

ACT 2

「Scene 1」

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

FTLN 0584 BRUTUS What, Lucius, ho!—
FTLN 0585 I cannot by the progress of the stars
FTLN 0586 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
FTLN 0587 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
FTLN 0588 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius! 5

Enter Lucius.

FTLN 0589 LUCIUS Called you, my lord?
BRUTUS
FTLN 0590 Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
FTLN 0591 When it is lighted, come and call me here.
FTLN 0592 LUCIUS I will, my lord. *He exits.*
BRUTUS
FTLN 0593 It must be by his death. And for my part 10
FTLN 0594 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
FTLN 0595 But for the general. He would be crowned:
FTLN 0596 How that might change his nature, there's the
FTLN 0597 question.
FTLN 0598 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, 15
FTLN 0599 And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,
FTLN 0600 And then I grant we put a sting in him
FTLN 0601 That at his will he may do danger with.
FTLN 0602 Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins

FTLN 0603	Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar,	20
FTLN 0604	I have not known when his affections swayed	
FTLN 0605	More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof	
FTLN 0606	That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,	
FTLN 0607	Whereto the 'climber-upward' turns his face;	
FTLN 0608	But, when he once attains the upmost round,	25
FTLN 0609	He then unto the ladder turns his back,	
FTLN 0610	Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees	
FTLN 0611	By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.	
FTLN 0612	Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel	
FTLN 0613	Will bear no color for the thing he is,	30
FTLN 0614	Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,	
FTLN 0615	Would run to these and these extremities.	
FTLN 0616	And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,	
FTLN 0617	Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow	
FTLN 0618	mischievous,	35
FTLN 0619	And kill him in the shell.	

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0620	The taper burneth in your closet, sir.	
FTLN 0621	Searching the window for a flint, I found	
FTLN 0622	This paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure	
FTLN 0623	It did not lie there when I went to bed.	40

Gives him the letter.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0624	Get you to bed again. It is not day.	
FTLN 0625	Is not tomorrow, boy, the 'ides' of March?	

FTLN 0626	LUCIUS I know not, sir.	
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BRUTUS

FTLN 0627	Look in the calendar, and bring me word.	
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FTLN 0628	LUCIUS I will, sir.	<i>He exits.</i> 45
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BRUTUS

FTLN 0629	The exhalations, whizzing in the air,	
FTLN 0630	Give so much light that I may read by them.	
	<i>Opens the letter and reads.</i>	

FTLN 0631 *Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself!*
 FTLN 0632 *Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!*
 FTLN 0633 "Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake." 50
 FTLN 0634 Such instigations have been often dropped
 FTLN 0635 Where I have took them up.
 FTLN 0636 "Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
 FTLN 0637 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
 FTLN 0638 Rome? 55
 FTLN 0639 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 FTLN 0640 The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.
 FTLN 0641 "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
 FTLN 0642 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 FTLN 0643 If the redress will follow, thou receivest 60
 FTLN 0644 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

FTLN 0645 LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
Knock within.

BRUTUS
 FTLN 0646 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
「Lucius exits.」

FTLN 0647 Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
 FTLN 0648 I have not slept. 65
 FTLN 0649 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 FTLN 0650 And the first motion, all the interim is
 FTLN 0651 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
 FTLN 0652 The genius and the mortal instruments
 FTLN 0653 Are then in council, and the state of man, 70
 FTLN 0654 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 FTLN 0655 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS
 FTLN 0656 Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
 FTLN 0657 Who doth desire to see you.

FTLN 0658	BRUTUS	Is he alone?	75
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 0659		No, sir. There are more with him.	
FTLN 0660	BRUTUS	Do you know	
FTLN 0661		them?	
	LUCIUS		
FTLN 0662		No, sir. Their hats are plucked about their ears,	
FTLN 0663		And half their faces buried in their cloaks,	80
FTLN 0664		That by no means I may discover them	
FTLN 0665		By any mark of favor.	
FTLN 0666	BRUTUS	Let 'em enter. <i>「Lucius exits.」</i>	
FTLN 0667		They are the faction. O conspiracy,	
FTLN 0668		Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,	85
FTLN 0669		When evils are most free? O, then, by day	
FTLN 0670		Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough	
FTLN 0671		To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,	
FTLN 0672		conspiracy.	
FTLN 0673		Hide it in smiles and affability;	90
FTLN 0674		For if thou path, thy native semblance on,	
FTLN 0675		Not Erebus itself were dim enough	
FTLN 0676		To hide thee from prevention.	
		<i>Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,</i>	
		<i>Metellus, and Trebonius.</i>	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0677		I think we are too bold upon your rest.	
FTLN 0678		Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?	95
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0679		I have been up this hour, awake all night.	
FTLN 0680		Know I these men that come along with you?	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0681		Yes, every man of them; and no man here	
FTLN 0682		But honors you, and every one doth wish	
FTLN 0683		You had but that opinion of yourself	100
FTLN 0684		Which every noble Roman bears of you.	
FTLN 0685		This is Trebonius.	

FTLN 0686	BRUTUS	He is welcome hither.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0687		This, Decius Brutus.	
FTLN 0688	BRUTUS	He is welcome too.	105
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0689		This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.	
FTLN 0690	BRUTUS	They are all welcome.	
FTLN 0691		What watchful cares do interpose themselves	
FTLN 0692		Betwixt your eyes and night?	
FTLN 0693	CASSIUS	Shall I entreat a word?	110
		<i>「Brutus and Cassius」 whisper.</i>	
	DECIUS		
FTLN 0694		Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?	
FTLN 0695	CASCA	No.	
	CINNA		
FTLN 0696		O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines	
FTLN 0697		That fret the clouds are messengers of day.	
	CASCA		
FTLN 0698		You shall confess that you are both deceived.	115
FTLN 0699		Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,	
FTLN 0700		Which is a great way growing on the south,	
FTLN 0701		Weighing the youthful season of the year.	
FTLN 0702		Some two months hence, up higher toward the	
FTLN 0703		north	120
FTLN 0704		He first presents his fire, and the high east	
FTLN 0705		Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.	
	BRUTUS, <i>「coming forward with Cassius」</i>		
FTLN 0706		Give me your hands all over, one by one.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0707		And let us swear our resolution.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0708		No, not an oath. If not the face of men,	125
FTLN 0709		The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—	
FTLN 0710		If these be motives weak, break off betimes,	
FTLN 0711		And every man hence to his idle bed.	
FTLN 0712		So let high-sighted tyranny range on	

FTLN 0713	Till each man drop by lottery. But if these—	130
FTLN 0714	As I am sure they do—bear fire enough	
FTLN 0715	To kindle cowards and to steel with valor	
FTLN 0716	The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,	
FTLN 0717	What need we any spur but our own cause	
FTLN 0718	To prick us to redress? What other bond	135
FTLN 0719	Than secret Romans that have spoke the word	
FTLN 0720	And will not palter? And what other oath	
FTLN 0721	Than honesty to honesty engaged	
FTLN 0722	That this shall be or we will fall for it?	
FTLN 0723	Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,	140
FTLN 0724	Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls	
FTLN 0725	That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear	
FTLN 0726	Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain	
FTLN 0727	The even virtue of our enterprise,	
FTLN 0728	Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,	145
FTLN 0729	To think that or our cause or our performance	
FTLN 0730	Did need an oath, when every drop of blood	
FTLN 0731	That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,	
FTLN 0732	Is guilty of a several bastardy	
FTLN 0733	If he do break the smallest particle	150
FTLN 0734	Of any promise that hath passed from him.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0735	But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?	
FTLN 0736	I think he will stand very strong with us.	
	CASCA	
FTLN 0737	Let us not leave him out.	
FTLN 0738	CINNA No, by no means.	155
	METELLUS	
FTLN 0739	O, let us have him, for his silver hairs	
FTLN 0740	Will purchase us a good opinion	
FTLN 0741	And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.	
FTLN 0742	It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands.	
FTLN 0743	Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,	160
FTLN 0744	But all be buried in his gravity.	

BRUTUS

FTLN 0745 O, name him not! Let us not break with him,
FTLN 0746 For he will never follow anything
FTLN 0747 That other men begin.

FTLN 0748 CASSIUS Then leave him out.

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FTLN 0749 CASCA Indeed, he is not fit.

DECIUS

FTLN 0750 Shall no man else be touched, but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

FTLN 0751 Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet
FTLN 0752 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
FTLN 0753 Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
FTLN 0754 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
FTLN 0755 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
FTLN 0756 As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
FTLN 0757 Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

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BRUTUS

FTLN 0758 Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
FTLN 0759 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
FTLN 0760 Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
FTLN 0761 For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.

175

FTLN 0762 Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

FTLN 0763 We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,

180

FTLN 0764 And in the spirit of men there is no blood.

FTLN 0765 O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit

FTLN 0766 And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,

FTLN 0767 Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,

FTLN 0768 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully.

185

FTLN 0769 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

FTLN 0770 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

FTLN 0771 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

FTLN 0772 Stir up their servants to an act of rage

FTLN 0773 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

190

FTLN 0774 Our purpose necessary and not envious;

FTLN 0775 Which so appearing to the common eyes,

FTLN 0776 We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

FTLN 0777	And for Mark Antony, think not of him,	
FTLN 0778	For he can do no more than Caesar's arm	195
FTLN 0779	When Caesar's head is off.	
FTLN 0780	CASSIUS	Yet I fear him,
FTLN 0781	For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0782	Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.	
FTLN 0783	If he love Caesar, all that he can do	200
FTLN 0784	Is to himself: take thought and die for Caesar.	
FTLN 0785	And that were much he should, for he is given	
FTLN 0786	To sports, to wildness, and much company.	
	TREBONIUS	
FTLN 0787	There is no fear in him. Let him not die,	
FTLN 0788	For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.	205
		<i>Clock strikes.</i>
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0789	Peace, count the clock.	
FTLN 0790	CASSIUS	The clock hath stricken
FTLN 0791	three.	
	TREBONIUS	
FTLN 0792	'Tis time to part.	
FTLN 0793	CASSIUS	But it is doubtful yet
FTLN 0794	Whether Caesar will come forth today or no,	210
FTLN 0795	For he is superstitious grown of late,	
FTLN 0796	Quite from the main opinion he held once	
FTLN 0797	Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.	
FTLN 0798	It may be these apparent prodigies,	215
FTLN 0799	The unaccustomed terror of this night,	
FTLN 0800	And the persuasion of his augurers	
FTLN 0801	May hold him from the Capitol today.	
	DECIUS	
FTLN 0802	Never fear that. If he be so resolved,	
FTLN 0803	I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear	220
FTLN 0804	That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,	
FTLN 0805	And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,	
FTLN 0806	Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.	

FTLN 0807	But when I tell him he hates flatterers,	
FTLN 0808	He says he does, being then most flatterèd.	225
FTLN 0809	Let me work,	
FTLN 0810	For I can give his humor the true bent,	
FTLN 0811	And I will bring him to the Capitol.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0812	Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0813	By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?	230
	CINNA	
FTLN 0814	Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.	
	METELLUS	
FTLN 0815	Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,	
FTLN 0816	Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey.	
FTLN 0817	I wonder none of you have thought of him.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0818	Now, good Metellus, go along by him.	235
FTLN 0819	He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.	
FTLN 0820	Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0821	The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you,	
FTLN 0822	Brutus.	
FTLN 0823	And, friends, disperse yourselves, but all remember	240
FTLN 0824	What you have said, and show yourselves true	
FTLN 0825	Romans.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0826	Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.	
FTLN 0827	Let not our looks put on our purposes,	
FTLN 0828	But bear it, as our Roman actors do,	245
FTLN 0829	With untired spirits and formal constancy.	
FTLN 0830	And so good morrow to you every one.	
	<i>All but Brutus exit.</i>	
FTLN 0831	Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter.	
FTLN 0832	Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.	
FTLN 0833	Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies	250

FTLN 0834 Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
FTLN 0835 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

FTLN 0836 PORTIA Brutus, my lord.
BRUTUS

FTLN 0837 Portia! What mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
FTLN 0838 It is not for your health thus to commit 255
FTLN 0839 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

FTLN 0840 Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
FTLN 0841 Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper
FTLN 0842 You suddenly arose and walked about,
FTLN 0843 Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 260
FTLN 0844 And when I asked you what the matter was,
FTLN 0845 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
FTLN 0846 I urged you further; then you scratched your head
FTLN 0847 And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
FTLN 0848 Yet I insisted; yet you answered not, 265
FTLN 0849 But with an angry wafture of your hand
FTLN 0850 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
FTLN 0851 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
FTLN 0852 Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
FTLN 0853 Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 270
FTLN 0854 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
FTLN 0855 It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep,
FTLN 0856 And could it work so much upon your shape
FTLN 0857 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
FTLN 0858 I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord, 275
FTLN 0859 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0860 I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

FTLN 0861 Brutus is wise and, were he not in health,
FTLN 0862 He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0894 You are my true and honorable wife,
 FTLN 0895 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 FTLN 0896 That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA

FTLN 0897 If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 FTLN 0898 I grant I am a woman, but withal 315
 FTLN 0899 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
 FTLN 0900 I grant I am a woman, but withal
 FTLN 0901 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
 FTLN 0902 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 FTLN 0903 Being so fathered and so husbanded? 320
 FTLN 0904 Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
 FTLN 0905 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 FTLN 0906 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 FTLN 0907 Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
 FTLN 0908 And not my husband's secrets? 325

BRUTUS

O you gods,

FTLN 0910 Render me worthy of this noble wife! *Knock.*
 FTLN 0911 Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,
 FTLN 0912 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 FTLN 0913 The secrets of my heart. 330
 FTLN 0914 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 FTLN 0915 All the charactery of my sad brows.
 FTLN 0916 Leave me with haste. *Portia exits.*
 FTLN 0917 Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0918 Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 335

BRUTUS

FTLN 0919 Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.—
 FTLN 0920 Boy, stand aside. *「Lucius exits.」*
 FTLN 0921 Caius Ligarius, how?

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0922 Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0923 O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, 340
 FTLN 0924 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0925 I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 FTLN 0926 Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0927 Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 FTLN 0928 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 345

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0929 By all the gods that Romans bow before,
 FTLN 0930 I here discard my sickness.

[He takes off his kerchief.]

FTLN 0931 Soul of Rome,
 FTLN 0932 Brave son derived from honorable loins,
 FTLN 0933 Thou like an exorcist hast conjured up 350
 FTLN 0934 My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,
 FTLN 0935 And I will strive with things impossible,
 FTLN 0936 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS

FTLN 0937 A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS

FTLN 0938 But are not some whole that we must make sick? 355

BRUTUS

FTLN 0939 That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
 FTLN 0940 I shall unfold to thee as we are going
 FTLN 0941 To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS Set on your foot,

FTLN 0943 And with a heart new-fired I follow you 360
 FTLN 0944 To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
 FTLN 0945 That Brutus leads me on. *Thunder.*

FTLN 0946 BRUTUS Follow me then.

They exit.