Act 1 Scene 2

CASSIUS Will you go see the order of the course?
BRUTUS Not I.
CASSIUS I pray you, do.
BRUTUS I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.
CASSIUS Brutus, I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness 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; 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. 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 Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear: And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS
What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their 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 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!’
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,
Alas, it cried ‘Give me some drink, Titinius,’
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

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

CASSIUS  Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
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.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

BRUTUS  That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved.
What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
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.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train
BRUTUS
I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS
Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR
Antonius!

ANTONY
Caesar?

CAESAR
Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
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: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA
Act 3 Scene 1

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

CAESAR
I must prevent thee, Cimber.

METELLUS CIMBER
These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words, Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished: If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied.

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

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

CAESAR
What, Brutus!

CASSIUS
Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

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, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place: So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshaked of motion: and that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this; That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA
O Caesar,--

CAESAR
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS
Great Caesar,--

CAESAR
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA
Speak, hands for me!
CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS

Where's Lepidus?

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS CIMBER

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

And leave us, Lepidus; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS

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

Re-enter TREBONIUS

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

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

CASCA

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
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,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

CASSIUS

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now lies here
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Act 3 Scene 2

CITIZENS  We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS  Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be be silent, that you may hear:
believe me for mine honour, 5
and have respect to mine honour,
that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
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. 10
If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --
Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? 15
As Caesar loved me, I weep for him;
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him:
There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; 20
honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.
Who is here so base that would be a bondman?
If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? 25
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, 30
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!

CITIZEN  Give him a statue..

CITIZEN  Let him be Caesar.

BRUTUS  My countrymen,--

CITIZEN  Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

CITIZEN  Peace, ho!

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

Exit

FIRST CITIZEN   Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
THIRD CITIZEN  We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
ANTONY         For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
FOURTH CITIZEN What does he say of Brutus?  
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN This Caesar was a tyrant.
THIRD CITIZEN We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
SECOND CITIZEN Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
ANTONY         You gentle Romans,--
CITIZENS       Peace, ho! let us hear him.
ANTONY         Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
                I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
                The evil that men do lives after them;  
                The good is oft interred with their bones;  
                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.