

「Scene 2」

*Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calphurnia, Portia,
Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer;
after them Marullus and Flavius 「and Commoners.」*

CAESAR

FTLN 0081 Calphurnia.

FTLN 0082 CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

FTLN 0083 CAESAR Calphurnia.

FTLN 0084 CALPHURNIA Here, my lord.

CAESAR

FTLN 0085 Stand you directly in Antonius' way 5

FTLN 0086 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

FTLN 0087 ANTONY Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR

FTLN 0088 Forget not in your speed, Antonius,

FTLN 0089 To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say

FTLN 0090 The barren, touchèd in this holy chase, 10

FTLN 0091 Shake off their sterile curse.

FTLN 0092 ANTONY I shall remember.

FTLN 0093 When Caesar says “Do this,” it is performed.

CAESAR

FTLN 0094 Set on and leave no ceremony out. 「Sennet.」

FTLN 0095 SOOTHSAYER Caesar. 15

FTLN 0096 CAESAR Ha! Who calls?

CASCA

FTLN 0097 Bid every noise be still. Peace, yet again!

CAESAR

FTLN 0098 Who is it in the press that calls on me?

FTLN 0099 I hear a tongue shriller than all the music

FTLN 0100 Cry “Caesar.” Speak. Caesar is turned to hear. 20

SOOTHSAYER

FTLN 0101 Beware the ides of March.

FTLN 0102 CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS

FTLN 0103 A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

	CAESAR	
FTLN 0104	Set him before me. Let me see his face.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0105	Fellow, come from the throng.	25
	<i>「The Soothsayer comes forward.」</i>	
FTLN 0106	Look upon Caesar.	
	CAESAR	
FTLN 0107	What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.	
FTLN 0108	SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March.	
	CAESAR	
FTLN 0109	He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass.	
	<i>Sennet. All but Brutus and Cassius exit.</i>	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0110	Will you go see the order of the course?	30
FTLN 0111	BRUTUS Not I.	
FTLN 0112	CASSIUS I pray you, do.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0113	I am not gamesome. I do lack some part	
FTLN 0114	Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.	
FTLN 0115	Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires.	35
FTLN 0116	I'll leave you.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0117	Brutus, I do observe you now of late.	
FTLN 0118	I have not from your eyes that gentleness	
FTLN 0119	And show of love as I was wont to have.	
FTLN 0120	You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand	40
FTLN 0121	Over your friend that loves you.	
FTLN 0122	BRUTUS Cassius,	
FTLN 0123	Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,	
FTLN 0124	I turn the trouble of my countenance	
FTLN 0125	Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am	45
FTLN 0126	Of late with passions of some difference,	
FTLN 0127	Conceptions only proper to myself,	
FTLN 0128	Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors.	
FTLN 0129	But let not therefore my good friends be grieved	
FTLN 0130	(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)	50

FTLN 0131	Nor construe any further my neglect	
FTLN 0132	Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,	
FTLN 0133	Forgets the shows of love to other men.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0134	Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,	
FTLN 0135	By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried	55
FTLN 0136	Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.	
FTLN 0137	Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0138	No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself	
FTLN 0139	But by reflection, by some other things.	
FTLN 0140	CASSIUS 'Tis just.	60
FTLN 0141	And it is very much lamented, Brutus,	
FTLN 0142	That you have no such mirrors as will turn	
FTLN 0143	Your hidden worthiness into your eye,	
FTLN 0144	That you might see your shadow. I have heard	
FTLN 0145	Where many of the best respect in Rome,	65
FTLN 0146	Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus	
FTLN 0147	And groaning underneath this age's yoke,	
FTLN 0148	Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0149	Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,	
FTLN 0150	That you would have me seek into myself	70
FTLN 0151	For that which is not in me?	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0152	Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear.	
FTLN 0153	And since you know you cannot see yourself	
FTLN 0154	So well as by reflection, I, your glass,	
FTLN 0155	Will modestly discover to yourself	75
FTLN 0156	That of yourself which you yet know not of.	
FTLN 0157	And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.	
FTLN 0158	Were I a common laughter, or did use	
FTLN 0159	To stale with ordinary oaths my love	
FTLN 0160	To every new protester; if you know	80
FTLN 0161	That I do fawn on men and hug them hard	
FTLN 0162	And after scandal them, or if you know	

FTLN 0163

That I profess myself in banqueting

FTLN 0164

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0165

What means this shouting? I do fear the people

85

FTLN 0166

Choose Caesar for their king.

FTLN 0167

CASSIUS

Ay, do you fear it?

FTLN 0168

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS

FTLN 0169

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

FTLN 0170

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

90

FTLN 0171

What is it that you would impart to me?

FTLN 0172

If it be aught toward the general good,

FTLN 0173

Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other

FTLN 0174

And I will look on both indifferently;

FTLN 0175

For let the gods so speed me as I love

95

FTLN 0176

The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

FTLN 0177

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

FTLN 0178

As well as I do know your outward favor.

FTLN 0179

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

FTLN 0180

I cannot tell what you and other men

100

FTLN 0181

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

FTLN 0182

I had as lief not be as live to be

FTLN 0183

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

FTLN 0184

I was born free as Caesar; so were you;

FTLN 0185

We both have fed as well, and we can both

105

FTLN 0186

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

FTLN 0187

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

FTLN 0188

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

FTLN 0189

Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

FTLN 0190

Leap in with me into this angry flood

110

FTLN 0191

And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,

FTLN 0192

Accoutered as I was, I plungèd in

FTLN 0193

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

FTLN 0194

The torrent roared, and we did buffet it

FTLN 0195	With lusty sinews, throwing it aside	115
FTLN 0196	And stemming it with hearts of controversy.	
FTLN 0197	But ere we could arrive the point proposed,	
FTLN 0198	Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"	
FTLN 0199	I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,	
FTLN 0200	Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder	120
FTLN 0201	The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber	
FTLN 0202	Did I the tired Caesar. And this man	
FTLN 0203	Is now become a god, and Cassius is	
FTLN 0204	A wretched creature and must bend his body	
FTLN 0205	If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.	125
FTLN 0206	He had a fever when he was in Spain,	
FTLN 0207	And when the fit was on him, I did mark	
FTLN 0208	How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake.	
FTLN 0209	His coward lips did from their color fly,	
FTLN 0210	And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world	130
FTLN 0211	Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan.	
FTLN 0212	Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans	
FTLN 0213	Mark him and write his speeches in their books,	
FTLN 0214	"Alas," it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius"	
FTLN 0215	As a sick girl. You gods, it doth amaze me	135
FTLN 0216	A man of such a feeble temper should	
FTLN 0217	So get the start of the majestic world	
FTLN 0218	And bear the palm alone.	
	<i>Shout. Flourish.</i>	
FTLN 0219	BRUTUS Another general shout!	
FTLN 0220	I do believe that these applauses are	140
FTLN 0221	For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0222	Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world	
FTLN 0223	Like a Colossus, and we petty men	
FTLN 0224	Walk under his huge legs and peep about	
FTLN 0225	To find ourselves dishonorable graves.	145
FTLN 0226	Men at some time are masters of their fates.	
FTLN 0227	The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,	
FTLN 0228	But in ourselves, that we are underlings.	

FTLN 0229	"Brutus" and "Caesar"—what should be in that	
FTLN 0230	"Caesar"?	150
FTLN 0231	Why should that name be sounded more than	
FTLN 0232	yours?	
FTLN 0233	Write them together, yours is as fair a name;	
FTLN 0234	Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;	
FTLN 0235	Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,	155
FTLN 0236	"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."	
FTLN 0237	Now, in the names of all the gods at once,	
FTLN 0238	Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed	
FTLN 0239	That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!	
FTLN 0240	Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!	160
FTLN 0241	When went there by an age, since the great flood,	
FTLN 0242	But it was famed with more than with one man?	
FTLN 0243	When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,	
FTLN 0244	That her wide walks encompassed but one man?	
FTLN 0245	Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough	165
FTLN 0246	When there is in it but one only man.	
FTLN 0247	O, you and I have heard our fathers say	
FTLN 0248	There was a Brutus once that would have brooked	
FTLN 0249	Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome	
FTLN 0250	As easily as a king.	170
BRUTUS		
FTLN 0251	That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.	
FTLN 0252	What you would work me to, I have some aim.	
FTLN 0253	How I have thought of this, and of these times,	
FTLN 0254	I shall recount hereafter. For this present,	
FTLN 0255	I would not, so with love I might entreat you,	175
FTLN 0256	Be any further moved. What you have said	
FTLN 0257	I will consider; what you have to say	
FTLN 0258	I will with patience hear, and find a time	
FTLN 0259	Both meet to hear and answer such high things.	
FTLN 0260	Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:	180
FTLN 0261	Brutus had rather be a villager	
FTLN 0262	Than to repute himself a son of Rome	

FTLN 0263	Under these hard conditions as this time	
FTLN 0264	Is like to lay upon us.	
FTLN 0265	CASSIUS I am glad that my weak words	185
FTLN 0266	Have struck but thus much show of fire from	
FTLN 0267	Brutus.	
<i>Enter Caesar and his train.</i>		
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0268	The games are done, and Caesar is returning.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0269	As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,	
FTLN 0270	And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you	190
FTLN 0271	What hath proceeded worthy note today.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0272	I will do so. But look you, Cassius,	
FTLN 0273	The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,	
FTLN 0274	And all the rest look like a chidden train.	
FTLN 0275	Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero	195
FTLN 0276	Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes	
FTLN 0277	As we have seen him in the Capitol,	
FTLN 0278	Being crossed in conference by some senators.	
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0279	Casca will tell us what the matter is.	
FTLN 0280	CAESAR Antonius.	200
FTLN 0281	ANTONY Caesar.	
	CAESAR	
FTLN 0282	Let me have men about me that are fat,	
FTLN 0283	Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.	
FTLN 0284	Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.	
FTLN 0285	He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.	205
	ANTONY	
FTLN 0286	Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous.	
FTLN 0287	He is a noble Roman, and well given.	
	CAESAR	
FTLN 0288	Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.	
FTLN 0289	Yet if my name were liable to fear,	

FTLN 0290	I do not know the man I should avoid	210
FTLN 0291	So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,	
FTLN 0292	He is a great observer, and he looks	
FTLN 0293	Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,	
FTLN 0294	As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;	
FTLN 0295	Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort	215
FTLN 0296	As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit	
FTLN 0297	That could be moved to smile at anything.	
FTLN 0298	Such men as he be never at heart's ease	
FTLN 0299	Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,	
FTLN 0300	And therefore are they very dangerous.	220
FTLN 0301	I rather tell thee what is to be feared	
FTLN 0302	Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.	
FTLN 0303	Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,	
FTLN 0304	And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.	
	<i>Sennet. Caesar and his train exit</i>	
	<i>['but Casca remains behind.']</i>	
FTLN 0305	CASCA You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak	225
FTLN 0306	with me?	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0307	Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath chanced today	
FTLN 0308	That Caesar looks so sad.	
FTLN 0309	CASCA Why, you were with him, were you not?	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 0310	I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.	230
FTLN 0311	CASCA Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being	
FTLN 0312	offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand,	
FTLN 0313	thus, and then the people fell a-shouting.	
FTLN 0314	BRUTUS What was the second noise for?	
FTLN 0315	CASCA Why, for that too.	235
	CASSIUS	
FTLN 0316	They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?	
FTLN 0317	CASCA Why, for that too.	
FTLN 0318	BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?	
FTLN 0319	CASCA Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every	
FTLN 0320	time gentler than other; and at every putting-by,	240
FTLN 0321	mine honest neighbors shouted.	

FTLN 0322	CASSIUS	Who offered him the crown?	
FTLN 0323	CASCA	Why, Antony.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0324		Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.	
FTLN 0325	CASCA	I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it.	245
FTLN 0326		It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark	
FTLN 0327		Antony offer him a crown (yet 'twas not a crown	
FTLN 0328		neither; 'twas one of these coronets), and, as I told	
FTLN 0329		you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my	
FTLN 0330		thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered	250
FTLN 0331		it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my	
FTLN 0332		thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.	
FTLN 0333		And then he offered it the third time. He put it the	
FTLN 0334		third time by, and still as he refused it the rabblement	
FTLN 0335		hooted and clapped their chopped hands and	255
FTLN 0336		threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a	
FTLN 0337		deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the	
FTLN 0338		crown that it had almost choked Caesar, for he	
FTLN 0339		swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part,	
FTLN 0340		I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and	260
FTLN 0341		receiving the bad air.	
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0342		But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?	
FTLN 0343	CASCA	He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at	
FTLN 0344		mouth and was speechless.	
	BRUTUS		
FTLN 0345		'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.	265
	CASSIUS		
FTLN 0346		No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I	
FTLN 0347		And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.	
FTLN 0348	CASCA	I know not what you mean by that, but I am	
FTLN 0349		sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not	
FTLN 0350		clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and	270
FTLN 0351		displeased them, as they use to do the players in the	
FTLN 0352		theater, 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, 275
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 280
had done or said anything amiss, he desired their
Worships 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 285
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. 290

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th'
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 295
news too: Marullus 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? 300

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. 305

CASCA Do so. Farewell both. *He exits.*

He exits.