

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

Julius Caesar

Prologue: Ensemble Caesar Soliloquy

1. The ides of March are come...
2. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
3. that Caesar and his senate must redress?
4. Thy brother, Metellus,
5. by decree is banished:
6. If thou dost bend and pray
7. and fawn for him,
8. I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
9. Know, Caesar doth not wrong,
10. nor without cause will he be satisfied.
11. And I could be well moved,
12. if I were as you:
13. If I could pray to move,
14. prayers would move me:
15. But I am constant as the northern star,
16. Of whose true-fix'd
17. and resting quality
18. There is no fellow in the firmament.
19. The skies are painted
20. with unnumber'd sparks,
21. They are all fire
22. and every one doth shine,
23. But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
24. So in the world;

25. 'tis furnish'd well with men,
26. And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
27. Yet in the number I do know but one
28. That unassailable holds on his rank,
29. Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
30. Let me a little show it, even in this;
31. That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
32. And constant do remain to keep him so. -

FULL COMPANY:

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

1

Act I, scene 1: *Party for the Luprecal*

Flavius, Marullus, Cobbler

FLAVIUS

Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:
Is this a holiday? Speak, what trade art thou?

COBBLER

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

MARULLUS

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

COBBLER

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!

COBBLER

Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER

I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger,
I recover them.

FLAVIUS

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER

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

MARULLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

FLAVIUS

Go, Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
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
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

Julius Caesar

2

Act I, scene 1: Marullus Soliloquy
(1-6 voices)

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his
chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?

Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms,
and there have sat The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

3

Act I, scene 2: *An Idea*

Brutus, Cassius

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself.

CASSIUS

I have heard, where many of the best respect in Rome,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius...
[Flourish, and shout]
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.
What is it?

CASSIUS

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
And this man is now become a god!
[Shout. Flourish]

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
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

What you have said, I will consider;

CASSIUS

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

SHAKESPEARIENCE!
Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

Julius Caesar

6

Act I, scene 2: Casca Soliloquy

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery;
I did not mark it.

I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown
neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--
and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking,
he would fain have had it.

Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my
thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by:

and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their
chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a
deal of stinking breath because
Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar;

for he swounded 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.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

Julius Caesar

5

Act I, scene 2: Masters of Their Fate/Cassius Soliloquy

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world..

BOTH: Like a Colossus,

and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

BOTH: 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?

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,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,

BOTH: When there is in it but one only man.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

Julius Caesar

4

Act I, scene 2: Cassius Soliloquy

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men think of this life;

but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as 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.

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, 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 is now become a god, and Cassius is a wretched creature and must
bend his body, if Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain, and when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake:

'tis true, this god did shake;

His coward lips did from their 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
Mark him and write his speeches in their books!

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.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

7

Act I, scene 2: *Storm Scene*

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 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, 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, 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 send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

8

Act II, scene 1: *Conspirators*

Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Cinna, Metellus

BRUTUS

It must be by his death: 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

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.
[shakes with each conspirator]

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: Swear priests and cowards!
but do not stain 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.

METELLUS

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: 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!

CASCA

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.

BRUTUS

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius.
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
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:

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, 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; I **will** bring him to the Capitol.

[Clock strikes]

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
But all remember what you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

Julius Caesar

9

Act II, scene 2: Portia Soliloquy
(1-2 voices)

BOTH: Is Brutus sick?

and is it physical to walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning?

What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out to dare the vile contagion of
the night

and tempt the rheumy and unpurged air to add unto his sickness?

BOTH: No, my Brutus;

You have some sick offence within your mind, which, by the right and
virtue of my place, I ought to know of:

and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love

and that great vow which did incorporate and make us one,

BOTH: 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

BOTH: Even from darkness.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

10

Act II, scene 2: *Caesar to the Capitol*

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!' *[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 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.
I will go.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

11

Act III, scene 1/PART 1: *Stabbing of Caesar*

Brutus, Cassius, Metellus, Caesar

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss that Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS

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

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Metellus. Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own to sound more sweetly in great
Caesar's ear for the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar; desiring thee that his banished brother
may have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg for Metellus' brother.

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

BRUTUS

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

METELLUS

Speak, hands for me!

[Conspirators stab CAESAR, one at a time, the last being Brutus.]

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar. *[Dies]*

[long pause in shock, then METELLUS fetches sheet and covers CAESAR]

BRUTUS

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

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

[METELLUS runs out calling, "Liberty!".]

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
We'll cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

CASSIUS

Ambition's debt is paid.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

12

Act III, scene 1/PART 2: *Stabbing of Caesar*

Brutus(tag/replace former), Cassius(tag/replace former), Mark Antony
+Caesar's covered body

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. . .

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.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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!

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.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you. [Aside to BRUTUS] You know not what you do: do not consent That Antony speak in his funeral: Know you how much the people may be 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;

ANTONY

Be it so. I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

(exeunt 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,-- A curse 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!**

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

13

Act III, scene 2: To the Angry Mob

Brutus Soliloquy
(1-6 voices)

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!
Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than any of yours.
--and not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves,
than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men?

As Caesar loved me, I weep for him;
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it;
as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.
There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour;
and death for his ambition.

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

I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus.
The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol;
his glory not extenuated, nor his offences enforced,
for which he suffered death.

With this I depart:
That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

14

Act III, scene 2: Mark Antony Soliloquy, Part 1
(3-6 voices)

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; So let it be with Caesar.

The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable 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;
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:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.
Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.



Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies!

Julius Caesar

Epilogue/Curtain Call: Antony/Octavius to Brutus

1. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
2. All the conspirators save only he
3. Did that they did in envy of great Caesar.
4. He only, in a general honest thought
5. And common good to all, made one of them.
6. His life was gentle, and the elements
7. So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
8. And say to all the world 'This was a man!'
9. According to his virtue let us use him,
10. With all respect and rites of burial.
11. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
12. Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
13. So call the field to rest; and let's away,

FULL COMPANY:

To part the glories of this happy day.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

16

Act IV, scene 2: *Battlefield Tent*
Brutus, Cassius

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I, older in practice, abler than
yourself to make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

All this! Must I budge? Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch under your testy humour?

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.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

No, 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

[pulls out his dagger, handing it to BRUTUS]

There is my dagger, and here within, a heart richer than gold:

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

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger: O Cassius...

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.

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs...Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Portia? How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatient of my absence, and grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony have made themselves so strong:-- And, her attendants absent, **swallow'd fire.**

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

BRUTUS

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

17

Act IV, scene 3: *Ghost of Caesar*
Brutus, Caesar

BRUTUS

How ill this taper burns! (*Enter the Ghost of CAESAR*)
Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

THY EVIL SPIRIT, BRUTUS...

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

TO TELL THEE, THOU SHALT SEE ME AT PHILLIPI...

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

AY....AT PHILLIPI...

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!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

18

Act V, scene 1: *Parley*

Octavius, Antony – Cassius, Brutus (+messenger)

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:

You said the enemy would not come down...It proves not so:
their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn us at Philippi here, answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY

I know wherefore they do it: they could be content
To come down with fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

[Enter a Messenger]

Messenger

Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, *[Exit]*

[Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS]

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Brutus: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIUS

Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so, 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,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, the cause. 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.

BRUTUS

Octavius 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,
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! Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

15

Act III, scene 2: Mark Antony Soliloquy, Part 2
(3-6 voices)

...If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle:
I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

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;
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,
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!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O! now you weep! and, I perceive, you feel the dint of pity: these are
gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold our Caesar's vesture
wounded?
Look you here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.