarius, if you were healthy enough to hear it.</p>
330	<p>LIGARIUS <i>(removes his kerchief)</i> By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome, Brave son derived from honorable loins, Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up</p>	<p>LIGARIUS <i>(takes off his head covering)</i> By all the gods that Romans worship, I hereby throw off my sickness! Soul of Rome! Brave son of honorable ancestors! You've conjured up my deadened spirit like an exorcist. Now say the word, and I will tackle all kinds of impossible things, and succeed too. What is there to do?</p>
335	<p>My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible, Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?</p>	
	<p>BRUTUS A piece of work that will make sick men whole.</p>	<p>BRUTUS A deed that will make sick men healthy.</p>

	<p>LIGARIUS But are not some whole that we must make sick?</p>	<p>LIGARIUS But aren't there some healthy men whom we have to make sick?</p>
340	<p>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.</p>	<p>BRUTUS That too. My dear Caius, I'll explain the task at hand to you as we walk toward the man we must do it to.</p>
345	<p>LIGARIUS 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.</p>	<p>LIGARIUS Start walking, and with an energized heart, I'll follow you—to what, I don't know, but I'm satisfied, simply knowing that Brutus leads me.</p>
	<i>Thunder</i>	<i>Thunder.</i>
	<p>BRUTUS Follow me, then.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Follow me, then.</p>
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>

Act 2, Scene 2

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<i>Thunder and lightning Enter Julius CAESAR in his nightgown</i>	<i>Thunder and lightning. CAESAR enters in his nightgown.</i>
	<p>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?</p>	<p>CAESAR Neither the sky nor the earth have been quiet tonight. Calphurnia cried out three times in her sleep, "Help, someone! They're murdering Caesar!" Who's there?</p>
	<i>Enter a SERVANT</i>	<i>A SERVANT enters.</i>
	<p>SERVANT My lord.</p>	<p>SERVANT My lord?</p>
5	<p>CAESAR Go bid the priests do present sacrifice And bring me their opinions of success.</p>	<p>CAESAR Go tell the priests to perform a sacrifice immediately, and bring me their interpretation of the results.</p>
	<p>SERVANT I will, my lord.</p>	<p>SERVANT I will, my lord.</p>
	<i>Exit SERVANT</i>	<i>The SERVANT exits.</i>
	<i>Enter CALPHURNIA</i>	<i>CALPHURNIA enters.</i>
	<p>CALPHURNIA What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house today.</p>	<p>CALPHURNIA What are you doing, Caesar? Are you planning to go out? You're not leaving the house today.</p>
10	<p>CAESAR Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me Ne'er looked but on my back. When they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished.</p>	<p>CAESAR I will go out. The things that threaten me have only seen my back. When they see the face of Caesar, they will vanish.</p>

15	<p>CALPHURNIA</p> <p>Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets, And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.</p>	<p>CALPHURNIA</p> <p>Caesar, I never believed in omens, but now they frighten me. A servant told me the night-watchmen saw horrid sights too, but different ones from what we heard and saw. A lioness gave birth in the streets, and graves cracked open and thrust out their dead.</p>
20	<p>Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds 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.</p>	<p>Fierce, fiery warriors fought in the clouds in the usual formations of war—ranks and squadrons—until the clouds drizzled blood onto the Capitol. The noise of battle filled the air, and horses neighed, and dying men groaned, and ghosts shrieked and squealed in the streets. Oh, Caesar! These things are beyond anything we've seen before, and I'm afraid.</p>
25	<p>O Caesar! These things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.</p>	
	<p>CAESAR</p> <p>What can be avoided Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth, for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Caesar.</p>	<p>CAESAR</p> <p>How can we avoid what the gods want to happen? But I will go out, for these bad omens apply to the world in general as much as they do to me.</p>
30	<p>CALPHURNIA</p> <p>When beggars die there are no comets seen. The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.</p>	<p>CALPHURNIA</p> <p>When beggars die there are no comets in the sky. The heavens only announce the deaths of princes.</p>
35	<p>CAESAR</p> <p>Cowards die many times before their deaths. The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear, Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.</p>	<p>CAESAR</p> <p>Cowards die many times before their deaths. The brave experience death only once. Of all the strange things I've ever heard, it seems most strange to me that men fear death, given that death, which can't be avoided, will come whenever it wants.</p>
	<i>Enter SERVANT</i>	<i>The SERVANT enters.</i>
	What say the augurers?	What do the priests say?
40	<p>SERVANT</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>SERVANT</p> <p>They don't want you to go out today. They pulled out the guts of the sacrificed animal and couldn't find its heart.</p>
	<p>CAESAR</p> <p>The gods do this in shame of cowardice. Caesar should be a beast without a heart If he should stay at home today for fear. No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well</p>	<p>CAESAR</p> <p>The gods do this to test my bravery. They're saying I'd be an animal without a heart if I stayed home today out of fear. So, I won't.</p>
45	<p>That Caesar is more dangerous than he. We are two lions littered in one day, And I the elder and more terrible. And Caesar shall go forth.</p>	<p>Danger knows that Caesar is more dangerous than he is. We're two lions born on the same day in the same litter, and I'm the older and more terrible. I will go out.</p>
	<p>CALPHURNIA</p> <p>Alas, my lord, Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.</p>	<p>CALPHURNIA</p> <p>Alas, my lord, your confidence is getting the better of your wisdom. Don't go out today. Say that it's my fear that keeps</p>

50	<p>Do not go forth today. Call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house, And he shall say you are not well today. (<i>kneels</i>) Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.</p>	<p>you inside and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house, and he'll say that you're sick today. (<i>she kneels</i>) Let me, on my knees, win you over to this plan.</p>
55	<p>CAESAR Mark Antony shall say I am not well, And for thy humor I will stay at home.</p>	<p>CAESAR All right. Mark Antony will say I'm not well, and to please you I'll stay at home.</p>
	CALPHURNIA rises	CALPHURNIA gets up.
	Enter DECIUS	DECIUS enters.
	Here's Decius Brutus. He shall tell them so.	Here's Decius Brutus. He'll tell them so.
	<p>DECIUS Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar. I come to fetch you to the senate house.</p>	<p>DECIUS Hail, Caesar! Good morning, worthy Caesar. I've come to take you to the senate house.</p>
60	<p>CAESAR And you are come in very happy time To bear my greeting to the senators And tell them that I will not come today. "Cannot" is false, and that I dare not, falser. I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.</p>	<p>CAESAR And you've come at a good time, so you can convey my greetings to the senators and tell them I won't come today. It wouldn't be true to say that I <i>can't</i> come, and even less true to say that I don't <i>dare</i> come. I simply <i>won't</i> come today. Tell them so, Decius.</p>
65	<p>CALPHURNIA Say he is sick.</p>	<p>CALPHURNIA Say he's sick.</p>
	<p>CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?</p>	<p>CAESAR Would I send a lie? Have I accomplished so much in battle, but now I'm afraid to tell some old men the truth?</p>
	Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.	Decius, go tell them that Caesar won't come.
70	<p>DECIUS Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.</p>	<p>DECIUS Most mighty Caesar, give me some reason, so I won't be laughed at when I tell them so.</p>
75	<p>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. 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.</p>	<p>CAESAR The reason is that it's what I want. I'm not coming. That's enough for the senate. But for your private satisfaction, because I love you, I'll tell you. Calphurnia, my wife, is keeping me at home. Last night, she dreamed she saw a statue of me with a hundred holes in it, like a fountain with pure blood flowing from it, and many happy Romans came smiling and washed their hands in it. She takes these signs for warnings and predictions of terrible evils to come, and, on her knee, she begged me to stay home today.</p>
80	<p>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.</p>	
85	<p>DECIUS This dream is all amiss interpreted. It was a vision fair and fortunate. Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,</p>	<p>DECIUS This dream has been interpreted all wrong. It was a good and lucky vision. Your statue spouting blood through many holes, in which many smiling Romans bathed, means that you'll</p>

90	In which so many smiling Romans bathed, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood, and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.	provide great Rome with sustaining blood, and that great men will strive to get some token of approval from your holy blood. This is what Calphurnia's dream means.
	CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it.	CAESAR You've offered an excellent interpretation.
	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.	DECIUS I will have when you hear the rest of what I have to say. The senate has decided to give mighty Caesar a crown today.
	Original Text	Modern Text
95	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." 100 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.	If you send them word that you won't come, they might change their minds. Besides, someone's likely to joke, "Adjourn the senate until some other time, when Caesar's wife has had better dreams." If you hide yourself, won't they whisper, "Caesar is afraid?" Pardon me, Caesar. My high hopes for your advancement force me to tell you this. My love gets the better of my manners.
105	CAESAR 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 How foolish your fears seem now, Calphurnia! I'm ashamed that I yielded to them. Give me my robe, because I'm going.
	<i>Enter BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, CINNA, and PUBLIUS</i>	<i>PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA enter.</i>
	And look, where Publius is come to fetch me.	And look, here's Publius, come to fetch me.
	PUBLIUS Good morrow, Caesar.	PUBLIUS Good morning, Caesar.
110	CAESAR 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. 115 —What is 't o'clock?	CAESAR Welcome, Publius. What, Brutus? Are you up this early too? Good morning, Casca. Caius Ligarius, I was never your enemy so much as the sickness that's made you so thin. What time is it?
	BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.	BRUTUS Caesar, the clock has struck eight.
	CAESAR I thank you for your pains and courtesy.	CAESAR I thank you all for your trouble and courtesy.
	<i>Enter ANTONY</i>	<i>ANTONY enters.</i>
	See, Antony, that revels long a-nights, Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.	See! Even Antony, who stays up all night partying, is awake. Good morning, Antony.
	ANTONY	ANTONY

	So to most noble Caesar.	And to you, most noble Caesar.
120	<p>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. Remember that you call on me today. Be near me, that I may remember you.</p>	<p>CAESAR Tell them to prepare the other room for guests. I'm to blame for making you wait for me. Now, Cinna. Now, Metellus. Trebonius! I have an hour-long matter to discuss with you. Remember to see me today. Stay near me so I'll remember.</p>
125	<p>TREBONIUS Caesar, I will. <i>(aside)</i> And so near will I be That your best friends shall wish I had been further.</p>	<p>TREBONIUS Caesar, I will. <i>(speaking quietly to himself)</i> In fact, I'll be so near that your best friends will wish I'd been further away.</p>
	<p>CAESAR Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me. And we, like friends, will straightway go together.</p>	<p>CAESAR Good friends, go in and have some wine with me. And we'll leave together, like friends.</p>
130	<p>BRUTUS <i>(aside)</i> That every "like" is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus earns to think upon.</p>	<p>BRUTUS <i>(quietly to himself)</i> That we are now only "like" friends—Oh Caesar—makes my heart ache.</p>
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>

Act 2, Scene 3

	<i>Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a letter</i>	<i>ARTEMIDORUS enters, reading a letter.</i>
10	<p>ARTEMIDORUS <i>(reads aloud)</i> "Caesar, beware of Brutus. Take heed of Cassius. Come not near Casca. Have an eye to Cinna. Trust not Trebonius. Mark well Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus loves thee not. Thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus"</p>	<p>ARTEMIDORUS <i>(reading aloud from the letter)</i> "Caesar, beware of Brutus. Watch Cassius. Don't go near Casca. Keep an eye on Cinna. Don't trust Trebonius. Pay attention to Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus doesn't love you. You've wronged Caius Ligarius. These men all have one intention, and it's directed against Caesar. If you aren't immortal, watch those around you. A sense of security opens the door to conspiracy. I pray that the mighty gods defend you! Your friend, Artemidorus."</p>
15	<p>Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live. If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.</p>	<p>I'll stand here until Caesar passes by, and I'll give him this as though it's a petition. My heart regrets that good men aren't safe from the bite of jealous rivals. If you read this, Caesar, you might live. If not, the Fates are on the side of the traitors.</p>
	<i>Exit</i>	<i>He exits.</i>

Act 2, Scene 4

	<i>Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS</i>	<i>PORTIA and LUCIUS enter.</i>
	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>I prithee, boy, run to the senate house. Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. Why dost thou stay?</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Boy, I beg you to run to the senate house. Don't stay to answer me—get going. Why are you still standing there?</p>
	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>To know my errand, madam.</p>	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>To find out what you want me to do there, madam.</p>
5	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>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. How hard it is for women to keep counsel! 10 —Art thou here yet?</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>I want you there and back again before I can even tell you what you should do there. <i>(to herself, so that no one can hear her)</i> Oh, let my determination keep me from speaking what is in my heart! I have a man's mind, but only a woman's strength. How hard it is for women to keep secrets! <i>(to LUCIUS)</i> Are you still here?</p>
	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? And so return to you, and nothing else?</p>	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol and nothing else? And then return to you and nothing else?</p>
15	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>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?</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Yes, return and tell me if your master looks well, because he was sick when he left. And pay attention to what Caesar does and which men are close to him. Listen, boy! What's that noise?</p>
	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>I hear none, madam.</p>	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>I don't hear anything, madam.</p>
20	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Prithee, listen well. I heard a bustling rumor like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>I beg you, listen well. I heard a noise like a scuffle. The wind brings it from the Capitol.</p>
	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.</p>	<p>LUCIUS</p> <p>Truly, madam, I don't hear anything.</p>
	<i>Enter the SOOTHSAYER</i>	<i>The SOOTHSAYER enters.</i>
	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Come here, you. Where are you coming from?</p>
	<p>SOOTHSAYER</p> <p>At mine own house, good lady.</p>	<p>SOOTHSAYER</p> <p>My own house, good lady.</p>
	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>What is 't o'clock?</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>What time is it?</p>
25	<p>SOOTHSAYER</p> <p>About the ninth hour, lady.</p>	<p>SOOTHSAYER</p> <p>Around nine o'clock, madam.</p>
	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?</p>	<p>PORTIA</p> <p>Has Caesar gone to the Capital yet?</p>

	SOOTHSAYER Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand To see him pass on to the Capitol.	SOOTHSAYER Madam, not yet. I'm going to stand so I can see him pass on the way to the Capitol.
	PORTIA Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?	PORTIA You have some plea for Caesar, don't you?
30	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.	SOOTHSAYER Yes, I do, lady. If it pleases Caesar to be so good to himself as to hear me, I'll try to get him to do what's good for him.
	PORTIA Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?	PORTIA Why, do you know of any harm intended toward him?
35	SOOTHSAYER None that I know will be; much that I fear may chance. Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow. The throng that follows Caesar at the heels, Of senators, of praetors, common suitors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death. I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.	SOOTHSAYER Nothing that I know for sure, but a lot that I'm afraid might happen. Good morning to you. The street is narrow here. The crowd that follows Caesar at his heels—senators, justices, common petitioners—will suffocate a feeble man almost to death. I'll move to a more open place and there speak to great Caesar as he walks past.
40		
	<i>Exit SOOTHSAYER</i>	<i>He exits.</i>
45	PORTIA I must go in. <i>(aside)</i> Ay me, how weak a thing The heart of woman is! O Brutus, The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! Sure, the boy heard me. <i>(to LUCIUS)</i> 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, And bring me word what he doth say to thee.	PORTIA I must go in. <i>(speaking quietly to herself)</i> Oh, a woman's heart is so weak! Oh Brutus, may the gods aid you in your endeavor! Surely, the boy heard me. <i>(to LUCIUS)</i> Brutus has a claim that Caesar won't grant. Oh, I feel faint. Run, Lucius, and speak well of me to my lord. Say that I'm happy. Then return to me and tell me what he says to you.
	<i>Exeunt severally</i>	<i>They exit in opposite directions.</i>

Act 3, Scene 1

	<i>Flourish Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, PUBLIUS, and POPILLIUS LENA with a crowd of people, including ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER</i>	<i>A crowd of people enters, among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. A trumpet plays. CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILLIUS, PUBLIUS, and others enter.</i>
	CAESAR <i>(to the SOOTHSAYER)</i> The ides of March are come.	CAESAR <i>(to the SOOTHSAYER)</i> March 15th has come.
	SOOTHSAYER Ay, Caesar, but not gone.	SOOTHSAYER Yes, Caesar, but it's not gone yet.
	ARTEMIDORUS <i>(offering his letter)</i> Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.	ARTEMIDORUS <i>(offering his letter)</i> Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.
5	DECIUS <i>(offering CAESAR another paper)</i> TrebONIUS doth desire you to o'er-read,	DECIUS <i>(offering CAESAR another paper)</i> Trebonius wants you to look over his humble petition, at your leisure.

	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.	ARTEMIDORUS Oh, Caesar, read mine first, for my petition affects you more directly. Read it, great Caesar.
	CAESAR What touches us ourself shall be last served.	CAESAR Whatever pertains to myself I will deal with last.
10	ARTEMIDORUS Delay not, Caesar. Read it instantly.	ARTEMIDORUS Don't delay, Caesar. Read it instantly.
	CAESAR What, is the fellow mad?	CAESAR What, is the man insane?
	PUBLIUS (to ARTEMIDORUS) Sirrah, give place.	PUBLIUS (to ARTEMIDORUS) Stand aside, you.
15	CASSIUS (to ARTEMIDORUS) What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.	CASSIUS (to ARTEMIDORUS) What? Are you pressing your petition on the street? Go to the Capitol.
	<i>CAESAR's party moves aside to the senate house</i>	<i>CAESAR goes up to the senate house, the rest following.</i>
	POPILLIUS (to CASSIUS) I wish your enterprise today may thrive.	POPILLIUS (to CASSIUS) I hope your endeavor goes well today.
	CASSIUS What enterprise, Popillius?	CASSIUS What endeavor, Popillius?
	POPILLIUS Fare you well.	POPILLIUS Good luck.
	<i>(approaches CAESAR)</i>	<i>POPILLIUS approaches CAESAR.</i>
	BRUTUS (to CASSIUS) What said Popillius Lena?	BRUTUS (to CASSIUS) What did Popillius Lena say?
20	CASSIUS (aside to BRUTUS) He wished today our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discoverèd.	CASSIUS (speaking so that only BRUTUS can hear) He wished that our endeavor would go well today. I'm afraid we've been found out.
	BRUTUS Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.	BRUTUS Look, he's approaching Caesar. Keep an eye on him.
25	CASSIUS 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.	CASSIUS Casca, be quick, because we're worried we might be stopped. Brutus, what will we do? If our secret's known, either Caesar or I will die, for I'll kill myself.
	BRUTUS Cassius, be constant. Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes. For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.	BRUTUS Cassius, stand firm. Popillius Lena wasn't talking about our plot—for, look, he's smiling, and Caesar's expression is the same.
30	CASSIUS Trebonius knows his time. For, look you, Brutus. He draws Mark Antony out of the way.	CASSIUS Trebonius knows his cue. See, Brutus, he's pulling Mark Antony aside.

	<i>Exeunt</i> TREBONIUS and ANTONY	TREBONIUS and ANTONY <i>exit.</i>
	DECIUS Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.	DECIUS Where's Metellus Cimber? He should go up and offer his petition to Caesar now.
	BRUTUS He is addressed. Press near and second him.	BRUTUS They're speaking to him. Go up there and second his petition.
	CINNA Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.	CINNA Casca, you'll be the first to raise your hand.
35	CAESAR Are we all ready? What is now amiss That Caesar and his senate must redress?	CAESAR Are we all ready? What problem should I discuss with you first?
40	METELLUS <i>(kneeling)</i> Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart—	METELLUS <i>(kneeling)</i> Most high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar, Metellus Cimber kneels before you with a humble heart—
45 50	CAESAR I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men And turn preordinance 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 With that which melteth fools—I mean, sweet words, Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banishèd. If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied.	CAESAR I have to stop you, Cimber. These kneelings and humble courtesies might excite ordinary men, flattering them into turning Roman law into children's games. But don't be so foolish as to think you can sway <i>me</i> from what's right by using the tactics that persuade fools—I mean this flattery, low bows, and puppy-like fawning. Your brother has been banished by decree. If you kneel and beg and flatter for him, I'll kick you out of my way like I would a dog. Know that I am not unjust, and I will not grant him a pardon without reason.
55	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?	METELLUS Is there no voice worthier than my own to appeal to Caesar to repeal the order that my brother be banished?
	BRUTUS <i>(kneeling)</i> I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar, Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.	BRUTUS <i>(kneeling)</i> I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, Caesar. I ask you to repeal Publius Cimber's banishment immediately.
60	CAESAR What, Brutus?	CAESAR What, even you, Brutus?
	CASSIUS <i>(kneeling)</i> Pardon, Caesar. Caesar, pardon. As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.	CASSIUS <i>(kneeling)</i> Pardon him, Caesar, pardon him. I fall to your feet to beg you to restore Publius Cimber to citizenship.
	CAESAR I could be well moved if I were as you. If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.	CAESAR I could be convinced if I were like you. If I could beg others to change their minds, begging would convince me, too. But I'm

65	<p>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, 70 But there's but one in all doth hold his place. So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive, Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, 75 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.</p>	<p>as immovable as the northern star, whose stable and stationary quality has no equal in the sky. The sky shows countless stars. They're all made of fire, and each one shines. But only one among all of them remains in a fixed position. So it is on earth. The world is full of men, and men are flesh and blood, and they are capable of reason. Yet out of all of them, I know only one who is unassailable, who never moves from his position. To show you that that's me, let me prove it a little even in this case. I was firm in ordering that Cimber be banished, and I remain firm in that decision.</p>
	<p>CINNA <i>(kneeling)</i> O Caesar—</p>	<p>CINNA <i>(kneeling)</i> Oh, Caesar—</p>
80	<p>CAESAR Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?</p>	<p>CAESAR Enough! Would you try to lift Mount Olympus?</p>
	<p>DECIUS <i>(kneeling)</i> Great Caesar—</p>	<p>DECIUS <i>(kneeling)</i> Great Caesar—</p>
	<p>CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?</p>	<p>CAESAR Haven't I resisted even Brutus, begging from his knees?</p>
	<p>CASCA Speak, hands, for me!</p>	<p>CASCA Hands, speak for me!</p>
	<p>CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR, BRUTUS last</p>	<p>CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS stabs him last.</p>
85	<p>CAESAR <i>Et tu, Bruté?</i>—Then fall, Caesar. <i>(dies)</i></p>	<p>CAESAR And you too, Brutus? In that case, die, Caesar. <i>(he dies)</i></p>
	<p>CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.</p>	<p>CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run and proclaim it in the streets.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"</p>	<p>CASSIUS Some should go to the public platforms and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and democracy!"</p>
	<p><i>Confusion. Exeunt some plebians and senators</i></p>	<p><i>Confusion. Some citizens and senators exit.</i></p>
90	<p>BRUTUS People and senators, be not affrighted. Fly not. Stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.</p>	<p>BRUTUS People and senators, don't be afraid. Don't run away—stay where you are. Only Caesar had to die for his ambition.</p>
	<p>CASCA Go to the pulpit, Brutus.</p>	<p>CASCA Go to the platform, Brutus.</p>
	<p>DECIUS And Cassius too.</p>	<p>DECIUS And Cassius too.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Where's Publius?</p>	<p>BRUTUS Where's Publius?</p>
	<p>CINNA</p>	<p>CINNA</p>

95	Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.	Here. He's completely stunned by this mutiny.
	METELLUS Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's Should chance—	METELLUS Stand close together, in case someone loyal to Caesar tries to—
100	BRUTUS Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer. There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.	BRUTUS Don't talk about standing together.—Publius, cheer up. We don't intend any harm to you, nor to anyone else. Tell them this, Publius.
	CASSIUS And leave us, Publius, lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.	CASSIUS And leave us, Publius, in case the people storming us should harm you.
	BRUTUS Do so. And let no man abide this deed But we the doers.	BRUTUS Do so. And let no one suffer for this deed except us, the perpetrators.
	<i>Exit PUBLIUS</i>	<i>PUBLIUS exits.</i>
	<i>Enter TREBONIUS</i>	<i>TREBONIUS enters.</i>
105	CASSIUS Where is Antony?	CASSIUS Where's Antony?
	TREBONIUS Fled to his house amazed. Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run As it were doomsday.	TREBONIUS He ran to his house, stunned. Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run in the streets as though it were doomsday.
110	BRUTUS Fates, we will know your pleasures. That we shall die, we know. 'Tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.	BRUTUS We'll soon find out what fate has in store for us. All we know is that we'll die sometime, which is all anyone ever knows, though we try to draw out our days for as long as possible.
	CASSIUS Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life Cuts off so many years of fearing death.	CASSIUS Why, the man who shortens his life by twenty years cuts off twenty years of worrying about death.
115	BRUTUS 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, And waving our red weapons o'er our heads Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"	BRUTUS So, then, death is a gift, and we are Caesar's friends, for we've done him a service by shortening his time spent fearing death. Kneel, Romans, kneel, and let's wash our hands, up to the elbows, in Caesar's blood and smear it on our swords. Then we'll go out, even to the marketplace, and, waving our bloody swords over our heads, let's cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"
120	CASSIUS Stoop, then, and wash.	CASSIUS Kneel then, and wash.
	<i>The conspirators smear their hands and swords with CAESAR's blood</i>	<i>The conspirators smear their hands and swords with CAESAR's blood.</i>
	How many ages hence Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unborn and accents yet unknown!	How many years from now will this heroic scene be reenacted in countries that don't even exist yet and in languages not yet known!
	BRUTUS	BRUTUS

125	How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!	How many times will Caesar bleed again in show, though he now lies at the base of Pompey's statue, as worthless as dust!
	CASSIUS So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be called "The men that gave their country liberty."	CASSIUS As often as it's replayed, our group will be hailed as the men who gave their country liberty.
	DECIUS What, shall we forth?	DECIUS Well, should we go out?
130	CASSIUS Ay, every man away. Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.	CASSIUS Yes, every man forward. Brutus will lead, and we'll follow him with the boldest and best hearts of Rome.
	<i>Enter ANTONY'S SERVANT</i>	<i>ANTONY'S SERVANT enters.</i>
	BRUTUS Soft! Who comes here? A friend of Antony's.	BRUTUS Wait a minute. Who's that coming? It's a friend of Antony's.
135	ANTONY'S SERVANT <i>(kneeling)</i> Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel. <i>(falls prostrate)</i> Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down, 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.	ANTONY'S SERVANT <i>(kneeling)</i> Brutus, my master ordered me to kneel like this. <i>(he kneels, head bowed low)</i> He ordered me to kneel low, and, from the ground, like this, he ordered 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.
140	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 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Thorough the hazards of this untrod state With all true faith. So says my master Antony.	If Brutus will swear that Antony may come to him safely and be convinced that Caesar deserved to be killed, Mark Antony will love dead Caesar not nearly as much as living Brutus, and with true faith he'll follow the destiny and affairs of noble Brutus through the difficulties of this unprecedented state of affairs." That's what my master, Antony, says.
150	BRUTUS Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman. I never thought him worse. Tell him, so please him come unto this place, He shall be satisfied and, by my honor, Depart untouched.	BRUTUS Your master is a wise and honorable Roman. I never thought any less of him. Tell him, if he comes here, I'll explain everything to him and, on my word, he'll leave unharmed.
	ANTONY'S SERVANT <i>(rising)</i> I'll fetch him presently.	ANTONY'S SERVANT <i>(getting up)</i> I'll get him now.
	<i>Exit ANTONY'S SERVANT</i>	<i>ANTONY'S SERVANT exits.</i>
	BRUTUS I know that we shall have him well to friend.	BRUTUS I know that he'll be on our side.
155	CASSIUS I wish we may. But yet have I a mind That fears him much, and my misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.	CASSIUS I hope we can count on him, but I still fear him, and my hunches are usually accurate.

	<i>Enter ANTONY</i>	<i>ANTONY enters.</i>
	BRUTUS But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.	BRUTUS But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
160	ANTONY O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. —I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.	ANTONY Oh, mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low? Have all your conquests, glories, triumphs, achievements, come to so little? Farewell. Gentlemen, I don't know what you intend to do, who else you intend to kill, who else you consider corrupt.
	Original Text	Modern Text
165	If I myself, there is no hour so fit 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, 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.	If it's me, there's no time as good as this hour of Caesar's death, and no weapon better than your swords, covered with the noblest blood in the world. I ask you, if you have a grudge against me, to kill me now, while your stained hands still reek of blood. I could live a thousand years and I wouldn't be as ready to die as I am now. There's no place I'd rather die than here by Caesar, and no manner of death would please me more than being stabbed by you, the masters of this new era.
175	BRUTUS O Antony, beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel— As by our hands and this our present act You see we do—yet see you but our hands And this the bleeding business they have done. Our hearts you see not. They are pitiful. And pity to the general wrong of Rome— As fire drives out fire, so pity pity— Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony. Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts Of brothers' temper do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.	BRUTUS Oh, Antony, don't beg us to kill you. Though we seem bloody and cruel right now, with our bloody hands and this deed we've done, you've only seen our hands and their bloody business; you haven't looked into our hearts. They are full of pity for Caesar. But a stronger pity, for the wrongs committed against Rome, drove out our pity for Caesar, as fire drives out fire, and so we killed him. For you, our swords have blunt edges, too dull to harm you, Mark Antony. Our arms, which can be strong and cruel, and our hearts, filled with brotherly love, embrace you with kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
180		
185		
	CASSIUS Your voice shall be as strong as any man's In the disposing of new dignities.	CASSIUS Your vote will be as strong as anyone's in the reordering of the government.
190	BRUTUS Only be patient till we have appeased The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause, Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.	BRUTUS But just be patient until we've calmed the masses, who are beside themselves with fear. Then we'll explain to you why I, who loved Caesar even while I stabbed him, have taken this course of action.
195	ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand. <i>(shakes hands with the conspirators)</i> First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.	ANTONY I don't doubt your wisdom. Each of you, give me your bloody hand. <i>(he shakes hands with the conspirators)</i> First, Marcus Brutus, I shake your hand. Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand. Now, Decius Brutus, yours. Now yours, Metellus. Yours,

200	<p>—Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand. —Now, Decius Brutus, yours.—Now yours, Metellus. —Yours, Cinna.—And, my valiant Casca, yours. —Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius. —Gentlemen all, alas, what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a coward or a flatterer</p>	Cinna. And yours, my brave Casca. Last but not least, yours, good Trebonius. You are all gentlemen—alas, what can I say? Now that I've shaken your hands, you'll take me for either a coward or a flatterer—in either case, my credibility stands on slippery ground. It's true that I loved you, Caesar—nothing could be truer. If your spirit is looking down upon us now, it must hurt you more than even your death to see your Antony making peace—shaking the bloody hands of your enemies—in
205	<p>—That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true. If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes—</p>	front of your corpse. If I had as many eyes as you have wounds, and they wept as fast as your wounds stream blood—even that would be more becoming than joining your enemies in friendship. Forgive me, Julius! On this very spot you were hunted down, like a brave deer. And here you fell, where your hunters are now standing. The spot is marked by your death and stained by your blood. Oh world, you were the forest to this deer, and this deer, oh world, was your dear. Now you lie
210	<p>Most noble!—in the presence of thy corse? Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, It would become me better than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies.</p>	here, stabbed by many princes!
215	<p>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. O world, thou wast the forest to this hart, And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee. How like a deer, stricken by many princes, Dost thou here lie!</p>	
220		
	CASSIUS Mark Antony—	CASSIUS Mark Antony—
225	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius. The enemies of Caesar shall say this; Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius. Even Caesar's enemies would say the same. From a friend, it's a cool assessment—no more than that.</p>
	CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar so. But what compact mean you to have with us? Will you be pricked in number of our friends? Or shall we on, and not depend on you?	CASSIUS I don't blame you for praising Caesar like this, but what agreement do you intend to reach with us? Will you be counted as our friend, or should we proceed without depending on you?
230	<p style="text-align: center;">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 Upon this hope: that you shall give me reasons Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY I took your hands in friendship, but, indeed, I was distracted when I looked down at Caesar. I am friends with you all and love you all, on one condition—that you prove to me that Caesar was dangerous.</p>
235	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS Or else were this a savage spectacle! Our reasons are so full of good regard That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, You should be satisfied.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS Without that proof, this would've been a savage action! Our reasons are so well considered that even if you, Antony, were Caesar's son, you would be satisfied with them.</p>
	ANTONY That's all I seek. And am moreover suitor that I may	ANTONY That's all I ask—and that you let me carry his body to the marketplace and, as a friend ought to do, stand on the

240	Produce his body to the marketplace, And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, Speak in the order of his funeral.	platform and give a proper funeral oration.
	BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony.	BRUTUS You may, Mark Antony.
245	CASSIUS Brutus, a word with you. <i>(aside to BRUTUS)</i> You know not what you do. Do not consent That Antony speak in his funeral. Know you how much the people may be moved By that which he will utter?	CASSIUS Brutus, may I have a word with you? <i>(speaking so that only BRUTUS can hear)</i> You don't know what you're doing. Don't let Antony speak at his funeral. Don't you know how much the people could be affected by what he says?
250	BRUTUS <i>(aside to CASSIUS)</i> By your pardon. I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Caesar's death.	BRUTUS <i>(speaking so that only CASSIUS can hear)</i> With your permission, I'll stand on the platform first and explain the reason for Caesar's death.
255	What Antony shall speak, I will protest, He speaks by leave and by permission, And that we are contented Caesar shall Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies. It shall advantage more than do us wrong.	What Antony says, I'll announce, he says only by our permission and by our conviction that Caesar should be honored with all the usual and lawful ceremonies. It'll help us more than hurt us.
	CASSIUS <i>(aside to BRUTUS)</i> I know not what may fall. I like it not.	CASSIUS <i>(speaking so that only BRUTUS can hear)</i> I'm worried about the outcome of his speech. I don't like this plan.
260	BRUTUS Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body. You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, But speak all good you can devise of Caesar, And say you do 't by our permission. Else shall you not have any hand at all About his funeral. And you shall speak In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 265 After my speech is ended.	BRUTUS Mark Antony, take Caesar's body. You will not blame us in your funeral speech, but will say all the good you want to about Caesar and that you do it by our permission. Otherwise, you'll have no role at all in his funeral. And you'll speak on the same platform as I do, after I'm done.
	ANTONY Be it so. I do desire no more.	ANTONY So be it. I don't want anything more.
	BRUTUS Prepare the body then, and follow us.	BRUTUS Prepare the body, then, and follow us.
	<i>Exeunt. Manet ANTONY</i>	<i>Everyone except ANTONY exits.</i>
270	ANTONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, That I am meek and gentle with these butchers! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in the tide of times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! Over thy wounds now do I prophesy— 275 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—	ANTONY Oh, pardon me, you bleeding corpse, for speaking politely and acting mildly with these butchers! You are what's left of the noblest man that ever lived. Pity the hand that shed this valuable blood. Over your wounds—which, like speechless mouths, open their red lips, as though to beg me to speak—I predict that a curse will fall upon the bodies of men.

	A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.	
280	Domestic fury and fierce civil strife Shall cumber all the parts of Italy. Blood and destruction shall be so in use, And dreadful objects so familiar,	Fierce civil war will paralyze all of Italy. Blood and destruction will be so common and familiar that mothers will merely smile when their infants are cut to pieces by the hands of war. People's capacity for sympathy will grow tired and weak from the sheer quantity of cruel deeds. And Caesar's ghost, searching for revenge with the goddess <u>Ate</u> by his side, just up from Hell, will cry in the voice of a king, "Havoc!" and unleash the dogs of war. This foul deed will stink up to the sky with men's corpses, which will beg to be buried.
285	That mothers shall but smile when they behold Their infants quartered with the hands of war, All pity choked with custom of fell deeds, And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, With Ate by his side come hot from hell, Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war, That this foul deed shall smell above the earth With carrion men, groaning for burial.	
290		
	<i>Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT</i>	<i>OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT enters.</i>
	You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?	You serve Octavius Caesar, right?
	OCTAVIUS' SERVANT I do, Mark Antony.	OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT I do, Mark Antony.
	ANTONY Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.	ANTONY Caesar wrote for him to come to Rome.
295	OCTAVIUS' SERVANT He did receive his letters and is coming. And bid me say to you by word of mouth— (sees CAESAR's body) O Caesar!—	OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT He received Caesar's letters, and he is coming. He told me to say to you—(seeing CAESAR's body) Oh, Caesar!—
300	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,	ANTONY Your heart is big; go ahead and weep. Grief seems to be contagious, for my eyes, seeing the tears in yours, began to fill. Is your master coming?

	Began to water. Is thy master coming?	
	OCTAVIUS' SERVANT He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.	OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT He rests tonight within twenty-one miles of Rome.
305	ANTONY Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced. Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavius yet. Hie hence, and tell him so.—Yet, stay awhile. Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse Into the marketplace. There shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruèl issue of these bloody men.	ANTONY Report back to him fast and tell him what has happened. This is now a Rome in mourning, a dangerous Rome. It's not safe enough for Octavius yet. Hurry away and tell him so. No, wait, stay a minute. Don't go back until I've carried the corpse into the marketplace. There I'll use my speech to test what the people think of these bloody men's cruel action. You'll report back to young Octavius how they respond. Help me here.
310	According to the which, thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand.	
	<i>Exeunt with CAESAR's body</i>	<i>They exit with CAESAR's body.</i>

Act 3, Scene 2

	<i>Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS with the PLEBEIANS</i>	<i>BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with a throng of PLEBEIANS .</i>
	PLEBEIANS We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!	PLEBEIANS We want answers. Give us answers.
5	BRUTUS Then follow me and give me audience, friends. —Cassius, go you into the other street And part the numbers. —Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here. Those that will follow Cassius, go with him, And public reasons shall be renderèd Of Caesar's death.	BRUTUS Then follow me and listen to my speech, friends. Cassius, go to the next street and divide the crowd. Let those who will hear me speak stay. Lead those away who will follow you, and we'll explain publicly the reasons for Caesar's death.
	FIRST PLEBEIAN I will hear Brutus speak.	FIRST PLEBEIAN I'll listen to Brutus.
10	ANOTHER PLEBEIAN I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons When severally we hear them renderèd.	SECOND PLEBEIAN I'll listen to Cassius, and we will compare their reasons.

	<i>Exit CASSIUS with some of the PLEBEIANS BRUTUS goes into the pulpit</i>	<i>CASSIUS exits with some of the PLEBEIANS. BRUTUS gets up on the platform.</i>
	THIRD PLEBEIAN The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!	THIRD PLEBEIAN Quiet! Noble Brutus has mounted the platform.
	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 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 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.	BRUTUS Be patient until I finish. Romans, countrymen, and friends! Listen to my reasons and be silent so you can hear. Believe me on my honor and keep my honor in mind, so you may believe me. Be wise when you criticize me and keep your minds alert so you can judge me fairly. 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.
	Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him. As he was fortunate, I rejoice at it. As he was valiant, I 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? 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.	Would you rather that Caesar were living and we would all go to our graves as slaves, or that Caesar were dead and we all lived as free men? I weep for Caesar in that he was good to me. I rejoice in his good fortune. I honor him for being brave. But his ambition—for that, I killed him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his bravery, and death for his ambition. Who here is so low that he wants to be a slave? If there are any, speak, for it is he whom I've offended. Who here is so barbarous that he doesn't want to be a Roman? If there are any, speak, for it is he whom I've offended. Who here is so vile that he doesn't love his country? If there are any, speak, for it is he whom I have offended. I will pause for a reply.
	ALL None, Brutus, none.	ALL No one, Brutus, no one.
	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 enforced for which he suffered death.	BRUTUS Then I have offended no one. I've done no more to Caesar than you will do to me. The reasons for his death are recorded in the Capitol. His glory has not been diminished where he earned it, nor have those offenses for which he was killed been exaggerated.
	<i>Enter Mark ANTONY with CAESAR's body</i>	<i>ANTONY enters with CAESAR's body.</i>
	Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth—as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew 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.	Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no part in the killing, will benefit from his death—receiving a share in the commonwealth, as you all will. With these words I leave. Just as I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, so will I kill myself when my country requires my death.
45	ALL Live, Brutus! Live, live!	ALL Live, Brutus! Live, live!

	FIRST PLEBEIAN Bring him with triumph home unto his house!	FIRST PLEBEIAN Let's carry him in triumph to his house!
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At 3, Scene 2

	Original Text	Modern Text
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Give him a statue with his ancestors!	SECOND PLEBEIAN Let's build a statue of him, near those of his ancestors!
	THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him be Caesar!	THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him become Caesar!
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts Shall be crowned in Brutus!	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better qualities exist in Brutus, and we will crown him.
50	FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.	FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll bring him to his house with shouts and celebration!
	BRUTUS My countrymen—	BRUTUS My countrymen—
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.	SECOND PLEBEIAN Silence! Brutus speaks.
	FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace, ho!	FIRST PLEBEIAN Quiet there!
55	BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone. And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony By our permission is allowed to make.	BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me leave alone. I want you to stay here with Antony to pay respects to Caesar's corpse and listen to Antony's speech about Caesar's glories, which he gives with our permission. I ask that none of you leave, except myself, until Antony has finished.

	<p>I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.</p>	
	<i>Exit BRUTUS</i>	<i>BRUTUS exits.</i>
60	<p>FIRST PLEBEIAN Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Antony.</p>	<p>FIRST PLEBEIAN Let's stay and hear Mark Antony.</p>
	<p>THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him go up into the public chair. We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.</p>	<p>THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him mount the pulpit. We'll listen to him. Noble Antony, mount the podium.</p>
	<p>ANTONY For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. <i>(ascends the pulpit)</i></p>	<p>ANTONY For Brutus's sake, I am indebted to you. <i>(he steps up into the pulpit)</i></p>
65	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN What does he say of Brutus?</p>	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN What does he say about Brutus?</p>
	<p>THIRD PLEBEIAN He says for Brutus' sake He finds himself beholding to us all.</p>	<p>THIRD PLEBEIAN He says that for Brutus's sake he finds himself indebted to us all.</p>
	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.</p>	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN He'd better not speak badly of Brutus here.</p>
	<p>FIRST PLEBEIAN This Caesar was a tyrant.</p>	<p>FIRST PLEBEIAN Caesar was a tyrant.</p>
	<p>THIRD PLEBEIAN Nay, that's certain. We are blest that Rome is rid of him.</p>	<p>THIRD PLEBEIAN That's for sure. We're lucky that Rome is rid of him.</p>
70	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.</p>	<p>SECOND PLEBEIAN Quiet! Let's hear what Antony has to say.</p>
	<p>ANTONY You gentle Romans—</p>	<p>ANTONY You gentle Romans—</p>
	<p>ALL Peace, ho! Let us hear him.</p>	<p>ALL Quiet there! Let us hear him.</p>
75	<p>ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interrèd with their bones. So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious. If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answered it.</p>	<p>ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, give me your attention. I have come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do is remembered after their deaths, but the good is often buried with them. It might as well be the same with Caesar. The noble Brutus told you that Caesar was ambitious. If that's true, it's a serious fault, and Caesar has paid seriously for it. With the permission of Brutus and the others—for Brutus is an honorable man; they are all honorable men—I have come here</p>

80	Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest— For Brutus is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men— Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me.	to speak at Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, he was faithful and just to me. But Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. He brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms brought wealth to the city.
85	But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.	
90	Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man.	Is this the work of an ambitious man? When the poor cried, Caesar cried too. Ambition shouldn't be so soft. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. You all saw that on the Lupercal feast day I offered him a king's crown three times, and he refused it three times. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. And, no question, Brutus is an honorable man. I am not here to disprove what Brutus has said, but to say what I know. You all loved him once, and not without reason. Then what reason holds you back from mourning him now? Men have become brutish beasts and lost their reason! Bear with me. My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause until it returns to me. (<i>he weeps</i>)
95	You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And, sure, he is an honorable man.	
100	I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause. What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.	
105	My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, And I must pause till it come back to me. (<i>weeps</i>)	
	FIRST PLEBEIAN Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.	FIRST PLEBEIAN I think there's a lot of sense in what he says.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.	SECOND PLEBEIAN If you think about it correctly, Caesar has suffered a great wrong.
110	THIRD PLEBEIAN Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.	THIRD PLEBEIAN Has he, sirs? I'm worried there will be someone worse to replace him.
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown. Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Did you hear Antony? Caesar wouldn't take the crown. Therefore it's certain that he wasn't ambitious.
	FIRST PLEBEIAN If it be found so, some will dear abide it.	FIRST PLEBEIAN If it turns out he wasn't, certain people are going to get it.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with weeping.	SECOND PLEBEIAN Poor man! Antony's eyes are fiery red from crying.
115	THIRD PLEBEIAN There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.	THIRD PLEBEIAN There isn't a nobler man than Antony in all of Rome.
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Now mark him. He begins again to speak.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Now listen, he's going to speak again.
	ANTONY But yesterday the word of Caesar might	ANTONY Only yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against

120	<p>Have stood against the world. Now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters, if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong— Who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honorable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar. I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will. Let but the commons hear this testament— Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.</p>	<p>the world. Now he lies there worth nothing, and no one is so humble as to show him respect. Oh, sirs, if I stirred your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I would offend Brutus and Cassius, who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. I would rather 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 you could only hear this testament—which, excuse me, I don't intend to read aloud—you would kiss dead Caesar's wounds and dip your handkerchiefs in his sacred blood, and beg for a lock of hair to remember him by. And when you died, you would mention the handkerchief or the hair in your will, bequeathing it to your heirs like a rich legacy.</p>
	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony!</p>	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN We want to hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.</p>
	<p>ALL The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.</p>	<p>ALL The will, the will! We want to hear Caesar's will.</p>
140	<p>ANTONY Have patience, gentle friends. I must not read it. It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men. And, being men, 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!</p>	<p>ANTONY Be patient, gentle friends, I must not read it. It isn't proper for you to know how much Caesar loved you. You aren't wood, you aren't stones—you're men. And, being men, the contents of Caesar's will would enrage you. It's better that you don't know you're his heirs, for if you knew, just imagine what would come of it!</p>
145		
	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN Read the will. We'll hear it, Antony. You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.</p>	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN Read the will. We want to hear it, Antony. You have to read us the will, Caesar's will.</p>
	<p>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 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.</p>	<p>ANTONY Will you be patient? Will you wait awhile? I've said too much in telling you of it. I'm afraid that I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar.</p>
150		
	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors! "Honorable men!"</p>	<p>FOURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors. "Honorable men!"</p>
	<p>ALL The will! The testament!</p>	<p>ALL The will! The testament!</p>
	<p>SECOND PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!</p>	<p>SECOND PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!</p>
155	<p>ANTONY You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar, And let me show you him that made the will.</p>	<p>ANTONY You force me to read the will, then? Then make a circle around Caesar's corpse, and let me show you the man who made this will. Shall I come down? Will you let me?</p>

	Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?	
	ALL Come down.	ALL Come down.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.	SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.
	THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave.	THIRD PLEBEIAN We'll let you.
	<i>ANTONY descends from the pulpit</i>	<i>ANTONY descends from the pulpit.</i>
160	FOURTH PLEBEIAN A ring! Stand round.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Make a circle; stand around him.
	FIRST PLEBEIAN Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.	FIRST PLEBEIAN Stand away from the hearse. Stand away from the body.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Room for Antony, most noble Antony!	SECOND PLEBEIAN Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!
	Original Text	Modern Text
	ANTONY Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.	ANTONY No, don't press up against me. Stand further away.
	ALL Stand back. Room! Bear back.	ALL Stand back. Give him room.
165	ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle. I remember The first time ever Caesar put it on. 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii. Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.	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's evening; he was in his tent. It was the day he overcame the Nervii warriors. Look, here's where Cassius's dagger pierced it. See the wound that Casca made. Through this hole beloved Brutus stabbed. And when he pulled out his cursed dagger, see how Caesar's blood came with it, as if rushing out a door to see if it was really Brutus who was knocking so rudely. For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. The gods know how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the most unkind cut of all. For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, he understood his beloved Brutus's ingratitude; it was stronger than the violence of traitors, and it defeated him, bursting his mighty heart. And at the base of Pompey's statue, with his cloak covering his face, which was dripping with blood the whole time, great Caesar fell. Oh, what a fall it was, my countrymen! Then you and I and all of us fell down, while bloody treason triumphed. Oh, now you weep, and I sense that you feel pity. These are gracious tears. But if it overwhelms you to look at Caesar's wounded cloak, how will you feel, kind men, now? Look at this, here is the man—scarred, as you can see, by traitors. (<i>he lifts up CAESAR's cloak</i>)
170	See what a rent the envious Casca made. Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed. And as he plucked his cursèd steel away, Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolved	
175	If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no. For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the most unkindest cut of all.	
180	For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart, And, in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.	
185	O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourished over us. Oh, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.	

190	Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors. <i>(lifts up CAESAR's mantle)</i>	
	Original Text	Modern Text
	FIRST PLEBEIAN O piteous spectacle!	FIRST PLEBEIAN Oh, what a sad sight!
	SECOND PLEBEIAN O noble Caesar!	SECOND PLEBEIAN Oh, noble Caesar!
195	THIRD PLEBEIAN O woeful day!	THIRD PLEBEIAN Oh, sad day!
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN O traitors, villains!	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Oh, traitors, villains!
	FIRST PLEBEIAN O most bloody sight!	FIRST PLEBEIAN Oh, most bloody sight!
	SECOND PLEBEIAN We will be revenged.	SECOND PLEBEIAN We will get revenge.
	ALL Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!	ALL Revenge! Let's go after them! Seek! Burn! Set fire! Kill! Slay! Leave no traitors alive!
	ANTONY Stay, countrymen.	ANTONY Wait, countrymen.
200	FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.	FIRST PLEBEIAN Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll hear him. We'll follow him. We'll die with him.	SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll listen to him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
205	ANTONY Good friends, sweet friends! Let me not stir you up To such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honorable. What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, That made them do it. They are wise and honorable, And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts. I am no orator, as Brutus is,	Good friends, sweet friends, don't let me stir you up to such a sudden mutiny. Those who have done this deed are honorable. I don't know what private grudges they had that made them do it. They're wise and honorable, and will no doubt give you reasons for it. I haven't come to steal your loyalty, friends. I'm no orator, as Brutus is. I'm only, as you know, a plain, blunt man who loved his friend, and the men who let me speak know this well. I have neither cleverness nor rhetorical skill nor the authority nor gesture nor eloquence nor the power of speech to stir men up. I just speak directly. I tell you what you already know. I show you sweet Caesar's wounds—poor, speechless mouths!—and make them speak for me. But if I were Brutus and Brutus were me, then I'd stir you up, and install in each of Caesar's wounds the kind of voice that could convince even stones to rise up and mutiny.
210	But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man That love my friend. And that they know full well That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither wit nor words nor worth, Action nor utterance nor the power of speech,	
215	To stir men's blood. I only speak right on. I tell you that which you yourselves do know, Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths, And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony	
220	Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue In every wound of Caesar that should move	
	In every wound of Caesar that should move	

	The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.	
	ALL We'll mutiny.	ALL We'll mutiny.
	FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus.	FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn Brutus's house.
	THIRD PLEBEIAN Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.	THIRD PLEBEIAN Let's go, then! Come, find the conspirators!
225	ANTONY Yet hear me, countrymen. Yet hear me speak.	ANTONY Wait, and listen to me, countrymen.
	ALL Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!	ALL Quiet! Wait! Listen to Antony. Most noble Antony!
230	ANTONY Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? Alas, you know not. I must tell you then. You have forgot the will I told you of.	ANTONY Why, friends, you don't even know what you're doing yet. 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 Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.	ALL Yes! The will! Let's stay and hear the will!
	ANTONY Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal To every Roman citizen he gives— To every several man—seventy-five drachmas.	ANTONY Here's the will, written under Caesar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives—to every individual man—seventy-five drachmas.
235	SECOND PLEBEIAN Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.	SECOND PLEBEIAN Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
	THIRD PLEBEIAN O royal Caesar!	THIRD PLEBEIAN Oh, royal Caesar!
	ANTONY Hear me with patience.	ANTONY Listen to me patiently.
	Original Text	Modern Text
	ALL Peace, ho!	ALL Quiet, there!
240	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, To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?	ANTONY Also, he's left you all his walkways—in his private gardens and newly planted orchards—on this side of the Tiber River. He's left them to you and to your heirs forever—public pleasures in which you will be able to stroll and relax. Here was a Caesar! When will there be another like him?
245	FIRST PLEBEIAN Never, never.—Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body.	FIRST PLEBEIAN Never, never. Let's go! We'll burn his body in the holy place and use the brands to set the traitors' houses on fire. Take up the body.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Go fetch fire.	SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll start a fire.

	THIRD PLEBEIAN Pluck down benches.	THIRD PLEBEIAN We'll use benches for wood—
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Pluck down forms, windows, anything.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN And windowsills, anything.
	<i>Exeunt PLEBEIANS with CAESAR's body</i>	<i>Citizens exit with CAESAR's body.</i>
250	ANTONY Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot. Take thou what course thou wilt!	ANTONY Now, let it work. Trouble, you have begun—take whatever course you choose!
	<i>Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT</i>	<i>OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT enters.</i>
	How now, fellow?	What's up, my man?
	OCTAVIUS' SERVANT Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.	OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.
	ANTONY Where is he?	ANTONY Where is he?
	OCTAVIUS' SERVANT He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.	OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
	Original Text	Modern Text
255	ANTONY And thither will I straight to visit him. He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us anything.	ANTONY I will go straight to visit him. I ask for him, and he comes. Fortune is happy today and, in this mood, will give us anything we want.
	OCTAVIUS' SERVANT I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.	OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT I heard Octavius say that Brutus and Cassius have ridden like madmen through the gates of Rome.
260	ANTONY Belike they had some notice of the people How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.	ANTONY They probably received warning about how much I stirred up the people. Take me to Octavius.
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

Act 3, Scene 3

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<i>Enter CINNA THE POET, and after him the PLEBEIANS</i>	<i>CINNA THE POET enters, followed by PLEBEIANS.</i>
	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.	CINNA THE POET I dreamed last night that I feasted with Caesar, and unlucky signs overwhelmed my imagination. I have no desire to go outside, yet something leads me there.
5	FIRST PLEBEIAN What is your name?	FIRST PLEBEIAN What's your name?
	SECOND PLEBEIAN	SECOND PLEBEIAN

	Whither are you going?	Where are you going?
	THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?	THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you live?
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a bachelor?	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a bachelor?
	SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly.	SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer all of us, now.
10	FIRST PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.	FIRST PLEBEIAN Yes, and be brief.
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Yes, and be wise.
	THIRD PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.	THIRD PLEBEIAN Yes, and be truthful, if you know what's good for you.
	CINNA THE POET 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.	CINNA THE POET What's my name? Where am I going? Where do I live? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man briefly, wisely, and truthfully—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.	SECOND PLEBEIAN You imply that married men are fools. You'll get a blow from me for that, I think. Go on with what you were saying—right this instant.
	CINNA THE POET Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.	CINNA THE POET Right this instant, I'm going to Caesar's funeral.
20	FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?	FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?
	CINNA THE POET As a friend.	CINNA THE POET As a friend.
	SECOND PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.	SECOND PLEBEIAN He answered that question straight.
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN For your dwelling—briefly.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN As for where you live, tell us quickly—get to the point.
	CINNA THE POET Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.	CINNA THE POET Getting right to the point, I live near the Capitol.
25	THIRD PLEBEIAN Your name, sir, truly.	THIRD PLEBEIAN Tell us your name, sir, truthfully.
	CINNA THE POET Truly, my name is Cinna.	CINNA THE POET Truthfully, my name is Cinna.
	FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.	FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.
	CINNA THE POET I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.	CINNA THE POET I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet!
	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses! Tear him for his bad verses!	FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him apart for his bad verses, tear him up!

30	CINNA THE POET I am not Cinna the conspirator.	CINNA THE POET I'm 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.	FOURTH PLEBEIAN It doesn't matter. His name's Cinna. Pull only his name out of his heart and let him go.
	THIRD PLEBEIAN Tear him, tear him!	THIRD PLEBEIAN Tear him apart, tear him up!
	PLEBEIANS attack CINNA THE POET	<i>The PLEBEIANS attack CINNA THE POET.</i>
	ALL Come, brands, ho, firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house and some to Casca's. Some to Ligarius'. Away, go!	ALL Come, firebrands, over here! To Brutus's, to Cassius's, let's burn them all. Some of you go to Decius's house and some to Casca's. Some to Ligarius's. Go!
	<i>Exeunt PLEBEIANS dragging CINNA THE POET</i>	<i>The PLEBEIANS exit, dragging CINNA THE POET.</i>

Act 4, Scene 1

	<i>Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS</i>	<i>ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS enter.</i>
	ANTONY These many, then, shall die. Their names are pricked.	ANTONY These ones, then, will be assassinated. Their names are marked.
	OCTAVIUS (to LEPIDUS) Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?	OCTAVIUS (to LEPIDUS) Your brother has to die too. Do you agree, Lepidus?
	LEPIDUS I do consent—	LEPIDUS I agree—
	OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony.	OCTAVIUS Put a mark next to his name too, Antony.
5	LEPIDUS Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.	LEPIDUS On the condition that your sister's son, Publius, also must die, Mark Antony.
10	ANTONY He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him. But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house. Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.	ANTONY He will die. See—I've sealed his fate with this mark next to his name. But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house. Bring his will here, and we'll figure out a way to reduce his bequests to the people.
	LEPIDUS What, shall I find you here?	LEPIDUS Will you be here when I return?
	OCTAVIUS Or here, or at the Capitol.	OCTAVIUS Either here or at the Capitol.
	<i>Exit LEPIDUS</i>	<i>LEPIDUS exits.</i>
15	ANTONY This is a slight, unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit, The threefold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?	ANTONY He's an unremarkable man, fit only to be sent on errands. Does it really make sense, once we divide the world into three parts, that he should be one of the three rulers?

	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">So you thought him. And took his voice who should be pricked to die In our black sentence and proscription.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p>You thought it made sense, and you listened to him about who should be marked to die in these harsh death sentences.</p>
20 25	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>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, 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 And graze in commons.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>Octavius, I'm older than you are. And although we're giving these honors to this man so that he shares some of the blame for what we're doing, he'll carry these honors like a jackass carries gold—groaning and sweating under the load, either led or pushed, as we direct him. Once he's carried our treasure where we want it, we'll free him of the load and turn him loose like a jackass, to shake his ears and graze in the public pastures.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">You may do your will, But he's a tried and valiant soldier.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">You can do what you want, but he's an experienced and honorable soldier.</p>
30 35 40 45	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>So is my horse, Octavius, and for that I do appoint him store of provender. It is a creature that I teach to fight, 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, 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, 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.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>So is my horse, Octavius, and for that reason I give him all the hay he wants. But my horse is a creature that I teach to fight—to turn, to stop, to run in a straight line. I govern the motion of his body. And in some ways, Lepidus is just like that. He has to be taught and trained and told to go forward. He's an empty man, who pays attention to fashions and tastes that other men took up and got tired of long ago. Don't think about Lepidus except as a means to an end. And now, Octavius, listen to more important things. Brutus and Cassius are raising armies. We have to raise our own immediately. So, we should combine forces and organize our allies, pull together our friends, and stretch our resources as far as they'll go.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">And let us presently go sit in council How covert matters may be best disclosed, And open perils surest answered.</p>	<p>Let's immediately organize a council to discuss the best way to find out their secrets and the safest way to confront the threats we're already faced with.</p>
50	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Let us do so. For we are at the stake And bayed about with many enemies. And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Let's do that, because we're hemmed in by many enemies. And even some of the people who smile at us are in fact plotting against us, I'm afraid.</p>
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

Act 4, Scene 2

	<i>Drum. Enter BRUTUS with LUCIUS, LUCILLIUS, and the army. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them</i>	<i>A drum plays. BRUTUS, LUCILLIUS, LUCIUS, and SOLDIERS enter. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.</i>
	BRUTUS Stand, ho!	BRUTUS Stop.
	LUCILLIUS Give the word, ho, and stand.	LUCILLIUS Pass on the command to halt!
	BRUTUS What now, Lucillius? Is Cassius near?	BRUTUS What's happening now, Lucillius? Is Cassius nearby?
5	LUCILLIUS He is at hand, and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.	LUCILLIUS He's nearby, and Pindarus has come to salute you on behalf of his master.
10	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 I shall be satisfied.	BRUTUS He sends his greetings through a good man. Your master, Pindarus, either because he's changed his mind or been influenced by bad officers, has made me wish we hadn't done some of the things we did. If he's nearby, I want an explanation.
	PINDARUS I do not doubt But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard and honor.	PINDARUS I have no doubt that my noble master will prove himself to be what he is: honorable and noble.
15	BRUTUS He is not doubted.—A word, Lucillius. <i>(takes LUCILLIUS aside)</i> How he received you, let me be resolved.	BRUTUS I don't doubt him. Can I have a word with you, Lucillius? <i>(takes LUCILLIUS aside)</i> Tell me how Cassius treated you. Put my mind at rest.
	LUCILLIUS With courtesy and with respect enough. But not with such familiar instances Nor with such free and friendly conference As he hath used of old.	LUCILLIUS He received me with courtesy and sufficient respect, but not with affection, nor with as much open and friendly conversation as he once greeted me.
20	BRUTUS Thou hast described A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucillius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.	BRUTUS You've described a warm friend who's cooling off. Remember this, Lucillius. When a friend starts to get sick of you, he treats you artificially. Plain and simple loyalty doesn't make anyone act phony. But insincere men, like horses who are too lively at the start of a race, make a big show of their spirit.
25	But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.	
	Original Text	Modern Text
	<i>Low march within</i>	<i>A low sound of drums and SOLDIERS marching.</i>
	But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?	But when push comes to shove, they droop like those horses that are all show and slow to a crawl. Is his army approaching?
	LUCILLIUS They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.	LUCILLIUS They plan to spend the night in Sardis. The larger part, the

30	The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius.	main body of cavalry, are coming with Cassius.
	BRUTUS Hark! He is arrived. March gently on to meet him.	BRUTUS Look! He's arrived. March to meet him at a dignified pace.
	<i>Enter CASSIUS and his powers</i>	<i>CASSIUS enters with his army.</i>
	CASSIUS Stand, ho!	CASSIUS Halt.
	BRUTUS Stand, ho! Speak the word along.	BRUTUS Halt! Pass the order along.
35	FIRST SOLDIER Stand!	FIRST SOLDIER Halt!
	SECOND SOLDIER Stand!	SECOND SOLDIER Halt!
	THIRD SOLDIER Stand!	THIRD SOLDIER Halt!
	CASSIUS Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.	CASSIUS Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
40	BRUTUS Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies? And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?	BRUTUS Let the gods judge me! Do I mistreat even my enemies? No. So how could I possibly wrong a brother?
	Original Text	Modern Text
	CASSIUS Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs. And when you do them—	CASSIUS Brutus, your sober expression is a mask to hide the fact that you've wronged me. And when you do—
45	BRUTUS 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.	BRUTUS Cassius, calm down. We know each other well, and you can speak your grievances quietly. Let's not argue here in front of both our armies, which ought to see nothing but love between us. Order them to move back. Then, in my tent, you can elaborate on your complaints, and I'll listen.
50	CASSIUS Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground.	CASSIUS Pindarus, order our commanders to lead their charges a little ways away from this ground.
	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.	BRUTUS Lucillius, you do the same, and don't allow anyone to come into our tent until we've finished our conference. Have Lucius and Titinius guard the door.
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>Everyone except BRUTUS and CASSIUS exits.</i>

Act 4, Scene 3

	<i>Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS, now in the tent</i>	<i>BRUTUS and CASSIUS remain onstage. They are now in their tent.</i>
5	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>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 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>My evidence that you have wronged me is that you condemned and disgraced Lucius Pella for taking bribes here from the Sardinians, and you ignored my letters, where I argued that he was innocent; I know the man.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>You wronged yourself to write in such a case.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>You wronged yourself to write on behalf of such a man.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>In such a time as this it is not meet That every nice offense should bear his comment.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>In a time like this, it doesn't make sense to criticize every offense.</p>
10	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemned to have an itching palm, To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>I'll tell you, Cassius, you yourself have been called greedy and been accused of giving your positions to undeserving men in exchange for gold.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>I "an itching palm"! You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Me, "greedy"! You know, if you were anyone other than Brutus, that speech would be your last.</p>
15	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>The name of Cassius honors this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>The name of Cassius gives credit to these corrupt actions, and so they go unpunished.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Chastisement!</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Unpunished!</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Remember March, the ides of March remember. Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Remember March, March 15th. Didn't great Caesar bleed for the sake of justice?</p>
20	<p>What villain touched his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What, shall one of us That struck the foremost man of all this world But for supporting robbers, shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, 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.</p>	<p>Who among us stabbed him for any cause but justice? What—did one of us strike down the most powerful man in the world in order to support robbers? Should we now dirty our fingers with lowly bribes and sell the mighty offices that we hold for whatever money we can get our hands on? I'd rather be a dog and howl at the moon than be that kind of Roman.</p>
25		
30	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Brutus, do not provoke me. I will not take it. You're forgetting yourself when you back me into a corner. I'm a soldier, more experienced than you, and better able to give orders.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p>

	Go to. You are not, Cassius.	Get lost! You are not, Cassius.
	CASSIUS I am.	CASSIUS I am.
35	BRUTUS I say you are not.	BRUTUS I say you're not.
	CASSIUS Urge me no more, I shall forget myself. Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.	CASSIUS Don't provoke me any further or I'll forget to restrain myself. If you care about your health, you won't push me any further.
	BRUTUS Away, slight man!	BRUTUS Leave, you little man.
	CASSIUS Is 't possible?	CASSIUS Is this possible?
40	BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?	BRUTUS Listen to me, for I have something to tell you. Am I required to indulge your rash anger? Does a madman scare me when he stares at me?
	CASSIUS O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?	CASSIUS Oh gods, oh gods! Must I endure all this?
	Original Text	Modern Text
45	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 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.	BRUTUS "All this"? Yes, and more. Go ahead—rage till your proud heart breaks. Show your slaves how mad you are, and make your servants tremble. But me—am I going to cower at you and your irritable moods? You'll have to swallow your own poison till it makes you burst before I'm going to respond; from now on, I'll make you the butt of my jokes whenever you get sharp with me.
50		
	CASSIUS Is it come to this?	CASSIUS Has it come to this?
55	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.	BRUTUS You say you're a better soldier. Show it! Make your boasts come true, and I'll be thrilled. I'm always happy to hear about brave men.
	CASSIUS You wrong me every way. You wrong me, Brutus. I said an elder soldier, not a better. Did I say "better"?	CASSIUS You wrong me in every way. You wrong me, Brutus. I said an <i>older</i> soldier, not a better one. Did I say "better"?
60	BRUTUS If you did, I care not.	BRUTUS If you did, I don't care.
	CASSIUS When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.	CASSIUS When Caesar was alive, even he wouldn't dare anger me like this.

	<p>BRUTUS Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Oh, be quiet. You wouldn't have dared to tempt him so.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS I durst not!</p>	<p>CASSIUS I wouldn't have dared!</p>
	<p>BRUTUS No.</p>	<p>BRUTUS No.</p>
65	<p>CASSIUS What, durst not tempt him?</p>	<p>CASSIUS What? Not dared to tempt him?</p>
	<p>BRUTUS For your life you durst not.</p>	<p>BRUTUS You wouldn't have dared, out of fear for your life.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS Do not presume too much upon my love. I may do that I shall be sorry for.</p>	<p>CASSIUS Don't take my love for granted. I might do something I'll be sorry for.</p>
70	<p>BRUTUS You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, For I am armed so strong in honesty That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me, 75 For I can raise no money by vile means. By heaven, I had rather coin my heart And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection. I did send 80 To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 85 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts. Dash him to pieces!</p>	<p>BRUTUS You've already done something you should be sorry for. Your threats don't scare me, Cassius, because I'm so secure in my honesty and integrity that they pass me by like a weak breeze. I asked you for a certain amount of gold, which you wouldn't give me. I myself can't raise money by unethical means. I'd rather turn my heart into money and my drops of blood into coins than use crooked tactics to wring petty cash from the hardworking hands of peasants. I asked you for gold to pay my soldiers, and you wouldn't give it to me. Was that the Caius Cassius that I knew? And would I have ever done that to you? If I ever get so greedy that I hoard such petty cash from my friends, may the gods dash me to pieces with their thunderbolts!</p>
	<p>CASSIUS I denied you not.</p>	<p>CASSIUS I didn't refuse you.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS You did.</p>	<p>BRUTUS You did.</p>
90	<p>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, But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.</p>	<p>CASSIUS I didn't. The man who brought my answer to you was a fool. You have broken my heart. A friend should put up with his friend's weaknesses, but you exaggerate mine.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS I do not, till you practice them on me.</p>	<p>BRUTUS I don't until you practice them on me.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS You love me not.</p>	<p>CASSIUS You don't love me.</p>

	BRUTUS I do not like your faults.	BRUTUS I don't like your faults.
	CASSIUS A friendly eye could never see such faults.	CASSIUS A friend would never see those faults.
95	BRUTUS A flatterer's would not, though they do appear As huge as high Olympus.	BRUTUS No, a flatterer wouldn't, even if the faults were as huge as Mount Olympus.
100 105 110	CASSIUS Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is aweary of the world— 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. <i>(offers BRUTUS his bared dagger)</i> 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. Strike, as thou didst at Caesar. For I know When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.	CASSIUS Come, Antony and young Octavius! Get your revenge on Cassius, because Cassius has grown tired of the world. He's hated by someone he loves, defied by his brother, rebuked like a servant, all his faults observed, catalogued in a notebook, read, and committed to memory so they can be thrown in his face. Oh, I could weep my soul right out of myself! There's my dagger <i>(he offers BRUTUS his unsheathed dagger)</i> , and here's my bare chest. Inside it is a heart more valuable than <u>Pluto's</u> silver mine and richer than gold. If you're a Roman, take my heart out. I, who denied you gold, will give you my heart. Strike as you did at Caesar, for I know even when you hated him the most, you still loved him better than you ever loved me.
115	BRUTUS Sheathe your dagger. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope. Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor. O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb	BRUTUS Put away your dagger. Be angry whenever you like, it's all right with me. Do whatever you want, and I'll say your insults are just a bad mood. Oh, Cassius, you're partners with a quiet lamb. My anger is like a flint striking—a brief spark, and then I'm cold again.

	<p>That carries anger as the flint bears fire, Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark And straight is cold again.</p>	
	<p>CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?</p>	<p>CASSIUS Have I lived this long only to be the butt of a joke whenever you're angry or frustrated?</p>
120	<p>BRUTUS When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.</p>	<p>BRUTUS When I said that, I was angry too.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.</p>	<p>CASSIUS You admit it, then? Give me your hand.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS And my heart too.</p>	<p>BRUTUS And my heart too.</p>
	<p><i>CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands</i></p>	<p><i>CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands.</i></p>
	<p>CASSIUS O Brutus!</p>	<p>CASSIUS Oh, Brutus!</p>
	<p>BRUTUS What's the matter?</p>	<p>BRUTUS What's the matter?</p>
125	<p>CASSIUS Have not you love enough to bear with me, When that rash humor which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful?</p>	<p>CASSIUS Do you have enough love for me to be patient when my bad temper, which I inherited from my mother, makes me forget how I should behave?</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Yes, Cassius. And from henceforth When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides and leave you so.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Yes, Cassius. And from now on, when you get hot with me, I'll assume it's your mother speaking and leave it at that.</p>
130	<p>POET <i>(within)</i> Let me go in to see the generals. There is some grudge between 'em. 'Tis not meet They be alone.</p>	<p>POET <i>(offstage)</i> Let me in to see the generals. There's a grudge between them, and it isn't a good idea for them to be alone.</p>
	<p>LUCILLIUS <i>(within)</i> You shall not come to them.</p>	<p>LUCILLIUS <i>(offstage)</i> You can't see them.</p>
	<p>POET <i>(within)</i> Nothing but death shall stay me.</p>	<p>POET <i>(offstage)</i> You'd have to kill me to stop me.</p>
	<p><i>Enter a POET followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS</i></p>	<p><i>A POET enters, followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS.</i></p>
	<p>CASSIUS How now? What's the matter?</p>	<p>CASSIUS What's this! What's the matter?</p>
135	<p>POET 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.</p>	<p>POET You should be ashamed, generals! What do you think you're doing? Love each other and be friends, like two such men should be. Listen to me, because I'm older than you, surely.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p>

	Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!	Ha ha! This man's rhymes are terrible!
	BRUTUS (to POET) Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy fellow, hence!	BRUTUS (to POET) Get out of here, you! Get away, you rude fellow!
	CASSIUS Bear with him, Brutus. 'Tis his fashion.	CASSIUS Be patient with him, Brutus. That's just how he is.
140	BRUTUS I'll know his humor when he knows his time. What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? —Companion, hence!	BRUTUS I'll humor him when he learns how to behave. What should we do with all these rhyming fools that follow us from post to post? Get out of here, my friend.
	CASSIUS Away, away, be gone.	CASSIUS Away, away, be gone.
	<i>Exit POET</i>	<i>The POET exits.</i>
	BRUTUS Lucillius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.	BRUTUS Lucillius and Titinius, order the commanders to have the men camp for the night.
145	CASSIUS And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, Immediately to us.	CASSIUS And return to us immediately, bringing Messala with you.
	<i>Exeunt LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS</i>	<i>LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS exit.</i>
	BRUTUS (calls off) Lucius, a bowl of wine!	BRUTUS (calling offstage) Lucius, bring a bowl of wine.
	CASSIUS I did not think you could have been so angry.	CASSIUS I didn't think you could even be so angry.
	Original Text	Modern Text
	BRUTUS O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.	BRUTUS Oh Cassius, I'm tired out by many sorrows.
150	CASSIUS Of your philosophy you make no use If you give place to accidental evils.	CASSIUS You're forgetting your Stoic philosophy if you allow chance misfortunes to upset you.
	BRUTUS No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.	BRUTUS No one bears sorrow better than me. Portia is dead.
	CASSIUS Ha, Portia?	CASSIUS Portia!
	BRUTUS She is dead.	BRUTUS She is dead.
155	CASSIUS How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so? O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?	CASSIUS How did you manage not to kill me when we argued just now? What an irreplaceable and grievous loss! What sickness did she die of?
	BRUTUS Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong—for with her death That tidings came—with this she fell distract	BRUTUS She was worried about my absence, and about the fact that young Octavius and Mark Antony have grown so strong— which I found out at the same time as the news of her death. She became full of despair and, when her attendants were

160	And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.	away, swallowed burning coals.
	CASSIUS And died so?	CASSIUS And that's how she died?
	BRUTUS Even so.	BRUTUS Yes, like that.
	CASSIUS O ye immortal gods!	CASSIUS Oh, immortal gods!
	<i>Enter LUCIUS with wine and tapers</i>	<i>LUCIUS enters with wine and candles.</i>
	Original Text	Modern Text
	BRUTUS Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.— In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. <i>(drinks)</i>	BRUTUS Don't talk about her anymore. Give me a bowl of wine. With this toast I bury all bad feelings between us, Cassius. <i>(he drinks)</i>
165	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. <i>(drinks)</i>	CASSIUS My heart is thirsty for that noble promise. Fill my cup, Lucius, until the wine overflows it. I cannot drink too much of Brutus's love. <i>(he drinks)</i>
	<i>Exit LUCIUS</i>	<i>LUCIUS exits.</i>
	<i>Enter TITINIUS and MESSALA</i>	<i>TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.</i>
170	BRUTUS Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala! Now sit we close about this taper here And call in question our necessities.	BRUTUS Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala. Now let's sit closely around this candle and discuss our needs.
	CASSIUS Portia, art thou gone?	CASSIUS Portia, are you really gone?
175	BRUTUS No more, I pray you. —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.	BRUTUS No more about that, please. Messala, I have received these letters explaining that young Octavius and Mark Antony are rushing toward Philippi and bearing down upon us with a mighty power.
	MESSALA Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.	MESSALA I have received letters that say the same.
	BRUTUS With what addition?	BRUTUS And anything else?
180	MESSALA That by proscription and bills of outlawry, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus Have put to death an hundred senators.	MESSALA That with a series of legal writs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus have put a hundred senators to death.
	BRUTUS Therein our letters do not well agree. Mine speak of seventy senators that died By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.	BRUTUS On that point, our letters don't agree. My letters say only seventy senators were killed, one being Cicero.

185	CASSIUS Cicero one?	CASSIUS Cicero too?
	MESSALA Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription. (to BRUTUS) Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?	MESSALA Cicero is dead, by their decree. (to BRUTUS) Have you received letters from your wife, my lord?
	BRUTUS No, Messala.	BRUTUS No, Messala.
	MESSALA Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?	MESSALA And you haven't heard any news about her in your letters?
190	BRUTUS Nothing, Messala.	BRUTUS Nothing, Messala.
	MESSALA That methinks is strange.	MESSALA I think that's strange.
	BRUTUS Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?	BRUTUS Why do you ask? Have you heard something of her in your letters?
	MESSALA No, my lord.	MESSALA No, my lord.
	BRUTUS Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.	BRUTUS Now, as you're a Roman, tell me the truth.
195	MESSALA Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell. For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.	MESSALA Then you must take the truth I have to tell like a Roman. It's certain that she is dead, and she died in a strange way.
	BRUTUS Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala. With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.	BRUTUS Well, good-bye, Portia. We all must die, Messala. Having already thought about the fact that she would have to die sometime, I can endure her death now.
	MESSALA Even so great men great losses should endure.	MESSALA That's the way great men ought to endure great losses.
	Original Text	Modern Text
200	CASSIUS I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.	CASSIUS I've practiced Stoicism with as much devotion as you, but I still couldn't bear this news like you do.
	BRUTUS Well, to our work alive. What do you think Of marching to Philippi presently?	BRUTUS Well, let's move on to our work with the living. What do you think of marching to Philippi immediately?
	CASSIUS I do not think it good.	CASSIUS I don't think it's a good idea.
	BRUTUS Your reason?	BRUTUS Why not?
205	CASSIUS This it is: 'Tis better that the enemy seek us.	CASSIUS Here's why: it'd be better for the enemy to come after us. That way, he'll waste his provisions and tire out his soldiers,

	<p>So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offense, whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.</p>	<p>weakening his own capacities, while we, lying still, are rested, energetic, and nimble.</p>
210	<p>BRUTUS Good reasons must of force give place to better. The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forced affection, For they have grudged us contribution. The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged, From which advantage shall we cut him off If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Your reasons are good, but I have better reasons for doing the opposite. The people who live between here and Philippi are loyal to us only because we force them to be. We made them contribute to our efforts against their will. The enemy, marching past them, will add them to its numbers, then come at us refreshed, newly reinforced, and full of courage. Thus we must cut him off from this advantage. If we meet him at Philippi, these people will be at our backs.</p>
215		
	<p>CASSIUS Hear me, good brother—</p>	<p>CASSIUS Listen to me, good brother.</p>
220	<p>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. The enemy increaseth every day. We, at the height, are ready to decline. There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat, And we must take the current when it serves Or lose our ventures.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Begging your pardon, I'll continue what I was saying. You must also take into account that we've gotten as much from our friends as they can give. Our regiments are full to the brim; our cause is ready. The enemy gets larger each day. We, now at our largest, can only decrease. There's a tidal movement in men's affairs. Seizing the highest tide leads on to fortune. If high tide is let to pass, all the rest of the voyage of their lives will be marked by difficulty and misery. It's on such a high tide that we're now floating, and we must take the current when it is offered, or lose our campaign.</p>
225		
230		
	<p>CASSIUS Then, with your will, go on. We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.</p>	<p>CASSIUS If that's what you want, all right. We'll go forward with you and meet them at Philippi.</p>
	<p>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?</p>	<p>BRUTUS It's now late at night, and actions must accommodate bodily needs, which we'll satisfy with only a short rest. That's all there is to say.</p>
235		
	<p>CASSIUS No more. Good night. Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.</p>	<p>CASSIUS There's nothing else. Good night. We'll rise and leave early tomorrow.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Lucius!</p>	<p>BRUTUS Lucius!</p>
	<p><i>Enter LUCIUS</i></p>	<p><i>LUCIUS enters.</i></p>
	<p>My gown.</p>	<p>My nightgown.</p>
	<p><i>Exit LUCIUS</i></p>	<p><i>LUCIUS exits.</i></p>
	<p>Farewell, good Messala.— Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius, Good night and good repose.</p>	<p>Farewell, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, good night and sleep well.</p>

240	<p>CASSIUS O my dear brother, This was an ill beginning of the night. Never come such division 'tween our souls. Let it not, Brutus.</p>	<p>CASSIUS Oh my dear brother! This was a bad start to the night. Let's pray that we never come into conflict like that again. Let's not, Brutus.</p>
	<i>Enter LUCIUS with the gown</i>	<i>LUCIUS enters with the nightgown.</i>
	Original Text	Modern Text
	<p>BRUTUS Everything is well.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Everything's fine.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS Good night, my lord.</p>	<p>CASSIUS Good night, my lord.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Good night, good brother.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Good night, good brother.</p>
	<p>TITINIUS, MESSALA Good night, Lord Brutus.</p>	<p>TITINIUS, MESSALA Good night, Lord Brutus.</p>
245	<p>BRUTUS Farewell, everyone.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Farewell, everyone.</p>
	<i>Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA</i>	<i>CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA exit.</i>
	Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?	Give me the gown. Where's your lute?
	<p>LUCIUS Here in the tent.</p>	<p>LUCIUS Here in the tent.</p>
250	<p>BRUTUS What, thou speak'st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not. Thou art o'erwatched. Call Claudio and some other of my men. I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.</p>	<p>BRUTUS What, are you sleepy? Poor boy, I don't blame you; you've stayed awake too long. Call Claudio and some of my other men. I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.</p>
	<p>LUCIUS Varrus and Claudio!</p>	<p>LUCIUS Varrus and Claudio!</p>
	<i>Enter VARRUS and CLAUDIO</i>	<i>VARRUS and CLAUDIO enter.</i>
	<p>VARRUS Calls my lord?</p>	<p>VARRUS Did you call, my lord?</p>
	<p>BRUTUS I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep. It may be I shall raise you by and by On business to my brother Cassius.</p>	<p>BRUTUS Sirs, I ask you to sleep in my tent. I might wake you up in a while to send you on an errand to my brother Cassius.</p>
255	<p>VARRUS So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.</p>	<p>VARRUS If you like, we'll stand by and wait to do whatever you need.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs. It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. —Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so. I put it in the pocket of my gown.</p>	<p>BRUTUS No, please, lie down, good sirs, because I might change my mind. Look, Lucius, here's the book I was searching for. I put it in the pocket of my nightgown.</p>
	<i>VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down</i>	<i>VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down.</i>

260	<p>LUCIUS I was sure your lordship did not give it me.</p>	<p>LUCIUS I was sure that you hadn't given it to me.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful. Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?</p>	<p>BRUTUS Bear with me, good boy. I've become very forgetful. Can you stay awake a bit longer and play a few tunes on your lute?</p>
	<p>LUCIUS Ay, my lord, an 't please you.</p>	<p>LUCIUS Yes, my lord, if you would like.</p>
265	<p>BRUTUS It does, my boy. I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.</p>	<p>BRUTUS I would, my boy. I ask too much of you, but you're always willing.</p>
	<p>LUCIUS It is my duty, sir.</p>	<p>LUCIUS It's my duty, sir.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS I should not urge thy duty past thy might. I know young bloods look for a time of rest.</p>	<p>BRUTUS I shouldn't make you do more than you're able. I know that young men look forward to their rest.</p>
	<p>LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already.</p>	<p>LUCIUS I've already slept, my lord.</p>
270	<p>BRUTUS It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again. I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee.</p>	<p>BRUTUS That was good planning, and you'll sleep some more. I won't keep you very long. If I live through this, I'll be good to you.</p>
	<p><i>LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, falling asleep</i></p>	<p><i>LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, then falls asleep.</i></p>
275	<p>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. 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</p>	<p>This is a sleepy tune. Oh, deadening sleep, have you taken over my boy who plays music for you? Gentle boy, good night. I won't trouble you so much as to wake you. If you were to droop down, you'd break your instrument, and so I'll take it from you. Good night, good boy. Let me see, let me see. Didn't I turn down the page where I left off reading? Here it is, I think.</p>
280	<p>Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.</p>	<p>This candle doesn't give much light.</p>
	<p><i>Enter the GHOST of Caesar</i></p>	<p><i>The GHOST of Caesar enters.</i></p>
285	<p>How ill this taper burns!—Ha, who comes here? 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? Speak to me what thou art.</p>	<p>What! Who goes there? I think it's my bad eyesight that's making me see this horrible vision. It's coming toward me. Are you real? Are you a god, an angel, or a devil, that you make my blood turn cold and my hair stand up? Tell me what you are.</p>
	<p>GHOST Thy evil spirit, Brutus.</p>	<p>GHOST I'm your evil spirit, Brutus.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS Why comest thou?</p>	<p>BRUTUS Why do you come here?</p>
290	<p>GHOST To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.</p>	<p>GHOST To tell you that you'll see me at Philippi.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p>

	Well, then I shall see thee again?	Then I'll see you again?
	GHOST Ay, at Philippi.	GHOST Yes, at Philippi.
	BRUTUS Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.	BRUTUS Alright, then I'll see you at Philippi.
	<i>Exit GHOST</i>	<i>The GHOST exits.</i>
295	Now I have taken heart thou vanishest. Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —Boy, Lucius!—Varrus!—Claudio!—Sirs, awake! —Claudio!	Just as you go, I find the courage to talk to you. Evil spirit, I want to talk some more. Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Sirs, awake! Claudio!
	LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false.	LUCIUS My lord, the strings are out of tune.
	BRUTUS He thinks he still is at his instrument. Lucius, awake.	BRUTUS He thinks he's still playing his instrument. Lucius, wake up!
300	LUCIUS My lord?	LUCIUS My lord?
	BRUTUS Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?	BRUTUS Were you dreaming, Lucius? Is that why you cried out?
	LUCIUS My lord, I do not know that I did cry.	LUCIUS My lord, I don't think I cried out.
	BRUTUS Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?	BRUTUS Yes, you did. Did you see anything?
	LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.	LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.
305	BRUTUS Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudio! (to VARRUS) Fellow thou, awake!	BRUTUS Go back to sleep, Lucius. Claudio! (to VARRUS) You there, wake up!
	VARRUS My lord?	VARRUS My lord?
	CLAUDIO My lord?	CLAUDIO My lord?
	BRUTUS Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?	BRUTUS Why did you cry out in your sleep?
310	VARRUS, CLAUDIO Did we, my lord?	VARRUS, CLAUDIO Did we, my lord?
	BRUTUS Ay. Saw you anything?	BRUTUS Yes. Did you see anything?
	VARRUS No, my lord, I saw nothing.	VARRUS No, my lord, I didn't see anything.
	CLAUDIO Nor I, my lord.	CLAUDIO Me neither, my lord.

	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Go and commend me to my brother Cassius. Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Go to my brother Cassius. Order him to advance his forces first thing, and we'll follow.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">VARRUS, CLAUDIO</p> <p>It shall be done, my lord.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">VARRUS, CLAUDIO</p> <p>Yes, my lord.</p>
	<i>Exeunt severally</i>	<i>Everyone exits in different directions.</i>

Act 5, Scene 1

	<i>Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army</i>	<i>OCTAVIUS and ANTONY enter with their army.</i>
5	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd. You said the enemy would not come down But keep the hills and upper regions. It proves not so. Their battles are at hand. They mean to warn us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Now, Antony, our prayers have been answered. You said the enemy wouldn't come down but keep to the hills and upper regions. It seems not. Their forces are nearby. They intend to challenge us here at Philippi, responding to our challenge before we've even challenged him.</p>
10	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it. They could be content To visit other places, and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage. But 'tis not so.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>I know how they think, and I understand why they're doing this. They really wish they were somewhere else, but they want to descend on us, looking fierce so we'll think they're brave. But they aren't.</p>
	<i>Enter a MESSENGER</i>	<i>A MESSENGER enters.</i>
15	<p style="text-align: center;">MESSENGER</p> <p>Prepare you, generals. The enemy comes on in gallant show. Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MESSENGER</p> <p>Prepare yourselves, generals. The enemy approaches with great display. They show their bloody heralds of battle, and something must be done immediately.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>Octavius, lead your forces slowly out to the left side of the level field.</p>

	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Upon the right hand I. Keep thou the left.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>I'll go to the right side. You stay on the left.</p>
	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>Why do you cross me in this exigent?</p>	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>Why are you defying me in this urgent matter?</p>
20	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>I do not cross you. But I will do so.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>I'm not defying you, but it's what I'm going to do.</p>
	<p><i>March. Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army, including LUCILLIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA</i></p>	<p><i>The sound of soldiers marching, and a drum. BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with their army, which includes LUCILLIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.</i></p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>They stand and would have parley.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>They've stopped. They want to talk.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Stay here, Titinius. We have to go out and talk to them.</p>
	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Mark Antony, should we give the signal to attack?</p>
25	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth. The generals would have some words.</p>	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>No, Octavius Caesar, we'll respond to their charge. Go forward. The generals want to speak with us.</p>
	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p><i>(to his army)</i> Stir not until the signal.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p><i>(to his army)</i> Don't move until we give the signal.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Words before fighting. Is that how it is, countrymen?</p>
	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Not that we love words better, as you do.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Not that we love words more than fighting, like you do.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.</p>
30	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words. Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Crying "Long live, hail, Caesar!"</p>	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>Brutus, you give a nice speech along with your evil strokes. Think of the hole you made in Caesar's heart when you cried, "Long live Caesar! Hail Caesar!"</p>

35	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown. But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees And leave them honeyless.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Antony, we don't yet know what kind of blows you can inflict. But your words are as sweet as honey—you've stolen from the bees and left them with nothing.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Not stingless too?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I took their stings too, wouldn't you say?</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Oh, yes, and soundless too. For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Oh, yes, and you've left them silent too, because you stole their buzzing, Antony. You very wisely warn us before you sting.</p>
40	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>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 hounds, And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet, Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ANTONY</p> <p>Villains, you didn't do even that much when your vile daggers struck each other as they hacked up Caesar's sides. You smiled like apes and fawned like dogs and bowed like servants, kissing Caesar's feet. And all the while, damned Casca, like a dog, struck Caesar on the neck from behind. Oh, you flatterers!</p>
45	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself. This tongue had not offended so today If Cassius might have ruled.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CASSIUS</p> <p>Flatterers! Now, Brutus, you have only yourself to thank. Antony wouldn't be here to offend us today if you'd listened to me earlier.</p>
50	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat, The proof of it will turn to redder drops. <i>(draws his sword)</i> Look, I draw a sword against conspirators. When think you that the sword goes up again? Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds Be well avenged, or till another Caesar Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Come, come, let's remember why we're here. If arguing makes us sweat, the real trial will turn that water to blood. <i>(he draws his sword)</i> Look: I draw my sword against conspirators. When do you think I'll put it away? Never, until Caesar's thirty-three wounds are well avenged, or until I too have been killed by you.</p>
55	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands Unless thou bring'st them with thee.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Caesar, you're not going to be killed by a traitor—unless you kill yourself..</p>

	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>So I hope.</p> <p>I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>I hope you're right. I wasn't born to die on your sword.</p>
60	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>If you were the noblest of your family, young man, you couldn't die more honorably.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor, Joined with a masker and a reveler!</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>An annoying schoolboy, unworthy of such an honor, joined by a masquerader and a partier!</p>
	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>Old Cassius still.</p>	<p>ANTONY</p> <p>Still the same old Cassius!</p>
65	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Come, Antony, away.— Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth. If you dare fight today, come to the field. If not, when you have stomachs.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Come Antony, let's go. Traitors, we defy you. If you dare to fight today, come to the field. If not, come when you have the courage.</p>
	<p><i>Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army</i></p>	<p><i>OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army exit.</i></p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark! The storm is up and all is on the hazard.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Now let the wind blow, waves swell, and ships sink! The storm has begun and everything is at stake.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Ho, Lucillius, hark, a word with you.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Lucillius! I'd like a word with you.</p>
70	<p>LUCILLIUS</p> <p><i>(stands forth)</i></p> <p>My lord?</p>	<p>LUCILLIUS</p> <p><i>(coming forward)</i> My lord?</p>
	<p><i>BRUTUS and LUCILLIUS converse apart</i></p>	<p><i>BRUTUS and LUCILLIUS converse to the side.</i></p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Messala!</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Messala!</p>
	<p>MESSALA</p> <p><i>(stands forth)</i></p>	<p>MESSALA</p> <p><i>(coming forward)</i> What is it, my general?</p>

	What says my general?	
75	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Messala,</p> <p>This is my birthday, as this very day</p> <p>Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.</p> <p>Be thou my witness that against my will,</p> <p>As Pompey was, am I compelled to set</p> <p>Upon one battle all our liberties.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Messala, today is my birthday—I was born on this very day.</p> <p>Give me your hand, Messala.</p> <p>You'll be my witness that I've been forced, as Pompey was,</p> <p>to wager all of our freedoms on one battle.</p>
80	<p>You know that I held Epicurus strong</p> <p>And his opinion. Now I change my mind,</p> <p>And partly credit things that do presage.</p> <p>Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign</p> <p>Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,</p> <p>Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,</p> <p>Who to Philippi here consorted us.</p>	<p>You know that I used to believe in Epicurus and his disregard</p> <p>for omens. I've changed my mind now and partly believe in</p> <p>omens. Traveling from Sardis, two mighty eagles fell on our</p> <p>front flag and perched there, eating from the hands of the</p> <p>soldiers who'd accompanied us to Philippi. This morning,</p> <p>they've flown away and in their place are ravens, crows, and</p>
85	<p>This morning are they fled away and gone,</p> <p>And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites</p> <p>Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us</p> <p>As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem</p>	<p>though we were sickly prey. Their shadows are like a deadly</p> <p>canopy, under which our army lies, ready to die.</p>
90	<p>A canopy most fatal, under which</p> <p>Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.</p>	
	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Believe not so.</p>	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Don't believe in this.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>I but believe it partly,</p> <p>For I am fresh of spirit and resolved</p> <p>To meet all perils very constantly.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>I only partly believe it, for I'm enthusiastic and resolved to</p> <p>meet all dangers without wavering.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p><i>(returning with LUCILLIUS)</i> Even so, Lucillius.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p><i>(returning with LUCILLIUS)</i> —Right, Lucillius.</p>
95	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Now, most noble Brutus,</p> <p>The gods today stand friendly that we may,</p> <p>Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Now, most noble Brutus, the gods are friendly with us today</p> <p>so that we, who want peace, can live on to old age! But since</p> <p>the affairs of men are always uncertain, let's think about the</p>

100	<p>But since the affairs of men rest still incertain, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together. What are you then determinèd to do?</p>	<p>worst that may happen. If we lose this battle, this is the last time we'll speak to each other. If we lose, what do you plan to do?</p>
105	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Even by the rule of that philosophy By which I did blame Cato for the death Which he did give himself (I know not how, But I do find it cowardly and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent The time of life), arming myself with patience To stay the providence of some high powers That govern us below.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>By the same principle that made me condemn Cato for committing suicide, I plan to be patient and submit to what the gods decide. I don't know why, but I find it cowardly and vile to kill oneself early to prevent possible suffering later on.</p>
110	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Then if we lose this battle You are contented to be led in triumph Thorough the streets of Rome?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Then if we lose this battle, you'll be willing to be led in chains through the streets of Rome?</p>
115 120	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman, That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome. He bears too great a mind. But this same day Must end that work the ides of March begun. And whether we shall meet again I know not. Therefore our everlasting farewell take. Forever and forever farewell, Cassius. If we do meet again, why, we shall smile. If not, why then this parting was well made.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>No, Cassius, no. Don't imagine that I'll ever allow myself to return to Rome in chains. My mind is too great for that. But today, the work that March 15th began must end, and I don't know if we'll meet again. Therefore, accept my everlasting farewell. Forever and forever, farewell, Cassius! If we meet again, then we'll smile. If not, then this parting was well done.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Forever and forever farewell, Brutus. If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed. If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus! If we meet again, then we'll smile indeed. If not, it's true, this parting was well done.</p>
	<p>BRUTUS</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p>

125	<p>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!</p>	<p>Well, lead on. Oh, I wish I could know what will happen today 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!</p>
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>

Act 5, Scene 2

	<i>Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA</i>	<i>Sounds of battle. BRUTUS and MESSALA enter.</i>
	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills Unto the legions on the other side.</p>	<p>BRUTUS</p> <p>Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these dispatches to our forces on the other side.</p>
	<i>Low alarum</i>	<i>Faint sounds of battle.</i>
5	<p>Let them set on at once, for I perceive But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing, And sudden push gives them the overthrow. Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down.</p>	<p>They should advance immediately, because I sense Octavius's side is a bit fainthearted right now, and a sudden push would overthrow him. Ride, ride, Messala. Let Cassius's wing mount a surprise attack.</p>
	<i>Exeunt severally</i>	<i>They exit in opposite directions.</i>

Act 5, Scene 3

	<i>Alarums Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS</i>	<i>Sounds of battle. CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter.</i>
5	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>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. <i>(indicates his standard)</i></p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Oh, look, Titinius, look! Those villains, our soldiers, flee! I've become an enemy to my own soldiers! This standard-bearer here of mine was running away, so I killed him and took the flag from him. <i>(points to his flag)</i></p>
	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>Oh, Cassius, Brutus gave the orders too soon. Having an advantage over Octavius, he took it too eagerly, and his soldiers began looting, and now we're surrounded by Antony's men.</p>

	<i>Enter PINDARUS</i>	<i>PINDARUS enters.</i>
10	PINDARUS Fly further off, my lord, fly further off. Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.	PINDARUS Retreat further, my lord, retreat further. Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. Therefore you must run, noble Cassius.
	CASSIUS This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius. Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?	CASSIUS This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius. Are those my tents on fire?
15	TITINIUS They are, my lord.	TITINIUS They are, my lord.
	CASSIUS Titinius, if thou lovest me, Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops And here again, that I may rest assured Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.	CASSIUS Titinius, if you love me, get on your horse and spur him on until he's brought you to those troops and back again, so that I can find out whether those troops are friends or enemies.
20	TITINIUS I will be here again, even with a thought.	TITINIUS I'll be back quicker than you can think a thought.
	<i>Exit TITINIUS</i>	<i>He exits.</i>
	CASSIUS Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill. My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius, And tell me what thou notest about the field.	CASSIUS Go, Pindarus, climb a little higher on this hill. My eyesight has always been bad. Watch Titinius and tell me what you see in the field.
	<i>PINDARUS ascends the hill</i>	<i>PINDARUS ascends the hill.</i>
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?	Today was the day I breathed my first breath. Time has come round, and I'll end where I began. My life has run its circle. (to PINDARUS) What can you see, boy?
	PINDARUS (above) O my lord!	PINDARUS (above) Oh, my lord!

	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>What news?</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>What news?</p>
30	<p>PINDARUS</p> <p><i>(above)</i> 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. He's ta'en.</p>	<p>PINDARUS</p> <p><i>(above)</i> Titinius is surrounded by horsemen who are quickly approaching him, yet he spurs onward. Now they're almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some dismount. Oh, he gets down too. He's taken.</p>
	<p><i>Shout within</i></p>	<p><i>A shout offstage.</i></p>
35	<p>And, hark! They shout for joy.</p>	<p>And listen! They shout for joy.</p>
	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Come down, behold no more. Oh, coward that I am, to live so long To see my best friend ta'en before my face!</p>	<p>CASSIUS</p> <p>Come down, look no more. Oh, I'm such a coward for living long enough to see my best friend taken before my eyes!</p>
	<p>PINDARUS returns</p>	<p>PINDARUS returns.</p>
40	<p>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. <i>(gives his sword to PINDARUS)</i> Now be a free man, and with this good sword</p>	<p>Come here, boy. I took you prisoner in Parthia, and at that time I made you swear to try to do whatever I ordered you to, except take your own life. Come now, keep your oath. <i>(gives his sword to PINDARUS)</i> Now you'll be a free man. Take this good sword, which ran through Caesar's bowels, and plunge it in my chest. Don't hesitate. Here, take the handle, and when my face is covered as it is now, use the sword.</p>
45	<p>That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom. Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilts And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword.</p>	
	<p>PINDARUS stabs CASSIUS</p>	<p>PINDARUS stabs CASSIUS.</p>
50	<p>Caesar, thou art revenged, Even with the sword that killed thee. <i>(dies)</i></p>	<p>Caesar, you are revenged with the very same sword that killed you. <i>(he dies)</i></p>
	<p>PINDARUS</p>	<p>PINDARUS</p>

	<p>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.</p>	<p>So I'm free. But I didn't want to be free like this. Oh, Cassius, I'll run far from this country to where no Romans can find me.</p>
	<p><i>Exit PINDARUS</i></p>	<p><i>He exits.</i></p>
	<p><i>Enter TITINIUS and MESSALA</i></p>	<p><i>TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.</i></p>
55	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, As Cassius' legions are by Antony.</p>	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>The armies have merely changed places, Titinius, because Octavius has been overthrown by noble Brutus's forces at the very moment that Antony overthrew Cassius's legions.</p>
	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>These tidings will well comfort Cassius.</p>	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>This news will comfort Cassius.</p>
	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Where did you leave him?</p>	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Where did you leave him?</p>
60	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>All disconsolate, With Pindarus his bondman on this hill.</p>	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>On this hill and in despair, with his slave Pindarus.</p>
	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Is not that he that lies upon the ground?</p>	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Isn't that him on the ground?</p>
	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>He lies not like the living. O my heart!</p>	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>He doesn't seem to be alive. Oh, my heart!</p>
	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Is not that he?</p>	<p>MESSALA</p> <p>Isn't that him?</p>
65	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>TITINIUS</p> <p>No, it was him, Messala, but Cassius is no more. Just as the sun's rays turn red when it sets, so Cassius has ended his life in a pool of red blood. The sun of Rome has set! Our day is over. Clouds, dew, and dangers approach. We're finished! He didn't believe I would ever return on my mission, and so he killed himself.</p>

70 75	<p style="text-align: center;">MESSALA</p> <p>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 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MESSALA</p> <p>Yes, he killed himself because he thought we'd lost the whole battle. Sadness, which misconstrues reality, gave birth to his errors in thinking—and then destroyed him.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">TITINIUS</p> <p>What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TITINIUS</p> <p>Pindarus! Where are you, Pindarus?</p>
80	<p style="text-align: center;">MESSALA</p> <p>Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears. I may say "thrusting" it, For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MESSALA</p> <p>Look for him, Titinius, while I go to meet the noble Brutus and force him to hear this news. I say "force" because Brutus would rather I stuck sharp blades and poisoned arrows in his ears than fill them with this.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">TITINIUS</p> <p>Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TITINIUS</p> <p>Hurry, Messala, and I'll look for Pindarus in the meantime.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Exit MESSALA</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>MESSALA exits.</i></p>
85 90 95	<p>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? 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. <i>(lays wreath on CASSIUS's head)</i> Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. <i>(stabs himself with CASSIUS's sword and dies)</i></p>	<p>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 brow and order me to give it to you? Didn't you hear their shouts? Alas, you misunderstood everything! But let me place this wreath on your head. Your Brutus ordered me to give it to you, and I'll do what he says. <i>(he lays a wreath on CASSIUS's head)</i> Brutus, come this way and see how much I admired Caius Cassius. With your permission, gods, this is a Roman's duty. Come, Cassius's sword, and strike Titinius's heart. <i>(he stabs himself with CASSIUS's sword and dies.)</i></p>

	<i>Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILLIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO</i>	<i>Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILLIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO enter.</i>
	BRUTUS Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?	BRUTUS Where is his body, Messala?
	MESSALA Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.	MESSALA Over there, where Titinius mourns it.
	BRUTUS Titinius' face is upward.	BRUTUS Titinius is lying face-up.
	CATO He is slain.	CATO He's been killed.
100	BRUTUS O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords In our own proper entrails.	BRUTUS Oh, Julius Caesar, you are still powerful. Your ghost walks the earth and turns our swords toward our own stomachs.
	<i>Low alarums</i>	<i>Faint sounds of battle.</i>
	CATO Brave Titinius!— Look whe 'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.	CATO Brave Titinius! Look, he even put the crown on dead Cassius!
105	BRUTUS Are yet two Romans living such as these? —The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.	BRUTUS Could you have found two Romans as good as these two? Good-bye to you, the last of all the Romans. Rome will never produce your equal. Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man than you will see me shed. I will find the time to cry for you, Cassius, I'll find the time. Come, then, and send his body to Thasos. We won't have his funeral at our camp, because it might make us too sad to fight. Lucillius, come. And come, young Cato. Let's proceed to the field. Labio and Flavio, push our armies onward. It is three o'clock, and, Romans, before
110	—Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body. 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.	night, we will try our luck in a second battle.
115	—'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night	

	We shall try fortune in a second fight.	
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>
	<i>Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO</i>	<i>Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO enter.</i>
	BRUTUS Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!	BRUTUS Keep on, countrymen. Oh, keep your heads up, even now!
	<i>Exeunt BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO</i>	<i>BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO exit.</i>
5	CATO What bastard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaim my name about the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!	CATO Who is so low that he wouldn't? Who will advance 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. I am the son of Marcus Cato!
	<i>Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS Fight</i>	<i>ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS enter and fight.</i>
	LUCILLIUS And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I! Brutus, my country's friend. Know me for Brutus!	LUCILLIUS And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus. Brutus, my country's friend. Know that I am Brutus!
	SOLDIERS kill young CATO	SOLDIERS kill young CATO .
10	O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.	Oh, young and noble Cato, have you been slain? Why, you die now as bravely as Titinius. And you, being Cato's son, will be honored.
	FIRST SOLDIER (to LUCILLIUS) Yield, or thou diest.	FIRST SOLDIER (to LUCILLIUS) Surrender or you will die.
	LUCILLIUS Only I yield to die. There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight. Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.	LUCILLIUS I'd rather die. Here is some money for you to kill me immediately. Kill Brutus and be honored by the killing.
15	FIRST SOLDIER We must not. A noble prisoner!	FIRST SOLDIER We must not. He is a noble prisoner!

	<i>Enter ANTONY</i>	<i>ANTONY enters.</i>
	SECOND SOLDIER Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.	SECOND SOLDIER Make room! Tell Antony that Brutus has been taken.
	FIRST SOLDIER I'll tell the news. Here comes the general. —Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.	FIRST SOLDIER I'll tell him the news. Oh, here comes the general—Brutus has been caught, Brutus is taken, my lord.
	ANTONY Where is he?	ANTONY Where is he?
20	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! When you do find him, or alive or dead,	LUCILLIUS He's safe, Antony. I can 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 on his own terms.
25	He will be found like Brutus, like himself.	
30	ANTONY (to SOLDIERS) This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you, A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe. Give him all kindness. I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whether Brutus be alive or dead. And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is chanced.	ANTONY (to SOLDIERS) This isn't Brutus, friend, but, I assure you, he is a valuable prize. Keep this man safe. Be kind to him. I would rather have such men as friends than enemies. Move on, find out if Brutus is alive or dead, then return to Octavius's tent to tell us what you've learned.
	<i>Exeunt severally</i>	<i>They exit in opposite directions.</i>
	<i>Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS</i>	<i>BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS enter.</i>
	BRUTUS Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.	BRUTUS Come, last of my friends, rest on this rock.
	CLITUS Statilius showed the torchlight but, my lord, He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.	CLITUS Statilius waved the torchlight at us, but he hasn't come back. He's been captured or killed.

5	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word. It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. <i>(whispers to CLITUS)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Sit down, Clitus. Killed, most likely—it's become a trend. Listen, Clitus. <i>(he whispers to CLITUS)</i></p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p>What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p>Who, me, my lord? No, not for all the world.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Peace then! No words.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Silence, then! Don't give it away.</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p>I'll rather kill myself.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p>I'd rather kill myself.</p>
10	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Hark thee, Dardanius. <i>(whispers to DARDANIUS)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Listen, Dardanius. <i>(he whispers to DARDANIUS)</i></p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">DARDANIUS</p> <p>Shall I do such a deed?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DARDANIUS</p> <p>Would I dare do something like that?</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p>O Dardanius!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p>Oh Dardanius!</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">DARDANIUS</p> <p>O Clitus!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DARDANIUS</p> <p>Oh Clitus!</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p><i>(aside to DARDANIUS)</i> What ill request did Brutus make to thee?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">CLITUS</p> <p><i>(speaking so that only DARDANIUS can hear)</i> What awful thing did Brutus ask of you?</p>
15	<p style="text-align: center;">DARDANIUS</p> <p><i>(aside to CLITUS)</i> To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DARDANIUS</p> <p><i>(speaking so that only CLITUS can hear)</i> To kill him, Clitus. Look, he's meditating on what to do.</p>
55	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Farewell, good Strato. <i>(runs on his sword)</i> Caesar, now be still. I killed not thee with half so good a will. <i>(dies)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">BRUTUS</p> <p>Farewell, good Strato. <i>(runs on his sword)</i> Caesar, you can rest now. I didn't kill you half as willingly. <i>(he dies)</i></p>

	<i>Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILLIUS, and the army</i>	<i>Sounds of battle. Trumpets sound a retreat. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and LUCILLIUS enter with the army.</i>
	OCTAVIUS What man is that?	OCTAVIUS What man is that?
	MESSALA My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?	MESSALA My master's man. Strato, where's your master?
60	STRATO Free from the bondage you are in, Messala. The conquerors can but make a fire of him. For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honor by his death.	STRATO Free from the bondage you are in, Messala. The conquerors can only make a fire of him, because only Brutus triumphed over himself, and no other man gets to triumph in his death.
65	LUCILLIUS So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast proved Lucillius' saying true.	LUCILLIUS It's fitting that Brutus be found like this. Thank you, Brutus, for proving my prediction true.
	OCTAVIUS All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. —Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?	OCTAVIUS I'll take all who served Brutus into my service. You, will you join with me?
	STRATO Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.	STRATO Yes, if Messala recommends me to you.
	OCTAVIUS Do so, good Messala.	OCTAVIUS Do so, good Messala.
	MESSALA How died my master, Strato?	MESSALA How did my master die, Strato?
70	STRATO I held the sword and he did run on it.	STRATO I held the sword and he ran on it.
	MESSALA Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.	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.	ANTONY This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the rest of the

75 80	<p>All the conspirators save only he Did that they did in envy of great Caesar. He only in a general honest thought And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements So mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, "This was a man."</p>	<p>conspirators acted out of jealousy of great Caesar. Only he acted from honesty and for the general good. His life was gentle, and the elements mixed so well in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."</p>
85	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>OCTAVIUS</p> <p>Let's treat him according to his virtue, with all the respect and rituals of burial. His body will lie in my tent tonight, with the honorable observance that suits a soldier. So order the armies to rest, and let's go home to share the glories of this happy day.</p>
	<p><i>Exeunt omnes</i></p>	<p><i>Everyone exits.</i></p>

Crowther, John, ed. "No Fear Julius Caesar." SparkNotes.com. SparkNotes LLC. 2005. Web. 31 Oct. 2011.

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