



**THE ANGELICUM ACADEMY**  
**GREAT BOOKS SUMMER PROGRAM**

**JULY 7-9, 2021**

**Administration: 719-373-6876**

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## Day One: July 7, 2021

### *Patriotism: What is it?*

Is patriotism love of one's country? If so, what is it that constitutes one's country?

What obligations does patriotism legitimately place on a person?

Do individuals have a hierarchy of obligations? If so, what is the proper place of patriotic obligation in that hierarchy?

*[texts to be determined – we will update this PDF as soon as we have the texts]*

## Day Two: July 8, 2021

### *Plato's dialogue "Euthyphro" .....Page 2*

Is a thing good because the gods love it or do the gods love a thing because it is good?

Is determining where justice lies in a particular case always easy or is it often difficult? If the determining can be either easy or difficult what makes it to be so in either case?

Assuming one can determine the just ordering of human relations in community how is that just ordering best achieved while preserving peace in community?

By prosecuting those we think are guilty or by avoiding public courts? If sometimes one and sometimes the other how do we determine in particular cases which approach is to be taken?

## Day Three: July 9, 2021

### *Shakespeare's play "Julius Caesar" .....Page 19*

Is Caesar a patriot?

Is Brutus a patriot?

Is each man concerned with the just ordering of Roman society?

Is each first concerned with justice or with something else?

# **Euthyphro**

By Plato

Written 380 B.C.E

## **Persons of the Dialogue**

SOCRATES

EUTHYPHRO

## **Scene**

The Porch of the King Archon.

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**Euthyphro.** Why have you left the Lyceum, Socrates? and what are you doing in the Porch of the King Archon? Surely you cannot be concerned in a suit before the King, like myself?

**Socrates.** Not in a suit, Euthyphro; impeachment is the word which the Athenians use.

**Euthyphro:** What! I suppose that someone has been prosecuting you, for I cannot believe that you are the prosecutor of another.

**Socrates:** Certainly not.

**Euthyphro:** Then someone else has been prosecuting you?

**Socrates:** Yes.

**Euthyphro:** And who is he?

**Socrates:** A young man who is little known, Euthyphro; and I hardly know him: his name is Meletus, and he is of the deme of Pitthis. Perhaps you may remember his appearance; he has a beak, and long straight hair, and a beard which is ill grown.

**Euthyphro:** No, I do not remember him, Socrates. But what is the charge which he brings against you?

**Socrates:** What is the charge? Well, a very serious charge, which shows a good deal of character in the young man, and for which he is certainly not to be despised. He says he knows how the youth are corrupted and who are their corruptors. I fancy that he must be a wise man, and seeing that I am the reverse of a wise man, he has found me out, and is going to accuse me of corrupting his young friends. And of this our mother the state is to be the judge. Of all our political men he is the only one who seems to me to begin in the right way, with the cultivation of virtue in youth; like a good husbandman, he makes the young shoots his first care, and clears away us

who are the destroyers of them. This is only the first step; he will afterwards attend to the elder branches; and if he goes on as he has begun, he will be a very great public benefactor.

**Euthyphro:** I hope that he may; but I rather fear, Socrates, that the opposite will turn out to be the truth. My opinion is that in attacking you he is simply aiming a blow at the foundation of the state. But in what way does he say that you corrupt the young?

**Socrates:** He brings a wonderful accusation against me, which at first hearing excites surprise: he says that I am a poet or maker of gods, and that I invent new gods and deny the existence of old ones; this is the ground of his indictment.

**Euthyphro:** I understand, Socrates; he means to attack you about the familiar sign which occasionally, as you say, comes to you. He thinks that you are a neologian, and he is going to have you up before the court for this. He knows that such a charge is readily received by the world, as I myself know too well; for when I speak in the assembly about divine things, and foretell the future to them, they laugh at me and think me a madman. Yet every word that I say is true. But they are jealous of us all; and we must be brave and go at them.

**Socrates:** Their laughter, friend Euthyphro, is not a matter of much consequence. For a man may be thought wise; but the Athenians, I suspect, do not much trouble themselves about him until he begins to impart his wisdom to others, and then for some reason or other, perhaps, as you say, from jealousy, they are angry.

**Euthyphro:** I am never likely to try their temper in this way.

**Socrates:** I dare say not, for you are reserved in your behaviour, and seldom impart your wisdom. But I have a benevolent habit of pouring out myself to everybody, and would even pay for a listener, and I am afraid that the Athenians may think me too talkative. Now if, as I was saying, they would only laugh at me, as you say that they laugh at you, the time might pass gaily enough in the court; but perhaps they may be in earnest, and then what the end will be you soothsayers only can predict.

**Euthyphro:** I dare say that the affair will end in nothing, Socrates, and that you will win your cause; and I think that I shall win my own.

**Socrates:** And what is your suit, Euthyphro? are you the pursuer or the defendant?

**Euthyphro:** I am the pursuer.

**Socrates:** Of whom?

**Euthyphro:** You will think me mad when I tell you.

**Socrates:** Why, has the fugitive wings?

**Euthyphro:** Nay, he is not very volatile at his time of life.

**Socrates:** Who is he?

**Euthyphro:** My father.

**Socrates:** Your father! my good man?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** And of what is he accused?

**Euthyphro:** Of murder, Socrates.

**Socrates:** By the powers, Euthyphro! how little does the common herd know of the nature of right and truth. A man must be an extraordinary man, and have made great strides in wisdom, before he could have seen his way to bring such an action.

**Euthyphro:** Indeed, Socrates, he must.

**Socrates:** I suppose that the man whom your father murdered was one of your relatives-clearly he was; for if he had been a stranger you would never have thought of prosecuting him.

**Euthyphro:** I am amused, Socrates, at your making a distinction between one who is a relation and one who is not a relation; for surely the pollution is the same in either case, if you knowingly associate with the murderer when you ought to clear yourself and him by proceeding against him. The real question is whether the murdered man has been justly slain. If justly, then your duty is to let the matter alone; but if unjustly, then even if the murderer lives under the same roof with you and eats at the same table, proceed against him. Now the man who is dead was a poor dependent of mine who worked for us as a field labourer on our farm in Naxos, and one day in a fit of drunken passion he got into a quarrel with one of our domestic servants and slew him. My father bound him hand and foot and threw him into a ditch, and then sent to Athens to ask of a diviner what he should do with him. Meanwhile he never attended to him and took no care about him, for he regarded him as a murderer; and thought that no great harm would be done even if he did die. Now this was just what happened. For such was the effect of cold and hunger and chains upon him, that before the messenger returned from the diviner, he was dead. And my father and family are angry with me for taking the part of the murderer and prosecuting my father. They say that he did not kill him, and that if he did, dead man was but a murderer, and I ought not to take any notice, for that a son is impious who prosecutes a father. Which shows, Socrates, how little they know what the gods think about piety and impiety.

**Socrates:** Good heavens, Euthyphro! and is your knowledge of religion and of things pious and impious so very exact, that, supposing the circumstances to be as you state them, you are not afraid lest you too may be doing an impious thing in bringing an action against your father?

**Euthyphro:** The best of Euthyphro, and that which distinguishes him, Socrates, from other men, is his exact knowledge of all such matters. What should I be good for without it?

**Socrates:** Rare friend! I think that I cannot do better than be your disciple. Then before the trial with Meletus comes on I shall challenge him, and say that I have always had a great interest in religious questions, and now, as he charges me with rash imaginations and innovations in religion, I have become your disciple. You, Meletus, as I shall say to him, acknowledge Euthyphro to be a great theologian, and sound in his opinions; and if you approve of him you ought to approve of me, and not have me into court; but if you disapprove, you should begin by indicting him who is my teacher, and who will be the ruin, not of the young, but of the old; that is to say, of myself whom he instructs, and of his old father whom he admonishes and chastises. And if Meletus refuses to listen to me, but will go on, and will not shift the indictment from me to you, I cannot do better than repeat this challenge in the court.

**Euthyphro:** Yes, indeed, Socrates; and if he attempts to indict me I am mistaken if I do not find a flaw in him; the court shall have a great deal more to say to him than to me.

**Socrates:** And I, my dear friend, knowing this, am desirous of becoming your disciple. For I observe that no one appears to notice you- not even this Meletus; but his sharp eyes have found me out at once, and he has indicted me for impiety. And therefore, I adjure you to tell me the nature of piety and impiety, which you said that you knew so well, and of murder, and of other offences against the gods. What are they? Is not piety in every action always the same? and impiety, again- is it not always the opposite of piety, and also the same with itself, having, as impiety, one notion which includes whatever is impious?

**Euthyphro:** To be sure, Socrates.

**Socrates:** And what is piety, and what is impiety?

**Euthyphro:** Piety is doing as I am doing; that is to say, prosecuting any one who is guilty of murder, sacrilege, or of any similar crime-whether he be your father or mother, or whoever he may be-that makes no difference; and not to prosecute them is impiety. And please to consider, Socrates, what a notable proof I will give you of the truth of my words, a proof which I have already given to others:-of the principle, I mean, that the impious, whoever he may be, ought not to go unpunished. For do not men regard Zeus as the best and most righteous of the gods?-and yet they admit that he bound his father (Cronos) because he wickedly devoured his sons, and that he too had punished his own father (Uranus) for a similar reason, in a nameless manner. And yet when I proceed against my father, they are angry with me. So inconsistent are they in their way of talking when the gods are concerned, and when I am concerned.

**Socrates:** May not this be the reason, Euthyphro, why I am charged with impiety-that I cannot away with these stories about the gods? and therefore I suppose that people think me wrong. But, as you who are well informed about them approve of them, I cannot do better than assent to your superior wisdom. What else can I say, confessing as I do, that I know nothing about them? Tell me, for the love of Zeus, whether you really believe that they are true.

**Euthyphro:** Yes, Socrates; and things more wonderful still, of which the world is in ignorance.

**Socrates:** And do you really believe that the gods, fought with one another, and had dire quarrels, battles, and the like, as the poets say, and as you may see represented in the works of great artists? The temples are full of them; and notably the robe of Athene, which is carried up to the Acropolis at the great Panathenaea, is embroidered with them. Are all these tales of the gods true, Euthyphro?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, Socrates; and, as I was saying, I can tell you, if you would like to hear them, many other things about the gods which would quite amaze you.

**Socrates:** I dare say; and you shall tell me them at some other time when I have leisure. But just at present I would rather hear from you a more precise answer, which you have not as yet given, my friend, to the question, What is "piety"? When asked, you only replied, Doing as you do, charging your father with murder.

**Euthyphro:** And what I said was true, Socrates.

**Socrates:** No doubt, Euthyphro; but you would admit that there are many other pious acts?

**Euthyphro:** There are.

**Socrates:** Remember that I did not ask you to give me two or three examples of piety, but to explain the general idea which makes all pious things to be pious. Do you not recollect that there was one idea which made the impious impious, and the pious pious?

**Euthyphro:** I remember.

**Socrates:** Tell me what is the nature of this idea, and then I shall have a standard to which I may look, and by which I may measure actions, whether yours or those of any one else, and then I shall be able to say that such and such an action is pious, such another impious.

**Euthyphro:** I will tell you, if you like.

**Socrates:** I should very much like.

**Euthyphro:** Piety, then, is that which is dear to the gods, and impiety is that which is not dear to them.

**Socrates:** Very good, Euthyphro; you have now given me the sort of answer which I wanted. But whether what you say is true or not I cannot as yet tell, although I make no doubt that you will prove the truth of your words.

**Euthyphro:** Of course.

**Socrates:** Come, then, and let us examine what we are saying. That thing or person which is dear to the gods is pious, and that thing or person which is hateful to the gods is impious, these two being the extreme opposites of one another. Was not that said?

**Euthyphro:** It was.

**Socrates:** And well said?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, Socrates, I thought so; it was certainly said.

**Socrates:** And further, Euthyphro, the gods were admitted to have enmities and hatreds and differences?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, that was also said.

**Socrates:** And what sort of difference creates enmity and anger? Suppose for example that you and I, my good friend, differ about a number; do differences of this sort make us enemies and set us at variance with one another? Do we not go at once to arithmetic, and put an end to them by a sum?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** Or suppose that we differ about magnitudes, do we not quickly end the differences by measuring?

**Euthyphro:** Very true.

**Socrates:** And we end a controversy about heavy and light by resorting to a weighing machine?

**Euthyphro:** To be sure.

**Socrates:** But what differences are there which cannot be thus decided, and which therefore make us angry and set us at enmity with one another? I dare say the answer does not occur to you at the moment, and therefore I will suggest that these enmities arise when the matters of difference are the just and unjust, good and evil, honourable and dishonourable. Are not these the points about which men differ, and about which when we are unable satisfactorily to decide our differences, you and I and all of us quarrel, when we do quarrel?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, Socrates, the nature of the differences about which we quarrel is such as you describe.

**Socrates:** And the quarrels of the gods, noble Euthyphro, when they occur, are of a like nature?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly they are.

**Socrates:** They have differences of opinion, as you say, about good and evil, just and unjust, honourable and dishonourable: there would have been no quarrels among them, if there had been no such differences-would there now?

**Euthyphro:** You are quite right.

**Socrates:** Does not every man love that which he deems noble and just and good, and hate the opposite of them?

**Euthyphro:** Very true.

**Socrates:** But, as you say, people regard the same things, some as just and others as unjust, about these they dispute; and so there arise wars and fightings among them.

**Euthyphro:** Very true.

**Socrates:** Then the same things are hated by the gods and loved by the gods, and are both hateful and dear to them?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** And upon this view the same things, Euthyphro, will be pious and also impious?

**Euthyphro:** So I should suppose.

**Socrates:** Then, my friend, I remark with surprise that you have not answered the question which I asked. For I certainly did not ask you to tell me what action is both pious and impious: but now it would seem that what is loved by the gods is also hated by them. And therefore, Euthyphro, in thus chastising your father you may very likely be doing what is agreeable to Zeus but disagreeable to Cronos or Uranus, and what is acceptable to Hephaestus but unacceptable to Here, and there may be other gods who have similar differences of opinion.

**Euthyphro:** But I believe, Socrates, that all the gods would be agreed as to the propriety of punishing a murderer: there would be no difference of opinion about that.

**Socrates:** Well, but speaking of men, Euthyphro, did you ever hear any one arguing that a murderer or any sort of evil-doer ought to be let off?

**Euthyphro:** I should rather say that these are the questions which they are always arguing, especially in courts of law: they commit all sorts of crimes, and there is nothing which they will not do or say in their own defence.

**Socrates:** But do they admit their guilt, Euthyphro, and yet say that they ought not to be punished?

**Euthyphro:** No; they do not.

**Socrates:** Then there are some things which they do not venture to say and do: for they do not venture to argue that the guilty are to be unpunished, but they deny their guilt, do they not?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** Then they do not argue that the evil-doer should not be punished, but they argue about the fact of who the evil-doer is, and what he did and when?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** And the gods are in the same case, if as you assert they quarrel about just and unjust, and some of them say while others deny that injustice is done among them. For surely neither God nor man will ever venture to say that the doer of injustice is not to be punished?

**Euthyphro:** That is true, Socrates, in the main.

**Socrates:** But they join issue about the particulars-gods and men alike; and, if they dispute at all, they dispute about some act which is called in question, and which by some is affirmed to be just, by others to be unjust. Is not that true?

**Euthyphro:** Quite true.

**Socrates:** Well then, my dear friend Euthyphro, do tell me, for my better instruction and information, what proof have you that in the opinion of all the gods a servant who is guilty of murder, and is put in chains by the master of the dead man, and dies because he is put in chains before he who bound him can learn from the interpreters of the gods what he ought to do with him, dies unjustly; and that on behalf of such an one a son ought to proceed against his father and accuse him of murder. How would you show that all the gods absolutely agree in approving of his act? Prove to me that they do, and I will applaud your wisdom as long as I live.

**Euthyphro:** It will be a difficult task; but I could make the matter very dear indeed to you.

**Socrates:** I understand; you mean to say that I am not so quick of apprehension as the judges: for to them you will be sure to prove that the act is unjust, and hateful to the gods.

**Euthyphro:** Yes indeed, Socrates; at least if they will listen to me.

**Socrates:** But they will be sure to listen if they find that you are a good speaker. There was a notion that came into my mind while you were speaking; I said to myself: "Well, and what if Euthyphro does prove to me that all the gods regarded the death of the serf as unjust, how do I know anything more of the nature of piety and impiety? for granting that this action may be hateful to the gods, still piety and impiety are not adequately defined by these distinctions, for that which is hateful to the gods has been shown to be also pleasing and dear to them." And therefore, Euthyphro, I do not ask you to prove this; I will suppose, if you like, that all the gods condemn and abominate such an action. But I will amend the definition so far as to say that what all the gods hate is impious, and what they love pious or holy; and what some of them love and others hate is both or neither. Shall this be our definition of piety and impiety?

**Euthyphro:** Why not, Socrates?

**Socrates:** Why not! certainly, as far as I am concerned, Euthyphro, there is no reason why not. But whether this admission will greatly assist you in the task of instructing me as you promised, is a matter for you to consider.

**Euthyphro:** Yes, I should say that what all the gods love is pious and holy, and the opposite which they all hate, impious.

**Socrates:** Ought we to enquire into the truth of this, Euthyphro, or simply to accept the mere statement on our own authority and that of others? What do you say?

**Euthyphro:** We should enquire; and I believe that the statement will stand the test of enquiry.

**Socrates:** We shall know better, my good friend, in a little while. The point which I should first wish to understand is whether the pious or holy is beloved by the gods because it is holy, or holy because it is beloved of the gods.

**Euthyphro:** I do not understand your meaning, Socrates.

**Socrates:** I will endeavour to explain: we speak of carrying and we speak of being carried, of leading and being led, seeing and being seen. You know that in all such cases there is a difference, and you know also in what the difference lies?

**Euthyphro:** I think that I understand.

**Socrates:** And is not that which is beloved distinct from that which loves?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** Well; and now tell me, is that which is carried in this state of carrying because it is carried, or for some other reason?

**Euthyphro:** No; that is the reason.

**Socrates:** And the same is true of what is led and of what is seen?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** And a thing is not seen because it is visible, but conversely, visible because it is seen; nor is a thing led because it is in the state of being led, or carried because it is in the state of being carried, but the converse of this. And now I think, Euthyphro, that my meaning will be intelligible; and my meaning is, that any state of action or passion implies previous action or passion. It does not become because it is becoming, but it is in a state of becoming because it becomes; neither does it suffer because it is in a state of suffering, but it is in a state of suffering because it suffers. Do you not agree?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** Is not that which is loved in some state either of becoming or suffering?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** And the same holds as in the previous instances; the state of being loved follows the act of being loved, and not the act the state.

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** And what do you say of piety, Euthyphro: is not piety, according to your definition, loved by all the gods?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** Because it is pious or holy, or for some other reason?

**Euthyphro:** No, that is the reason.

**Socrates:** It is loved because it is holy, not holy because it is loved?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** And that which is dear to the gods is loved by them, and is in a state to be loved of them because it is loved of them?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** Then that which is dear to the gods, Euthyphro, is not holy, nor is that which is holy loved of God, as you affirm; but they are two different things.

**Euthyphro:** How do you mean, Socrates?

**Socrates:** I mean to say that the holy has been acknowledge by us to be loved of God because it is holy, not to be holy because it is loved.

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** But that which is dear to the gods is dear to them because it is loved by them, not loved by them because it is dear to them.

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** But, friend Euthyphro, if that which is holy is the same with that which is dear to God, and is loved because it is holy, then that which is dear to God would have been loved as being

dear to God; but if that which dear to God is dear to him because loved by him, then that which is holy would have been holy because loved by him. But now you see that the reverse is the case, and that they are quite different from one another. For one (theophiles) is of a kind to be loved cause it is loved, and the other (osion) is loved because it is of a kind to be loved. Thus you appear to me, Euthyphro, when I ask you what is the essence of holiness, to offer an attribute only, and not the essence-the attribute of being loved by all the gods. But you still refuse to explain to me the nature of holiness. And therefore, if you please, I will ask you not to hide your treasure, but to tell me once more what holiness or piety really is, whether dear to the gods or not (for that is a matter about which we will not quarrel) and what is impiety?

**Euthyphro:** I really do not know, Socrates, how to express what I mean. For somehow or other our arguments, on whatever ground we rest them, seem to turn round and walk away from us.

**Socrates:** Your words, Euthyphro, are like the handiwork of my ancestor Daedalus; and if I were the sayer or propounder of them, you might say that my arguments walk away and will not remain fixed where they are placed because I am a descendant of his. But now, since these notions are your own, you must find some other gibe, for they certainly, as you yourself allow, show an inclination to be on the move.

**Euthyphro:** Nay, Socrates, I shall still say that you are the Daedalus who sets arguments in motion; not I, certainly, but you make them move or go round, for they would never have stirred, as far as I am concerned.

**Socrates:** Then I must be a greater than Daedalus: for whereas he only made his own inventions to move, I move those of other people as well. And the beauty of it is, that I would rather not. For I would give the wisdom of Daedalus, and the wealth of Tantalus, to be able to detain them and keep them fixed. But enough of this. As I perceive that you are lazy, I will myself endeavor to show you how you might instruct me in the nature of piety; and I hope that you will not grudge your labour. Tell me, then-Is not that which is pious necessarily just?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** And is, then, all which is just pious? or, is that which is pious all just, but that which is just, only in part and not all, pious?

**Euthyphro:** I do not understand you, Socrates.

**Socrates:** And yet I know that you are as much wiser than I am, as you are younger. But, as I was saying, revered friend, the abundance of your wisdom makes you lazy. Please to exert yourself, for there is no real difficulty in understanding me. What I mean I may explain by an illustration of what I do not mean. The poet (Stasinus) sings-

Of Zeus, the author and creator of all these things,  
You will not tell: for where there is fear there is also  
reverence. Now I disagree with this poet. Shall I tell you in what respect?

**Euthyphro:** By all means.

**Socrates:** I should not say that where there is fear there is also reverence; for I am sure that many persons fear poverty and disease, and the like evils, but I do not perceive that they reverence the objects of their fear.

**Euthyphro:** Very true.

**Socrates:** But where reverence is, there is fear; for he who has a feeling of reverence and shame about the commission of any action, fears and is afraid of an ill reputation.

**Euthyphro:** No doubt.

**Socrates:** Then we are wrong in saying that where there is fear there is also reverence; and we should say, where there is reverence there is also fear. But there is not always reverence where there is fear; for fear is a more extended notion, and reverence is a part of fear, just as the odd is a part of number, and number is a more extended notion than the odd. I suppose that you follow me now?

**Euthyphro:** Quite well.

**Socrates:** That was the sort of question which I meant to raise when I asked whether the just is always the pious, or the pious always the just; and whether there may not be justice where there is not piety; for justice is the more extended notion of which piety is only a part. Do you dissent?

**Euthyphro:** No, I think that you are quite right.

**Socrates:** Then, if piety is a part of justice, I suppose that we should enquire what part? If you had pursued the enquiry in the previous cases; for instance, if you had asked me what is an even number, and what part of number the even is, I should have had no difficulty in replying, a number which represents a figure having two equal sides. Do you not agree?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, I quite agree.

**Socrates:** In like manner, I want you to tell me what part of justice is piety or holiness, that I may be able to tell Meletus not to do me injustice, or indict me for impiety, as I am now adequately instructed by you in the nature of piety or holiness, and their opposites.

**Euthyphro:** Piety or holiness, Socrates, appears to me to be that part of justice which attends to the gods, as there is the other part of justice which attends to men.

**Socrates:** That is good, Euthyphro; yet still there is a little point about which I should like to have further information, What is the meaning of "attention"? For attention can hardly be used in the same sense when applied to the gods as when applied to other things. For instance, horses are said to require attention, and not every person is able to attend to them, but only a person skilled in horsemanship. Is it not so?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** I should suppose that the art of horsemanship is the art of attending to horses?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** Nor is every one qualified to attend to dogs, but only the huntsman?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** And I should also conceive that the art of the huntsman is the art of attending to dogs?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** As the art of the ox herd is the art of attending to oxen?

**Euthyphro:** Very true.

**Socrates:** In like manner holiness or piety is the art of attending to the gods?-that would be your meaning, Euthyphro?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** And is not attention always designed for the good or benefit of that to which the attention is given? As in the case of horses, you may observe that when attended to by the horseman's art they are benefited and improved, are they not?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** As the dogs are benefited by the huntsman's art, and the oxen by the art of the ox herd, and all other things are tended or attended for their good and not for their hurt?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly, not for their hurt.

**Socrates:** But for their good?

**Euthyphro:** Of course.

**Socrates:** And does piety or holiness, which has been defined to be the art of attending to the gods, benefit or improve them? Would you say that when you do a holy act you make any of the gods better?

**Euthyphro:** No, no; that was certainly not what I meant.

**Socrates:** And I, Euthyphro, never supposed that you did. I asked you the question about the

nature of the attention, because I thought that you did not.

**Euthyphro:** You do me justice, Socrates; that is not the sort of attention which I mean.

**Socrates:** Good: but I must still ask what is this attention to the gods which is called piety?

**Euthyphro:** It is such, Socrates, as servants show to their masters.

**Socrates:** I understand-a sort of ministration to the gods.

**Euthyphro:** Exactly.

**Socrates:** Medicine is also a sort of ministration or service, having in view the attainment of some object-would you not say of health?

**Euthyphro:** I should.

**Socrates:** Again, there is an art which ministers to the ship-builder with a view to the attainment of some result?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, Socrates, with a view to the building of a ship.

**Socrates:** As there is an art which ministers to the housebuilder with a view to the building of a house?

**Euthyphro:** Yes.

**Socrates:** And now tell me, my good friend, about the art which ministers to the gods: what work does that help to accomplish? For you must surely know if, as you say, you are of all men living the one who is best instructed in religion.

**Euthyphro:** And I speak the truth, Socrates.

**Socrates:** Tell me then, oh tell me-what is that fair work which the gods do by the help of our ministrations?

**Euthyphro:** Many and fair, Socrates, are the works which they do. **Socrates:** Why, my friend, and so are those of a general. But the chief of them is easily told. Would you not say that victory in war is the chief of them?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** Many and fair, too, are the works of the husbandman, if I am not mistaken; but his chief work is the production of food from the earth?

**Euthyphro:** Exactly.

**Socrates:** And of the many and fair things done by the gods, which is the chief or principal one?

**Euthyphro:** I have told you already, Socrates, that to learn all these things accurately will be very tiresome. Let me simply say that piety or holiness is learning, how to please the gods in word and deed, by prayers and sacrifices. Such piety, is the salvation of families and states, just as the impious, which is unpleasing to the gods, is their ruin and destruction.

**Socrates:** I think that you could have answered in much fewer words the chief question which I asked, Euthyphro, if you had chosen. But I see plainly that you are not disposed to instruct me—dearly not: else why, when we reached the point, did you turn, aside? Had you only answered me I should have truly learned of you by this time the-nature of piety. Now, as the asker of a question is necessarily dependent on the answerer, whither he leads—I must follow; and can only ask again, what is the pious, and what is piety? Do you mean that they are a, sort of science of praying and sacrificing?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, I do.

**Socrates:** And sacrificing is giving to the gods, and prayer is asking of the gods?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, Socrates.

**Socrates:** Upon this view, then piety is a science of asking and giving?

**Euthyphro:** You understand me capitally, Socrates.

**Socrates:** Yes, my friend; the reason is that I am a votary of your science, and give my mind to it, and therefore nothing which you say will be thrown away upon me. Please then to tell me, what is the nature of this service to the gods? Do you mean that we prefer requests and give gifts to them?

**Euthyphro:** Yes, I do.

**Socrates:** Is not the right way of asking to ask of them what we want?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** And the right way of giving is to give to them in return what they want of us. There would be no, in an art which gives to any one that which he does not want.

**Euthyphro:** Very true, Socrates.

**Socrates:** Then piety, Euthyphro, is an art which gods and men have of doing business with one another?

**Euthyphro:** That is an expression which you may use, if you like.

**Socrates:** But I have no particular liking for anything but the truth. I wish, however, that you would tell me what benefit accrues to the gods from our gifts. There is no doubt about what they give to us; for there is no good thing which they do not give; but how we can give any good thing to them in return is far from being equally clear. If they give everything and we give nothing, that must be an affair of business in which we have very greatly the advantage of them.

**Euthyphro:** And do you imagine, Socrates, that any benefit accrues to the gods from our gifts?

**Socrates:** But if not, Euthyphro, what is the meaning of gifts which are conferred by us upon the gods?

**Euthyphro:** What else, but tributes of honour; and, as I was just now saying, what pleases them?

**Socrates:** Piety, then, is pleasing to the gods, but not beneficial or dear to them?

**Euthyphro:** I should say that nothing could be dearer.

**Socrates:** Then once more the assertion is repeated that piety is dear to the gods?

**Euthyphro:** Certainly.

**Socrates:** And when you say this, can you wonder at your words not standing firm, but walking away? Will you accuse me of being the Daedalus who makes them walk away, not perceiving that there is another and far greater artist than Daedalus who makes them go round in a circle, and he is yourself; for the argument, as you will perceive, comes round to the same point. Were we not saying that the holy or pious was not the same with that which is loved of the gods? Have you forgotten?

**Euthyphro:** I quite remember.

**Socrates:** And are you not saying that what is loved of the gods is holy; and is not this the same as what is dear to them-do you see?

**Euthyphro:** True.

**Socrates:** Then either we were wrong in former assertion; or, if we were right then, we are wrong now.

**Euthyphro:** One of the two must be true.

**Socrates:** Then we must begin again and ask, What is piety? That is an enquiry which I shall never be weary of pursuing as far as in me lies; and I entreat you not to scorn me, but to apply your mind to the utmost, and tell me the truth. For, if any man knows, you are he; and therefore I must detain you, like Proteus, until you tell. If you had not certainly known the nature of piety

and impiety, I am confident that you would never, on behalf of a serf, have charged your aged father with murder. You would not have run such a risk of doing wrong in the sight of the gods, and you would have had too much respect for the opinions of men. I am sure, therefore, that you know the nature of piety and impiety. Speak out then, my dear Euthyphro, and do not hide your knowledge.

**Euthyphro:** Another time, Socrates; for I am in a hurry, and must go now.

**Socrates:** Alas! my companion, and will you leave me in despair? I was hoping that you would instruct me in the nature of piety and impiety; and then I might have cleared myself of Meletus and his indictment. I would have told him that I had been enlightened by Euthyphro, and had given up rash innovations and speculations, in which I indulged only through ignorance, and that now I am about to lead a better life.

**THE END**

# The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

## Act I, Scene 1

next scene 

### Rome. A street.

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*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners*

- **Flavius.** Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:  
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign<sup>5</sup>  
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?<sup>10</sup>
- **Second Commoner.** Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, 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.<sup>15</sup>
- **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.<sup>20</sup>
- **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, I25  
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 today?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
- **Second Commoner.** Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself<sup>30</sup>  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday,  
to see Caesar 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?<sup>35</sup>  
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,<sup>40</sup>  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,<sup>45</sup>  
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?<sup>50</sup>  
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.<sup>55</sup>
- **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.<sup>60</sup>  
*[Exeunt all the Commoners]*  
See whether their basest metal be not moved;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I disrobe the images,<sup>65</sup>  
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 Caesar's trophies. I'll about,<sup>70</sup>  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men<sup>75</sup>  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*Exeunt*

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## Act I, Scene 2

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### A public place.

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

- **Caesar.** Calpurnia!
- **Casca.** Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.
- **Caesar.** Calpurnia!
- **Calpurnia.** Here, my lord.<sup>85</sup>
- **Caesar.** Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
- **Antony.** Caesar, my lord?
- **Caesar.** Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,<sup>90</sup>

The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

- **Antony.** I shall remember:  
When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.
- **Caesar.** Set on; and leave no ceremony out.<sup>95</sup>

### *Flourish*

- **Soothsayer.** Caesar!
- **Caesar.** Ha! who calls?
- **Casca.** Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
- **Caesar.** Who is it in the press that calls on me?<sup>100</sup>  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.
- **Soothsayer.** Beware the ides of March.
- **Caesar.** What man is that?
- **Brutus.** A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.<sup>105</sup>
- **Caesar.** Set him before me; let me see his face.
- **Cassius.** Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
- **Caesar.** What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
- **Soothsayer.** Beware the ides of March.
- **Caesar.** He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.<sup>110</sup>

### *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: I do lack some part<sup>115</sup>  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.
  
- **Cassius.** Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness<sup>120</sup>  
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,<sup>125</sup>  
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;<sup>130</sup>  
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.<sup>135</sup>
  
- **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,<sup>140</sup>  
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,<sup>145</sup>  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.<sup>150</sup>

- **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<sup>155</sup>  
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<sup>160</sup>  
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<sup>165</sup>  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and shout*

- **Brutus.** What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.
  
- **Cassius.** Ay, do you fear it?<sup>170</sup>  
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,<sup>175</sup>  
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,<sup>180</sup>  
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<sup>185</sup>  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,<sup>190</sup>  
 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<sup>195</sup>  
 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 proposed,<sup>200</sup>  
 Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man<sup>205</sup>  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark<sup>210</sup>  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans<sup>215</sup>  
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Tintinius,'  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world<sup>220</sup>  
 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.<sup>225</sup>
- **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:<sup>230</sup>  
 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;<sup>235</sup>  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,<sup>240</sup>  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?  
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,<sup>245</sup>  
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<sup>250</sup>  
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,<sup>255</sup>  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further moved. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time<sup>260</sup>  
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<sup>265</sup>  
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;270  
And he will, after his 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,275  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calpurnia'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.280
- **Cassius.** Casca will tell us what the matter is.
- **Caesar.** Antonius!
- **Antony.** Caesar?
- **Caesar.** Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:285  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
- **Antony.** Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman and well given.
- **Caesar.** Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:290  
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,295  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease300  
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,<sup>305</sup>  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

*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.<sup>310</sup>
- **Casca.** Why, you were with him, were you not?
- **Brutus.** I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.
- **Casca.** Why, there was a crown offered him: and being  
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand,  
thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.<sup>315</sup>
- **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?<sup>320</sup>
- **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.<sup>325</sup>
- **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<sup>330</sup>  
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<sup>335</sup> time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked<sup>340</sup> Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

- **Cassius.** But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swoon?
- **Casca.** He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at<sup>345</sup> mouth, and was speechless.
- **Brutus.** 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.
- **Cassius.** No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.
- **Casca.** I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure,<sup>350</sup> Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
- **Brutus.** What said he when he came unto himself?<sup>355</sup>
- **Casca.** Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word,<sup>360</sup> 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<sup>365</sup> soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.
- **Brutus.** And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

- **Casca.** Ay.<sup>370</sup>
- **Cassius.** Did Cicero say any thing?
- **Casca.** Ay, he spoke Greek.
- **Cassius.** To what effect?
- **Casca.** Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at<sup>375</sup> one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could<sup>380</sup> 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<sup>385</sup> 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!<sup>390</sup> 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,<sup>395</sup> 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,<sup>400</sup>  
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<sup>405</sup>  
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,<sup>410</sup>  
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<sup>415</sup>  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*Exit*

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## Act I, Scene 3

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### The same. A street.

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

- **Cicero.** Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
- **Casca.** Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,<sup>425</sup>  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,<sup>430</sup>  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

- **Cicero.** Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?<sup>435</sup>
  
- **Casca.** A common slave—you know him well by sight—  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—<sup>440</sup>  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me: and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw<sup>445</sup>  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say<sup>450</sup>  
'These are their reasons; they are natural;'  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.
  
- **Cicero.** Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,<sup>455</sup>  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?
  
- **Casca.** He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
  
- **Cicero.** Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky<sup>460</sup>  
Is not to walk in.
  
- **Casca.** Farewell, Cicero.

*Exit CICERO*

*Enter CASSIUS*

- **Cassius.** Who's there?<sup>465</sup>
  
- **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 men.
- **Casca.** Who ever knew the heavens menace so?<sup>470</sup>
- **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;<sup>475</sup>  
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 men to fear and tremble,<sup>480</sup>  
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. You look pale and gaze<sup>485</sup>  
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,<sup>490</sup>  
Why old men fool and children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their ordinance  
Their natures and preformed faculties  
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,<sup>495</sup>  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars<sup>500</sup>  
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 Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?<sup>505</sup>
  
- **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.<sup>510</sup>
  
- **Casca.** Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.
  
- **Cassius.** I know where I will wear this dagger then;<sup>515</sup>  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,<sup>520</sup>  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear<sup>525</sup>  
I can shake off at pleasure.

### *Thunder still*

- **Casca.** So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.<sup>530</sup>
  
- **Cassius.** And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire<sup>535</sup>  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this<sup>540</sup>  
Before a willing bondman; 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 man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:<sup>545</sup>  
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<sup>550</sup>  
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,<sup>555</sup>  
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.<sup>560</sup>
- **Cassius.** 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.  
*[Enter CINNA]*  
Cinna, where haste you so?
- **Cinna.** To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?<sup>565</sup>
- **Cassius.** No, 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!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
- **Cassius.** Am I not stay'd for? tell me.<sup>570</sup>
- **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,<sup>575</sup>  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?<sup>580</sup>

- **Cinna.** All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
- **Cassius.** That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.  
*[Exit CINNA]*<sup>585</sup>  
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:<sup>590</sup>  
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,<sup>595</sup>  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him.

*Exeunt*

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## Act II, Scene 1

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### Rome. BRUTUS's orchard.

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*Enter BRUTUS*

- **Brutus.** What, Lucius, ho!<sup>600</sup>  
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;<sup>615</sup>  
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 Caesar,<sup>620</sup>  
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.<sup>625</sup>  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,<sup>630</sup>  
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.<sup>635</sup>

*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.<sup>640</sup>

*Gives him the letter*

- **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.<sup>645</sup>
- **Lucius.** I will, sir.

### *Exit*

- **Brutus.** The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much light that I may read by them.  
*[Opens the letter and reads]*<sup>650</sup>  
'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.<sup>655</sup>  
'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<sup>660</sup>  
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.** Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.<sup>665</sup>

### *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.<sup>670</sup>  
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,<sup>675</sup>

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.<sup>680</sup>
- **Brutus.** Is he alone?
- **Lucius.** No, sir, there are moe 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,<sup>685</sup>  
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,<sup>690</sup>  
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:<sup>695</sup>  
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  
BRUTUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS]*<sup>700</sup>
- **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<sup>705</sup>  
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.*710*
- **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*715*  
Betwixt your eyes and night?
- **Cassius.** Shall I entreat a word?

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper*

- **Decius Brutus.** Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
- **Casca.** No.*720*
- **Cinna.** O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
- **Casca.** You shall confess that you are both deceived.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the south,*725*  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
- **Brutus.** Give me your hands all over, one by one.*730*
- **Cassius.** And let us swear our resolution.
- **Brutus.** No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;*735*  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,*740*  
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,<sup>745</sup>  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
 Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain<sup>750</sup>  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think that or our cause or our performance  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,<sup>755</sup>  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

- **Cassius.** But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?  
 I think he will stand very strong with us.<sup>760</sup>
- **Casca.** Let us not leave him out.
- **Cinna.** No, by no means.
- **Metellus Cimber.** O, let us have him, for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:<sup>765</sup>  
 It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;  
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.
- **Brutus.** O, name him not: let us not break with him;  
 For he will never follow any thing<sup>770</sup>  
 That other men begin.
- **Cassius.** Then leave him out.
- **Casca.** Indeed he is not fit.
- **Decius Brutus.** Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?
- **Cassius.** Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,<sup>775</sup>  
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,  
 Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,<sup>780</sup>  
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

- **Brutus.** Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:<sup>785</sup>  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,  
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,<sup>790</sup>  
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,<sup>795</sup>  
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.<sup>800</sup>  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
When Caesar's head is off.
- **Cassius.** Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—<sup>805</sup>
- **Brutus.** Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:  
If he love Caesar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness and much company.<sup>810</sup>
- **Trebonius.** There is no fear in him; let him not die;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

### *Clock strikes*

- **Brutus.** Peace! count the clock.

- **Cassius.** The clock hath stricken three.*815*
  
- **Trebonius.** 'Tis time to part.
  
- **Cassius.** But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once<sup>820</sup>  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.<sup>825</sup>
  
- **Decius Brutus.** Never fear that: if he be so resolved,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;<sup>830</sup>  
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.<sup>835</sup>
  
- **Cassius.** Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
  
- **Brutus.** By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
  
- **Cinna.** Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
  
- **Metellus Cimber.** Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:<sup>840</sup>  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
  
- **Brutus.** Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
  
- **Cassius.** The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.<sup>845</sup>  
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,<sup>850</sup>  
With untired spirits and formal constancy:  
And so good morrow to you every one.  
*[Exeunt all but BRUTUS]*  
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:<sup>855</sup>  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

### *Enter PORTIA*

- **Portia.** Brutus, my lord!<sup>860</sup>
- **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,<sup>865</sup>  
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,<sup>870</sup>  
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<sup>875</sup>  
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<sup>880</sup>  
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,<sup>885</sup>  
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,<sup>890</sup>  
 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,<sup>895</sup>  
 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,<sup>900</sup>  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
 Have had to resort to you: for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.<sup>905</sup>
  
- **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?<sup>910</sup>  
 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.<sup>915</sup>
  
- **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<sup>920</sup>  
 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?<sup>925</sup>  
 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?<sup>930</sup>

- **Brutus.** O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
*[Knocking within]*  
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake<sup>935</sup>  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows:  
Leave me with haste.  
*[Exit PORTIA]*<sup>940</sup>  
Lucius, who's that knocks?

### *Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS*

- **Lucius.** He is a sick man that would speak with you.
- **Brutus.** Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.  
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?<sup>945</sup>
- **Ligarius.** Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
- **Brutus.** O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
- **Ligarius.** I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.<sup>950</sup>
- **Brutus.** Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
- **Ligarius.** By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!<sup>955</sup>  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
- **Brutus.** A piece of work that will make sick men whole.<sup>960</sup>

- **Ligarius.** But are not some whole that we must make sick?
- **Brutus.** That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.
- **Ligarius.** Set on your foot,<sup>965</sup>  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.
- **Brutus.** Follow me, then.

*Exeunt*

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## Act II, Scene 2

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### CAESAR's house.

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

- **Caesar.** Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within?<sup>975</sup>

*Enter a Servant*

- **Servant.** My lord?
- **Caesar.** Go bid the priests do present sacrifice  
And bring me their opinions of success.
- **Servant.** I will, my lord.<sup>980</sup>

*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<sup>985</sup>  
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,<sup>990</sup>  
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,<sup>995</sup>  
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 Caesar! these things are beyond all use,<sup>1000</sup>  
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.<sup>1005</sup>
  
- **Calpurnia.** When beggars die, there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
  
- **Caesar.** Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.<sup>1010</sup>  
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?<sup>1015</sup>
  
- **Servant.** They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.
  
- **Caesar.** The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,<sup>1020</sup>  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible:*1025*  
And Caesar shall go forth.

- **Calpurnia.** Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.*1030*  
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.
- **Caesar.** Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.*1035*  
*[Enter DECIUS BRUTUS]*  
Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
- **Decius Brutus.** Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
- **Caesar.** And you are come in very happy time,*1040*  
To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
- **Calpurnia.** Say he is sick.*1045*
- **Caesar.** Shall Caesar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
- **Decius Brutus.** Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,*1050*  
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:*1055*  
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:*1060*

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:<sup>1065</sup>  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.<sup>1070</sup>  
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.<sup>1075</sup>  
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.'<sup>1080</sup>  
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?  
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love  
To our proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.<sup>1085</sup>
- **Caesar.** How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go.  
*[Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
TREBONIUS, and CINNA]*<sup>1090</sup>  
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
- **Publius.** Good morrow, Caesar.
- **Caesar.** Welcome, Publius.  
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,<sup>1095</sup>  
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same age which hath made you lean.  
What is 't o'clock?

- **Brutus.** Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.
  
- **Caesar.** I thank you for your pains and courtesy.*1100*  
*[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:*1105*  
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.  
 Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!  
 I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
 Remember that you call on me to-day:  
 Be near me, that I may remember you.*1110*
  
- **Trebonius.** Caesar, I will:  
*[Aside]*  
 and so near will I be,  
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
  
- **Caesar.** Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;*1115*  
 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*

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## Act II, Scene 3

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### A street near the Capitol.

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*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper*

- **Artemidorus.** 'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
 come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna, trust not  
 Trebonius: mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus  
 loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.  
 There is but one mind in all these men, and it is*1125*  
 bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,  
 look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.

The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,  
'ARTEMIDORUS.'  
Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,<sup>1130</sup>  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>1135</sup>

*Exit*

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## Act II, Scene 4

[▲ previous scene](#)

### Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.

[next scene ▼](#)

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*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS*

- **Portia.** I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?<sup>1140</sup>
- **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!<sup>1145</sup>  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?
- **Lucius.** Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?<sup>1150</sup>  
And so return to you, and nothing else?
- **Portia.** Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?<sup>1155</sup>

- **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.*1160*

### *Enter the Soothsayer*

- **Portia.** Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
- **Soothsayer.** At mine own house, good lady.
- **Portia.** What is't o'clock?
- **Soothsayer.** About the ninth hour, lady.*1165*
- **Portia.** Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
- **Soothsayer.** Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
- **Portia.** Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
- **Soothsayer.** That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar*1170*  
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
- **Portia.** Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
- **Soothsayer.** None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.  
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:*1175*  
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,  
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.*1180*

### *Exit*

- **Portia.** I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit*1185*

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

*Exeunt severally*

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## Act III, Scene 1

▲ previous scene

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

next scene ▼

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

- **Caesar.** *[To the Soothsayer]* The ides of March are come.
- **Soothsayer.** Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
- **Artemidorus.** Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.
- **Decius Brutus.** Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.<sup>1200</sup>
- **Artemidorus.** O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.
- **Caesar.** What touches us ourself shall be last served.
- **Artemidorus.** Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
- **Caesar.** What, is the fellow mad?<sup>1205</sup>
- **Publius.** Sirrah, give place.
- **Cassius.** What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*[CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following]1210*

- **Popilius.** I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
- **Cassius.** What enterprise, Popilius?
- **Popilius.** Fare you well.

### *Advances to CAESAR*

- **Brutus.** What said Popilius Lena?*1215*
- **Cassius.** He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.
- **Brutus.** Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.
- **Cassius.** Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,*1220* Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.
- **Brutus.** Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.*1225*
- **Cassius.** Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus. He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

### *Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS*

- **Decius Brutus.** Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.*1230*
- **Brutus.** He is address'd: press near and second him.
- **Cinna.** Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
- **Caesar.** Are we all ready? What is now amiss That Caesar and his senate must redress?

- **Metellus Cimber.** Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,<sup>1235</sup>  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,—

### *Kneeling*

- **Caesar.** I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies<sup>1240</sup>  
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 Caesar bears such rebel blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality<sup>1245</sup>  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
Low-crooked court'sies 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.<sup>1250</sup>  
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.
- **Metellus Cimber.** 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 brother?<sup>1255</sup>
- **Brutus.** I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
- **Caesar.** What, Brutus!
- **Cassius.** Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:<sup>1260</sup>  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
- **Cassius.** I could be well moved, if I were as you:  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,<sup>1265</sup>  
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:<sup>1270</sup>  
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,<sup>1275</sup>  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

- **Cinna.** O Caesar,—
- **Caesar.** Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?<sup>1280</sup>
- **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]*<sup>1285</sup>
- **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<sup>1290</sup>  
'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.<sup>1295</sup>
- **Brutus.** Where's Publius?
- **Cinna.** Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
- **Metellus Cimber.** Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's  
Should chance—

- **Brutus.** Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;*1300*  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
- **Cassius.** And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
- **Brutus.** Do so: and let no man abide this deed,*1305*  
But we the doers.

### *Re-enter TREBONIUS*

- **Cassius.** Where is Antony?
- **Trebonius.** Fled to his house amazed:  
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run*1310*  
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 men stand upon.
- **Cassius.** Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life*1315*  
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  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood*1320*  
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*1325*  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
- **Brutus.** How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!*1330*

- **Cassius.** So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.
- **Decius Brutus.** What, shall we forth?
- **Cassius.** Ay, every man away:<sup>1335</sup>  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant*

- **Brutus.** Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
- **Servant.** Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:<sup>1340</sup>  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;<sup>1345</sup>  
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolved  
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead<sup>1350</sup>  
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;<sup>1355</sup>  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.
- **Servant.** I'll fetch him presently.<sup>1360</sup>

*Exit*

- **Brutus.** I know that we shall have him well to friend.

- **Cassius.** I wish we may: but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.*1365*
  
- **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,*1370*  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument*1375*  
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,*1380*  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.
  
- **Brutus.** O Antony, beg not your death of us.*1385*  
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;*1390*  
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*1395*  
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 appeased*1400*  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

- **Antony.** I doubt not of your wisdom.*1405*  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;*1410*  
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.*1415*  
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy thy Anthony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,*1420*  
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.*1425*  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.*1430*  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!
- **Cassius.** Mark Antony,—
- **Antony.** Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;*1435*  
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?*1440*
- **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.<sup>1445</sup>

- **Brutus.** Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.
  
- **Antony.** That's all I seek:<sup>1450</sup>  
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.<sup>1455</sup>
  
- **Cassius.** Brutus, a word with you.  
*[Aside to BRUTUS]*  
You know not what you do: do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be moved<sup>1460</sup>  
By that which he will utter?
  
- **Brutus.** By your pardon;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest<sup>1465</sup>  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Caesar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
  
- **Cassius.** I know not what may fall; I like it not.<sup>1470</sup>
  
- **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<sup>1475</sup>  
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.*1480*
- **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<sup>1485</sup>  
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—<sup>1490</sup>  
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  
And dreadful objects so familiar<sup>1495</sup>  
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 his side come hot from hell,<sup>1500</sup>  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.  
*[Enter a Servant]*<sup>1505</sup>  
You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
- **Servant.** I do, Mark Antony.
- **Antony.** Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
- **Servant.** He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—<sup>1510</sup>  
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, *1515*  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

- **Servant.** He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
- **Antony.** Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:  
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; *1520*  
Hie hence, and tell him 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 men; *1525*  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

*Exeunt with CAESAR's body*

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## Act III, Scene 2

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### The Forum.

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*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens*

- **Citizens.** We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
- **Brutus.** Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; *1535*  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Caesar's death.
- **First Citizen.** I will hear Brutus speak.
- **Second Citizen.** I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, *1540*  
When severally we hear them rendered.  
*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit]*

- **Third Citizen.** The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
  
- **Brutus.** Be patient till the last.<sup>1545</sup>  
 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.<sup>1550</sup>  
 If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved<sup>1555</sup> Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I<sup>1560</sup> slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If<sup>1565</sup> any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.
  
- **All.** None, Brutus, none.
  
- **Brutus.** Then none have I offended. I have done no more to<sup>1570</sup> Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.  
*[Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body]*<sup>1575</sup>  
 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the<sup>1580</sup> good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.
  
- **All.** Live, Brutus! live, live!

- **First Citizen.** Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
- **Second Citizen.** Give him a statue with his ancestors.*1585*
- **Third Citizen.** Let him be Caesar.
- **Fourth Citizen.** Caesar's better parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
- **First Citizen.** We'll bring him to his house  
With shouts and clamours.*1590*
- **Brutus.** My countrymen,—
- **Second Citizen.** Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
- **First Citizen.** Peace, ho!
- **Brutus.** Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:*1595*  
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.  
I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.*1600*

### *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.*1605*

### *Goes into the pulpit*

- **Fourth Citizen.** What does he say of Brutus?
- **Third Citizen.** He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.
- **Fourth Citizen.** 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.*1610*

- **First Citizen.** This Caesar was a tyrant.
- **Third Citizen.** Nay, that's certain:  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
- **Second Citizen.** Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
- **Antony.** You gentle Romans,—*1615*
- **Citizens.** Peace, ho! let us hear him.
- **Antony.** Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;*1620*  
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—*1625*  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men—  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;*1630*  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:*1635*  
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,*1640*  
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.*1645*  
You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,<sup>1650</sup>  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

- **First Citizen.** Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
- **Second Citizen.** If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Caesar has had great wrong.
- **Third Citizen.** Has he, masters?<sup>1655</sup>  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
- **Fourth Citizen.** Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
- **First Citizen.** If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
- **Second Citizen.** Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.<sup>1660</sup>
- **Third Citizen.** There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
- **Fourth Citizen.** Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
- **Antony.** But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there.  
And none so poor to do him reverence.<sup>1665</sup>  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose<sup>1670</sup>  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament—<sup>1675</sup>  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,<sup>1680</sup>  
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;<sup>1685</sup>  
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;<sup>1690</sup>  
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:<sup>1695</sup>  
I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.
- **Fourth Citizen.** They were traitors: honourable men!
- **All.** The will! the testament!
- **Second Citizen.** They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.<sup>1700</sup>
- **Antony.** You will compel me, then, to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
- **Several Citizens.** Come down.<sup>1705</sup>
- **Second Citizen.** Descend.
- **Third Citizen.** You shall have leave.

*ANTONY comes down*

- **Fourth Citizen.** A ring; stand round.
- **First Citizen.** Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.<sup>1710</sup>
- **Second Citizen.** Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
- **Antony.** Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

- **Several Citizens.** Stand back; room; bear back.
  
- **Antony.** If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle: I remember<sup>1715</sup>  
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
 That day he overcame the Nervii:  
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:<sup>1720</sup>  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;<sup>1725</sup>  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,<sup>1730</sup>  
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his 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 countrymen!<sup>1735</sup>  
 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<sup>1740</sup>  
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
  
- **First Citizen.** O piteous spectacle!
  
- **Second Citizen.** O noble Caesar!
  
- **Third Citizen.** O woful day!<sup>1745</sup>
  
- **Fourth Citizen.** O traitors, villains!
  
- **First Citizen.** O most bloody sight!
  
- **Second Citizen.** We will be revenged.

- **All.** Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!  
Let not a traitor live!*1750*
- **Antony.** Stay, countrymen.
- **First Citizen.** Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
- **Second Citizen.** We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
- **Antony.** Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.*1755*  
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:*1760*  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,*1765*  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,*1770*  
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.*1775*
- **First Citizen.** We'll burn the house of Brutus.
- **Third Citizen.** Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
- **Antony.** Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
- **All.** Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
- **Antony.** Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:*1780*  
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.<sup>1785</sup>  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
- **Second Citizen.** Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
- **Third Citizen.** O royal Caesar!
- **Antony.** Hear me with patience.<sup>1790</sup>
- **All.** Peace, ho!
- **Antony.** Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,<sup>1795</sup>  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
- **First Citizen.** Never, never. Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.<sup>1800</sup>  
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.<sup>1810</sup>

- **Antony.** Where is he?
- **Servant.** He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
- **Antony.** And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.*1815*
- **Servant.** I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
- **Antony.** Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

*Exeunt*

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## Act III, Scene 3

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### A street.

---

*Enter CINNA the poet*

- **Cinna the Poet.** I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.*1825*

*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?*1830*
- **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 the Poet.** What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
- **Second Citizen.** That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.*1840*
- **Cinna the Poet.** Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
- **First Citizen.** As a friend or an enemy?
- **Cinna the Poet.** As a friend.
- **Second Citizen.** That matter is answered directly.
- **Fourth Citizen.** For your dwelling,—briefly.*1845*
- **Cinna the Poet.** Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
- **Third Citizen.** Your name, sir, truly.
- **Cinna the Poet.** Truly, my name is Cinna.
- **First Citizen.** Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
- **Cinna the Poet.** I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.*1850*
- **Fourth Citizen.** Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
- **Cinna the Poet.** I am not Cinna the conspirator.
- **Fourth 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!*1855*

*Exeunt*

## Act IV, Scene 1

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### A house in Rome.

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*ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table*

- **Antony.** These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.<sup>1860</sup>
- **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.<sup>1865</sup>
- **Antony.** He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
- **Lepidus.** What, shall I find you here?<sup>1870</sup>
- **Octavius.** Or here, or at the Capitol.

*Exit LEPIDUS*

- **Antony.** This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand<sup>1875</sup>  
One of the three to share it?
- **Octavius.** So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.
- **Antony.** Octavius, I have seen more days than you:<sup>1880</sup>  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;<sup>1885</sup>  
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;<sup>1890</sup>  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
- **Antony.** So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender:  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,<sup>1895</sup>  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On abjects, orts and imitations,<sup>1900</sup>  
Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:<sup>1905</sup>  
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.<sup>1910</sup>
- **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*

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## Act IV, Scene 2

[▲ previous scene](#)

### Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

[next scene ▼](#)

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; Tintinius and PINDARUS meeting them*

- **Brutus.** Stand, ho!
- **Lucilius.** Give the word, ho! and stand.
- **Brutus.** What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?<sup>1920</sup>
- **Lucilius.** He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.
- **Brutus.** He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish<sup>1925</sup>  
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.
- **Pindarus.** I do not doubt  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.<sup>1930</sup>
- **Brutus.** He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;  
How he received you, let me be resolved.
- **Lucilius.** With courtesy and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,<sup>1935</sup>  
As he hath used of old.
- **Brutus.** Thou hast described  
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.<sup>1940</sup>  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,<sup>1945</sup>  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
- **Lucilius.** They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

- **Brutus.** Hark! he is arrived.<sup>1950</sup>  
[*Low march within*]  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and his powers*

- **Cassius.** Stand, ho!
- **Brutus.** Stand, ho! Speak the word along.<sup>1955</sup>
- **First Soldier.** Stand!
- **Second Soldier.** Stand!
- **Third Soldier.** Stand!
- **Cassius.** Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
- **Brutus.** Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?<sup>1960</sup>  
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.<sup>1965</sup>  
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.<sup>1970</sup>
- **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.<sup>1975</sup>  
Let Lucius and Tintinius guard our door.

*Exeunt*

## Brutus's tent.

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*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

- **Cassius.** That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella<sup>1980</sup>  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
- **Brutus.** You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
- **Cassius.** In such a time as this it is not meet<sup>1985</sup>  
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.<sup>1990</sup>
- **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.<sup>1995</sup>
- **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<sup>2000</sup>  
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?<sup>2005</sup>  
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,<sup>2010</sup>

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.*2015*
- **Cassius.** Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
- **Brutus.** Away, slight man!
- **Cassius.** Is't possible?
- **Brutus.** Hear me, for I will speak.*2020*  
Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?  
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;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,*2025*  
And make your bondmen tremble. 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,*2030*  
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,*2035*  
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'?*2040*
- **Brutus.** If you did, I care not.

- **Cassius.** When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
- **Brutus.** Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
- **Cassius.** I durst not!
- **Brutus.** No.2045
- **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.2050  
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:2055  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection: I did send2060  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,2065  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!
- **Cassius.** I denied you not.
- **Brutus.** You did.
- **Cassius.** I did not: he was but a fool that brought2070  
My answer back. Brutus hath rived 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.*2075*
- **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,*2080*  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Cheque'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,*2085*  
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;*2090*  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
- **Brutus.** Sheathe your dagger:*2095*  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,*2100*  
And straight is cold again.
- **Cassius.** Hath Cassius lived  
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.*2105*
- **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,<sup>2110</sup>  
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.<sup>2115</sup>
- **Poet.** [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.
- **Lucilius.** [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
- **Poet.** [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.<sup>2120</sup>

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, Tintinius, and LUCIUS*

- **Cassius.** How now! what's the matter?
- **Poet.** For shame, you generals! what do you mean?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.<sup>2125</sup>
- **Cassius.** Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
- **Brutus.** Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
- **Cassius.** Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
- **Brutus.** I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?<sup>2130</sup>  
Companion, hence!
- **Cassius.** Away, away, be gone.

*Exit Poet*

- **Brutus.** Lucilius and Tintinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.<sup>2135</sup>

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

*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Tintinius*

- **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 man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.<sup>2145</sup>
- **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?<sup>2150</sup>
- **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.<sup>2155</sup>
- **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.<sup>2160</sup>  
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, Tintinius!<sup>2165</sup>  
*[Exit LUCIUS]*  
*[Re-enter Tintinius, with MESSALA]*  
Welcome, good Messala.  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.<sup>2170</sup>
  
- **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,<sup>2175</sup>  
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,<sup>2180</sup>  
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!<sup>2185</sup>
  
- **Messala.** Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
  
- **Brutus.** No, Messala.
  
- **Messala.** Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?<sup>2190</sup>
  
- **Brutus.** Nothing, Messala.
  
- **Messala.** That, methinks, is strange.

- **Brutus.** Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
- **Messala.** No, my lord.
- **Brutus.** Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.*2195*
- **Messala.** Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
- **Brutus.** Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.*2200*
- **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?*2205*
- **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 his means, weary his soldiers,*2210*  
Doing himself 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;*2215*  
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 him off,*2220*  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.
- **Cassius.** Hear me, good brother.

- **Brutus.** Under your pardon. You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,2225  
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;2230  
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.2235
  
- **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.2240  
There is no more to say?
  
- **Cassius.** No more. Good night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
  
- **Brutus.** Lucius!  
*[Enter LUCIUS]*2245  
My gown.  
*[Exit LUCIUS]*  
Farewell, good Messala:  
Good night, Tintinius. Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.2250
  
- **Cassius.** O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.
  
- **Brutus.** Every thing is well.2255
  
- **Cassius.** Good night, my lord.
  
- **Brutus.** Good night, good brother.
  
- **Tintinius.** *[with MESSALA]* Good night, Lord Brutus.

- **Brutus.** Farewell, every one.  
*[Exeunt all but BRUTUS]*2260  
*[Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown]*  
 Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
- **Lucius.** Here in the tent.
- **Brutus.** What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
 Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.2265  
 Call Claudius and some other of my men:  
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
- **Lucius.** Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS*

- **Varro.** Calls my lord?2270
- **Brutus.** I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;  
 It may be I shall raise you by and by  
 On business to my brother Cassius.
- **Varro.** So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
- **Brutus.** I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;2275  
 It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.  
 Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;  
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down*

- **Lucius.** I was sure your lordship did not give it me.2280
- **Brutus.** Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
 Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
- **Lucius.** Ay, my lord, an't please you.
- **Brutus.** It does, my boy:2285  
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
- **Lucius.** It is my duty, sir.

- **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 lord, already.<sup>2290</sup>
  
- **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.  
*[Music, and a song]*  
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,<sup>2295</sup>  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.<sup>2300</sup>  
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<sup>2305</sup>  
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.<sup>2310</sup>
  
- **Caesar.** Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
  
- **Brutus.** Why comest thou?
  
- **Caesar.** To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
  
- **Brutus.** Well; then I shall see thee again?
  
- **Caesar.** Ay, at Philippi.<sup>2315</sup>
  
- **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! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius!<sup>2320</sup>
  
- **Lucius.** The strings, my lord, are false.

- **Brutus.** He thinks he still is at his instrument.  
Lucius, awake!
- **Lucius.** My lord?
- **Brutus.** Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?<sup>2325</sup>
- **Lucius.** My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
- **Brutus.** Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
- **Lucius.** Nothing, my lord.
- **Brutus.** Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!  
*[To VARRO]*<sup>2330</sup>  
Fellow thou, awake!
- **Varro.** My lord?
- **Claudius.** My lord?
- **Brutus.** Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
- **Varro.** *[with Claudius]* Did we, my lord?<sup>2335</sup>
- **Brutus.** Ay: saw you any thing?
- **Varro.** No, my lord, I saw nothing.
- **Claudius.** Nor I, my lord.
- **Brutus.** Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,<sup>2340</sup>  
And we will follow.
- **Varro.** *[with Claudius]* It shall be done, my lord.

*[Exeunt]*

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## Act V, Scene 1

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### The plains of Philippi.

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*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*

- **Octavius.** Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:2345  
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.2350
- **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;2355  
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,2360  
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?2365
- **Octavius.** I do not cross you; but I will do so.  
*[March]*  
*[Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;*  
*LUCILIUS, Tintinius, MESSALA, and others]*
- **Brutus.** They stand, and would have parley.2370
- **Cassius.** Stand fast, Tintinius: 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.2375
- **Brutus.** Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
- **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,2380  
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.2385
- **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 daggers2390  
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 bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!2395
- **Cassius.** Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.
- **Octavius.** Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look;2400  
I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.2405
- **Brutus.** Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

- **Octavius.** So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
- **Brutus.** O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,<sup>2410</sup>  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
- **Cassius.** A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
- **Antony.** Old Cassius still!
- **Octavius.** Come, Antony, away!<sup>2415</sup>  
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.** Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!<sup>2420</sup>  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
- **Brutus.** Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
- **Lucilius.** [*Standing forth.*] My lord?

*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart*

- **Cassius.** Messala!<sup>2425</sup>
- **Messala.** [*Standing forth.*] What says my general?
- **Cassius.** Messala,  
This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that against my will,<sup>2430</sup>  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.  
You know that I held Epicurus strong  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.<sup>2435</sup>  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us:  
This morning are they fled away and gone;<sup>2440</sup>

And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.<sup>2445</sup>

- **Messala.** Believe not so.
- **Cassius.** I but believe it partly;  
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved  
To meet all perils very constantly.
- **Brutus.** Even so, Lucilius.<sup>2450</sup>
- **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.<sup>2455</sup>  
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<sup>2460</sup>  
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<sup>2465</sup>  
That govern us below.
- **Cassius.** Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?
- **Brutus.** No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,<sup>2470</sup>  
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:<sup>2475</sup>  
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;<sup>2480</sup>  
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!<sup>2485</sup>

*Exeunt*

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## Act V, Scene 2

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### The same. The field of battle.

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*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*

- **Brutus.** Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.  
*[Loud alarum]*<sup>2490</sup>  
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*

---

## Act V, Scene 3

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### Another part of the field.

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*Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and Tintinius*

- **Cassius.** O, look, Tintinius, 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.2500

- **Tintinius.** 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, Tintinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?2510
- **Tintinius.** They are, my lord.
- **Cassius.** Tintinius, 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 assured2515  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
- **Tintinius.** I will be here again, even with a thought.

### *Exit*

- **Cassius.** Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Tintinius,2520  
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. Sirrah, what news?2525
- **Pindarus.** *[Above]* O my lord!
- **Cassius.** What news?
- **Pindarus.** *[Above]* Tintinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.2530  
Now, Tintinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.

He's ta'en.

*[Shout]*

And, hark! they shout for joy.

- **Cassius.** Come down, behold no more.<sup>2535</sup>  
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;<sup>2540</sup>  
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 Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.<sup>2545</sup>  
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,<sup>2550</sup>  
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,<sup>2555</sup>  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

### *Exit*

### *Re-enter Tintinius with MESSALA*

- **Messala.** It is but change, Tintinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,<sup>2560</sup>  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
- **Tintinius.** These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
- **Messala.** Where did you leave him?
- **Tintinius.** All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.<sup>2565</sup>

- **Messala.** Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
- **Tintinius.** He lies not like the living. O my heart!
- **Messala.** Is not that he?
- **Tintinius.** No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,<sup>2570</sup>  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.<sup>2575</sup>
- **Messala.** Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,  
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,<sup>2580</sup>  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
- **Tintinius.** What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
- **Messala.** Seek him, Tintinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;<sup>2585</sup>  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.
- **Tintinius.** Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.<sup>2590</sup>  
*[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?<sup>2595</sup>  
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 his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.<sup>2600</sup>  
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Tintinius' heart.  
*[Kills himself]*

*[Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS]*2605

- **Brutus.** Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
- **Messala.** Lo, yonder, and Tintinius mourning it.
- **Brutus.** Tintinius' face is upward.
- **Young Cato.** He is slain.
- **Brutus.** O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!2610  
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.

### *Low alarums*

- **Young Cato.** Brave Tintinius!  
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!2615
- **Brutus.** Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.2620  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.2625  
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

### *Exeunt*

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## Act V, Scene 4

▲ previous scene

next scene ▼

### Another part of the field.

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*[Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others]*

- **Brutus.** Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
- **Young Cato.** What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field:  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!<sup>2635</sup>  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
- **Brutus.** And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

*Exit*

- **Lucilius.** O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Tintinius;  
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
- **First Soldier.** Yield, or thou diest.
- **Lucilius.** Only I yield to die:<sup>2645</sup>  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;  
*[Offering money]*  
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
- **First Soldier.** We must not. A noble prisoner!
- **Second Soldier.** Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.<sup>2650</sup>
- **First Soldier.** I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.  
*[Enter ANTONY]*  
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
- **Antony.** Where is he?
- **Lucilius.** Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:<sup>2655</sup>  
I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.<sup>2660</sup>

- **Antony.** This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;<sup>2665</sup>  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How every thing is chanced.

*Exeunt*

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## Act V, Scene 5

▶ previous scene

### Another part of the field.

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*[Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS]*

- **Brutus.** Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
- **Clitus.** Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,  
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
- **Brutus.** Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.<sup>2675</sup>

*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.<sup>2680</sup>

*Whispers*

- **Dardanius.** Shall I do such a deed?
- **Clitus.** O Dardanius!

- **Dardanius.** O Clitus!
- **Clitus.** What ill request did Brutus make to thee?<sup>2685</sup>
- **Dardanius.** To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
- **Clitus.** Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.
- **Brutus.** Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
- **Volumnius.** What says my lord?<sup>2690</sup>
- **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.<sup>2695</sup>
- **Volumnius.** Not so, my lord.
- **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]*<sup>2700</sup>  
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.<sup>2705</sup>
- **Volumnius.** That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

### *Alarum still*

- **Clitus.** Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
- **Brutus.** Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;<sup>2710</sup>  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony<sup>2715</sup>  
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.2720

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

- **Clitus.** Fly, my lord, fly.
  
- **Brutus.** Hence! I will follow.  
*[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS]*  
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:2725  
Thou art a fellow 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 lord.2730
  
- **Brutus.** Farewell, good Strato.  
*[Runs on his sword]*  
Caesar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.  
*[Dies]*2735  
*[Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the 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:2740  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.
  
- **Lucilius.** So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.2745
  
- **Octavius.** All that served 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?<sup>2750</sup>
- **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<sup>2755</sup>  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up<sup>2760</sup>  
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.<sup>2765</sup>  
So call the field to rest; and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

*Exeunt*

