

Julius Caesar

by William Shakespeare

Edited for the **SCSD** High School Tour by Francois James

Directed by **Ronnie Bell**

Syracuse Shakespeare-In-The-Park/SCSD

High School Tour- April 2019

Cast of Characters (in appearance order, with doubling)

Actor #/Roles

Actor 1-(4) **Chorus**-Onstage character representing the rebels; **Cicero**-Senator of Rome;
(Bella C) **Artemidorus**-Doctor of rhetoric; **Titinius**-Friend of Brutus & Cassius

Actor 2-(2) **Caesar**-Roman general who wants unlimited power as emperor;
(Tom M) **Caesar's Ghost**-Spirit of Caesar and Brutus' apparition?

Actor 3-(1) **Brutus**-A Roman patrician
(Bob R)

Actor 4-(3) **Calpurnia**-Caesar's wife; **First Citizen**-Leader of the people; **Volumnius**-
(Anne C) Friend of Brutus & Cassius

Actor 5-(1) **Antony**-Joint ruler of Rome after Caesar's death
(Ethan W)

Actor 6-(1) **Cassius**-Conspirator to kill Caesar
(Joseph S)

Actor 7-(2) **Soothsayer**-Predictor of the future; **Octavius**-Adopted son of Caesar
(TBD)

Actor 8-(3) **Lucius**-Servant to Brutus; **Portia**-Brutus' wife;
(TBD) **Second Citizen**-Leader of the people

Actor 9- (3) **Decius**-Conspirator to kill Caesar; **Lucillus**-Friend of Brutus & Cassius;
(TBD) **Pindarus**-Cassius's servant

Actor 10-(2) **Metellus**-Conspirator to kill Caesar; **Messala**-Friend of Brutus & Cassius
(Laura B)

Citizen(s)- Off stage voices to answer Chorus & 1st/2nd Citizen (as needed)
(All/Students)

Scene 1 (Rome. A street. **CHORUS** and off-stage **CITIZEN**)

Chorus 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.
See whether their basest metal be not moved;
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Citizens (off-stage) May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Chorus It is no matter. Let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked 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. (Exeunt)

Scene 2 (A public place. Flourish. Enter **CAESAR**; **ANTONY**, for the course; **CALPURNIA**, **BRUTUS**, **CASSIUS**, and a **SOOTHSAYER**)

Caesar Calpurnia!

Brutus Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Caesar Calpurnia!

Calpurnia Here, my lord.

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

Antony I shall remember.
When Caesar says "do this," it is performed.

Caesar Set on! And leave no ceremony out. (Flourish)

Soothsayer Caesar!

Caesar Ha? Who calls?

Cassius Bid every noise be still! Peace yet again!

Caesar Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Caesar!" Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

Caesar What man is that?

Brutus A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

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

Cassius Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caesar What sayest thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

Caesar He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass.
(*Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*)

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 veiled 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—

Cassius Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

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

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

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

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

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?
Set honor in one eye and death in the other
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A Caesar of such 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 honors that are heaped on Caesar.

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 dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Brutus That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
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.

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. *(Enter Caesar and his Train)*
Look you, Cassius!
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow
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 crossed in conference by some senators.

Caesar Antonius!
Antony Caesar?
Caesar Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Antony Fear him not, Caesar! He's not dangerous,
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Caesar Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.

(Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train.)

Brutus And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you. Or if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.
Cassius I will do so. Till then, think of the world. (Exit **Brutus**)
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
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,
He should not humor 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
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)

Scene 3 *(The same. A street. Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides CASSIUS with his sword drawn and CICERO)*

Cassius Who's there?
Cicero A Roman.
Cassius Cicero, by your voice.

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

Cassius A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cicero Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
 For my part, I have walked about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And thus unbraced, Cicero, as you see,
 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone.

Cicero But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius You are dull, Cicero, and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman you do want,
 Or else you use not.
 Now could I, Cicero, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol,
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Cicero 'Tis Caesar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

Cassius Let it be who it is, for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.

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

Cassius I know where I will wear this dagger then!
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure.*(Thunder still.)*

Cicero So can I.
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

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.

Cicero 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, Cicero, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand:
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Cassius Come, Cicero. 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.

Cicero Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts!
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance like richest alchemy
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. (Exeunt.)

Scene 4 *(Rome. Brutus's orchard. Enter BRUTUS)*

Lucius I found this paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed. (Gives him the letter)

Brutus Get you to bed again. It is not day
The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them. (Opens letter and reads.)
"Brutus, thou sleepest! Awake, and see thyself."
"Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"
"Brutus, thou sleepest: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." 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 called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise:
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! (Knocking within.)

(Brutus calls to LUCIUS.) Go to the gate. Somebody knocks. (Exit LUCIUS.)
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. (*Enter LUCIUS.*)
Let 'em enter. (*Exit LUCIUS.*)
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night
When evils are most free? O then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy!

(*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, METELLUS, DECIUS*)

Cassius I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus! Do we trouble you?
Brutus I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you. And everyone doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

(*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper*)

Brutus Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.
Cassius But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Brutus O, name him not! Let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.
Metellus Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

Cassius Metellus, 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.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers-
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
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!
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. *(Clock strikes.)*

Brutus Peace! count the clock.
Decius The clock hath stricken three.
Metellus '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,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol today.

Decius Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him. Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brutus By the eighth hour: Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Cassius The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you, Brutus.
And friends, disperse yourselves. But all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans. *(Enter PORTIA.)*

Portia Brutus, my lord!

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

Portia Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed. And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing with your arms across.
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

Portia Is Brutus sick? And is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning?
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 all your vows of love
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had to resort to you. For here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Tell me, Brutus, is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I to keep with you at meals,
comfort your bed, and talk to you sometimes?
Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?
If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

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

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

Brutus O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!
 Portia, thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows. (Exeunt.)

Scene 5 *(Caesar's house. Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown)*

Caesar Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight.
 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 today.

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,
 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 Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Calpurnia When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of 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,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he;
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calpurnia (*Kneels.*) Let me upon my knee prevail in this.
(*Enter DECIUS and METELLUS*)

Decius Here's Decius! He shall tell them so.
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 today.
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia Say he is sick.

Decius Most mighty Caesar, let me know some other cause
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Caesar The cause is in my will. I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt tonight 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 portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

Decius This dream is all amiss interpreted!
 It was a vision fair and fortunate.
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
 This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Caesar And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius I have, when you have heard what I can say!
 And know it now: the senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be rendered, for someone to say
 "Break up the senate till another time,
 When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
 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.

Scene 6 (A street near the Capitol. Enter **ARTEMIDORUS**, reading a paper)

Artemidorus "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near
 Metellus: Decius loves thee not. There is but one mind in all these men,
 and it is 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,
 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. (Exit)

Scene 7 (Enter the **SOOTHSAYER**.)

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
 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:
 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. *(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!
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *(Exit)*

Scene 8 *(Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, then ARTEMIDORUS, SOOTHSAYER. BRUTUS, CASSIUS, DECIUS, METELLUS)*

Caesar *(To SOOTHSAYER.)* The ides of March are come.
Soothsayer Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Artemidorus Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.
Decius Metellus doth desire you to o'erread,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
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?
Cassius Sirrah, give place. *(To BRUTUS.)* Decius knows his time; for look you,
 Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way. *(Exit DECIUS)*
 Where is Metellus? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.
Brutus He is addressed. Press near and second him.
Caesar Are we all ready? What is now amiss
 That Caesar and his senate must redress?
Metellus Most high, most mighty
 Metellus throws before thy seat
 An humble heart— *(Kneeling.)*
Caesar I must prevent thee, Metellus.
 To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
 That will be thawed from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools;
 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.
 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.
Metellus Is there no voice more worthy than my own
 For the repealing of my banished brother?

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

Caesar What, Brutus!

Cassius Pardon, Caesar! Caesar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Metellus.

Caesar But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion; and that I am he,
Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Metellus O Caesar—

Caesar Doth not Metellus bootless kneel?

Metellus Speak, hands for me!
(Metellus first, then Cassius and BRUTUS stab CAESAR.)

Caesar Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar. *(Dies.)*

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

Cassius Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Brutus People and senators, be not affrighted!
Fly not. Stand stiff! Ambition's debt is paid.
Let's all cry, “Peace, freedom and liberty!”
How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cassius So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Brutus Soft! Who comes here? *(Enter ANTONY.)*
Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

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
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.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
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.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

Cassius Mark Antony—I blame you not for praising Caesar so.
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends
Or shall we on and not depend on you?

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

Brutus 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 in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius Brutus, a word with you. (*Takes BRUTUS aside.*)
You know not what you do.

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
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.
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 it by our permission;
Antony Be it so.
I do desire no more.
Brutus Prepare the body then, and follow us. (*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*)
Antony O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered 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,
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. (*Exeunt with CAESAR'S body*)

Scene 9 (*The Forum. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS*)

Citizens We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
First Citizen The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Brutus Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, believe me for
mine honor; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
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 Rome more. As Caesar loved
me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I
honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love;
joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; 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 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. *(Enter ANTONY with CAESAR'S body)*

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 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.

First Citizen

Let him be Caesar; Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

Second Citizen

We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Brutus

My countrymen—

First Citizen

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

Brutus

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *(Exit.)*

First Citizen

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Antony

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. *(Goes to the pulpit.)*

First Citizen

What does he say of Brutus?

Second Citizen

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

First Citizen

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here. This Caesar was a tyrant.

Second Citizen

Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

First Citizen

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony

You gentle Romans—

Second Citizen

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;

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 answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable 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 honorable 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 honorable 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 honorable 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.
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

First Citizen

Second Citizen

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

First Citizen

Has he, masters?

Second Citizen

I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Marked 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.
There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony

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 honorable men:
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

First Citizen

Second Citizen

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
We'll hear the will! Read it, Mark Antony.
The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

Antony Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
First 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 fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

Second Citizen They were traitors! Honorable men?
First Citizen The will! The testament!
Second Citizen They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will.
Antony If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
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 vanquished him.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
What, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen O piteous spectacle!
Second Citizen O noble Caesar!
O traitors, villains!

First Citizen O most bloody sight!
We will be revenged.

Citizens Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

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.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
but were I Brutus, and Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

First Citizen We'll mutiny. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Antony You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Antony Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Citizen Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
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 forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Citizen Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Citizen Go fetch fire. Pluck down benches. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
(Exeunt CITIZENS with the body.)
Antony Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! *(Exit)*

Scene 10 *(A house in Rome. ANTONY and OCTAVIUS, seated at a table)*
Antony These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.
Octavius They shall not live; look, with a spot I damn them.
I have sent Lepidus to Caesar's house;
To fetch the will hither, so we determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Antony He is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octavius Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene 11 *(Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS' tent. Drum)*
Lucilius They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Brutus Hark! he is arrived. *(Low march within.)*
March gently on to meet him. *(Enter Cassius.)*
Cassius Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus Cassius, be content.
 Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,
 Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
 Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience. (*Brutus's tent. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*)

Cassius That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
 Remember March, the ides of March remember:
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
 What villain touched his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What, shall one of us
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cassius Brutus, bay not me;
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practise, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.
 O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

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

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.
 I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
 I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Cassius I did not: he was but a fool that brought
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 Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast;
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus Sheathe your dagger:
When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

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

Brutus And my heart too.

Cassius O Brutus!

Brutus What's the matter?

Cassius Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

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

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

Brutus O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Brutus No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius Ha! Portia!

Brutus She is dead.

Cassius How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

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

Cassius O ye immortal gods!

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

Messala Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.
That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

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

Cassius Cicero one!

Messala Cicero is dead.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
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.

Messala Even so great men great losses should endure.

Brutus What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius I do not think it good.
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, 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;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius Hear me, good brother.

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

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

Brutus The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Farewell, every one. (*Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.*)
How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
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.

Caesar Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus Why comest thou?

Caesar To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi. (*Exit Ghost of CAESAR.*)
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Scene 12 (*The plains of Philippi. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*)

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

Antony Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately. (*March. Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA.*)

Brutus They stand, and would have parley.

Antony Make forth; the generals would have some words. (*Move to meet C*)

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!"
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Cassius Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so today,
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;
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.

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,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cassius A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined 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 today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs. (*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY.*)

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

Brutus No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 13 (*The same. The field of battle. Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*)

Brutus Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. (*Loud alarum*)
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. (*Exeunt*)

(*Another part of the field. Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*)

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

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

Pindarus Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord

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

Titinius They are, my lord. *(exits)*

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

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end;
 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
(Above.) Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
 Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
 He's ta'en. *(Shout.)*

Cassius And, hark! they shout for joy.
 Come down, behold no more.
 O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face! *(PINDARUS descends.)*
 Come hither, sirrah:
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
 and with this good sword,
 That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
 And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword. *(PINDARUS stabs him.)*
 Caesar, thou art revenged,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *(Dies.)*

(Enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.)

Messala Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,
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.

Messala Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *(Exit MESSALA.)*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
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.
By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's part
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *(Kills himself.)*

(Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS and VOLUMNIUS.)

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

Messala Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius!
Brutus Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene 14 *(Another part of the field. Alarums and fighting. Enter BRUTUS and VOLUMNIUS)*

Brutus Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Volumnius What says my lord?
Brutus Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius
Brutus

Not so, my lord.
Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto. (*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*)
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Volumnius?
Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.
Farewell, good Volumnius. (*Runs on his sword.*)
Caesar, now be still:

Volumnius
Brutus

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. (*Dies*)
(*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY and MESSALA.*)

Octavius
Messala
Volumnius

What man is that?
My master's man. Volumnius, where is thy master?
Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
How died my master, Volumnius?
I held the sword, and he did run on it.
This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
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
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Messala
Volumnius
Antony

(*Exeunt.*)

