



# JULIUS CAESAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

# Julius Caesar

by William Shakespeare

Julius Cæsar  
Shakespeare, William, 1564 – 1616

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# Julius Caesar

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## Dramatis Personæ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, &

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS — Triumvirs after the  
death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, & POPILIUS LENA — Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, &  
CINNA, — Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS — Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS — a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA — a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS

— Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS

— Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS — Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA — Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA — Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — During a great part of the Play, at Rome;  
afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi.

# Julius Caesar

ACT I

## Act I. Scene I.

Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.*

- Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not, 4  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
- Com. 1* Why, sir, a carpenter. 8
- Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?  
You, sir, what trade are you?
- Com. 2* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a 12  
cobbler.
- Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.
- Com. 2* 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?
- Com. 2* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can 16  
mend you.
- Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!
- Com. 2* Why, sir, cobble you.
- Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
- Com. 2* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's 20  
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.* But wherefore art not in thy shop today?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
- Com. 2* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But,  
indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.
- Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? 24  
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, 28  
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 a 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!	32 36 40 44
	Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.	
Flav.	Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort; Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [ <i>Exeunt all the Commoners.</i> See wher their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I. Disrobe the images If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.	48 52 56
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. 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. [ <i>Exeunt.</i>	60 64



## Act I. Scene II.

The Same. A Public Place.

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

Cæs.	Calphurnia!	
Casca.	Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [ <i>Music ceases.</i> ]	4
Cæs.	Calphurnia!	
Cal.	Here, my lord.	
Cæs.	Stand you directly in Antonius' way When he doth run his course. Antonius!	8
Ant.	Cæsar, my lord.	
Cæs.	Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.	12
Ant.	I shall remember: When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.	
Cæs.	Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [ <i>Music.</i> ]	16
Sooth.	Cæsar!	
Cæs.	Ha! Who calls?	
Casca.	Bid every noise be still: peace yet again! [ <i>Music ceases.</i> ]	
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.	20
Sooth.	Beware the ides of March.	
Cæs.	What man is that?	24
Bru.	A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.	
Cæs.	Set him before me; let me see his face.	
Cas.	Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.	
Cæs.	What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.	28
Sooth.	Beware the ides of March.	
Cæs.	He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass. [ <i>Senet.</i> ] <i>Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.</i>	
Cas.	Will you go see the order of the course?	
Bru.	Not I.	32
Cas.	I pray you, do.	

- Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 36  
I'll leave you.
- Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have: 40  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.
- Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance 44  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself, 48  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd, —  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one, —  
Nor construe any further my neglect, 52  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
- Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried 56  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
- Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things. 60
- Cas.* 'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye, 64  
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, 68  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
- Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me? 72
- Cas.* 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. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laughèr, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester; if you know That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [ <i>Flourish and shout.</i> ]	76
Bru.	What means this shouting? I do fear the people Choose Cæsar for their king.	80
Cas.	Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.	84
Bru.	I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, Set 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.	88
Cas.	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 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, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word, Accoutred as I was, I plunged in And bade him follow; so, indeed he did. The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it	92
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	With lusty sinews, throwing it aside	116
	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,	120
	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	124
	A wretched creature and must bend his body	
	If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.	
	He had a fever when he was in Spain,	
	And when the fit was on him, I did mark	128
	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 lustre; I did hear him groan;	132
	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,	136
	A man of such a feeble temper should	
	So get the start of the majestic world,	
	And bear the palm alone. [ <i>Flourish. Shout.</i>	
<i>Bru.</i>	Another general shout!	140
	I do believe that these applauses are	
	For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.	
<i>Cas.</i>	Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world	
	Like a Colossus; and we petty men	144
	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,	148
	But in ourselves, that we are underlings.	
	Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar?'	
	Why should that name be sounded more than yours?	
	Write them together, yours is as fair a name;	152
	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 gods at once,	156

- Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood, 160  
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, 164  
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  
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 168  
As easily as a king.
- Bru.* 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, 172  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say 176  
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 180  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.
- Cas.* I am glad 184  
That my weak words have struck but thus much show  
Of fire from Brutus.
- Bru.* The games are done and Cæsar is returning.  
*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve, 188  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

- Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, 192  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero

	Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes As we have seen him in the Capitol, Being cross'd in conference by some senators.	196
Cas.	Casca will tell us what the matter is.	
Cæs.	Antonius!	200
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	204
Ant.	Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous; He is a noble Roman, and well given.	
Cæs.	Would he were fatter! but I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, 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.	208
	I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou thinkst of him. [ <i>Sennet.</i> <i>Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.</i> <i>CASCA stays behind.</i>	212
Casca.	You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?	
Bru.	Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.	
Casca.	Why, you were with him, were you not?	228
Bru.	I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.	
Casca.	Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.	
Bru.	What was the second noise for?	
Casca.	Why, for that too.	232
Cas.	They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?	