

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Julius Caesar

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: Cassius, Brutus

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

'Tis just: And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. 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.

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

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

[Flourish, and shout]

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar bear. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[Shout. Flourish]

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
What you have said I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

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

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Julius Caesar

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: Casca, Brutus & Cassius

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him **thrice**?

CASCA

And he put it by thrice, every
time gentler than other, and at every putting-by
mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

It was mere foolery.

I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown--and, as I told you, he put it by once:

Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again:

(but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.)

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it...

the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night caps because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh...

CASSIUS

But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar **swound**?

CASCA

He fell down in the market-place, and was speechless.

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA

Three or four peasants, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!'... if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

Those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarf's off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Good: I will expect you.

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be.

CASSIUS

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, which gives men stomach to digest his words with better appetite.

BRUTUS

And so it is.

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ACT ONE, SCENE THREE: Casca, Cicero

CICERO

Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA

O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, and I have seen the ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam to be
exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

CICERO

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

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.
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by...
and there was a heap a hundred ghastly peasants,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets...
And, I believe.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
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
Is not to walk in.

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ACT TWO, SCENE ONE: Cinna, Metellus, Casca, Brutus & Cassius

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.
Is not to-morrow the ides of March?

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, METELLUS,

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.

CASSIUS

Every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

BRUTUS

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: Swear priests and cowards!
but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath.

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

METELLUS

O, let us have him,
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;

BRUTUS

O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CASSIUS

Then leave him out.

CASCA

Indeed he is not fit.

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

Cinna, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar:
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs.

CASSIUS

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.

BRUTUS

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius.
And gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
This shall make our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

CASCA

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—

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

Clock strikes

The clock hath stricken three.
'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet, whether Caesar will come forth today, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late.

METELLUS

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,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers, he says he does,
being then most flattered.

Let me work; For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS

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

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Julius Caesar

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO: Caesar, Calpurnia, & Metellus

CAESAR

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

Enter CALPURNIA

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

What can be avoided whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, 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.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And he shall say you are not well today.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR

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

Enter METELLUS

Here's Metellus, he shall tell them so.

METELLUS

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

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

METELLUS

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

CAESAR

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

METELLUS

Here is what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change.
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...

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.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Julius Caesar

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE: Brutus, Cassius & Mark Antony

BRUTUS

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour.

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BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
yet see you but our hands
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome--
Mark Antony:
Our arms, and our hearts 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.
Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear...

BRUTUS

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.
--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.
Pardon me, Julius!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony,--

ANTONY

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

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

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: and as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

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
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral

ANTONY

Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[exit Brutus and Cassius]

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Acurse shall light upon the limbs of men;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war!

