Julius CAESAR
CALPURNIA, his wife
Marcus BRUTUS, sometime friend of Caesar, then
    conspirator against him
PORTIA, his wife

Caius CASSIUS  }       
CASCA  }      other conspirators against
DECIUS Brutus  }   Caesar
CINNA  }       
METELLUS Cimber  }      
TREBONIUS  }       
Caius LIGARIUS  }       

Mark ANTONY  }   triumvirs of Rome after
OCTAVIUS Caesar  }   Caesar’s death
LEPIDUS  }       

A SOOTHSAYER
ARTEMIDORUS, a teacher of rhetoric
CINNA, a poet
Another POET

CICERO  }       
PUBLIUS  }   senators
POPILIUS  }       

MURELLUS  }       
FLAVIUS  }   tribunes of the people

A CARPENTER
A COBBLER
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH and FIFTH PLEBIANS
LUCIUS, Brutus’ young servant
PINDARUS, Cassius’ bondman

LUCILUS  }
Act 1 Scene 1

Enter Flavius, Murellus and certain Commoners over the stage

FLAVIUS
Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER
Why, sir, a carpenter.

MURELLUS
Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

CARPENTER
Because I have no leather apron or rule.

MURELLUS
What? art not thou of the trade?

CARPENTER
I am, sir.

MURELLUS
Then it must be that thou art in holiday.

CARPENTER
No, sir, this is a day of labor.

MURELLUS
Then thou art not in holiday.

CARPENTER
Who says I am in holiday?

MURELLUS
Flavius says so.

CARPENTER
Well, I will not wear my leather apron on a day of labor.

MURELLUS
Then I say thou art in holiday.

CARPENTER
I say I am not.

MURELLUS
If thou art not, why dost thou not wear thy leather apron?

CARPENTER
Because it is not necessary.

MURELLUS
Nay, but it is.

CARPENTER
I say it is not.

MURELLUS
Thou art in holiday, and therefore thou art in error.

CARPENTER
I say I am not.

MURELLUS
Thou art in holiday, and therefore thou art in error.

CARPENTER
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MURELLUS
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CARPENTER
I say I am not.
You, sir; what trade are you?

COBBLER
Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MURELLUS
But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

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

FLAVIUS
What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

COBBLER
Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MURELLUS
What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

COBBLER
Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS
Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER
Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but withal 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.

FLAVIUS
But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER
Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to
rejoice in his triumph.

MURELLUS
Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows? Yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS
Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
Exeunt all the Commoners

See where their basest mettle be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

MURELLUS
May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
FLAVIUS
It is no matter. Let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2] running scene 1 continues

Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, after them Murellus and Flavius

CAESAR
Calpurnia,--

CASCA
Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR
Calpurnia,--

CALPURNIA
Here, my lord.

CAESAR
Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he doth run his course. Antonio!

ANTONY
Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR
Forget not in your speed, Antonio,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY
I shall remember.
When Caesar says 'Do this,' it is performed.

CAESAR
Set on; and leave no ceremony out. \textit{Music}

SOOTHSAYER
Caesar!

CAESAR
Ha! Who calls?

CASCA
Bid every noise be still.--Peace yet again! \textit{Music stops}

CAESAR
Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "'Caesar!' Speak, Caesar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER
Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR
What man is that?

BRUTUS
A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR
Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS
Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar. \textit{Soothsayer comes forward}

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

SOOTHSAYER
Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR
He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.
CASSIUS
Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS
Not I.

CASSIUS
I pray you, do.

BRUTUS
I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS
Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS
Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS
Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
BRUTUS
No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS
'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,--
Except immortal Caesar!-- speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

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

CASSIUS
Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout

BRUTUS
What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS
Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS
I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well,
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other.
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
‘Alas’, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius',
As a sick girl.--Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

_Shout. Flourish_

BRUTUS
Another general shout?
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble血液s!
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed 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 brooked
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

BRUTUS
That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; For this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

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

Enter Caesar and his train

BRUTUS
The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS
As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS
I will do so.--But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar’s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia’s cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS
Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR
Antonio.

ANTONY
Caesar?

CAESAR
Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY
Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR
Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.  Senet.  Exeunt Caesar and his train

CASCA
You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
BRUTUS  
Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanced today,  
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA  
Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS  
I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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

BRUTUS  
What was the second noise for?

CASCA  
Why, for that too.

CASSIUS  
They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA  
Why, for that too.

BRUTUS  
Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

CASSIUS  
Who offered him the crown?

CASCA  
Why, Antony.

BRUTUS  
Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
CASCA
I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very 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 shouted, and clappe'd their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar, for he swooned and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS
But, soft! I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA
He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

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

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

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

BRUTUS
What said he when he came unto himself?

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

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

CASCA
Ay.

CASSIUS
Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA
Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS
To what effect?

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

CASSIUS
Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA
No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS
Will you dine with me tomorrow?

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

CASSIUS
Good; I will expect you.

CASCA
Do so; Farewell both.  

BRUTUS
What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

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

BRUTUS
And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS
I will do so: Till then, think of the world.--  

Exit Brutus

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought,
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.  

[Act 1 Scene 3]  

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca and Cicero  

CICERO  
Good even, Casca: Brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?  

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

CICERO  
Why, saw you anything more wonderful?  

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

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

CASCA
He doth, for he did bid Antonio Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO
Goodnight then, Casca: this disturbed sky Is not to walk in.

CASCA
Farewell, Cicero. 

Enter Cassius

CASSIUS
Who's there?

CASCA
A Roman.

CASSIUS
Casca, by your voice.

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

CASSIUS
A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA
Whoever knew the heavens menace so?

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

CASCA
But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS
You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze,
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;--
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality;--why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA
'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS
Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

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

CASSIUS
I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

CASCA
So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

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

CASCA  
You speak to Casca; and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.  

CASSIUS  
There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable dangerous consequence;  
And I do know by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna

CASCA  
Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS  
'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.-- Cinna, where haste you so?

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

CASSIUS  
No, it is Casca, one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CINNA  
I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
CASSIUS
Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA
Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party,—

CASSIUS
Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; And throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA
All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS
That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.--
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 offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS
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

Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written in 1599