

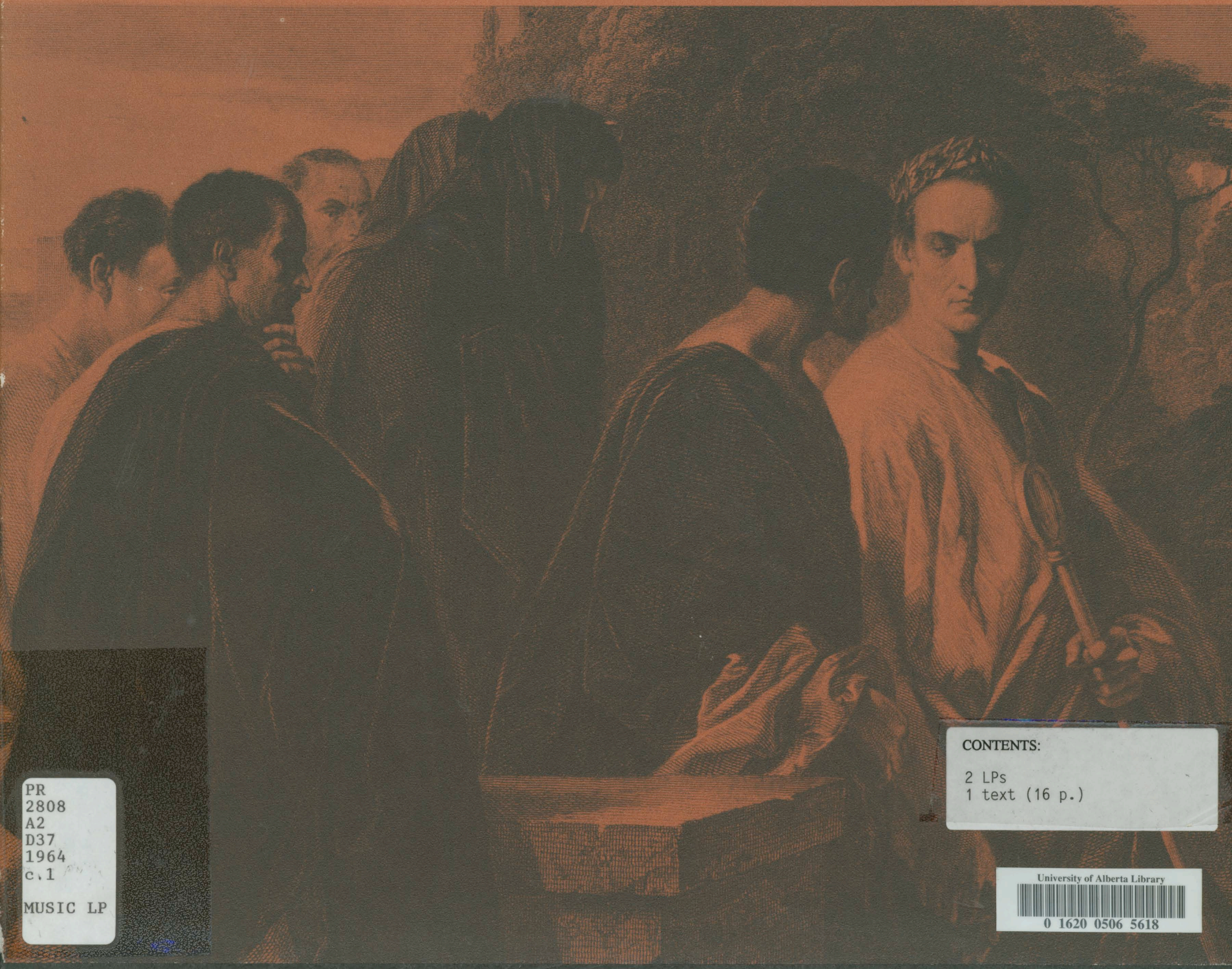
# SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CAESAR

THE COMPLETE PLAY PREPARED FOR RECORDING BY JAMES H. RUSSELL PRODUCED BY SCOTTI D'ARCY

PERFORMED BY SHAKESPEARE FOR STUDENTS PRODUCTION

PRODUCING DIRECTOR: J. FRANCIS PHILLIPS ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS: RON SUTTERMAN / MILT COMMONS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9614



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## CONTENTS:

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1 text (16 p.)

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# SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CAESAR

**SIDE I**  
 Band 1: ACT I, Scene 1  
 ("Hence! home, you idle creatures, . . .")  
 Band 2: ACT I, Scene 2  
 ("Calphurnia! Peace, ho! Caesar speaks . . .")  
 Band 3: ACT I, Scene 3  
 ("Why are you breathless? . . .")

**SIDE II**  
 Band 1: ACT II, Scene 1  
 ("What, Lucius! ho! . . .")  
 Band 2: ACT II, Scene 1 (concluded)  
 ("Brutus, my lord! . . .")  
 Band 3: ACT II, Scene 2  
 ("Nor heaven and earth have been at peace . . .")

**SIDE III**  
 Band 1: ACT II, Scene 3  
 ("Caesar, beware of Brutus; . . .")  
 ACT III, Scene 1  
 ("Where is Metellus Cimber? . . .")  
 Band 2: ACT III, Scene 2  
 ("We will be satisfied; . . .")  
 Band 3: ACT III, Scene 3  
 ("I dreamt to-night I did feast with Caesar . . .")

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

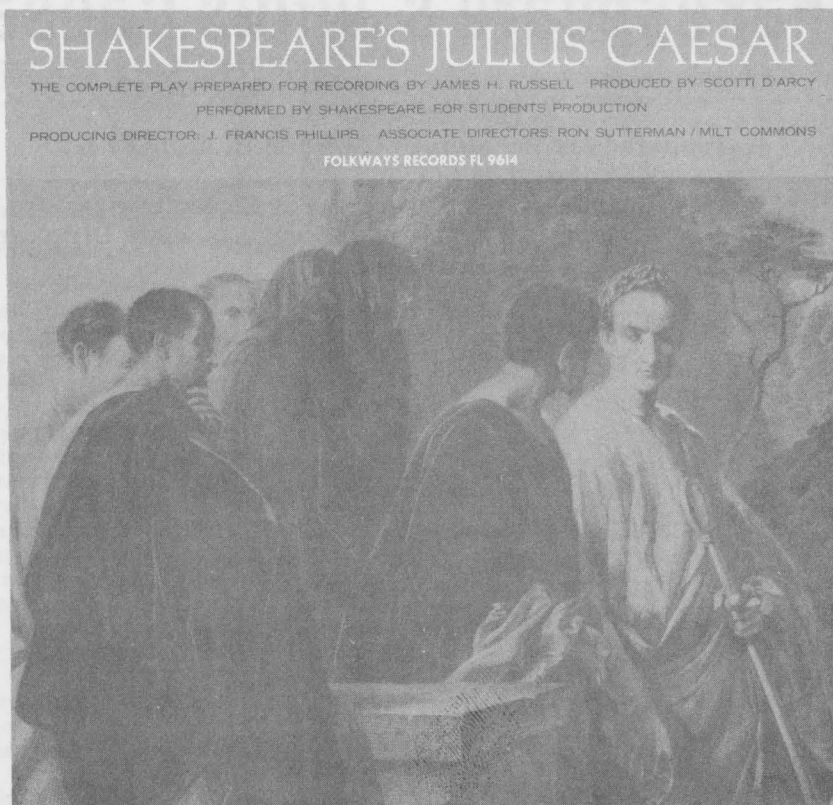
COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

**SIDE IV**  
 Band 1: ACT IV, Scene 1  
 ("These many then shall die; . . .")  
 ACT IV, Scene 2  
 ("Most noble brother, . . .")  
 ACT IV, Scene 3  
 Band 2: ACT V, Scene 1  
 ("Prepare you, generals; . . .")  
 ACT V, Scene 3  
 ("O! look, Titinius, look . . .")  
 ACT V, Scene 5  
 ("The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me . . .")  
 Band 3: ACT V, Scene 5 (concluded)  
 ("What man is that? . . .")

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For many years, Miss D'Arcy has been active in the field of poetry. 1500 of her poems have appeared in print. . . many in recent anthologies such as "Color On The Wing" and "American Poet's Speak". She has written an untold number of book reviews, articles and interviews. She has served as associate editor of such publications as New Review and the Connecticut Literary Review. . . and is currently associated with the publication "American Poet", which encourages beginners and can point with pride to many top poets who had their first poems accepted by "American Poet". She is a member of the Executive Board of the American Poet's Fellowship Society and serves on the Advisory Board of the International Who's Who in Poetry. She was New York City Chairman for National Poetry Day Committee.

Miss D'Arcy's main interest is Poet's Theatre which she has maintained for the past five years. Poet's Theatre came into being on the moral, spiritual and social principles of the democratic tradition of American Culture. . . adding a new dimension to the spoken word. Poet's Theatre has been functioning since Jan. 6, 1958 with more than 20 productions to its credit as of this date which have included major works by Browning, Cummings, Lowell, Jeffers, Millay, Shakespeare, Emilie Glen, Djuna Barnes, Charlotte Mew, Tennessee Williams, the first staging of the works of Henry Miller, Stephen Leacock and new playwright Richard Davidson's award winning play "Song Of Walt Whitman"

Miss D'Arcy is Executive producer for Poet's Theatre and she is producing the Poet's Theatre Record Series for Folkways Records and is acting as producer for the "Shakespeare For Students Record Series."

#### Shakespeare For Students

"Shakespeare for Students was founded to assist the school and the student in the introduction to, and stimulate interest in Shakespeare - with the hope of deepening the appreciation of good theatre and good literature. The first concern is the words of the play; their value as poetry and the effect they can create when spoken aloud. The actors work to present the words of the poetry for the beauty of their sounds and their value in creating mental imagery. This is the basis for bringing life to the written word. SFS' production key is the living words of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare for Students under the direction of J. Francis Phillips was founded in 1960 and has toured the New York and New Jersey area for the past six successful seasons.

This album is produced for the purpose of listening. The poetry and the voice the stimuli in creating an exciting audio performance of Julius Caesar through word and sound.

# Shakespeare's Julius Caesar

The Complete Play  
Prepared for Recording by JAMES H. RUSSELL  
Produced by SCOTTI D'ARCY  
Performed by "Shakespeare For Students"  
Producing Director, J. Francis Phillips; Associate Directors,  
Ron Sullivan; Milt Commons

## SIDE I

FL 9614 A

- Band 1 : ACT I, Scene 1  
("Hence! home, you idle creatures...")  
Band 2 : ACT I, Scene 2  
("Calphurnia! Peace, ho! Caesar speaks...")  
Band 3 : ACT I, Scene 3  
("Why are you breathless?...")

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FL 9614 B

- Band 1 : ACT II, Scene 1  
("What, Lucius! ho!...")  
Band 2 : ACT II, Scene 1 (concluded)  
("Brutus, my lord!...")  
Band 3 : ACT II, Scene 2  
("Nor heaven and earth have been at peace...")

## SIDE III

FL 9614 C

- Band 1 : ACT II, Scene 3  
("Caesar, beware of Brutus;...")  
ACT III, Scene 1  
("Where is Metellus Cimber?...")  
Band 2 : ACT III, Scene 2  
("We will be satisfied;...")  
Band 3 : ACT III, Scene 3  
("What is your name?...")

## SIDE IV

FL 9614 D

- Band 1 : ACT IV, Scene 1  
("These may then shall die;...")  
ACT IV, Scene 2  
("What now Lucilius!...")  
ACT IV, Scene 3  
("Now Brutus, that you have wronged me...")  
Band 2 : ACT V, Scene 1  
("Prepare you, generals;...")  
ACT V, Scene 3  
("O! look, Titinius, look...")  
ACT V, Scene 5  
("The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me...")  
Band 3 : ACT V, Scene 5 (concluded)  
("What man is that?...")



# JULIUS CÆSAR



## ACT ONE

### SCENE ONE

Rome. A Street.

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners*

FLAVIUS. Hencel home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

FIRST COMMONER. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-  
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

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

MARULLUS. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,  
what trade?

SECOND COMMONER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out  
with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MARULLUS. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou  
saucy fellow!

SECOND COMMONER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the  
awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's  
matters, but with awl. 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.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

MARULLUS. 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 climb'd 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 a universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
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?  
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.

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.

*Exeunt all the Commoners*

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;  
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 deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar'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 pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE TWO

A Public Place.

*Enter, in procession, with music, Cæsar; Antony, for the  
course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius,  
and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a  
Soothsayer*

CÆSAR. Calphurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

*Music ceases*

CÆSAR.

Calphurnia!

CALPHURNIA. Here, my lord.

CÆSAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY. Cæsar, my lord.

CÆSAR. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,

The barren, touched in this holy chase,

Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

CÆSAR. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

*Music*

SOOTHSAYER. Cæsar!

CÆSAR. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

*Music ceases*

CÆSAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR.

What man is that?

BRUTUS. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

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

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

CÆSAR. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.

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

*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius*

CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS. Not I.

CASSIUS. I pray you, do.

BRUTUS. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Anthony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS.

Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;



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

CASSIUS. 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?

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

CASSIUS. 'Tis just:

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

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

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; 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.

*Flourish and shout*

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

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

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

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour 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 Cæsar; 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,  
Cæsar said to me, 'dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, 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 propos'd,  
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Æneas, 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 Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

*Flourish. Shout*

BRUTUS. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.  
CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
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 mov'd. 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:  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS. I am glad  
That my weak words have struck but thus much show  
Of fire from Brutus.

BRUTUS. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

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

*Re-enter Cæsar and his Train*

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar'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 cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CÆSAR. Antonius!

ANTONY. Cæsar?

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

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

CÆSAR. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,



As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.

*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar  
and his Train. Casca stays behind*

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

BRUTUS. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

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

BRUTUS. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

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

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRUTUS. Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

CASSIUS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

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

CASSIUS. But soft, I pray you: what! did Cæsar swoon?

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

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

CASSIUS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

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

BRUTUS. What said he, when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd 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 any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts; but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

CASCA. Ay.

CASSIUS. Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marul-

lus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

CASSIUS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both.

*Exit*

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

CASSIUS. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

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

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

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

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

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

*Exit Brutus*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*Exit*

### SCENE THREE

*A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,  
Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero*

CICERO. Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm?

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

CASSIUS. Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,

A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

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

CASSIUS. Let it be who it is; for Romans now

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

*Enter Cinna*



CINNA. O Cassius! if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

*Exit Cinna*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

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.

*Exeunt*



## ACT TWO

### SCENE ONE

*Rome. Brutus' Orchard.*

*Enter Brutus*

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!

*Enter Lucius*

LUCIUS. Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS. I will, my lord.

*Exit*

BRUTUS. It must be by his death: and, for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:

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!

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him.

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins

Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:

Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour 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, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,

And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter Lucius*

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found

This paper, thus seal'd up: and I am sure

It did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

*Opens the letter*

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise;

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter Lucius*

LUCIUS. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

*Knocking within*

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.

*Exit Lucius*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter Lucius*

LUCIUS. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS. Is he alone?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS. Let 'em enter.

*Exit Lucius*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st 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:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,*

*Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius*

CASSIUS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here

But honours you; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS. He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS. This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS. He is welcome too.

CASSIUS. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS. Shall I entreat a word?

*Brutus and Cassius whisper*

But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

And his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion;

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

BRUTUS. O! name him not: let us not break with him;

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

CASSIUS. Then leave him out.



DECIUS. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

CASSIUS. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: 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 Cæsar fall together.

BRUTUS. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar. But, alas!  
Cæsar 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:

This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;

TREBONIUS. 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS. But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;  
For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you,  
Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

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

Exeunt all except Brutus

Enter Portia

PORTIA. Brutus, my lord!

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

PORTIA. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd 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 seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

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

BRUTUS. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

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

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

PORTIA. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

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

BRUTUS. O ye gods!  
Render me worthy of this noble wife.

Portia, go in awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Exit Portia

## SCENE TWO

Cæsar's House.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown*

CÆSAR. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!' Who 's within?

Enter a Servant

SERVANT. My lord!

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

SERVANT. I will, my lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia

CALPHURNIA. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk  
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

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

CALPHURNIA. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;



And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
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.  
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

CÆSAR. What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

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

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

*Re-enter Servant*

What say the augurers?

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

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

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

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

*Enter Decius*

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.  
DECIUS. Cæsar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

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

CALPHURNIA. Say he is sick.

CÆSAR. Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far  
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

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

CÆSAR. 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 to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS. This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from your 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.  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
'Lo! Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is liable.

CÆSAR. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go:  
*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,  
Trebonius, and Cinna*

PUBLIUS. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
What is 't o'clock?

BRUTUS. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

CÆSAR. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.  
*Enter Antony*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, Antony.  
ANTONY. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Bid them prepare within:  
Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

### SCENE THREE

*A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper*

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

'Artemidorus.'

If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou mayst live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

*Exit*



## ACT THREE

### SCENE ONE

*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

*A Crowd of People; among them Artemidorus and the  
Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca,  
Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony,  
Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and Others*

*Cæsar and the Senators take their seats*

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

BRUTUS. He is address'd; press near and second him.

CINNA. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CASCA. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
A humble heart,—

*Kneeling*

CÆSAR. I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree



Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,  
 Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished:  
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 METELLUS. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear  
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?  
 BRUTUS. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
 Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.  
 CÆSAR. What, Brutus!  
 CASSIUS. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.  
 CÆSAR. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;  
 But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true fix'd and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
 But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:  
 So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
 Yet in the number I do know but one  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,  
 Unshak'd 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.  
 CASCA. Speak, hands, for me! *They stab Cæsar*  
 CÆSAR. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! *Dies*  
 CINNA. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.  
 CASSIUS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'  
 BRUTUS. People and senators, be not affrighted;  
 Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.  
 BRUTUS.  
 That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.  
 CASCA. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.  
 BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
 So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
 His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
 Let 's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'  
 CASSIUS. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence  
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,  
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!  
 BRUTUS. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
 No worthier than the dust!  
 CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be,  
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
 The men that gave their country liberty.  
*Re-enter Antony*  
 BRUTUS. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.  
 ANTONY. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
 As Cæsar'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.  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.  
 BRUTUS. O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
 As, by our hands and this our present act,  
 You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
 And this the bleeding business they have done.  
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. 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.  
 CASSIUS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
 In the disposing of new dignities.  
 BRUTUS. Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
 And then we will deliver you the cause  
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
 Have thus proceeded.  
 ANTONY. I doubt not of your wisdom.  
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
 Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;  
 Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?  
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
 Either a coward or a flatterer.  
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, 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,  
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
 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!  
 CASSIUS. Mark Antony,—  
 ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.  
 CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
 But what compact mean you to have with us?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?  
 ANTONY. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed  
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.  
 BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.  
 ANTONY. That 's all I seek:  
 And am moreover suitor that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.  
 BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.  
 CASSIUS. Brutus, a word with you.  
 (*Aside to Brutus*) You know not what you do; do not  
 consent  
 That Antony speak in his funeral:  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter?  
 BRUTUS. By your pardon;  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
 He speaks by leave and by permission,  
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.  
 CASSIUS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.



BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
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,  
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

BRUTUS. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*Exeunt all but Antony*

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,  
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd:

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  
Into the market-place; there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body*

## SCENE TWO

*The Forum.*

*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens*

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then give me audience, friends.

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

CITIZENS. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more  
to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of

his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not exten-  
uated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced,  
for which he suffered death.

*Enter Antony and Others, with Cæsar's body*

Here comes 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.

CITIZENS. Live, Brutus! live! live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his  
house.

SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts  
and clamours.

BRUTUS. My countrymen,—

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

*Exit*

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair;

We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

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

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN.

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus  
here.

FIRST CITIZEN. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Nay, that 's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY. You gentle Romans,—

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

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

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.



My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.  
FIRST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in his say-  
ings.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take  
the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
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 Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory.  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.  
CITIZENS. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will! we 'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

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

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors: honourable men!  
CITIZENS. The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers. The will!  
read the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar! we 'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

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

SECOND CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.  
*Exeunt Citizens, with the body*

ANTONY. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant*

How now, fellow!

SERVANT. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY. Where is he?

SERVANT. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANTONY. And thither will I straight to visit him.  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merrv.

And in this mood will give us any thing.  
SERVANT. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.  
ANTONY. Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE THREE

*A Street.*

*Enter Cinna, the Poet*

*Enter Citizens*

FIRST CITIZEN. What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN. Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN. Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN. Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN. Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do  
I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to an-  
swer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:  
wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN. That 's as much as to say, they are fools  
that marry; you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Pro-  
ceed; directly.

CINNA. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN. As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA. As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN. That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. For your dwelling, briefly.

CINNA. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN. Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA. Truly, my name is Cinna.

SECOND CITIZEN. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

CINNA. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for  
his bad verses.

CINNA. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

SECOND CITIZEN. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck  
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-  
brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius'  
house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go!

*Exeunt*



## ACT FOUR

### SCENE ONE

*Rome. A Room in Antony's House.*

*Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table*

ANTONY. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS. I do consent.

OCTAVIUS. Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

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

And now, Octavius,

Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS. Let us do so: for we are at the stake.

And bay'd about with many enemies;



And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE TWO

*Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' Tent.*

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers;  
Titinius and Pindarus meet them*

BRUTUS. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?  
LUCILIUS. He is at hand;

CASSIUS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.  
BRUTUS. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

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

BRUTUS. Cassius, be content;  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

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

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

*Exeunt*

## SCENE THREE

*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

*Enter Brutus and Cassius*

CASSIUS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd 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.

BRUTUS. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS. Chastisement!

BRUTUS. Remember March, the ides of March remember:  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd 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 honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

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

BRUTUS. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS. I am.

BRUTUS. I say you are not.

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

BRUTUS. Away, slight man!

CASSIUS. It's possible?

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?

CASSIUS. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;  
You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say 'better'?

BRUTUS. If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd  
me.

BRUTUS. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS. What! durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS. For your life you durst not

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

BRUTUS. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd 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;

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 direction. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

CASSIUS.

I denied you not.

He was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my  
heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS. You love me not.

BRUTUS. I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

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

CASSIUS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied the gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS.

Sheathe your dagger:

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS.

Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRUTUS. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS. And my heart too.

CASSIUS.

Q Brutus!

BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

CASSIUS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS.

Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth



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

CASSIUS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you make no use  
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

CASSIUS. Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

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

CASSIUS. And died so?

BRUTUS. Even so.

CASSIUS. Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS. No more, I pray you.  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA. Even so great men great losses should endure.

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

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

CASSIUS. I do not think it good.

BRUTUS. Your reason?

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

BRUTUS. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

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

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

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?

CASSIUS. No more. Good-night:  
Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.

## ACT FIVE

### SCENE ONE

*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army*

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

CASSIUS. Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS. 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.

CASSIUS. Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Through the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS. 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:  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

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

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

### SCENE THREE

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius*

CASSIUS. O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

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

*Enter Pindarus*

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

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

TITINIUS. They are, my lord.

CASSIUS. Titinius, if thou lov'st 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 assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS. I will be here again, even with a thought. *Exit*

CASSIUS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

*Pindarus ascends the hill*

This day I breathed first; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS. (Above) O my lord!

CASSIUS. What news?

PINDARUS. 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; O! he lights his sword:



He's ta'en; (*Shout*) and, hark! they shout for joy.  
 CASSIUS. Come down; behold no more.  
 O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face!  
*Pindarus descends*

Come hither, sirrah;  
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;  
 Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,  
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
 Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;  
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
 Guide thou the sword. (*Pindarus stabs him*) Cæsar, thou  
 art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *Dies*  
 PINDARUS. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. *Exit*

*Re-enter Titinius with Messala*  
 BRUTUS. Where, where, doth his body lie?  
 MESSALA. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.  
 BRUTUS. O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!  
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
 In our own proper entrails. *Low alarums*

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,  
 I found no man but he was true to me.  
 I shall have glory by this losing day,  
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history:  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.  
 I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
 Thou art a fellow of good respect;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.  
 BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato.—(*He runs on his sword*)  
 Cæsar, now be still;  
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dies*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala,  
 Lucilius, and Army.*

OCTAVIUS. What man is that?  
 MESSALA. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?  
 STRATO. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;  
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
 For Brutus only overcame himself,  
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

OCTAVIUS. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.  
 OCTAVIUS. Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA. How died my master, Strato?  
 STRATO. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

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

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

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

END

## JULIUS CÆSAR



### CAST OF CHARACTERS

JULIUS CÆSAR  
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR } *Triumvirs after the Death*  
 MARCUS ANTONIUS } *of Julius Cæsar*  
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS }  
 CICERO } *Senators*  
 PUBLIUS }  
 POPILIUS LENA }  
 MARCUS BRUTUS } *Conspirators against Julius*  
 CASSIUS } *Cæsar*  
 CASCA }  
 TREBONIUS }  
 LIGARIUS }  
 DECIVS BRUTUS }  
 METELLUS CIMBER }  
 CINNA }  
 FLAVIUS AND MARULLUS, *Tribunes*  
 ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos*  
 A Soothsayer  
 CINNA, *a Poet*  
 Another Poet  
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and  
 VOLUMNIUS, *Friends to Brutus and Cassius*  
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,  
 DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus*  
 PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius*  
 CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar*  
 PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus*  
 Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

### SCENE

Rome; afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi



THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAESAR

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAESAR.....James Gallery  
BRUTUS.....Robert Andrews  
CASSIUS.....Howard Kirm  
CASCA.....Karl Tuidar  
TREBONIUS.....Michael Holmes  
PORTIA.....Davida Manning  
MARC ANTONY.....John Dobbs  
CALPHURNIA.....Virginia Anton  
OCTAVIUS CAESAR.....James Gallery  
MARULLUS DECIUS  
BRUTUS.....Michael Holmes  
METELLUS CIMBER  
2nd Plebian...Michael Holmes  
TITINIUS.....Karl Tuidar  
MESSALA, 1st Plebian..Karl Tuidar  
ARTEMIDORUS.....J. Francis Phillips  
CINNA, a poet.....Milt Commons  
PINDARUS  
Soothsayer....Michael Holmes  
LUCIUS, STRATO,  
Plebians, Soldiers,  
etc.....members of the  
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