



Julius Caesar

Act I, Marullus

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, knew you not Pompey?

Many a time and oft have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat the livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear, have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now call out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way that comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague that needs must light...

on this ingratitude.



Julius Caesar

Act I, Cassius-Troubled Tiber

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:

We both have fed as well, and we can both endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

BOTH: The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word, accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow;

BOTH: so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it, but ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

so from the waves of Tiber did I the tired Caesar bear upon my shoulder.

And this man is now become a god, and Cassius is a wretched creature and must bend his
body, if Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me a man of such a feeble temper should so get the start of the
majestic world...

BOTH: And bear the palm alone.



Julius Caesar

Act I, Cassius- Masters of Their Fates

Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world like a Colossus,
and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves
dishonourable graves.

BOTH: Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name; Sound them, it doth become the mouth as
well; Weigh them, it is as heavy;

Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome, that her wide walls encompass'd but one
man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,

BOTH: When there is in it but one only man.



Julius Caesar

Act I, Casca- A Crown

I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown
neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--

and, as I told you, he put it by once:

but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.

Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again:
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his
fingers off it.

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by:

and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their
chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps
and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because
Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked
Caesar;

for he swounded and fell down at it:

and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
opening my lips and receiving the bad air.



Julius Caesar

Act I, Casca- Tempest Dropping Fire

O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks,
and I have seen the ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,

BOTH: Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

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,
remain'd unscorch'd.

Against the Capitol I met a lion, who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me:

and there were drawn upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: Good night then...

BOTH: this disturbed sky is not to walk in.



Julius Caesar

Act II, Brutus- By His Death

It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
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;--
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his reason.

But 'tis a common proof, that lowliness 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.

BOTH: So Caesar may.

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg

Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,

BOTH: And kill him in the shell.



Julius Caesar

Act II, Brutus- Sacrificers, But Not Butchers

Our course will seem too bloody, Cassius, to cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:

BOTH: Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar; and in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, and not dismember Caesar!

But, alas, Caesar 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,

BOTH: We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm...

BOTH: When Caesar's head is off.



Julius Caesar

Act II, Metellus- Lions With Toils

Though it is doubtful yet, whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late, and this may hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Never fear that: if he be so resolved, I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses,
elephants with holes,
Lions with toils
and men with flatterers;

But when I tell him he hates flatterers, he says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work; for I can give his humour the true bent,

BOTH: And I will bring him to the Capitol.

The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves;

but all remember what you have said...

BOTH: and show yourselves true Romans.



Julius Caesar

Act II, Portia

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
To add unto his sickness?

BOTH: 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 to resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces...

BOTH: Even from darkness.



Julius Caesar

Act II, Calpurnia

Caesar, 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;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, in ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle hurtled in the air, horses did neigh, and dying men did groan, and ghosts
did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Caesar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

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

BOTH: Alas, my lord, your wisdom is consumed 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...

BOTH: Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.



Julius Caesar

Act II, Metellus- Caesar is Afraid?

Her 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 bathed,
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.

Now here is what I can say, and know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar. If you shall send them word you will not come,

BOTH: their minds may change.

Besides, it were a mock apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

'Break up the senate till another time, when Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper 'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To our proceeding bids me tell you this;

BOTH: And reason to my love is liable.



Julius Caesar

Act III, Caesar

The ides of March are come...

Metellus, thy brother Cimber by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause will he be satisfied. I could be well moved, if I were as you: If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

BOTH: 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: 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,
Unshaked of motion:

and that I am he, 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.

BOTH: Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?



Julius Caesar

Act III, Mark Antony- Dost Thou Lie So Low?

BOTH: O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? 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.

Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar

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.

Pardon me, Julius! O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
How like a deer, stricken by many princes, dost thou here lie! Friends am I with you all and
love you all, upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons...

BOTH: Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.



Julius Caesar

Act III, Brutus- Bloody and Cruel

O Antony, beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear

BOTH: 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 Caesar.

Mark Antony: Our arms and our hearts of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

Only be patient till we have appeased the multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause, why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Our reasons are so full of good regard that were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

What compact mean you to have with us?

BOTH: Shall we on, and not depend on you?



Julius Caesar

Act III, Mark Antony- Dogs of War

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 ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

BOTH: Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

BOTH: Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war!



Julius Caesar

Ensemble Mark Antony Soliloquy

**Lines 1, 14, 20, 25 and 32 are yelled out by everyone*

1. ALL: *Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;*

2. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

3. The evil that men do lives after them;

4. The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar.

5. The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

6. If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

7. And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

8. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

9. For Brutus is an honourable man;

10. So are they all, all honourable men—

11. Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

12. He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

13. But Brutus says he was ambitious

14. ALL: *And Brutus is an honourable man.*

15. He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

16. Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

17. When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

18. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

19. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

20. ALL: *And Brutus is an honourable man.*

21. You all did see that on the Lupercal

22. I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

23. Which he did thrice refuse...was this ambition?

24. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

25. ALL: *And Brutus is an honourable man.*

26. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

27. But here I am to speak what I do know.

28. You all did love him once, not without cause:

29. What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

30. O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

31. Bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

32. ALL: *And I must pause till it come back to me.*