

Julius Caesar

4.2

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucius, and the army.
[Lucillius,] Titinius, and Pindarus meet them*

BRUTUS Stand, ho!

[SOLDIER] Give the word `ho', and stand.

BRUTUS

What now, Lucillius: is Cassius near?

LUCILLIUS

He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

5

BRUTUS

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.

PINDARUS

I do not doubt

10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRUTUS

He is not doubted.±±A word, Lucillius.

Brutus and Lucillius speak apart

How he received you let me be resolved.

LUCILLIUS

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.

15

BRUTUS

Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucillius:

When love begins to sicken and decay

It useth an enforceÁd ceremony.

20

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

Low march within

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

25

They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILLIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his powers

BRUTUS Hark, he is arrived. 30

March gently on to meet him.

The armies march

CASSIUS Stand, ho!

BRUTUS Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[FIRST SOLDIER] Stand!

[SECOND SOLDIER] Stand! 35

[THIRD SOLDIER] Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods: wrong I mine enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs, 40

And when you do them±±

BRUTUS Cassius, be content.

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,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away, 45

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucillius, do you the like; and let no man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt the armies

Brutus and Cassius remain, [with Titinius, and

Lucius guarding the door]

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians, 55
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment. 60

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS I, an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this, 65
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS Chastisement?

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March, remember. 70
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched 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, shall we now 75
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.

CASSIUS Brutus, bay not me. 80

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.

BRUTUS Go to, you are not, Cassius. 85

CASSIUS I am.

BRUTUS I say you are not.

CASSIUS
 Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
 Have mind upon your health. Tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS Away, slight man. 90

CASSIUS Is't possible?

BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS
 O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this? 95

BRUTUS
 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, 100
 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.

CASSIUS Is it come to this?

BRUTUS
 You say you are a better soldier. 105
 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.

CASSIUS
 You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.
 I said an elder soldier, not a better. 110
 Did I say better?

BRUTUS If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS
 When Caesar lived he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS
 Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS I durst not?

BRUTUS No. 115

CASSIUS What, durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for. 120
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; 125
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 130
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 135
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces.

CASSIUS I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS I did not. He was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 140
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 145
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is aweary of the world,
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother, 150
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart 155
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
If that thou beest 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 loved'st him
better 160
Than ever thou loved'st Cassius.

BRUTUS 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, 165
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

BRUTUS When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too. 170

CASSIUS Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS And my heart too.

[They embrace]

CASSIUS O Brutus!

BRUTUS What's the matter?

CASSIUS Have not you love enough to bear with me
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 175

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter [Lucillius and] a Poet

POET

Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILLIUS You shall not come to them. 180

POET

Nothing but death shall stay me.

CASSIUS How now! What's the
matter?

POET

For shame, you generals, what do you mean?
Love and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS

Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic rhyme! 185

BRUTUS *(to the Poet)*

Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS

Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS

I'll know his humour when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
(To the Poet) Companion, hence!

CASSIUS *(to the Poet)* Away, away, be gone! 190

Exit Poet

BRUTUS

Lucillius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.

Exeunt Lucillius and Titinius

BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Exit Lucius

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry. 195

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS

Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS Ha! Portia?

200

BRUTUS She is dead.

CASSIUS

How scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatience 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 distraught,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

205

CASSIUS

And died so?

BRUTUS Even so.

CASSIUS O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. (*To Lucius*) Give me a bowl of
wine. 210

(*To Cassius*) In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

He drinks

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

He drinks.

[Exit Lucius]

Enter Titinius and Messala

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius; welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

215

CASSIUS (*aside*)

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

No more, I pray you.

[They sit]

Messala, I have here receiveÁd letters
 That young Octavius and Mark Antony
 Come down upon us with a mighty power,
 Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 220
MESSALA
 Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.
BRUTUS With what addition?
MESSALA
 That by proscription and bills of outlawry 225
 Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
 Have put to death an hundred senators.
BRUTUS
 Therein our letters do not well agree.
 Mine speak of seventy senators that died
 By their proscriptions, Cicero being one. 230
CASSIUS
 Cicero one?
MESSALA Ay, Cicero is dead,
 And by that order of proscription.
 (*To Brutus*)
 Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
BRUTUS No, Messala.
MESSALA
 Nor nothing in your letters writ of her? 235
BRUTUS
 Nothing, Messala.
MESSALA That methinks is strange.
BRUTUS
 Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
MESSALA No, my lord.
BRUTUS
 Now as you are a Roman, tell me true.
MESSALA
 Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell; 240
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
BRUTUS
 Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
 With meditating that she must die once,
 I have the patience to endure it now.
MESSALA
 Even so great men great losses should endure. 245

CASSIUS

I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is:

250

'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.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must of force give place to better. 255
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy marching along by them
By them shall make a fuller number up, 260
Come on refreshed, new added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS

Under your pardon. You must note beside 265
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 270
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, 275
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on.

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest. 280
There is no more to say.

CASSIUS No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS

Lucius.

Enter Lucius

My gown.

Exit Lucius

Farewell, good Messala.

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble, Cassius,
Good night and good repose.

CASSIUS O my dear brother, 285
This was an ill beginning of the night!
Never come such division 'tween our souls.
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the gown

BRUTUS Everything is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS AND MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS Farewell, every one. 290

Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala

Give me the gown.

[He puts on the gown]

Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS What, thou speak'st drowsily.
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudio and some other of my men.
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent. 295

LUCIUS

Varrus and Claudio!

Enter Varrus and Claudio

VARRUS Calls my lord?

BRUTUS

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRUS

So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure. 300

BRUTUS

I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs.
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Varrus and Claudio lie down to sleep

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

LUCIUS

I was sure your lordship did not give it me. 305

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS

It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing. 310

LUCIUS It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might.
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again. 315
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Lucius plays music and sings a song, and so falls asleep

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. 320
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee, and, good boy, good night.

*He takes away Lucius' instrument, then opens
the book*

Let me see, let me see, is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. 325

Enter the Ghost of Caesar

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?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, 330
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS Why com'st thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi. 335

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

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, Varrus, Claudio, sirs, awake! 340
Claudio!

LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS

He thinks he still is at his instrument.±±

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS My lord.

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st out? 345

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius.±±Sirrah Claudio!

(To Varrus)

Fellow,

Thou, awake!

350

VARRUS My lord.

CLAUDIO My lord.

BRUTUS

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

BOTH

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRUS

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIO Nor I, my lord.

355

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

BOTH It shall be done, my lord.

*Exeunt [Varrus and Claudio at one door, Brutus
and Lucius at another door]*