

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

CINNA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*

CINNA, *a Poet; another Poet; a Soothsayer.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young CATO, and*

VOLUMNIUS, *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, and

DARDANIUS, *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE,—ROME; SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.

# JULIUS CÆSAR

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Flavius.*

**F**ENCE! home, you idle creatures,  
get you home; [you not,  
Is this a holiday? What, know  
Being mechanical, you ought not

walk,  
Upon a laboring-day, without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art  
thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy  
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work- 10  
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me  
directly.



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

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

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

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. 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.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? [streets?]

Why dost thou lead these men about the

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, 30 to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* 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 climbed up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, 40  
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.

*Flav.* 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 Citizens.]

See, whér 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.



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

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
70 Be hung with Cæsar'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 Cæsar'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.—*The same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY,  
for the course: CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,  
CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great  
crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,— [Music ceases.]

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,  
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:

10 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar!

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still:—peace  
yet again. [Music ceases.]

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on  
me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry *Cæsar*. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the  
ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his  
face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng: look  
upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak  
once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him;  
—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the  
course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some  
part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* 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.

*Bru.*

*Cassius,*

Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,

40 Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself, [viors :  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my beha-  
But let not therefore my good friends be  
grieved ; [one ;)

(Among which number, Cassius, be you  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
your passion ; [buried

By means whereof this breast of mine hath  
50 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not it-  
self

But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* '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,  
10 (Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead  
me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cas.* 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. 70  
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.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do  
fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.*

Ay, do you fear it ? 80

Then must I think you would impart to me ?

*Bru.* 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 honor 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 honor more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you,  
90 Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor 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 Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

100 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st 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,  
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, [der  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoul-  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves  
of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his  
body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark 120  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did  
shake:

His coward lips did from their color 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 [books,

Mark him, and write his speeches in their  
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, 130  
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

*Bru.* Another general shout!  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honors that are heap'd on  
Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the nar-  
row 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, 140  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Brutus* and *Cæsar*: what should be in that  
*Cæsar?* [than yours?

Why should that name be sounded more  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;



Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
[them,  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with  
*Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

[*Shout*.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
150 shamed! [bloods!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble  
When went there by an age, since the great  
flood, [man?  
But it was famed with more than with one  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of  
Rome, [man?  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one  
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

160 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me I am nothing  
jealous; [aim;

What you would work me to I have some  
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;  
170 *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.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from  
*Brutus*.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and *Cæsar* is  
returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the  
sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so.—But look you, *Cassius*,  
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
*Calphurnia*'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.

*Cas.* *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

*Cas.* *Antonius*!

*Ant.* *Cæsar*?

*Cas.* Let me have men about me that are  
fat; [nights:  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'  
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are danger-  
ous.



*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well-given.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter:—but I fear him not:

Yet, if my name were liable to fear,  
200 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 anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;

210 And therefore are they very dangerous. I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad?

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for!

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered 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 neighbors shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged 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 offered 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 offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands,



and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of noisome breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

250

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar 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, Cæsar 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.

260

*Bru.* 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 plucked me ope his doublet, and offered 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 anything

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 Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

270

*Bru.* And after that he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the 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 Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

280

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

290

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell both. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.



*Cas.* So is he now in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his  
words

300 With better appetite.

*Bru.* 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.

*Cas.* 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 dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :

310 For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?  
Cæsar 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 ob-  
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at ;  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;

320 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.  
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,  
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar  
home ? [so ?]

Why are you breathless ? and why stare you  
*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 [seen]

Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and  
foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more wonder-  
ful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him  
well by sight) [burn  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) 20  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by



Without annoying me : and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformèd 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 noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
30 *These are their reasons,—they are natural;*  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time :  
But men may construe things, after their  
fashion, [selves.  
Clean from the purpose of the things them-  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

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

*Cic.* Good night, then, Casca : this dis-  
turbèd sky  
Is not to walk in.

40 *Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.  
[Exit CICERO

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

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

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens men-  
ace so ?

*Cas.* 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 unbracèd, 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.

*Cas.* 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 [der,

And put on fear and cast yourself in won- 60  
To see the strange impatience of the heav-  
ens :

But, if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding  
ghosts, [kind,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and  
Why old men fool and children calculate ;  
Why all these things change from their or-  
dinance,



Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality;—why you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these  
spirits, [ing

- 70 To make them instruments of fear and warn-  
Unto some monstrous state.  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night; [roars  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and  
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 Cæsar that you mean; is it  
not, Cassius?

- 80 *Cas.* 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, [its;  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spir-  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed they say the senators to-  
morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger  
then;

- 90 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:  
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: 100

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

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar 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 110  
So vile a thing as Cæsar! 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  
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.



120 *Cas.* 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 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

130 In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes  
one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his  
gait;  
He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so?

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

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night  
is this! [sighs.]

There's two or three of us have seen strange

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

140 But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Cas.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take  
this paper,

And, look you, lay it in the prætor'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?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's  
gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* 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.

*Cas.* 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.]