THE BEN GREET
SHAKESPEARE
FOR YOUNG READERS
AND
AMATEUR PLAYERS

JULIUS CAESAR
THE BEN GREET SHAKESPEARE

FOR YOUNG READERS AND AMATEUR PLAYERS
MARCUS BRUTUS

"'Brutus, thou sleep'st;
Awake, and see thyself'"
The Ben Greet Shakespeare
For Young Readers and Amateur Players

Julius Caesar

Garden City • New York
Doubleday, Page & Company
A FEW GENERAL RULES OR CUSTOMS OF ACTING

The letters $R$ and $L$ indicate the position of players on the stage facing the audience. $R\,1$, $L\,1$ are the entrances nearest the front. Go up means from the audience; go down is toward the audience. $R\,C$ is the right side of the centre, — and so forth.

When the characters enter, the person speaking generally comes second.

Do not huddle together; do not stand in lines; and do not get in such angles that you cannot be seen by the sides of an audience.

Stand still — keep the leg nearest the audience back, gesticulate seldom and with the hand farthest from the audience. Do not point to your chest or heart when you say $I$, $my$ and $mine$, nor to your neighbor when saying $thou$, $thy$, and $thine$, unless absolutely necessary.

Try to reverse the usual acting of the present day and eliminate the personal pronoun
as far as possible (Shakespeare does it all the time). Occasionally the pointing gesture is necessary — but seldom.

Do not try to say more than six words, or at most eight, in one breath. Careful punctuation and accent are harmonious and necessary. Whatever you do, sound the last two or three words of the line or sentence: dropping the voice is the worst fault of our best actors. Do not speak to your audience or at your audience, but with your fellow actors, remembering, of course, that you have invisible listeners, and that the last man in the house wants to hear and see.

Do not imitate our star actors. Try to be natural, spontaneous, and original. At the same time, keep control of yourself and your emotions. To appear to be, and not really to be the character you are acting, is, perhaps, the perfection of the art.

Don’t fidget your hands and feet — forget them, and let them be where the good Lord has placed them.

These few hints will be useful for all plays. I shall give more intimate notes as we go along.
The diagrams show the positions, entrances, etc.

The plays are cut to the length of an ordinary performance. Lines can be restored or further cut, if desirable, always remembering that a play given on what we will always call the Shakespeare stage should be given more rapidly, with no pauses between scenes or between entrances and exits, and with possibly only one intermission (of perhaps five minutes), as near as possible halfway through; and most of the plays can be acted in their entirety in about three hours, some of them in much less time — one or two of them take much more. If we cannot quite reduce ours to the happy medium of two hours, we must get as near it as possible. It is better to send your friends away wanting more, than to have them go home yawning! This is a word to the wise.

As to stage setting, it can be done in lots of ways: with scenery, or with screens, or curtains, or in the open air. Strange as it may appear, the plays of Shakespeare are equally effective whichever way we may choose to give them. I imagine most good plays will bear that test.
Remember that Shakespeare is the most perfect English. Do not imitate some of those professors, especially teachers of what is called Elocution and Expression, if by any chance they happen to pronounce it in up-to-date American or cockney British, or tell you it was conceived in any other brogue, accent, or pronunciation than the purest of pure English. There are a few mistakes in his plays, and some printer's errors, about which volumes have been written. Study the humanity, the heart, the English of Shakespeare, as of the Bible — those two wonderful Books of the same generation — the one splendidly revised and perfected by many scholars, the other produced in a state of nature and yet almost perfect — study them, my young friends, inwardly digest your Bible and outwardly demonstrate your Shakespeare: you will then start in life pretty well equipped.
JULIUS CAESAR
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Julius Caesar.
Octavius Caesar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmilius Lepidus,
Cicero
Publius,
Popilius Lena,
Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.
Artemidorus of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.
A Soothsayer.

Cinna, a poet.
Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Titinius,
Messala,
Young Cato,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius,
Dardanius,
Pindarus, servant to Cassius.

Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Senators to Brutus.

Conspirators against Julius Caesar.

Calpurnia, wife to Caesar.
Portia, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards Attendants, etc.

Scene: Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.

Note: Where there are not enough actors to fill all these characters, some must be duplicated. The characters of Trebonius, Cimber and Decius can speak many lines in the first and last scenes.
The setting of Julius Caesar is simple; a cloth at extreme back of stage to represent a Roman Street, Square or Public Place. It can stand for many of the scenes, with an occasional cut cloth of pillars or arches, to make a change of location if required.

The tragedy can also be given in the "Elizabethan" manner, in which form it is most effective. But in order to keep the atmosphere of Shakespeare's time, the costumes of the period should be worn, with togas, Roman swords, helmets, shields, spears, etc.

In the theatre form with Roman setting the costumes should be correctly Roman. Be careful not to wear pink fleshings, but flesh tints; under proper circumstances, bare arms and legs are permissible. If Elizabethan, there should be some green wreaths hung on the pillars, to denote a holiday in Rome.
ACT I

SCENE I. Rome. A street

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners

Flav. (R C). 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 Com. (L C). Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. (R). Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? (Crosses to R C.)

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

Sec. Com. (R C). Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
The scene is crowded with citizens on pleasure bent. They fill the stage, young men and women, older people, beggars, hawkers, children. Flavius and Marullus keep R and R C; the rest of the crowd mostly L and L C at opening.

The woman presses forward here as if to speak.

Sec. Com. (Crosses to LC). 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?

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

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. 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.

Flav. (RC). But wherefore are thou not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. (LC). Truly, sir, to wear out
Special Note.—In all cases where omissions are marked as best for the shortening of these plays, the lines can, at all times, be restored if desirable. Indeed, the presentation of this wonderful work, as Shakespeare wrote it, is most desirable. It takes three hours played rapidly as in Shakespeare's time, with no changes of scene or, at the most, the drawing to and fro of a “traverse,” or curtain, disclosing an inner stage. I have seen several performances with, at least, a third of the text cut, but with such elaboration of scenery, that the representation has lasted four hours.

1 The mob begins to be troublesome at this reproof.

2 The women throw flowers down and toss them in the air.

3 At these words the crowd begins to waver as to rebellion or peace.

Flavius crosses in amongst the people. They gradually soften to his persuasiveness, then scatter and cross the stage, some going R1-2 and 3 entrances, some going left. The manipulation of these crowds, especially at colleges, must be left to individual attention. The great point is to have them quite natural, not formal or theatrical, but well disciplined so that there is no shouting.
their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph. (Shouts.)

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? (Murmurs.)

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things (Murmurs.)

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft? (A general buzz.)

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! (They move R and L.)
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. (crosses to R C.) Go, go, good country-men, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
or speaking above the characters; all murmurs should be shaded, growing from a faint buzz to a big volume gradually, and vice versa; never begin or end abruptly.

1Pulls the wreaths down from the pillars and throws them on stage. Marullus pulls down any other decoration, later on.

Cloth of Rome

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Stools can be placed in semi-circular form for Senators, with important seat above steps for Cæsar

This is a useful stage setting for the first part of play up to the end of the "oration."

The scene of Brutus' orchard can be a front cloth in 2; of Cæsar's room a cloth in $1\frac{1}{2}$. A plat-
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners R and L, their conversations gradually dying away.

See where their basest metal be not mov’d;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way toward the Capitol;
This way will I:\[^1\] 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
Be hung with Cæsar’s trophies.\[^1\] 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

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course;
Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus,
Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following,
among them a Soothsayer.
form with steps down can be used up stage to go right across. This is effective in plays and can often remain all through. It helps the entrance and exits of dignitaries, generals, fairies, etc. On the floor should be used a cloth of indefinite brown or gray shade, sometimes green, in which case it should be a good dark colour. The painting of scenes is an art: in my opinion, indefinite backgrounds of neutral colour, are best for these plays.

1A long flourish of trumpets should follow the exit; distant murmur of crowds, all coming in one direction from the L. The crowd comes first, some of them replacing the wreaths; then soldiers, then the senators; as many as possible, but eight to ten at least, half precede and half follow Caesar. A great shouting. The Soothsayer is hidden among the crowd R. The Soothsayer’s hands go up in the crowd, he is hardly seen, and a feeble voice trying to be heard.

2Be sure and emphasize “ides” (not March, only, as is usually done).
**JULIUS CÆSAR**

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*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 Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in his holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "do this," it is perform'd

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

*Flourish; they are going* R

*Sooth.* (R). Cæsar!

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* (L). Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

*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 ides² of March.

*Cæs.* (C). What man is that?
1 The Soothsayer is almost pulled out of the crowd.
2 They all cross and exequit R1; a great crowd shouting, trumpets braying, all sweep after Cæsar and Antony; who go off through the single file made by the crowd; soldiers going first, then follow Calpurnia, Portia, and other women, and other senators following, those from L crossing over. Brutus and Cassius cross, and when Casca, who
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. (R). A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. (C). Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. (R). Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.¹

Cæs. (C). What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. (R). Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass. (Shouts of "Long live Cæsar!")

[Sennet. Exeunt except Brutus and Cassius.²

Cas. (R). Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. (L). Not I.

Cas. (R). I pray you, do.

Bru. (L C). 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 (going L).

Cas. (R C). Brutus, I do observe you now of late: (Brutus stops L)

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:
goes last, crosses, he is stopped by Cassius, who speaks to him. Brutus, going over to L, does not notice this; Casca goes off R; Brutus sits on a stool which is up L by the LC pillar.

1Cassius begins his playing on Brutus very warily; at this point he goes across stage to him.

2Brutus looks up very candidly.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

       Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself (siis L C). Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps, to my behaviour;
But let not therefore my good friends be
       griev'd —

(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.

       Cas. (R C). Then, Brutus, I have much mis-
took your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath
       buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me,¹ good Brutus, can you see your face?

       Bru.² No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection — by some other things.

       Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
Brutus, although a politician, had a generous, unsuspecting nature. He is here the type of man with unsettled convictions, who lets himself drift under a strong influence, presumably for the good of his country. A dangerous patriot.

Cassius here presses his cause very hard. He may stand almost against the pillar, dominating the situation.

Be very careful some reliable person has charge of all these shouts, which should sound as if half a mile away. The best way is, to get as many people as possible, to shout very loud in an adjoining room with the door closed, and open and shut it at intervals.
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 Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age’s yoke,
Have wish’d that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. 1 Into what dangers would you lead me,
    Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. 2 Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar’d
to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

[Flourish, and shout

Bru. (rises). What means this shouting? 3
    I do fear, the people (crosses to R) 1
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. (remaining). Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
(Going down C.)
1Brutus is looking off R; he turns and finds Cassius R C to C almost blocking his way; he pauses; they look at each other.

2Cassius here practically “buttonholes” Brutus; he quietly leads him to the seat up L C once more; Brutus eventually sits.

3Note.—This speech is very fine, but it is long unless magnificently given, with changes of voice and manner. The cut, as suggested, does not alter the significance and is better than a cut later on in the speech.
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru.¹ (R C). 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.

Cas.² (C). 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.

(Brutus sits L C.)
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:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,³
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me “Dar’st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
1Cassius looks at Brutus here half expecting a reply from him, and not receiving one he proceeds with change of tone and renewed energy.

2Brutus looks up almost astonished, half believing.

3Cassius here lets loose his indignation and crosses up and down toward R.
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 propos'd, Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" I, as Æneas, 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 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.¹ He had a fever when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him, I did mark How he did shake:² '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: Ye gods,³ it doth amaze me A man of such a feeble temper should
1Cassius looks off R.
2Cassius goes over to Brutus here.

Be sure and emphasize masters more than fates. I do not propose in these places to discourse on emphasis and accent, but almost the whole meanings of Shakespeare can be altered by wrongly accented phrases. It is so easy to know the poet's meaning by his rhythm. Therefore, in places where my soul has been horribly disturbed in the theatre, I am taking the liberty of interfering with the work of the teacher of diction, and accenting for the guidance of the actor. "Men at sometime are masters of their fates." The meaning of the line is so strong.

3Brutus is still unmoved. It is almost incredible to Cassius that he is not understood.

4Cassius invokes all the gods theatrically.
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish
Bru. Another general shout! (Rises)
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas.¹ 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. (Brutus
sits again; a slight pause.)
Men at some time are màsters² of their fàtes:
The fault, dear Brútus, is not in our stàrs,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. (•)
Brutus and Cæsar:³ what should be in that
"Cæsar"?
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 "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods⁴ at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!

²³
Cassius waits for an answer and he gets it, very slowly and deliberately from Brutus, who rises and looks him straight in the eyes.

Through this speech the idea must be accompanied by the very distant murmurs of a big crowd off R; trumpets sound; you can almost hear the tramp of horses' and men's feet, chariot wheels, etc.
JULIUS CAESAR

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd 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. (Don't move; there are very distant murmurs here as if a crowd were breaking up; a distant flourish.)

Bru.¹ 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 mov'd.² 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.

²⁵
Cassius is sarcastic; he expected his eloquence to call forth something equally eloquent from Brutus.

Brutus and Cassius go down L conversing; the crowd gradually reassembles, not in the same order as before; boys and girls and then elders come on; the Soothsayer hobbles across from R to L U; then soldiers, then Antony leading Caesar, with the women, very bright; then the senators and more crowd. Caesar stops in the centre just as he is turning to go up L C steps; Cassius and Brutus salute him from L, which causes Caesar to halt.

Antony did never love Cassius, but he is guarded in his remarks.
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.

Cas.¹ I am glad that my weak words 
Have struck but thus much show of fire from 
Brutus. (Distant murmurs off R.)

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 
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train² from R

Cæs. (C). Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. 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.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he’s not dangerous; 
He is a noble Roman and well given.³
1Cæsar looks over Antony’s left shoulder at Cassius occasionally. Antony faces Cæsar.
2People are apt to sneer at Shakespeare’s brief outline of Julius Cæsar, but I think this speech alone defines the kind of man he was; it speaks volumes, and makes the character very prominent. It is astonishing how the interest of the play is maintained to the end, merely on the wonderful impression left on the mind of an audience, by the ever-present memory of Cæsar.
3Cæsar turns in to Antony, who goes off on his right side up steps and off L; all cheer and follow; Casca crosses from R and is just going off when Cassius stops him. (On the Elizabethan stage the characters go through the L upper door, then pass behind the wall and are seen in single file passing the R upper door, which makes the crowd appear enormous; some of the crowd go off L1 door, and join in at back, all following off across to R behind wall.)
4As Casca goes up to follow Cæsar, Cassius plucks his toga; he stops looks at them and grunts.
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 mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.²

(Antony salutes.)
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,³
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca³

Casca (C). You pull'd me by the cloak,⁴
would you speak with me?
Casca prepares to sit on stool up L C.
During this speech Casca sits very casually; he is an older and fatter man than either of the others, so they just stand and listen.
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. (L). Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc’d to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. (LC). Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. (L). I should not then ask Casca what had chanc’d.

Casca. 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. (Sits L C.)

Bru. (L). What was the second noise for?

Casca. (LC). Why, for that too.

Cas. (RC). They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. 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.

Cas. Who offer’d him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang’d as tell the
1 Cassius moves up to him here.
2 Casca is a bullet-headed, obstinate fellow and crafty withal; but you couldn't insult him.
manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown — yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was 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 loath 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 refus'd it; the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar: for he swounded 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.

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

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

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

Cas.¹ No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I and honest Casca; we have the falling sickness:

Casca.² I know not what you mean by that;
Cassius knows Casca had no command of any language but his own rough style.
but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself.

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd 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. 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 stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. (L). And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Casca. (C). Ay. ( \( \text{A pause.} \) )
Cas. (R). Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca. Ay; he spoke Greek.
Cas. To what effect?
1 Casca is so self-satisfied he doesn't even see a joke on himself; he is a very common type of man.
2 He rises.
3 Casca begins to go off up L; at each pause he moves off a little; then stops and grunts.
4 He goes off very slowly with a sort of familiar nod.
5 Brutus goes up, and looks after him.
6 At Brutus' exit a distant storm is rising. Thunder is best done, very carefully, on the big drum. If a good thunder sheet of tin or iron can be used, it helps a little, but the drum rumbled and then beaten, is best. Lightning is done best by an electric wire. Use as little of both kinds as possible.
JULIUS CAESAR

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again: but those that understood him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. (R C). Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd 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.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so.—Farewell,—both. [Exit up L]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick metal 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.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you. (Crosses to L.)

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.6

[Exit Brutus, saluting down L]
1 He pauses; looks around.

2 As Cassius exits thunder should be heard and continue during change of scene. If a scenery production, I should advise omitting the next scene; anyway it would be played as a front scene. If Elizabethan, the speech and action should be so rapid that it need not take more than a few minutes. The division of scenes is not Shakespeare's; that arrangement was made by Nicholas Rowe a hundred years after. The scene is fine for an exhibition of oratory; otherwise the plot is not advanced from the previous interview with Brutus.

3 They stand under the canopy of the Elizabethan stage as if it were a pent-house to shelter from the rain. It is pouring.
JULIUS CAESAR

Cas. (saluting—pauses; looks after Brutus). Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought. From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet, That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduc’d? Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus: If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me.¹ 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 obscuringly Cæsar’s ambition shall be glanced at: And after this let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure.²

[Exit up R2]

Scene III. The same. A street

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, (R) with his sword drawn, and Cicero,³ (L).

Cic. (L). Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

39
JULIUS CAESAR

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

_Casca_ (R). Are not you mov'd, when all
the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The 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.

_Cic._ Why, saw you any thing more wonder-
ful?

_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 unscorched.
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
"These are their reasons; they are natural";
Cicero wraps himself in his toga and goes off quickly.

Loud thunder.
JULIUS CAESAR

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

_Cic._ Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
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 disturbed
sky (_crosses over to R_).
Is not to walk in.¹

_Casca._ Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero _R_

Enter CASSIUS _L_]

_Cas._ (L). Who's there?
_Casca_ (R). A Roman.
_Cas._ Casca, by your voice.
_Casca._ Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?²
_Cas._ A very pleasing night to honest men.
_Casca._ Who ever knew the heavens menace
so?
_Cas._ Those that have known the earth so
full of faults.

43
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

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
And put on fear and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
Why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd 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 Cæsar that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?
Casca gets the first indication of the murder here; his dagger is a Roman sword.
JULIUS CÆSAR

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

Cas.¹ I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

[Thunder still

Casca. 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

47
1Casca here touches him, or looks at Cassius with such wonder, as to make him pause in the ferocity of his speech.

2Casca is a match for Cassius even, and he is vulgar withal.

3As they shake hands there should be a tremendous crash of thunder. It was one of the worst bargains ever made, and the heavens were angry!

4Thunder more distant.

5They get closer under the canopy.
JULIUS CAESAR

So vile a thing as Cæsar!¹ 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.² 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.

Cas. There's a bargain made.³
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd 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,⁴
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favours, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile,⁵ for here comes one in haste.
1Cinna enters from R and hobbles across stage wrapped in his toga; they watch him from under the canopy (or if a scenery stage from just up stage) until he gets nearly across to L; then call to him. Cinna and the others wear hats or caps (Elizabethan) and have also their togas over their heads.

2Cinna turns, goes up to them as if to make sure; they are all three, more or less, muffled.

3Be sure Cassius has all the scrolls in an invisible pocket under the toga.
JULIUS CAESAR

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait; He is a friend. (Crosses to L C.)

Enter CINNA from Ri

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. (L C). To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. (C). 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! (Distant thunder.)

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

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. (under canopy). Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
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.

51
The dialogue is all quick and hushed, but intense and full of meaning.

Slight thunder and lightning as scene closes until next scene begins. In changing scenes it is advisable to use a gong, deep toned if possible, and then to lower lights, gradually letting the light dissolve. The same plan for opening a scene; let the light gradually grow to whatever degree of light is needed. Don’t have a white stage.
JULIUS CAESAR

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,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna L]

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 both off L²]
Brutus' orchard should be a cloth with wall painted as if it surrounded the villa. The villa is R, either set or wings, or better still a back cloth with trees, with a "cut" cloth with archway to give the idea of an inner garden; villa R, seat C. At opening of scene thunder rumbles and a little faint lightning. Brutus calls Lucius with soft voice, as if afraid of waking any one else. Lucius is sleepy and rubs his eyes. He is quite a small lad, about twelve or fourteen.
ACT II

Scene I. Rome. Brutus' orchard

Enter Brutus as if from house R

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what,
Lucius! (Goes over to R C.)

Enter Lucius R

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit R
Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
1Brutus is restless during this speech.

2Sits.

3"Then lest he may" (rise and pause) "prevent"—this is said significantly as if Brutus had decided in his mind what should be done in case of Cæsar's resistance.
JULIUS CAESAR

But for the general. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder; And that craves wary walking. Crown him — that, — (hesitating) And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with.¹ The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar, I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason.² But 'tis a common proof, That lowness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may. Then, lest he may — prevent.³ And, since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities:
1Lucius' entrance makes Brutus almost start. Brutus is almost unheedful till the boy takes him the paper. Lucius knows his master, watches him, and decides to give the paper. The little lad's character is beautifully drawn, like all the Shakespeare children.

2Brutus pats the boy on the head. Lucius would stay with him, but reluctantly goes. As he gets to door, Brutus speaks again.

3Lucius yawns.

4Brutus smiles.

5The reading of the scroll is very important.
JULIUS CAESAR

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell. (Goes a little L.)

Re-enter Lucius R¹

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter

Bru.² Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?
Luc.³ I know not, sir.
Bru.⁴ Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit R. Lightning

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads⁵

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake——"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

59
He puts up his hands as if in invocation of the Roman gods.

When Lucius re-enters he pauses a moment, watching his master, then says "Sir" and waits for Brutus to attend.

The knocking is important, a deep thud once, as if on an iron gate. It is not so important as in "Macbeth," but the knock is significant.

Pause—almost with a look of anticipated doom. Lucius goes up somewhat unwillingly. His boyish love is annoyed that his master should be disturbed, especially so early.

Make this important; nearly all Shakespeare's men who should be great, have troubled minds.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king,
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome,¹ I make thee promise:
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius²

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knocking within,³ up stage R

Bru. 'Tis good.⁴—Go to the gate — somebody knocks.

[Exit Lucius

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.⁵ (Goes over to L.)
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

61
1Lucius calls again, "Sir" and waits till Brutus attends.

2Lucius does not like this intrusion.

3He gets suspicious too, and evidently he has tried hard to identify them.
JULIUS CAESAR

Re-enter Lucius from up R

---

Luc. Sir, — 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; — their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius up R

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,

conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. (Crosses to L C.)
1The conspirators stay up R except Cassius, who comes C.

2Each man salutes with the right hand, then goes down to R and R C as he speaks.

3Cassius draws Brutus well over to L.
Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius

Cas. (R C). I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you? 

Bru. (L C). I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you? 

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here 

But honours you; and every one doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius. 

Bru. (L C). He is welcome hither. 

Cas. (C). This, Decius Brutus. 

Bru. (L C). He is welcome too. 

Cas. (C). This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber. 

Bru. (L C). They are all welcome. 

What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night? 

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? 

[Brutus and Cassius whisper going up stage.}
1Cinna, Casca, and Decius are arguing down R, pointing in front of them to the sky.

2Brutus crosses to C, Cassius to L C. Brutus takes each man’s hand quickly; first Casca, who goes down R; then Metellus, who crosses over to L; then Trebonius, who goes R; then Cinna, who hobbles over to L; then Decius, who stays R C.

3It is difficult to cut this speech, but the play will get very long.
JULIUS CAESAR

Dec. (R). Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. (R). No.
Cin. (R). O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. (R). You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time’s abuse —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than honesty to honesty engag’d.

67
The conspirators gather round here and speak, as if in the dead of night. Casca is the only one who seems uninterested.

There seems a strong undercurrent of conspiracy in Decius.
When every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. (R). Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. (R). Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. (R C). Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet
1 At mention of Antony all go around.
2 Conspirators are differently disposed toward Antony, but more of them disliked him as vacillating. He was undoubtedly a politician to the backbone. Shakespeare in this play only makes Antony serious on one point; he did love Cæsar—genuinely; on almost all other points he was a humbug.

This is a pretty good summing up of Antony's character all through his career.
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. (L C). Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterward;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
This clock strike is important; they should be low, slow beats on a well-toned tube; no one must speak or move till the third beat is well over.

Cassius and the others all go up to R, some crossing stage, putting their togas over heads.
JULIUS CAESAR

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. (R C). Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Bru. (L C). Alas, good Cassius, do not
think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him;
1Brutus is moving up, to see them off his premises.

2Metellus Cimber—young and sinister looking—stops and calls attention to the omission of Caius Ligarius; all stop and listen as he passes his remark around.
JULIUS CAESAR

Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?¹

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. (R).² Caius Licinius — doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. (L). Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but thither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
1They all salute as they go out, quietly murmuring conversation. Brutus closes the gate, pauses, then comes down, goes to house, looks in and quietly calls. He speaks all this meditation very softly. His nature is really fine, only his public life is uncertain. His calling has roused Portia, who enters with head covered, and a big mantle or wrap. It is a cold damp morning.

2Brutus is startled, confused, and partly afraid, and during the next speech it is pretty clear that the discerning woman's nature has half-detected the plot.

3He leads her to seat C.

4She sits; he stands or sits by her if the seat is large enough. It should be a stone seat.

5It is unnecessary to remind you that this is Cato's daughter. It is remarkable how the small
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep’st so sound.

Enter Portia from R

Por. (R). Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition in the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You’ve un-gently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk’d about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask’d you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg’d you further; then you scratch’d your head,
feminine interest of this drama dominates the underplot of the tragedy, because the two women are so noble.

1This is a fib.
2What a kindly rebuke.
3Brutus rises; he cannot stand cross-questioning; conspirators rarely can.
JULIUS CAESAR

And too impatiently stamp’d with your foot;
Yet I insisted; yet you answer’d not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem’d too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail’d on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru.¹ I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por.² Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru.³ Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
1Brutus naturally turns away confused to RC; Portia rises and follows him.
2She kneels: Brutus would prevent her but she persists.
3This strikes home. Brutus starts as if it were impossible that the conference were overheard.
4He tries hard to lift her from her knees.
5It is possible this word was "kneel," but she rises and almost exhausted sits again on bench; Brutus tries to soothe her.
6These two great people adored each other. Brutus, no longer able to resist the appeal of such a noble woman, takes her lovingly and with a great outburst to his heart.

Note.—The neglect of Shakespeare by the women of to-day has often occurred to me as pitiful: No man since the Evangelist has so exalted woman and placed her right in the world’s affairs, public and domestic, as this great Dramatist.
JULIUS CAESAR

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of; and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, By all your vows of love and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men to-night Have had resort to you: for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife.
She remains in his embrace all through this speech.

Note.—In men's colleges these two women, Calpurnia and Portia, should never be omitted, as I understand is the case in some institutions.

Be very careful; the knocks—like those in "Macbeth"—come exactly at the right moment. Brutus should kiss Portia, say, counting six; then the knock. They must not separate quickly or the audience, wrought up to emotion by the scene, will laugh. The kiss is on the forehead.

Note.—One must always remember, in such situations, that about three quarters of an audience are inclined to be too critical;—often hysterical; and unfortunately, often very stupid. It is the part of the actors to endeavour to make them live down this feeling.

Lucius has now dressed and comes to the door; just before Portia goes R he stands aside to let her pass in R. Brutus waits for Lucius to open the gate, going up L to recover himself; Lucius, boy-like, is unwilling to admit the sick man, but he does so when Brutus observes who his visitor is.
JULIUS CAESAR

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por.¹ If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within²]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. (Exit Portia R.) Lucius,³
who's that knocks?

83
1Ligarius is a very feeble man, with a white bandage close around his head; he leans on a staff.
2Brutus tries to seat Ligarius, but by an effort of will he remains standing, leaning on Brutus.
3Here he throws down his staff toward footlights, and then clings to Brutus. Always be careful not to let a staff or sword rebound; throw it from you flat on to the ground.
4Brutus very intense, having deceived his wife; the spirit of conspiracy is strong in him.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius

Luc. (Up R). Here is a sick man that would speak with you.


Lig. (R). Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. (L C). O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. (C). I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. (L C). Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv’d from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur’d 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?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
1Ligarius has got this from Cimber.
2A tremendous energy here.
3Brutus picks up the staff and gives it to him; he then crosses to house R as if to look for Portia; he hesitates a moment, then meets Ligarius R C, and they go up together; Lucius regretfully goes into house.

Thunder at change of scene.

The scene should be a pillared corridor, very simple; two ornamental but easily carried stools should be placed L C by two attendants in Roman dress. The same in Elizabethan manner, except that Brutus' seat must be removed before the stools are placed, the change of furniture indicating a change of locality.
JULIUS CAESAR

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done. [Thunder, distantly
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [Exeunt up R

SCENE II. CAESAR'S house

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR (R) in his nightgown (the nightgown is an over-robe)

Caes. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murther Cæsar!" Who's with-in? (Crosses to L C.)

Enter a Servant R

Serv. (R). My lord?
The servant turns and sees Calpurnia and stands aside to let her pass.

Cæsar puts Calpurnia round to the stool C to L, then sits himself on the stool C to R.

Note.—Always avoid two persons sitting down together at the same moment.
JULIUS CAESAR

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice;
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.¹

[Exit R

Enter Calpurnia R

Cal. (R). What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

(Crosses to R C).

Caes. (Crosses to C). Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten’d me
Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar,² they are vanished.

Cal. (Sits). Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
Puts her hands on him.
Caesar appeals to the gods with right hand.
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. (Caesar sits)
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them

Caes. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes,

Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant R

Serv. What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

91
1Caesar has no fear of superstition. It is better for Caesar and his wife to remain seated during this scene; it is their own house and gives the idea of kingship to themselves.

2Calpurnia kneels as Portia has knelt (and as probably Pilate's wife knelt). Had they ultimately prevailed, the tide of the world had been changed, and the second worst crime in history probably averted.

3Caesar raises her; then caresses her. Decius probably notices the caress and tries to work upon it presently. What a master of stage art and human artifice our Dramatist is.

4Decius' salute is meant for both.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Cæs.¹ The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter’d in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.  [Servant goes off R
Cal. (rises).]  Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum’d in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We’ll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee,² prevail in this.
Cæs.³ Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius R

Here’s Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. (R). Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar.⁴
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Decius approaches nearer to R C.
Caesar is very sure of himself here; Calpurnia is pleased.
Decius a little closer.
Caesar is humorous.
Caes. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick. She sits again

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. (R). Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my will: I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
1Decius is almost amused and takes this speech lightly.
2He almost waits to see the effect!
JULIUS CAESAR

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents, And evils imminent; and on her knee Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec.¹ This dream is all amiss interpreted; It was a vision fair and fortunate: Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood, and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance. This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.²

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have. When you have heard what I can say: And know it now, the senate have concluded To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.³ If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides it were a mock; Apt to be rendered, for some one to say, Break up the senate, till another time, When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.

97
Pardon me Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to your love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now,
     Calpurnia.
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe — for I will go.

*(The servant puts on his purple robe.)*

*Then enter* Publius, *then* Brutus, Casca,
Ligarius, Cinna, Metellus, Trebonius, *all*
*from* R.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow Cæsar. *(Salutes him.)*

*Cæs.* Welcome Publius — *(Salutes him.)*

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too!

Good morrow Casca: Caius Ligarius, Cæsar
was ne’er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you
lean.

What is ’t o’clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar ’tis strucken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and
courtesies

*(All salute again. The senators remain R.)*
Antony hastens to Caesar at RC; he salutes Caesar very openly, which makes the other senators notice it.

Calpurnia makes quite a queenly exit, going between the senators, who stand in single file; she bows right and left to them as she exits; another cause of annoyance. Great men, especially politicians, often have very small minds. Caesar almost waves these salutations to the various senators; then is deeply engrossed in conversation with Antony, who is rather amused at the situation. He goes across on Antony's arm and bows much in the same manner that Calpurnia did. The disinclination of senators to treat a ruler with respect — fearing he might assume dictatorship — exists even to-day in some countries.
Enter Antony from R quickly:

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

[Exit Calpurnia across and off R]

I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. (Extreme R). Cæsar, I will: [Aside] and
so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
gether.

[Exeunt R, senators following.

Bru. [Aside.] That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[They exeunt, talking R, Brutus slowly following.}
The scene would be the same street as used before.

Special Note.—If a scenic performance the next scenes had better be omitted; they are valuable, but only as showing the watchful love of Portia and Lucius. Artemidorus has one of the scrolls similar to Cassius'. He has possibly watched his conspiracy. The incident is useful as showing the counter conspiracy of the factions.

'Poor little Lucius wants to run off L, but seeing a great crowd assembled off in that direction he is uncertain if he should leave Portia.

The distant crowds are assembling off L; you can just hear them. Be careful to make these distant crowds effective.
JULIUS CAESAR

SCENE III. A street near the Capital

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper, from R, crosses to L

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If you read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit L

SCENE IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus. No change necessary.

Enter Portia 2 and Lucius 1, from R, cross to RC

Por. (R). I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;¹

103
JULIUS CÆSAR

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. (R C). To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

[Lucius goes over to L]

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.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. (Crosses to L C). Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

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

Luc. I hear none, madam. (Crosses to L.)
Por. (R C). Prithee, listen well;

105
JULIUS CAESAR

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

[Lucius crosses to Portia]

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer R

Por. (C). Come hither, fellow: which way
hast thou been?
Sooth. (R). At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. (R). About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. (C). Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. (R). Madam, not yet: I go to take
my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast
thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please
Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
toward him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance.

107
1The soothsayer is an old bent man, hobbling along on a staff. He crosses to L as he speaks.
2Lucius kisses her hand and goes off quickly L, glad to do such a service.
3There should be an interval here.
JULIUS CAESAR

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man\(^1\) almost to death:
I’ll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit L

Por. I must go in. (Crosses to R C). Ay
me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

[Lucius goes near her and takes her hand
[To herself.] Sure, the boy heard me:\(^2\) [To
Lucius] Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint!

[Crosses to R

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.\(^3\)

[Exeunt severally, Portia R, Lucius L

109
The opening of this scene should be one of the most picturesque in Shakespeare; of any play in fact. It is the prologue to a great historical deed, one of the world’s epochs. As Cæsar goes up he sees the Soothsayer, who is L, and rather jokingly calls out to him.

Crowds of people have assembled and are seated and standing all over the stage, men, women, children, of all ranks. Artemidorus is R, the Soothsayer is L. A good strong sunlight. Almost at opening a flourish of trumpets. Cæsar and the senators enter, as if direct from the previous scene; from R, the crowd cheers, gets in the way, is marshalled by soldiers; a way is made for Cæsar, Lepidus, and Antony (one on each side of him); they go up to the centre, where Cæsar sits in the C, raised; a statue of Pompey is near, possibly behind his chair.
ACT III

SCENE I

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer.] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. (L). Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. (R). Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. (R). Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. (R). O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. (C). What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
1Popilius comes from L and walks up near Brutus and Cassius.

2All these speeches are spoken with haste and intensity in an undertone. Caesar is fully occupied talking with Decius, Lepidus, Popilius, and Publius. Antony keeps R, so that Trebonius can easily persuade him to go off R in consultation, about some official matter.
JULIUS CAESAR

Art. (R). Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cas. (C). What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. (Up R). Sirrah, give place.

Pop. (L). I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. (L). What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. (L). Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. (L). He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. (L). Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.¹

Cas.² (L). Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. (L). Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius R]
When Cæsar speaks there is an instant hush; all are silent.

Metellus rises from his seat R and goes forward, kneeling.

Cæsar protests.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. (R.) Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart — [Kneeling

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might firè the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bear's such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
1Caesar suspects this is a put-up job.
2There is an uncomfortable feeling amongst the senators generally.
3Metellus does not rise, but makes a wide sweeping appeal all round,—to the senators.
4Brutus kneels.
5And they all gradually kneel.
6There should be a full stage and all seats occupied by senators. The scene represented is only a part of the senate nearest to Cæsar; where we are sitting in the audience there are senators and crowds of people. That must always be carefully noted in all representations, especially where there is supposed to be a full stage. A few remain seated.
7Cæsar carefully looks around at them all; his quick eye would take in the whole situation.
Thy brother by decree is banished:¹
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.²

Met.³ Is there no voice more worthy than
my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar’s ear
For the repealing of my banish’d brother?

Bru.⁴ I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!⁵

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:⁶
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs.⁷ I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix’d and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber’d sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there’s but one in all doth hold his place.
1Don't stop on the "I." This speech inflames the senators almost to madness.
2The senators almost rise up to Cæsar. Cæsar remains enthroned. 'Agitation.
3All raising hands. This scene must throb.
4He means if Brutus' appeal is unheard there is no chance for the others.
5Casca thinks this a good moment to strike; he has been creeping up behind Cæsar unseen by Lepidus, who should have defended Cæsar.
6This great last moment of Cæsar's must be slow, deliberate; he is literally dragged off the seat, staggers down C — a pause — he looks around and sees Brutus just about to stab him; he opens his robe; Brutus practically embraces him with his sword; Cæsar covers his face with robe and falls. There is a dead pause while you count ten. The senators and the crowd all stop, hold their breaths after pause. The lame Cinna shouts the words, which are repeated by mob, then they begin to scatter. Tremendous movement!
JULIUS CÆSAR

So in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshâk'd of môtion: and that I¹ am hê.
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

_Cin._ O Cæsar,² —

_Cæs._ Hence! wilt thou lift up

    Olympus?

_Dec._ Great Cæsar,³ —

_Cæs._⁴ Does not Brûtus bootless kneel?

_Casca._⁵ Speak, hands, for me!

  [Casca and the other Conspirators stab Cæsar]

_Cæs._⁶ Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar!

[Dies. ☾]

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

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

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

[Some fly, some stop; there is a general changing of sides. Senators keep their places

119
The senators more or less huddle together in factions. Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Cinna are mostly together L and LC. Lepidus flees at back directly after the death-pause. Publius stands near the empty seat as if stunned.

Trebonius stays R; he has re-entered before the Senate begins; he goes off R after the death-pause, probably to look for Antony.

All these speeches follow very quickly.
JULIUS CAESAR

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius: lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

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

Re-enter Trebonius

Cas. (L C). Where is Antony?

Treb. (R). Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

Bru. (L C). Fates, we will know your pleasures:

121
The two lines of Cassius, and those of Brutus, are spoken rapidly; all the scene at this point is at fever heat.

It is important here that one of the younger senators, Metellus for instance, has the redded sponge in a concealed pocket; he kneels in the centre and all the senators rub their hands with it. It has to be done in an instant, and be careful the paint does not get on to the togas. It should be some process that dries instantly. If there are many senators a second sponge can be concealed behind or near the steps of Cæsar’s dais. Be sure the sponge is put away; very little red is necessary. They are not killing a bullock. A pause of about fifteen to twenty seconds — whilst all use the paint, with backs to audience. Then they resume their places as before; all the speeches very rapid.

Don’t be machines; each man in this crowd has an individuality.
JULIUS CAESAR

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

Cas.¹ Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru.² Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, freedom and liberty?

Cas. (L C). Stoop, then, and wash. (continued)

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!³

Bru. (L C). How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. (L). So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
The speech of the servant can be omitted.

1. Antony takes in the situation at a glance.

2. Antony runs in, stops short, he wears a thin white drapery on head, which he takes off to cover Cæsar's face.

3. He kneels above the body of Cæsar and covers Cæsar's face with drapery, also drawing the robe as far over Cæsar as possible.

4. He offers his heart to their swords. (He was a great politician.)
JULIUS CAESAR

Dec. (R). What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony from R

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

[Rises

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
Brutus, like many great men, had a simple child-like nature, or he might have known that Antony was playing upon them all, and they are very anxious to get him on their side.

Even Cassius, whose hate for Antony is only equalled by Antony's contempt for him, pleads.
JULIUS CAESAR

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.  

Bru.¹ O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.  

Cas.² Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
the disposing of new dignities.  

Bru. (L C). Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.
1Antony sees how he has gained their present good will.

2Antony would dislike two people; especially Cassius and Casca,-one rather a match with him in diplomacy, the other a common fellow. The "valiant" Casca, here, evidently, has reference to the initial blow struck at Cæsar; of which he would have heard from the mob as he came hither. He would almost wipe his hands after shaking the gory paws of Casca.

3Antony's one redeeming feature was his great and real love of Cæsar, which was only natural, for Cæsar was a lovable person.

4Here he stands again in the centre.
JULIUS CAESAR

Ant. (C). I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus; Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours; Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground. That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a coward or a flatterer. That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, ’tis true: If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death, To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, Most noble! in the presence of thy corse? Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, [kneels again

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, It would become me better than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay’d, brave hart;
Cassius is indignant at being termed a prince: and a mean one evidently, to kill a poor baffled deer.

Cassius here plays the diplomat: he knows well that Antony does not want to be left out in the cold.

Brutus is the only person who could so sum up the matter. The senators remain in the same positions. I note changes of position when necessary. It is tiresome to move about the stage unless for a definite reason.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,¹
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. (L). Mark Antony —

Ant. (C). Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. (L).² I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was,
indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.³

Bru. (Crosses to L C). Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard

¹ princes
² Cas. (L)
³ Bru. (Crosses to L C)
1. Antony knows there may be objections to his funeral oration.

2. A strong movement among the senators, who, all through the scene, consult in their own groups.

3. Antony sinks to ground again by the body.

4. Cassius is much concerned by this concession.

5. Brutus is calmer, but they both fear the common people. Now Antony is a darling of the people; he has all the tricks of popularity at his fingers' end, a good athlete, a good talker, a good fellow: So he knows he will gain the day.
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. (C).\(^1\) That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,\(^2\)
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.\(^3\)

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to Bru.]\(^4\) You know not what you do:
do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru.\(^5\) By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar’s death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar’s
body.
This has a touch of self-piety about it.
Anthony’s reply is full of meaning. Anthony kneels once more over Cæsar.
The senators all cross to R, pause and look at the dead body; also give a half look at Antony; Casca being very offensive.
Rises and invokes the gods. This speech is mere rhetoric.
This is political prophecy.
JULIUS CAESAR

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;¹
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant.²    Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru.  Prepare the body then, and follow us.³

[Exeunt all but Antony R

Ant.  O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That e'er lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!⁴
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;⁵
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use

135
1Be sure this is called Ah-tay.

2Husband the voice and gestures for this speech, as you must for all long and big speeches. Begin quietly, and increase as the words and intention increase. Then take a good breath and get the climax; six, seven, but rarely more than eight words can be spoken, without a breath or punctuation. Never gasp nor catch the breath, as some of our affected actors and actresses do. In fact, if possible, do not imitate any actor or actress, especially if they are mannered. This is a favourite point to bring down the curtain. If there is no curtain, all the better; continue the scene, as otherwise a big point of this is lost.

3This proves once more the devotion of servants. There are people who love to say that Shakespeare was unjust to the labourer, which, of course; is as unjust and futile as to say that Shakespeare wrote Bacon.

4Antony shows his humanity always where Cæsar is concerned. He pats the boy on the head, turns away. He was certainly his good angel.
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.²

(Pause:  ) Then enter a Servant Rr

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. (R). He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! —

[Seeing the body, falls on knees R C³
Ant.  Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Servant rises — ready to go.
Antony says this with great intention.
This scene will hold the audience if carefully done. Antony takes the head, the servant (who should be big, strong, and manly) takes the feet; they gently put the cloak around the body before lifting it. Shakespeare evidently drew his inspiration from the death of Christ, and the loving care of his friends. The tragedy of Caesar is somewhat similar. The body is alone with Antony and one humble servant. The curtains of the canopy should be closed directly they get the body within, to cut off the view of carrying the body. Such stage business is a little apt to rouse one titter, and then the whole crowd laughs, especially after scenes of great stress and emotion.
JULIUS CAESAR

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Caesar's body off up L]

Scene II. The Forum: or it can be the same

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens from R

Citizens. (R and L). We will be satisfied;
let us be satisfied.

Bru. (R). Then follow me, and give me
audience, friends.

139
There can be another interval previous to this scene or it can go right on. Antony with Caesar's body has gone off up L, through one of the upper doors; the senators and citizens come on shouting at the lower entrances R and L. Brutus and Cassius come from R1; citizens precede and follow with terrific shouts. This scene can employ from ten to one hundred people. In the case of a small cast all the senators and every one in the cast of both sexes should come on this scene; all can be disguised with caps, cloaks, hoods, etc. This was done by the famous Saxe Meiningen Players, one of the greatest Stock Companies of our times.

1 Not more than two would follow Cassius; he was very unpopular. The pulpit can be the balcony above the Elizabethan stage or a small property, which can be put on when curtains are momentarily closed, for the interval. In case of a stage production; the steps where Caesar sat, or an elaborate presentation of the Forum: there is no limit to scenery—if you have money and the art to make it. But you must not try to give all the Shakespeare and the scenery too, or you would necessitate an all night session.

2 Shouts.

3 Murmurs of admiration.
JULIUS CAESAR

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reason shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. (R to L C). I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. (R). 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 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than
Murmur.

The shouts in this scene will be outlined; they can be used in the discretion of the director. The citizens must all stand with their faces to Brutus and Antony, all in front. Don't let people get behind the pulpit, if possible. Let all shouts increase and decrease by degrees, not sharp and sudden.

Murmur.

Mingled "yeas" and "nays" here, the "yeas" predominating.

A decided acquiescence.

Murmur of approval.

Pause. No answer.

Dead silence.

A great shout here.

Murmur.
JULIUS CAESAR

his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more.¹ Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men?² As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.³ There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.⁴ Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.⁵ Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.⁶ Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.⁷ I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.⁸

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus.⁹ The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

¹⁴³
He looks off R and sees Cæsar’s body in the distance. All the citizens look off too and are distracted from Brutus at the sight of a new sensation, the dead body of a martyr. Brutus does not get their attention again; they only half attend to him; the shouts for Brutus are strong but seem a little forced. He goes off, followed to the entrance L by a few, who then immediately rush back to see the funeral procession.

Enter Antony with six or eight (or four) soldiers bearing Cæsar’s body. Antony can have a black toga if desired.

The body of Cæsar is brought on a bier, bearing a box about the size of a large coffin; the coffin is covered with Cæsar’s cloak, the red one; the outer pall or covering is the purple Roman robe. These should both be large and with ample folds and very carefully arranged so that neither drops off, nor hangs down on the floor. Please have some reliable person see to all such things behind the scenes. An intelligent property man or woman is a most important post, like the prompter. The stage manager and assistant, the property man and the prompter, should possess three indispensable attributes — brains, patience, system. Don’t let any one assume these offices without them.

Murmurs all the time the procession moves.
Here comes his body mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth as which if you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live, live.

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar. (Shouts.)

Fourth Cit. Cæsar’s better parts Shall be crown’d in Brutus. (Shouts.)

First Cit. We’ll bring him to his house With shouts and clamours. (Shouts.)

Bru. My countrymen,

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. (Hushing them.) Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar’s corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar’s glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow’d to make.
1The citizens are moving about and the funeral procession has to push its way almost.

2Antony has his eyes cast down and takes in the whole situation. His first words are a master stroke.

3The murmurs keep up all the time. The citizens are both men and women, and these very important parts should be carefully distributed.

4Tremendously loud here.

5This speech is hardly heard; emphasize the "gentle."

6Each word has a pause for quiet in between, and the appeal for silence is almost pitiful.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.  

(Exit off L  
(Cæsar’s body is brought on here.  Not before  
Brutus leaves; the people are all looking off R.)

First Cit.  Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony. ¹

Third Cit.  Let him go up into the public chair;  
We’ll hear him.  Noble Antony, go up. ¹

Ant.²  For Brutus’ sake, I am beholding to you.  
    [Goes into the pulpit.  

Fourth Cit.³  What does he say of Brutus?  

Third Cit.³  He says, for Brutus’ sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.  

Fourth Cit.³  ’Twere best he speak no harm  
of Brutus here.  

First Cit.³  This Cæsar was a tyrant.  

Third Cit.³  Nay, that’s certain:  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.  

Sec. Cit.⁴  Peace! let us hear what Antony  
can say.  (Antony is ready to begin.)  

Ant.⁵  You gentle Romans —  

Ant.⁶  Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend  
me your ears;  

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1. Emphasize "bury," as there's no indication yet of the praise. The reverse was really Antony's intention, as at the end of the scene he practically leaves the body to bury itself.

2. Strong assent from the crowd.

3. Antony knows he can get at the crowd through praise of their idol.

4. "Faithful and just" (murmurs) "to me!"

5. He appeals to their pockets now.

6. The murmurs get cooler, less demonstrative. Antony at once notices this and presses home his cause.

7. This is a great point to make.
JULIUS CAESAR

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest — For Brutus is an honourable man; So are they all, all honourable men— Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cri'd, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
1 Very small murmur.
2 The crowd are now not quite sure if he is!
3 Very emphatic!
4 Here the crowd almost begin to turn round to Cæsar; the bier stands in the middle; they are all around it looking up at Antony.
5 Here Antony becomes excited; the crowd mistake it for impudence or hysteria.
6 He here turns away and buries his face in his drapery.
7 The citizens assemble together in front to compare notes. Antony watches them out of the corner of his eye.
JULIUS CAESAR

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;¹
And, sure, he is an honourable man.²
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.³
You all did love him once,⁴ not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.⁵
Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.⁶

First Cit. (C). Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.⁷
Sec. Cit. (R C). If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. (L C). Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. (R). Mark’d ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore ’tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

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The crowd separates again and Antony recovers himself, to speak again.

The women begin to sob. Antony knows he has gained an advantage.

Murmurs.

He throws these words at them. They groan.

All repeat “Cæsar’s seal.” They all stretch forward, murmur of disappointment.

In places where crowds shout and speak, be sure and use different tones; don’t let all the “extras” shout on one note, as they do on the professional stages; let every person use his own natural voice for shouts, laughs, murmurs, etc. (This is not an opera. Only Richard Wagner realized the absurdity of the one-note-pistol-shot shout. Listen to his choruses in “Tristan,” “Dutchman,” and “Gotterdammerung.” Then compare the anvil chorus in “Il Trovatore.”)

These are all spoken as phrases to catch the crowd. Tremendous intensity and energy required here. Antony’s voice the loudest.
JULIUS CAESAR

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.¹

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.²
O masters, if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong; and Cassius wrong,³ Who, you all know, are honourable men:⁴ I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,⁵ I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear this testament — Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read — And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar’s wounds⁶ And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,⁷ Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

¹53
1 Every hand in the crowd must go up here.
2 The excitement of the crowd knows no bounds.
3 Shout "No" here quite as one voice. It requires the gunshot effect.
4 Repeat "Mad"—The crowd sways.
5 Strong movement.
6 All hands up each time they call for the will.
7 Shouts.
Fourth Cit. We’ll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.¹

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar’s will.

Ant. Have patience gentle friends, I must not read it;²
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood,³ you are not stones,⁴ but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:⁴
’Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!⁵

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we’ll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar’s will.

Ant. Will you be patient?⁶ will you stay awhile?⁶
I have o’ershoot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men (Murmurs.)
Whose daggers have stabb’d Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will!⁷ the testament!⁷

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read⁷ the will.⁷
They shout a big “yes” and “the will.”

This inflames the crowd almost to the killing point—Antony sees his advantage and plays upon it. Shouts: hands up almost regrettfully as if he was afraid there might be some feeling against senators.

Here the crowd has to be policed by the citizens;—they do make a ring, standing away so that Antony holds the stage with the body of Cæsar in front of him.

The citizens here almost drag him out of the pulpit; he doesn’t like the general smell of the crowd and shakes them off. The crowd gradually gets quiet and Antony, waiting for it, slowly proceeds to withdraw the head end (C to R) of the outer purple drapery. A big shudder goes all through the crowd. Antony leans on the coffin and speaks over it to the people. Be sure the legs of the bier are strong. It should have bars fore and aft, by which it is carried.

A point in Cæsar’s favour—a victory.

He points to imaginary holes in the robe because, of course, he doesn’t know; this shows, I think, how Shakespeare means Antony to be a humbug to gain his point, his love for Cæsar compelling him to get justice for his memory.

The crowd shudders.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?¹
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,²
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down. (Shouts)
Sec. Cit. Descend.³
Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. (Lifts outer drapery.)
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:⁴
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:⁵
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;⁶

¹57
The crowd weeps.

Shudder.

This is a great point, as crowds are generally hysterical and superstitious.

They all sink on their knees sobbing.

Antony looks on at the sobbing crowd with contempt.

He almost puts his hands on their heads in sympathy.

The over mantle is held up with the red one as if to show the crowd the face of Cæsar. They all go round in two or three big circles, as if to get a peep into the very coffin.
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:¹
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,²
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.³

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!⁴
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.⁵

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity:⁶ these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

[Lifting Cæsar's mantle
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.⁷

¹ Julius Cæsar
² Julius Cæsar
³ Julius Cæsar
⁴ Julius Cæsar
⁵ Julius Cæsar
⁶ Julius Cæsar
⁷ Julius Cæsar
These murmurs are all mixed voices and in undertones of indignation, vengeance, and sorrow.

When the crowd has gone all round once slowly, the second citizen should stop where he began to move, and make these shouts from R C.

The crowd disperses and rushes wildly backward and forward to R and L. Every one of them practically changing places across stage.

Antony gets out of the crowd and rushes into the pulpit to get the advantage.

The more orderly citizens try to appease the more ignorant.

The second citizen is a fanatic.

Here Antony apologizes to them.

Yells of derision!

More derision.

Oh, no — of course not!
JULIUS CAESAR

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!^1
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!^1
Third Cit. O woful day!^1
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!^1
First Cit. O most bloody sight!^1
Sec.^2 Cit. We will be reveng'd.
All.^3 Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
          Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live.
Ant.^4         Stay, countrymen.
First Cit.^5   Peace there! hear the noble An-
              tony.
Sec. Cit.^6    We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
              we'll die with him.
Ant.^7         Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
              stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:^3
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honour-
able,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.^9
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;^10
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
The "but" here is a big one.

2. Emphasize the "stones" and "rise."

3. Very strong feeling among the crowd.

4. Antony shouts to stop them from rushing off right there.

5. This is his final stroke.

N. B.—Where the numbers of the notes are repeated, it is to indicate that the stage "business" is repeated.
JULIUS CAESAR

That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

[Murmur]
And bid them speak for me: but,¹ were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones² of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All.³ We'll mutiny.
First Cit.³ We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit.³ Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant.⁴ Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I⁵ told you of.

163
The biggest shout of all here; all hands up. You almost need to make the audience rush on to the stage here.

Murmur "Caesar's seal;" shout "yes" at each pause.

Antony has a difficulty to hold the crowd till he finishes.

Hands, hats, caps, thrown in the air; the crowd is beside itself with joy.

They have almost forgotten Antony.

The crowd is moving R and L.

Their joy is unbounded, the children are held up above the crowd.

The shouts at each sentence and at the end the crowd mixes, rushes off R and L, shouting for some time. The six soldiers take up the bier and go off with the crowd R1. As the body goes off Antony rushes out of the pulpit and shouts with victorious laughter. The fool multitude is once more gained over by popular appeal, chiefly to the pockets.
JULIUS CAESAR

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal To every Roman citizen he gives — To every several man — seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs forever, common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body. (They lift it.)

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing, [Exeunt Citizens with the body]
The curtain can fall at the end of Antony’s “oration,” making an effective “situation,” so much beloved of the actor, and also of the audience. If Antony stands on the steps of the Forum waving his black drapery—donned for the funeral—and shouts a laugh of victory, he can hardly fail—unless he is an awfully bad actor—to bring down the house! Don’t let Antony weep; he should be defiant. If an Elizabethan stage the same servant enters. He now belongs to Antony, with whom Fortune is merry. They go off together L; Antony goes to visit Octavius, not to bury Julius.  

2A pause for Antony to get off.
JULIUS CAESAR

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!¹

Enter a Servant R

How now, fellow!

Serv. (R) Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. (L C) Where is he?
Serv. (C) He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Be like they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt Lr²]

Enter Cinna the poet from Lr

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:

167
1 The scene with Cinna is only played on the Elizabethan stage; it is richly humorous and shows what a master craftsman Shakespeare was to relieve the tension of the previous scenes.

2 The citizens, men and women, rush on seeking for prey. They catch Cinna, surrounding him R and L.

3 Each time they reëcho his words with significant expressions.
JULIUS CAESAR

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.¹

Enter Citizens L and R

First Cit. (R). What is your name?²
Sec. Cit. (L). Whither are you going?
Third Cit. (R). Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. (L). Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. (C). What is my name?³ Whither am I going? Where do I dwell?³ Am I a married man or bachelor?³ Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That’s as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you’ll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cin. (C). Directly, I am going to Cæsar’s funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.

169
1^The scene must be made very funny.
2^They are just going to do it.
3^Cinna is a very thin, long-nosed, pompous, quiet gentleman, and is highly indignant at the treatment he receives.
4^The women of the crowd practically lift him bodily and carry him off R.
5^The tent can be made on the Elizabethan stage by looping up the curtains of the canopy; background the same. On the scenic stage, this scene cannot be in Rome. A plain pair of large curtains can be draped, or a regular tent used with an indefinite background of landscape; the back of the tent should be a cloth.
6^For flourishes of each contending faction, roll of drums or cornets; rather long-sustained notes are most effective and unlike the modern bugle call. Sounds of arms are effective and the words of command given behind scenes and echoed by three or four people.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.¹

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.²

Cin. I am Cinna the poet,³ I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho!⁴ fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all; some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!  [Exeunt

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent⁵

Drum.⁶ Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers R; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them L.

171
"Stand" p, "stand" pp, "stand" ppp, from behind scenes.

Pindarus goes apart L with Titinius.

All this scene very swift and military right up to exit of Cassius.
BRU. (C). Stand, ho!

Lucil. (R). Give the word, ho! and stand.¹

Bru. (C). What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. (R). He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. (C). He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,

I shall be satisfied.

Pin. (L C). I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear

Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.² A word, Lucilius;

How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil.³ With courtesy and with respect enough;

But not with such familiar instances,

Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described

¹...
1Trumpets off L.
2"Stand," "stand," "stand," off L; same as before.
3The armies of both should consist of about six men a side. It is not necessary to show more; when they go off they appear to direct other soldiers who are off R and L waiting orders.
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
Comes his army on?¹

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.

[Low march within L]

Enter Cassius and his powers from L²

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. (L C). Most noble brother, you have
    done me wrong.
Bru. (R C). Judge me, you gods! wrong I
    mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
    wrongs;
And when you do them —
Bru. (R C). Cassius, be content;³
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
1Pindarus salutes and takes his men off L.

2Lucilius salutes and takes his men off R; both factions make slight marching sounds off stage. On the Elizabethan stage Lucius and a soldier (or the pages) pull back curtains here, looping them to pillars. Brutus goes up, sitting R; Cassius L; both doff their helmets. A table, large candles, and two stools inside tent. Lights soft.

3Cassius starts violently here; he rises; Brutus takes it calmly, remaining seated; neither Brutus nor Cassius need change positions during scene. Except at this point Cassius becomes restless.
JULIUS CAESAR

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. (L C).

Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt (Titinius and Lucius exeunt up tent.)

Cas. (Sitting). 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 letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. (Sits R). You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.
1Cassius sits rather unwillingly.
2It is remarkable that what is called “graft,” was rise in Cæsar’s time.
3Cassius would rise again, but Brutus holds him down with his words.
4They almost wrangle over the table here.
JULIUS CAESAR

Cas. (Rising). I, an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:¹
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's 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:² shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas.³ Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru.⁴ Go to; you are not, Cassius.
1Cassius slowly and threateningly rising.
2Brutus slowly compels him to reseat himself and speaks slowly and deliberately.
3Cassius seems rooted to his seat; he is practically boiling with anger; he eventually rises and goes down L.
4Brutus rises here and stands erect as if he were a giant.
5They come together again C.
Cas. I am.
Brü. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Brü. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Brü. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brü. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. (Crosses to R.)
Cas. (Going L C). Is it come to this?
Brü. You say you are a better soldier.
Brutus is really conscience stricken. It is the fashion with many actors to stride up and down the stage in this scene; there is a somewhat undignified quarrel between too practised generals, but the words are so big it seems to me unnecessary to march about; certainly for Brutus.

They are beginning again.

Cassius is greatly moved at this.

Brutus remains very firm, for he knows Cassius was inclined to be a moral coward.

This is the climax and finishes up the dispute; Cassius is almost painfully mastered.

His honesty of purpose is his redeeming feature; but unfortunately it could not mend matters. Caesar's great popularity has been manifested and Brutus and Cassius stand revealed; one as a defeated fanatic, the other as a great soul easily led. Their climax is reached; their work seems finished; there is left them to die for their cause.
JULIUS CAESAR

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.¹

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

Bru. R C. (Defiantly). If you did, I care not.

Cas. (L C). When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru.² Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas.³ I durst not!

Bru.⁴ No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru.⁵ You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty⁶
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
1We now get to business; they exchange looks: Cassius sits, then Brutus R.
2They are almost quarrelling again; Cassius is so emotional he almost weeps.
3Cassius lets go all his pent-up anger with some of his emotion, but a good deal of his speech is what is sometimes called “bluff.”
JULIUS CAESAR

Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me:
   Cas. I denied you not.
   Bru. You did.
   Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that
        brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv’d my heart:
A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
   Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
   Cas. You love me not.
   Bru. I do not like your faults.
   Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
   Bru. A flatterer’s would not, though they do
        appear
As huge as high Olympus.
   Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
        come,
He knew Brutus would not strike; he throws his sword on the table for Brutus to take up.

Brutus' reply would make most men feel very small.
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav’d by his brother;
Check’d like a bondman; all his faults observ’d,
Set in a note-book, learn’d, and conn’d by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,¹
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus’ mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be’st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou Lovest
him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru.² Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv’d
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
1The two men embrace here; a pause. They have practically to see their business through to the end, and there is still Antony to deal with.

2The boy Lucius has been just outside the tent off stage; Brutus calls to him.

3A slight pause; the news is a staggerer to Cassius; he cannot realize it. The impending doom seems to soften his nature.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. (They both rise.)

Bru.¹ And my heart too.

Cas.¹ O Brutus! (  )

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Bru. (Sits R). Lucius, a bowl of wine!²

[Exit Lucius up L

Cas. (Sits L). I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many grieves.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.³

189
1He takes Brutus' hand. Once more we see what a much finer character is Portia than either of these two men.
2Cassius turns away, burying his face in his hands.
3They pledge each other.
4Brutus drinks.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!¹
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came; — with this she fell distrac'd,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Evn so.
Cas.² O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper; he lights the big candle at back of table

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.³
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. (He drinks.)
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;⁴

191
1There have been sounds outside of arms and the tramp of war. Titinius and Messala can sit if there are stools; if not they stand, Messala R of Brutus, Titinius above table C.

2The table gets covered with parchments, maps, etc.

3Be careful of the accents in this line; toward is one syllable. Phil-ip-pi.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus’ love. 

Bru. Come in, Titinius!  

[Exit Lucius up L]

Re-enter Titinius with Messala from R

Welcome, good Messala.¹

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.  

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?  

Bru. (With papers)² No more, I pray you.  

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi³.  

Mes. (R). Myself have letters of the self-  
same tenour.  

Bru. (R C). With what addition?  

Mes. (R). That by proscription and bills of  
outrawly,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.  

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.  

Cas. Cicero one!  

Mes. (R). Cicero is dead,
1Messala does not know from Brutus' bearing in this scene that he has heard of Portia's death.

2Brutus here breaks in, that they drop sentiment; he is desperate and turns to live things: the tragedies are to be completed.

3Cassius has a curious faculty of being wrong every time. In this case he would lay by and let the enemy attack, a clear sign of weakness, me-thinks.
And by that order of proscription.¹

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.*² Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.*³ I do not think it good.
There is too much good generalship to cut these speeches. Both the generals are seated at the table looking over maps and plans of campaign; the young captains are eagerly listening.
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Cassius rises here as if to break up the conference; begins buckling on sword, putting on helmet, etc., assisted by Titinius L to L C.

Brutus rises.

Lucius is up stage when the generals rise.

Brutus and Cassius embrace; then Brutus goes with him to R1.
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

_Cas._ Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

_Bru._ The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

_Cas._ No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

_Bru._ Lucius! [Enter Lucius.] My gown.

[Exit Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala:

_[Messala and Titinius meet up C._

Good night, Titinius. (L). Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

_Cas._ O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

199
The gown is somewhat like our dressing gown, and has an inside pocket with book.

Lucius, always ready, goes up L and gets his lute.

Lucius goes to back of tent up stage; Varro and Claudius enter from up R, and remain R; they eventually lie just at side of tent R U out of sight up stage.
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. (going back to tent). Farewell, every one.
[Exeunt all but Brutus off R

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown from L U

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent. (Yawning)
Bru. What, thou speak’st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o’er-watch’d.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I’ll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

[Lucius is tuning his instrument; he sits on ground L C.

It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

201
1Lucius kneels by him and kisses his hand; Brutus has very little else left to love but this little lad. He does not tell him of Portia’s death. Shakespeare so wonderfully avoids another sad scene, for Portia dearly loved this little lad, and he loved her. All unconsciously he sings a little song she had probably taught him.

2The song is “My Pretty Little One.” Don’t let Lucius sing any inappropriate or modern ditty. It should be something simple that a boy would sing (not an operatic star); toward the end of the song his head drops, the lute slips from his hand, and he drops away in sleep.
JULIUS CAESAR

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Var. and Clau. lie down

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me. [Yawns again

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy: I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber, Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night; I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee: If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
1Brutus takes the lute, puts the boy down to sleep; takes the lute away up stage. He sits down to read R of table; is sleepily turning over the pages when Cæsar’s Ghost appears at back C, and marches slowly down to top of table. Brutus reaches to snuff candle when he sees Ghost up C to L.

2Be sure and time Ghost’s slow movement down stage, with the words.

3Here the Ghost stands at top of table.

4Ghost turns and goes straight up.

5Ghost is up stage near L U exit; the Ghost should enter and disappear from behind tent; avoid lime-lights and gauzes if possible.

6Calls the people to wake; they all get up except Lucius, who is still half asleep.

Note: Through this scene Brutus remains rooted to his seat. He is amazed, but not afraid. He knows it is a visitation.
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.¹
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading?  Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar up L C of tent

How ill this taper burns!  Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.  Art thou any thing?²
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.³

Ghost.  Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru.  Why com'st thou?

Ghost.⁴ To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru.  Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.⁵ Ay, at Philippi.

Bru.  Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Exit Ghost

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius!⁶ Varro! Claudius, Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc.  The strings, my lord, are false.

²⁰⁵
Brutus kneels down to him.

Lucius gets up on knees.

Brutus is here wrought up and half afraid of the omen; needs confirmation of his vision.

All this scene must be kept up with great excitement. Brutus is unwilling to own that he saw Caesar's spirit.

He becomes the general and wants to end things.

Claudius and Varro salute and go off R. Brutus stoops and lifts the sleeping boy and carries him like a baby through the back of the tent.

The last scene should open with loud salvos and flourishes. The warlike note is sustained till end of play.

All in armour, swords drawn, shields, etc.
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.¹

Lucius, awake!

Luc.² My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru.³ Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

To Var.] Fellow thou, awake!⁴

Var. My lord?⁴

Clau. My lord?⁴

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru.⁵ Go⁶ and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt]⁶

207
Both orders are given outside RI. The army of Brutus and the army of Octavius both have an S P Q R carried by a soldier.
ACT V

Scene I. The plains of Philippi

Enter Octavius, (1) Antony, (2) and their Army from L

Oct. (C). Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions.

Ant. (L C). Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others

Bru. (R). They stand, and would have parley.¹

Cas. (R). Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.¹
JULIUS CÆSAR

Oct. (C). Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. (L C.) No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army R

Oct. (C). Stir not until the signal.
Bru. (R C). Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. (L C). Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. (R C). Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. (L C). In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. (R). Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony.

211
Antony has struck right home; his politics is pretty bad, but he admired Cæsar.
JULIUS CÆSAR

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now. Brutus, thank your-
self:¹

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. (C). Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look (he actually draws his sword).
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
1Antony laughs; he always despised Cassius; there was little moral balance to either of them.

2Octavius and Antony both look up; this was as a kind of joke. Brutus and Cassius take a terribly serious view of it.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Oct. I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour, Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away! Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth: If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; (Crosses to L, laughing) If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you. Lucil. [Standing forth.] My lord! [Brutus and Lucilius converse apart LC

Cas. (R C). Messala!

Mes. (R). [Standing forth.] What says my general?

Cas. Messala (R C),

215
JULIUS CAESAR

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius. (Goes down to L
They have been conversing up L U.)

Cas. (R C). Now, most noble Brutus.
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still in-
certain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. (R C). Then, if we lose this battle,
Brutus and Cassius embrace, putting hands on each other’s shoulders.

In order to blend these scenes Cassius and his men go off quickly RI, Brutus remains as if giving orders to Messala.
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

_Bru._ No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman (coming C),
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

_Cas._ For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!¹
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

_Bru. (R C)._ Why, then, lead on. O, that
a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!²

[Exeunt RI

(Exeunt RI: or go up, and remain on)

_Alarums keep up as in distance R and L. Cassius must go round quickly and come on at L l._

219
JULIUS CAESAR

No change of scene is needed. The field of battle.

*Alarum.* Brutus and Messala up R 3

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

[Loud alarum outside R

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius’ wing.
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[Exeunt RI

A change of scene is allowable, but unnecessary.

*Alarums.* Enter Cassius(2) and Titinius(1)

*Cas. (C).* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly! (He carries an S P Q R ensign.)
Myself have to mine own turn’d enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit. (L C).* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos’d.
If Elizabethan, Pindarus gets up on balcony at back. If a scenic stage on the raised terrace or embattlement.

1Pindarus gets on balcony up C.
JULIUS CÆSAR

Enter PINDARUS from R

Pin. (R). Fly further off, my lord, fly further off; Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off. Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius: Are those my tents where I perceive the fire? Tit. They are, my lord. Cas. (R C). Titinius, if thou lov'st me, Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops, And here again; that I may rest assured Whether yond troops are friend or enemy. Tit. I will be there again, even with a thought. [Exit R U Cas. (R C). Go, Pindarus, (R) get higher on that hill: My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [Pindarus ascends the hill] This day I breathed first: time is come round, And where I did begin, there shall I end; My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

223
'Cassius stands L C, faces Pindarus, who is R C; Cassius puts his pallium up and Pindarus practically goes right into his arms; Cassius falls C.
JULIUS CAESAR

Pin. [Above.] O my lord! (Looking off R.)
Cas. What news?
Pin. [Above.] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He’s ta’en. [Shout.] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas.¹ Come down, behold no more
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta’en before my face!

PINDARUS descends R

Come hither, sirrah: (Gets sword ready)
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword
That ran through Cæsar’s bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover’d, as ’tis now,¹
Pindarus pauses a moment for Cassius to die.
Titinius kneels above the dead body of Cassius.
JULIUS CAESAR

Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.]

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd (He falls.)

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies C

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.]

[Exit Li running.

Re-enter Titinius with Messala Ri

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. (Kneels C). No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good succes hath done this
deed.

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

227
1 Takes wreath from his wrist, and as he holds the body in his arms places wreath on Cassius' head.

2 There should be at least eight soldiers on either side. Four of them lift the body of Titinius, four lift that of Cassius, and they march off R to slow measured drum-beats. A flourish and alarum as body goes off R1.

Brutus remains on stage.
JULIUS CAESAR

Tit. Where art thou, Pindarus? (Calls for him)
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report into his
ears.

Tit. (Kneeling). Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala L, running
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;¹
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: (kiss) this is a Roman’s part:
(finds sword)—Come, Cassius’ sword, and find
Titinius’ heart.

[Kills himself and falls over Cassius’ feet.]

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young
Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius²

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Brutus approaches each of his soldiers as they stand at ease. Strato goes L C when called.
JULIUS CAESAR

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[Exeunt Ri soldiers with bodies] — a pause

BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS lower swords at exeunt.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends.
Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers
Cla. (R.C.) What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

231
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. Peace then! no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord? (Goes to him.)
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

[Low alarums
Thou know'st that we two went to school to-gether:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still

233
JULIUS CAESAR

**Cli.** Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

**Bru.** Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius. *(Strato is L.)*

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep, Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day. So fare you well at once; for Brutus’ tongue Hath almost ended his life’s history: Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, That have but labour’d to attain this hour.

*[Alarum. Cry within, “Fly, fly, fly!”]*

**Cli.** Fly, my lord, fly.

**Bru.** *(C)* Hence! I will follow.

*[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius off]*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord: Thou art a fellow of a good respect; Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it: Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato? *Stra.* Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.
Brutus dies in the same manner, holding up cloak so that audience do not see the stab. Strato remains standing over him L C.

Antony with drawn sword and shield crosses to body of Brutus, which is C, stands over him C to L till end.


**JULIUS CAESAR**

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. *[Runs on his sword.]* Caeser, now be still: I kill’d not thee with half so good a will. *Dies¹*

*Alarum.* *Retreat.* *Enter Octavius* (r), *Antony²* (2), *Messala, Lucilius, and the Army from R*

*Oct. (C).* What man is that?  
*Mes. (R).* My master’s man. Strato *(L C)*, where is thy master?  
*Stra. (L C).* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala: The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.  
*Oct. (C).* All that serv’d Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?  
*Stra. (L).* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.  
*Oct. (Crosses to R).* Do so, good Messala.  
*Mes. (R).* How died my master, Strato?  
*Stra. (L).* I held the sword, and he did run on it.  

237
1Pointing with his sword over body of Brutus — C. If a scenic stage the soldiers raise body of Brutus for picture. If Elizabethan, four soldiers lift body and carry off R to low drum beats; Caesar, Antony, and others following.
JULIUS CÆSAR

*Mes. (R).* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant. (Crosses to C).* This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix’d in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order’d honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let’s away
To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt slow march R]