

JCaesar/ActI
JULIUS CAESAR

1

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MARCUS BRUTUS, Conspirator.

CASSIUS, Conspirator.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

CASCA, Conspirator.

LUCILIUS, Friend of Marcus Brutus and Cassius.

MESSALA, Friend of Marcus Brutus and Cassius

TITINIUS, Friend of Marcus Brutus and Cassius.

DECIUS BRUTUS, Conspirator.

METELLUS CIMBER, Conspirator.

CINNA, Conspirator.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

PORTIA, Wife of Marcus Brutus.

LUCIUS, Servant of Marcus Brutus.

CALPURNIA, Wife of Julius Caesar.

TREBONIUS, Conspirator.

LIGARIUS, Conspirator.

CICERO, Senator.

PUBLIUS, Senator.

POPILIUS LENS, Senator.

CLITO, Servant of Marcus Brutus.

STRATO, Servant of Marcus Brutus.

DARDANIUS, Servant of Marcus Brutus.

VARRO, Servant of Marcus Brutus.

CLAUDIUS, Servant of Marcus Brutus.

A SOOTHSAYER.

VOLUMNIUS, Friend of Marcus Brutus and Cassius.

YOUNG CATO, Friend of Marcus Brutus and Cassius.

ARTEMIDORUS, Sophist of Cnidos.

FLAVIUS, Tribune.

MARULLUS, Tribune.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CINNA, A poet.

ANOTHER POET.

SENATORS, CITIZENS, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, etc.

ACT I, SCENE I.

JCaesar/ActI

2

Rome. A street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain COMMONERS over the stage.]

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 CITIZEN.

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 CITIZEN.

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 CITIZEN.

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 CITIZEN.

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 CITIZEN.

Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS.

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

SECOND CITIZEN.

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 neats- leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS.

But wherefore are not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

SECOND CITIZEN.

JCaesar/ActI

3

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 live-long 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, whe'r 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.

JCaesar/ActI

4

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.]

ACT I, SCENE II.

[Rome. A public place. Enter CAESAR; MARCUS ANTONIUS, for the course;
CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great
crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

Calpurnia,-

CASCA.

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.[Music ceases.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

Calpurnia,-

CALPURNIA.

Here, my lord.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.- Antonius,-

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Caesar, my lord?

JULIUS 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.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

I shall remember:

When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Set on; and leave no ceremony out.[Music.]

SOOTHSAYER.

Caesar!

JULIUS CAESAR.

Ha! who calls?

JCaesar/ActI

5

CASCA.

Bid every noise be still:- peace yet again![Music ceases.]

JULIUS 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.

JULIUS CAESAR.

What man is that?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS.

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides of March.

JULIUS CAESAR.

He is a dreamer; let us leave him:- pass.[Sennet.
Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.]

CASSIUS.

Will you go see the order of the course?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Not I.

CASSIUS.

I pray you, do.

MARCUS 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.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cassius,

JCaesar/ActI

6

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 behaviours;
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?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

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

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.

MARCUS 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

JCaesar/ActI

7

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.]

MARCUS 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.

MARCUS 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' th'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.[Flourish and shout.]
MARCUS 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.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th'eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

MARCUS 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.

MARCUS 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.

[Enter CAESAR and his TRAIN.]

MARCUS 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 senator.

JCaesar/ActI

10

CASSIUS.

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Antonius,-

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Caesar?

JULIUS 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.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

JULIUS 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

Then 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.[Exeunt

CAESAR and all his TRAIN but CASCA.]

CASCA.

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

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA.

Why, you were with him, were you not?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA.

JCaesar/ActI

11

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

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What was the second noise for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS.

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

CASCA.

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS.

Who offer'd him the crown?

CASCA.

Why, Antony.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA.

I can as well be hang'd 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 offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and utter'd 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 my part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS.

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

CASCA.

He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and

JCaesar/ActI

12

was speechless.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

'Tis very like;- he hath the falling-sickness.

CASSIUS.

No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

CASCA.

I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar
fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss
him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they
use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA.

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common
herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his
doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut:- an I had been
a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a
word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:- and so
he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had
done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to
think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I
stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all
their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if
Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no
less.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

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

CASCA.

Ay.

CASSIUS.

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA.

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS.

To what effect?

CASCA.

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th'face
again: but those that understood him smiled at one another,
and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek
to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius,
for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could

JCaesar/ActI

13

remember it.

CASSIUS.

Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA.

No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS.

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA.

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

CASSIUS.

Good; I will expect you.

CASCA.

Do so: farewell, both.[Exit.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS.

So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a source to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, 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 honourable mettle may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis 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 humour 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

JCaesar/ActI

14

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.]

ACT I, SCENE III.

[Rome. A street. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.]

CICERO.

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

Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th'ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO.

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA.

A common slave- you know him well by sight-
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,- I ha' not since put up my sword,-
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,- they are natural;"

JCaesar/ActI

15

For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO.

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA.

He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO.

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

CASCA.

Farewell, Cicero.[Exit CICERO.]

[Enter CASSIUS.]

CASSIUS.

Who's there?

CASCA.

A Roman.

CASSIUS.

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA.

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

CASSIUS.

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA.

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS.

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA.

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, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind-
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality;- why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, 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.
CASCA.

'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;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
CASCA.

Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
CASSIUS.

I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;

JCaesar/ActI

17

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.[Thunder still.]

CASCA.

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:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA.

You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
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, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-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's favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery and most terrible.

CASCA.

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS.

'Tis Cinna,- I do know him by his gait;

He is a friend.

[Enter CINNA.]

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA.

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS.

No, it is Casca; one incorporate

To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA.

I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS.

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA.

Yes, you are.-

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party-

CASSIUS.

Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA.

All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS.

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, 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.

CASCA.

O, 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.

JCaesar/ActI

19

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.[Exeunt.]