

William Shakespeare

TRAGEDIES:

King Lear

Othello

Julius Ceasar

*Lingua*



# The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

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## Dramatis Personæ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
MARCUS ANTONIUS,  
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius  
Cæsar.

CICERO,  
PUBLIUS,  
POPILIUS LENA, } senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS,  
DECIUS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER,  
CINNA, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.

A Soothsayer

CINNA, a poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,  
TITINIUS,  
MESSALA,  
Young CATO,  
VOLUMINIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO,  
CLITUS,  
CLAUDIUS,  
STRATO,  
LUCIUS,  
DARDANIUS, } servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

# ACT I

## SCENE I.

### Rome. A street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,  
and certain Commoners*

**FLAVIUS**

Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:  
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

**FIRST COMMONER**

Why, sir, a carpenter.

**MARULLUS**

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?  
You, sir, what trade are you?

**SECOND COMMONER**

Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but,  
as you would say, a cobbler.

**MARULLUS**

But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

**SECOND COMMONER**

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

**MARULLUS**

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

**SECOND COMMONER**

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet,  
if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

**MARULLUS**

What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

**SECOND COMMONER**

Why, sir, cobble you.

**FLAVIUS**

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

**SECOND COMMONER**

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

**FLAVIUS**

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

**SECOND COMMONER**

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself 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!  
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.

**FLAVIUS**

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*Exeunt all the Commoners*

See whether their basest metal be not moved;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

**MARULLUS**

May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

**FLAVIUS**

It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II.**

**A public place.**

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

CAESAR

Calpurnia!

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA

Here, my lord.

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 perform'd.

CAESAR

Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

*Flourish*

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

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

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.  
*Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS

Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

**BRUTUS**

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
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.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
And after scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and shout*

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Ay, do you fear it?  
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!'  
 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,  
 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 bstride 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.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

**BRUTUS**

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
How I have thought of this and of these times,  
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*