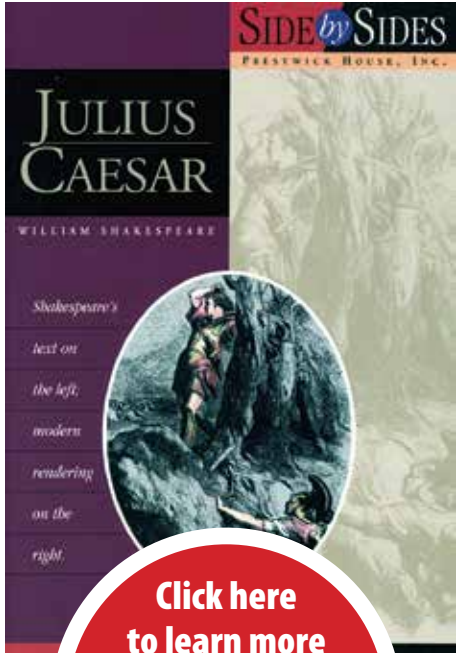




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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*JULIUS CAESAR, Roman statesman and general*

*OCTAVIUS, Triumvir after Caesar's death, later Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome*

*MARCUS ANTONIUS, general and friend of Caesar, a Triumvir after his death*

*LEPIDUS, third member of the Triumvirate*

*MARCUS BRUTUS, leader of the conspiracy against Caesar*

*CASSIUS, instigator of the conspiracy*

CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS,  
DECIUS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER, } conspirators against Caesar

CINNA,  
CALPURNIA, wife of Caesar

PORTIA, wife of Brutus

CICERO,  
PUBLIUS, } senators  
POPILIUS LENA,

FLAVIUS, tribune  
MARULLUS, tribune

CATO,  
LUCILIUS,  
TITINIUS, } supporters of Brutus  
MESSALA,  
VOLUMNIUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, a teacher of rhetoric

CINNA, a poet

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

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius

*Ghost of Caesar*

*A Soothsayer*

*A Poet*

*Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Commoners, Messengers, and Servants*

*SCENE: Rome, the conspirators' camp near Sardis, and the plains of Philippi.*

Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
 145 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?  
 150 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,  
 155 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?  
 160 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  
 165 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.  
 170 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  
 175 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

*dishonorable graves. Men at times are masters of their own fates. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves if we act like underlings. Brutus and Caesar. What is special about "Caesar"? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together; yours is as fair a name. Say them; yours rolls off the tongue as nicely. Weigh them; yours is as heavy. Conjure with them; "Brutus" will start a spirit just as easily as "Caesar." Now, in the names of all the gods, upon what meat does this Caesar feed since he is grown so great? Age, you are shameful! Rome, you have lost your breed of nobles. Since time began, there has not been an age dominated by such a man. Before this they talked of Rome, and not the feats of just a single man. Now there is room enough for only one man. You and I have heard our fathers say that there once was a Brutus who would have endured the devil in Rome, rather than have a king.*

**BRUTUS:** *I do not doubt that you do love me. I guess what you are hinting at. I have thought of this and of these times often, and I shall speak more of this later. For the present, though, I ask you as a good friend not to press me further. What you have said I will consider; what you have to yet say, I will hear with patience and find a time to both hear and answer such important thoughts. Until then, my noble friend, chew upon this—Brutus would rather be a villager than to call himself a son of Rome under the hard conditions which this time is likely to lay upon us.*

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.  
 85 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 tomorrow  
 Mean to establish Caesar as a king,  
 90 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;  
 95 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;  
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
 100 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.  
 105 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.  
 110 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

CASCA: *It is Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?*

CASSIUS: *Let it be who it is. Romans still have sinews and limbs like their ancestors did. But, woe the day! Our fathers' minds are dead, and we are governed with our mothers' weaker spirits; our yoke and suffering show us to be womanish.*

CASCA: *Indeed they say the senators mean to establish Caesar as a king tomorrow. He will wear his crown everywhere except here in Italy.*

CASSIUS: *I know where I will wear this dagger then; Cassius from slavery will deliver Cassius. Therein, you gods, you make the weak most strong; therein, you gods do defeat tyrants. No stone towers, nor walls of beaten brass, no airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron can restrain the strength of spirit. A life, being weary of these worldly bars, never lacks the power to end its own life. If I know this then, know all the world besides that part of tyranny that I do bear, I can shake it off at my own pleasure. [Thunder still.]*

CASCA: *So can I. So every slave bears the power to cancel his own captivity with his own hand.*

CASSIUS: *And why should Caesar be a tyrant then? Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf except that he sees the Romans are but sheep. He were no lion were not the Romans deer. Those who would make a mighty fire in haste begin it with only weak straws. What trash is Rome! What rubbish, and what chips, when it serves for the base matter to illuminate so worthless a thing as Caesar? But, grief, where have you led me? I perhaps speak this before a willing slave; then I know my answer must be made. But I am armed, and dangers are not intimidating to me.*

315 BRUTUS: O ye gods,  
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! *[Knocking within.]*  
 Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 320 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the charactery of my sad brows.  
 Leave me with haste. *[Exit Portia.]* Lucius, who's that knocks?

*[Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.]*

LUCIUS: Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS: Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.  
 325 Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

LIGARIUS: Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS: O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS: I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
 330 Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS: Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS: By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
 I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
 335 Brave son, derived from honorable loins!  
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up  
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
 And I will strive with things impossible,  
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

340 BRUTUS: A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS: But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS: *You gods, prove me worthy to have this noble wife!*  
*[Knocking within]*  
*Hark, hark! Someone knocks. Portia, go in awhile. Soon you shall share*  
*the secrets of my heart. All my engagements I will tell to you; all the*  
*reasons for my sad brows. Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius,*  
*who is it who knocks?*

*[Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.]*

LUCIUS: *It is a sick man who would speak with you.*

BRUTUS: *It must be Caius Ligarius, of whom Metellus spoke. Boy, stand aside.*  
*Caius Ligarius! How are you?*

LIGARIUS: *Please accept a morning greeting from my feeble tongue.*

BRUTUS: *What a time have you chosen, brave Caius, to be sickly! I wish you*  
*were not sick!*

LIGARIUS: *I am not sick if Brutus has any exploit worthy of the name of honor*  
*in his hands.*

BRUTUS: *Such an exploit I have, Ligarius, if you have a healthful ear to hear*  
*it.*

LIGARIUS: *By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my illness!*  
*Soul of Rome! Brave son, derived from honorable ancestry! You are like*  
*an exorcist who has conjured up my dead spirit. Bid me run and I will*  
*strive to do impossible things; I'll get the better of them. What's to do?*

BRUTUS: *A piece of work that will make sick men whole.*

LIGARIUS: *But are not some whole whom we must make sick?*

**SCENE 4****Another part of the same street,  
before the house of Brutus.**

*[Enter Portia and Lucius.]*

PORTIA: I prithee, boy, run to the Senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS: To know my errand, madam.

5 PORTIA: I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.  
O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
10 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS: Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else?

15 PORTIA: Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth; and take good note  
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS: I hear none, madam.

20 PORTIA: Prithee, listen well.  
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS: Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*[Enter the Soothsayer.]*

**SCENE 4****Another part of the same street,  
before the house of Brutus.**

*[Enter Portia and Lucius.]*

PORTIA: I beg you, boy, run to the Senate. Do not stay another moment to  
answer me but get you gone. Why do you stay?

LUCIUS: To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA: I would have had you there already and back again before I can tell  
you what you should do there. Constancy, be strong upon my side! Set a  
huge mountain between my heart and my tongue! I have a man's mind  
but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Are  
you still here?

LUCIUS: Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol and nothing else? And  
so return to you and nothing else?

PORTIA: Yes, bring me word, boy, if your lord looks well; for he went away  
looking sickly. Take good notice of what Caesar does, which suitors  
press him. Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS: I hear none, madam.

PORTIA: Pray you, listen well; I heard a bustling rumor much like a battle,  
and it comes from the Capitol.

LUCIUS: Really, madam, I heard nothing.

*[Enter the Soothsayer.]*

10 SECOND CITIZEN: I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons,  
 When severally we hear them rendered.  
*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes  
 into the pulpit.]*

THIRD CITIZEN: The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRUTUS: Be patient till the last.  
 Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and  
 15 be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and  
 have respect to mine honor, 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  
 20 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. Had you rather Caesar were living and die  
 all slaves, than that Caesar were dead to live all freemen? As  
 Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice  
 25 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 offend-  
 ed. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any,  
 30 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. I have done no more to  
 35 Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is  
 enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein  
 he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he  
 suffered death.

*[Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.]*  
 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though

SECOND CITIZEN: I will hear Cassius, and we may compare their reasons once  
 all the reasons are put forth.  
*[Exit Cassius, with some Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]*

THIRD CITIZEN: The noble Brutus has climbed the stairs. Silence!

BRUTUS: Be patient until the end. Romans, countrymen, and friends! Hear  
 me for my cause. Be quiet, that you may hear me. Believe me because of  
 my honor, and have respect for my honor to listen to what I have to say.  
 Judge me in your wisdom, and awake your senses so that you may judge  
 me the better. If there is any one in this assembly, any dear friend of Cae-  
 sar's, to him I say that Brutus' love for Caesar was no less than yours.  
 If that friend then demands why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my  
 answer—not that I loved Caesar less but that I loved Rome more. Would  
 you rather that Caesar were living and all of us die slaves; rather than  
 that Caesar were dead, and all of us live as free men? As Caesar loved  
 me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice; as he was valiant, I  
 honor him. But as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his  
 love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.  
 Who is here so low that he would be a slave? If there is any, speak now;  
 for I have offended him. Who is here so unsophisticated that he would not  
 be a Roman? If there is any, speak now; for I have offended him. Who is  
 here so wicked that he would not love his country? If there is any, speak  
 now; for I have offended him. I pause for a reply.

ALL: None, Brutus. None.

BRUTUS: Then I have offended none. I have done no more to Caesar than you  
 shall do to Brutus. The reasons for his death are recorded in the Capitol.  
 His achievements have not been slighted, nor the crimes for which he was  
 killed exaggerated.

*[Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.]*  
 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony who, though he had no

**SCENE 3**  
**Brutus' tent.**

*[Enter Brutus and Cassius.]*

CASSIUS: That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
5 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS: You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS: In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

BRUTUS: Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
10 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

CASSIUS: I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
15 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS: The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS: Chastisement?

BRUTUS: Remember March, the ides of March remember.  
20 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd 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  
25 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes

**SCENE 3**  
**Brutus' tent.**

*[Enter Brutus and Cassius.]*

CASSIUS: *I believe you have intentionally wronged me. You have condemned and disgraced Lucius Pella for taking bribes here of the Sardians. My letters on his behalf were disregarded.*

BRUTUS: *You wronged yourself to write in such a case.*

CASSIUS: *In such a time as this it is not good that every small offense should be scrutinized.*

BRUTUS: *Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have a greediness for taking bribes and selling your offices for gold to those who don't deserve it.*

CASSIUS: *I take bribes! By the gods, if it were not Brutus who spoke, this speech would be your last.*

BRUTUS: *Because the name of Cassius is connected to this corruption, punishment is not possible.*

CASSIUS: *Punishment!*

BRUTUS: *Remember March—the ides of March—remember. Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake? Which of us stabbed him except to get justice? Shall one of us, who struck the foremost man of all this world, do it only to support robbers? Shall we now contaminate our fingers with base bribes and sell the mighty space of our large honors for so much trash as we might grasp? I would rather be a dog and bay at the moon than be such a Roman.*



## ACT V

### SCENE 1

#### 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;  
5 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  
10 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*[Enter a Messenger.]*

MESSALA: Prepare you, generals.  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
15 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY: Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

## ACT V

### SCENE 1

#### The plains of Philippi.

*[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.]*

OCTAVIUS: Now, Antony, our hopes are indeed answered. You said that the  
enemy would not come down but instead keep to the hills and upper re-  
gions. It proves not to be so. Their battles are at hand; they mean to chal-  
lenge us here at Philippi, answering our challenge before we do demand  
anything of them.

ANTONY: Bah, I know their hearts, and I know why they do it. They could be  
content to stay in other places. But they come down with a timid show of  
bravery, thinking by this deed that they will convince us of their courage.  
But it is not so.

*[Enter a Messenger.]*

MESSALA: Prepare yourselves, generals. The enemy comes on in a gallant  
show. Their bloody flag of battle is hung out, and something is to be done  
immediately.

ANTONY: Octavius, lead your men to the left side of this field.

FIRST SOLDIER: Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS: Only I yield to die. *[Offers money.]*  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:

15 Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER: We must not. A noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER: Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER: I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

*[Enter Antony.]*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

20 ANTONY: Where is he?

LUCILIUS: Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
25 When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY: This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness; I had rather have  
30 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How every thing is chanced. *[Exeunt.]*

FIRST SOLDIER: Yield, or you die.

LUCILIUS: I yield only to death; *[Offers money.]* there is so much money here  
that you will kill me immediately. Kill Brutus, and be honored by his  
death.

FIRST SOLDIER: We must not. He makes a noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER: Make room, here! Tell Antony that Brutus is captured.

FIRST SOLDIER: I'll tell him the news. Here comes the general.

*[Enter Antony.]*

Brutus is taken; Brutus is captured, my lord.

ANTONY: Where is he?

LUCILIUS: Safe, Antony. Brutus is safe enough. I promise you that no enemy  
will ever take the noble Brutus alive. May the gods defend him from so  
great a shame! When you do find him, alive or dead, he will be found like  
Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY: This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you he is a prize no less  
in worth. Keep this man safe; give him kindnesses. I would rather have  
such men as my friends than as my enemies. Go on, and see whether  
Brutus is alive or dead. Bring word to Octavius' tent how everything has  
played out. *[Exit.]*

## STUDY GUIDE

### Act I, Scene 1 - A Street (Flavius, Marullus, and commoners)

1. Puns and word-play are a popular part of Shakespeare's plays. Explain the punning and word-play in which the cobbler engages.
2. How do the Tribunes, Marullus and Flavius, react to this word-play?
3. Why do they chase the commoners away, and with what do they rebuke them?
4. What do they suggest the commoners do?
5. Why do Marullus and Flavius seem to fear Caesar?

### Act I, Scene 2 - Rome, The Same (Caesar, Antony, Calpurnia, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, and others)

1. What does Caesar say to Antony in front of everyone? What does it say about Caesar? What does Antony's response say about him?
2. What is the Soothsayer's warning to Caesar? What does it mean?
3. When they are alone, what accusation does Cassius make to Brutus? What is Brutus' response?
4. What point is Cassius making when he asks Brutus about seeing his [Brutus' own] face? What does he propose he will do?

- 
5. On what fear of Brutus' does Cassius pick up?
  6. How does Brutus explain to Cassius what he means by this fear.
  7. According to Cassius, what happens when he and Caesar go swimming in the Tiber? What is the point of this story?
  8. Why does Cassius refer to Caesar as "a sick girl"? How would you describe Cassius at this point?
  9. What does Cassius say about fate, free will, and being underlings?
  10. After delaying an answer, what is Brutus' conclusion about his own feelings on freedom?
  11. As the scene continues, what does Caesar say to Antony about Cassius? What is Antony's response?
  12. What does Caesar's response about fear show about him?
  13. According to Casca, what does Antony offer Caesar three times? What is Caesar's response?
  14. What two physical ailments of Caesar are mentioned in this scene?
  15. In response to the "falling sickness," what is the meaning of Cassius' sarcasm?
  16. What happens to Marullus and Flavius? Why?
  17. What action will Cassius take to get Brutus to join the conspirators?