

JULIUS CAESAR by William Shakespeare

Edited by Mark D Anderson

Presented by the Wichita Shakespeare Company

With an All-Female cast.

Original cast:

BRUTUS – Vonda Schuster

CASSIUS – Stacy Chestnut

ANTONY – Danzel Muzingo Bond

CAESAR, GHOST – Beth Wise

LUCIUS, CITIZEN 3 – Amanda Denning

OCTAVIUS, CITIZEN 1 – Marysa Abbas

MESSALA, CITIZEN 2 – Veronica Page Laflin

CASCA, MESSENGER, VOLUMNIUS – Heather Jewell

PORTIA, CLITUS, SERVANT 3 – Darian Leatherman

DECIUS BRUTUS, PANDARIUS – Teri Mott

CALPURNIA, LEPUDIUS, SERVANT 2, CITIZEN 6 – Crystal Meek

CINNA, DARDANIUS – Christy Campbell

PUPLIUS, TITINIUS, CITIZEN 4 – Jillian Clough

SOOTHSAYER, STRATO, SERVANT 1, CITIZEN 5 – Liz Anderson

ACT I

SCENE II. A public place.

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

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What woman is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set her before me; let me see her face.

CASSIUS

Come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

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

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

She is a dreamer; let us leave her: pass.

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS

Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with herself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other women.

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
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.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love her 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 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 she:
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 plunged in
And bade her follow; so indeed she did.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
So from the waves of Tiber
Did I bear the tired Caesar. And this woman
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend her body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on her.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A woman of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, woman, she doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty women
Walk under her huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Women 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;
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That she is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one woman?

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; 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 herself a daughter 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 Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

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

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

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:

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR

Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar?

CAESAR

Let me have women about me that are fat;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
She thinks too much: such women are dangerous.

ANTONY

Fear her not, Caesar; she's not dangerous;
She is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR

Would she were fatter! But I fear her not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the woman I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. She reads much;
She is a great observer and she looks
Quite through the deeds of women: she loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; she hears no music;
Seldom she smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if she mock'd herself and scorn'd her spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such women as she be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of her.

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Why, you were with her, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA

Why, there was a crown offered her: and being offered her, she put it by with the back of her 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 her thrice?

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Who offered her 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 her a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told you, she put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, she would fain have had it. Then she offered it to her again; then she put it by again: but, to my thinking, she was very loath to lay her fingers off it. And then she offered it the third time; she put it the third time by: and still as she 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 she 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 Caesar swoon?

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

'Tis very like: she hath the failing sickness.

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What said she when he came unto herself?

CASCA

Marry, before she fell down, when she perceived the common herd was glad she refused the crown, she plucked me open her doublet and offered them her throat to cut. An I had been a woman of any occupation, if I would not have taken her at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so she fell. When she came to herself again, she said, If she had done or said any thing amiss, she desired their worships to think it was her infirmity.

BRUTUS

And after that, she came, thus sad, away?

CASCA

Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA

Ay, she spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood her smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

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 one is this grown to be!
She was quick mettle when she went to school.

CASSIUS

So is she now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

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

Exit BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed:
Caesar doth bear me hard; but she loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and she were Cassius,
She 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 her name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat her sure;
For we will shake her, or worse days endure.

Exit

SCENE III. The same. A street. (Cassius, Casca, Cinna)

Enter CASSIUS

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest women.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of women to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a woman

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lioness in the Capitol,

A woman no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is.

CASCA

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a queen.

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

CASCA

So can I:

So every bondwoman in her own hand bears
The power to cancel her captivity.

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor woman! I know she would not be a wolf,
But that she sees the Romans are but sheep:
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondwoman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

You speak to Casca, and to such a woman
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

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 honourable-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 favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna; I do know her by her gait;
She is a friend.

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

To find out you. Who's that?

CASSIUS

It is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party--

CASSIUS

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

CINNA

I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Exit CINNA

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at her house: three parts of her
Is ours already, and the woman entire
Upon the next encounter yields her ours.

CASCA

O, she sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
Her countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS

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

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS's 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 lady?

BRUTUS

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS

I will, my lady.

Exit

BRUTUS

It must be by her death: and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at her,

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

How that might change her nature, there's the question.

Crown her? And then, I grant, we put a sting in her,

That at her will she may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,

I have not known when her affections sway'd

More than her reason.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

The taper burneth in your closet, ma'am.

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, girl, the ides of March?

LUCIUS

I know not, ma'am.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, ma'am.

Exit

BRUTUS

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

Opens the letter and reads

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

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

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

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

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when she was call'd a queen.

'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!

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

Ma'am, 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 Caesar,
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 woman,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

Ma'am, 'tis your sister Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS

Is she alone?

LUCIUS

No, ma'am, there are more with her.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, ma'am; 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,
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:

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA

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 women that come along with you?

CASSIUS

Yes, every woman of them, and no woman here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS

She is welcome hither.

CASSIUS

This, Casca; and this, Cinna;

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Shall I entreat a word?

BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper

CINNA

Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA

No.

BRUTUS

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: if not the face of women,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,--
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every woman hence to her idle bed;
What need we any spur but our own cause,
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?
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,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from her.

CASSIUS

But what of Cicero? shall we sound her?
I think she will stand very strong with us.

CASCA

Let us not leave her out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

DECIUS BRUTUS

O, let us have her, for her silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy women's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, her judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in her gravity.

BRUTUS

O, name her not: let us not break with her;
For she will never follow any thing
That other women begin.

CASSIUS

Then leave her out.

CASCA

Indeed she is not fit.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Shall no woman else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, 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, Cassius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of women there is no blood:
O, 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 her boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve her as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew her 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 call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of her;
For she can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear her;
For in the ingrafted love she bears to Caesar--

BRUTUS

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

CINNA

There is no fear in her; let her not die;
For she will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For she is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion she held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of her augurers,
May hold her from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Never fear that: if she be so resolved,
I can o'ersway her; for she loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and women with flatterers;
But when I tell her she hates flatterers,
She says she does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give her humour the true bent,
And I will bring her to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

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 untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Enter PORTIA

PORTIA

Brutus, my lady!

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 stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged 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 her hour with every woman.
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 lady,
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 she not in health,
She 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 she steal out of her 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, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what women to-night
Have had to resort to you.

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 her 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.
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 your 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

SCENE II. CAESAR's house.

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

CAESAR

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

Enter Servant 1

Servant 1

My lady?

CAESAR

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

Servant 1

I will, my lady.

Exit

Enter CALPURNIA

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

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

Re-enter Servant 1

What say the augurers?

Servant 1

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

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

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

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

Say she is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood. This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide herself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Caesar is afraid?'
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To our proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, CASCA, and CINNA
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Cinna,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

CAESAR

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 Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Casca: what, Brutus!

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

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Caesar, I will:

[Aside] and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR

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

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS

[Aside] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter Soothsayer, reading a paper

Soothsayer

'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna,
Decius Brutus loves thee not: .

There is but one mind in all these women, and it is
bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,
look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee!

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

Exit

SCENE IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

PORTIA

I prithee, girl, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA

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!
Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS

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

PORTIA

Yes, bring me word, girl, if thy lady look well,
For she went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to her.
Hark, girl! what noise is that?

LUCIUS

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA

Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

PORTIA

Come hither, friend: which way hast thou been?

Soothsayer

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA

What is't o'clock?

Soothsayer

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer

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

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer

That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech her to befriend herself.

PORTIA

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

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 woman almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as she comes along.

Exit

PORTIA

I must go in. O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the girl heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lady;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what she doth say to thee.

Exeunt severally

ACT III

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

A crowd of people; among them the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA, ANTONY, PUBLIUS, and others

CAESAR

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

Soothsayer

Ay, Caesar; but not gone, read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Casca doth desire you to o'erread,

At your best leisure, this her humble suit.

Soothsayer

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

That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Soothsayer

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is she mad?

PUBLIUS

Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

What, urge you your petitions in the street?

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

Soothsayer

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise?

Soothsayer

Fare you well.

Advances to CAESAR

BRUTUS

What said she?

CASSIUS

She wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:

CASSIUS

Messala knows her time; for, look you, Brutus.
She draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt ANTONY and MESSALA

DECIUS BRUTUS

Where is Casca? Let her go,
And presently prefer her suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS

She is address'd: press near and second her.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

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

CASCA

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Casca throws before thy seat
An humble heart,--

Kneeling

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Casca.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary women,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools.
Thy sister by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for her,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will she be satisfied.

CASCA

Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd sister?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that her sister may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Casca's sister.

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star.
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 her place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with women,
And women are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on her rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am she,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant she should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep her so.

CINNA

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Great Caesar,--

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS

Where's Publius?

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Do so: and let no woman abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter MESSALA

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

MESSALA

Fled to her house amazed:
Those in the street stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that women stand upon.

CASSIUS

Why, she 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 Caesar's friends, that have abridged
Her 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 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 over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport!

CASSIUS

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The women that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS BRUTUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every woman away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace her heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

BRUTUS

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

Servant 2

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus she bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour her;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd her and loved her.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to her, 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.

BRUTUS

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought her worse.
Tell her, so please her come unto this place,
She shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant 2

I'll fetch her presently.

Exit

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have her well to friend.

CASSIUS

I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears her much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlewomen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off.

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 sisters' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each woman render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours:
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Messala.
Gentlewomen all,--alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Anthony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
How like a deer, stricken by many princesses,
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony,--

ANTONY

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

CASSIUS

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

ANTONY

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

BRUTUS

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

ANTONY

That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of her 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 her funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which she will utter?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About her 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 woman
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 women;
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
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by her 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 women, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Servant 3

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar did write for her to come to Rome.

Servant 3

She did receive her letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth--
O Caesar!--

Seeing the body

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,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant 3

She lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Post back with speed, and tell her what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

Hie hence, and tell her so. Yet, stay awhile;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody women;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and a throng of Citizens

Citizens

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Citizen

I will hear Brutus speak.

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

Third Citizen

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrywomen, and lovers!
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Caesar's, to her I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar
was no less than hers. If then that friend demand
why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:
--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved
Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and
die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live
all free women? As Caesar loved me, I weep for her;
as she was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as she was
valiant, I honour her: but, as she was ambitious, I
slew her. There is tears for her love; joy for her
fortune; honour for her valour; and death for her
ambition.

Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If
any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so
vile that will not love her country? If any, speak;
for her have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to
Caesar than you shall do to Brutus.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes her body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,
though he had no hand in her death, shall receive
the benefit of her 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.

All

Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen

Bring her with triumph home unto her house.

Second Citizen

Give her a statue with her ancestors.

Third Citizen

Let her be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen

Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

Fifth Citizen

We'll bring her to her house
With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS

My countrywomen,--

Second Citizen

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

Good countrywomen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace her speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a woman depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

First Citizen

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Sixth Citizen

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

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen

What does she say of Brutus?

Third Citizen

She says, for Brutus' sake,
She finds herself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen

'Twere best she speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen

Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of her.

Sixth Citizen

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans,--

Citizens

Peace, ho! let us hear her.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrywomen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise her.
The evil that women do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable woman;
So are they all, all honourable women--
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
She was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says she was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable woman.
She hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says she was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable woman.
I thrice presented her a queenly crown,
Which she did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says she was ambitious;
And, sure, she is an honourable woman.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love her once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for her?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And women have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen

Methinks there is much reason in her sayings.

Second Citizen

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

Third Citizen

Has she, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in her place.

Fourth Citizen

Mark'd ye her words? She would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain she was not ambitious.

Fifth Citizen

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

Sixth Citizen

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

Third Citizen

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

Fourth Citizen

Now mark her, she begins again to speak.

ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies she there.
And none so poor to do her reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable women:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable women.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in her closet, 'tis her 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 her sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of her for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen

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

All

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

ANTONY

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

Fourth Citizen

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

ANTONY

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

Fourth Citizen

They were traitors: honourable women!

All

The will! the testament!

Second Citizen

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

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as she pluck'd her cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved her!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw her stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd her: then burst her mighty heart;
And, in her mantle muffling up her face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrywomen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is herself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen

O piteous spectacle!

Sixth Citizen

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen

O woful day!

Fourth Citizen

O traitors, villains!

Fifth Citizen

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen

We will be revenged.

All

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, countrywomen.

First Citizen

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen

We'll hear her, we'll follow her, we'll die with her.

ANTONY

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt woman,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of her:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir women's blood:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All

We'll mutiny.

First Citizen

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrywomen; yet hear me speak.

All

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

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

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All

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

ANTONY

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

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several woman, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge her death.

Sixth Citizen

O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

All

Peace, ho!

ANTONY

Moreover, she hath left you all her walks,

Her private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; she hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Citizen

Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn hier 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 3

Ma'am, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

Where is she?

Servant 3

She and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

And there will I straight to visit her:
She comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant 3

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

ANTONY

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

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Your sister too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent--

OCTAVIUS

Prick her down, Antony.

LEPIDUS

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

ANTONY

She shall not live; look, with a spot I damn her.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit LEPIDUS

ANTONY

This is a slight unmeritable woman,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, she should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS

So you thought her;
And took her voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this woman,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
She 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.

OCTAVIUS

You may do your will;
But she's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint her store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
Her corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
She must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
do not talk of her,
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 stretch'd
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
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 II. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

CASSIUS

Most noble sister, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

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

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,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus, bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucius, do you the like; and let no woman

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Brutus's tent.

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 her side,
Because I knew the woman, were slighted off.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice 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 her body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost woman of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes.
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 practise, 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 woman!

CASSIUS

Is't possible?

BRUTUS

Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madwoman stares?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble women.

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

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 gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not: she was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear her 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 she loves; braved by her sister;
all her faults observed, O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
If that thou be'st 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 her worst, thou lovedst her better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to her Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth her?

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

O 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,
She'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Lucius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CASSIUS

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.

Exeunt TITINIUS

BRUTUS

Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Exit LUCIUS

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 woman bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

How 'scaped 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

O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

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.

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius!

Exit LUCIUS

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

No more, I pray you.

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

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

With what addition?

MESSALA

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one!

MESSALA

Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.

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 it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste her means, weary her soldiers,
Doing herself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut her off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good sister.

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 women,

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.

There is no more to say?

CASSIUS

No more. Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS

Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

My gown.

Exit LUCIUS

Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS

O my dear sister!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Every thing is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lady.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS MESSALA

Good night, Lady Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

LUCIUS

I was sure your ladyship did not give it me.

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good girl, I am much forgetful.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty, madam.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS

I have slept, my lady, already.

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.
O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my girl,
Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

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.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Exit Ghost

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! awake!

LUCIUS

My lady?

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS

My lady, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lady.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my sister Cassius;
Bid her set on her powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

LUCIUS

It shall be done, my lady.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger

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

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS

I do not cross you; but I will do so.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS

Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

CASSIUS

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY

Not stingless too.

BRUTUS

O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY

Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondwomen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

ANTONY

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony, away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

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 women rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
She 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 woman 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, away!

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

Loud alarum

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.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. 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
her.

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

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

CASSIUS

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

TITINIUS

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.

TITINIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

Exit

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

PINDARUS ascends the hill

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

PINDARUS

[Above] O my lady!

CASSIUS

What news?

PINDARUS

[Above] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horses, that make to her on the spur;
Yet she spurs on. Now they are almost on her.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, she lights too.
She'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:

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 freewoman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.

PINDARUS stabs him

Caesar, thou art revenged,
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 her.

Exit

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA

MESSALA

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

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, on this hill.

MESSALA

Is not that she that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

She lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that she?

TITINIUS

No, this was she, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in her 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.

MESSALA

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

TITINIUS

What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Seek her, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into her ears.

TITINIUS

Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

Exit MESSALA

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 every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do hER bidding. 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.

Kills herself

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CLITUS, STRATO, DARDANIUS,
VOLUMNIUS, and LUCIUS*

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth her body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

STRATO

He is slain.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Low alarums

STRATO

Brave Titinius!
Look, whether she have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS

Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead woman than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send her body:
MESSALA AND LUCIUS Remove bodies
Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS

Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lady,
She came not back: she is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

Whispers

CLITUS

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

BRUTUS

Peace then! no words.

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Hark thee, Dardanius.

Whispers

DARDANIUS

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS

O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS

O Clitus!

CLITUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS

To kill her, Clitus. Look, she meditates.

CLITUS

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at her eyes.

BRUTUS

Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

VOLUMNIUS

What says my lady?

BRUTUS

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS

Not so, my lady.

BRUTUS

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

Low alarums

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS

That's not an office for a friend, my lady.

Alarum still

CLITUS

Fly, fly, my lady; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no woman but she 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 her life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'

CLITUS

Fly, my lady, fly.

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.

Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lady:
Thou art of a 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 lady.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato.

Runs on her sword

Caesar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Dies

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCIUS, and the army

OCTAVIUS

What woman is that?

MESSALA

My master's woman. Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of her;

For Brutus only overcame herself,

And no woman else hath honour by her death.

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

I held the sword, and she did run on it.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators save only she

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

She only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

Her life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in her that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world 'This was a woman!'

OCTAVIUS

According to her virtue let us use her,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent her 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