

*THE TRAGEDY OF  
JULIUS CAESAR*

ACT 4

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PERIOD \_\_\_\_\_

# ACT 4

\_\_\_\_\_ Antony – loyal friend and supporter of Caesar; he will eventually become one of the triumvirs who will rule Rome.

\_\_\_\_\_ Octavius – one of Caesar's allies (he was like an adopted son to Caesar), he was travelling abroad when Caesar was killed; he is now allied with Antony. Octavius will eventually become one of the triumvirs who will rule Rome with two other men.

\_\_\_\_\_ Lepidus – a third man in Antony and Octavius' coalition.

\_\_\_\_\_ Brutus – one of the main conspirators but also a strong supporter of the Roman republic, currently allied with Cassius in a battle against Antony and Octavius

\_\_\_\_\_ Lucilius – an officer in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Pindarus – a soldier in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Cassius - one of the main conspirators, currently allied with Brutus in a battle against Antony and Octavius

\_\_\_\_\_ First Soldier

\_\_\_\_\_ Second Soldier

\_\_\_\_\_ Third Soldier

\_\_\_\_\_ Poet

\_\_\_\_\_ Messala – a soldier in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Lucius – Brutus' servant

\_\_\_\_\_ Titinius – an officer in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Varrus – a servant of Brutus

\_\_\_\_\_ Ghost – Caesar's ghost

\_\_\_\_\_ Claudio – a servant of Brutus

69

ACT 4

Act 4 Scene 1

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus plan their strategy.

- 1 *many*: this number.  
*prick'd*: ticked off (with a pin-prick on the list).

- 4 *Upon condition*: on condition that.

- 9 *cut . . . legacies*: take some of our expenses out of the legacies in Caesar's will.

- 11 *Or . . . or*: either . . . or.

- 12 *slight*: weak.  
*unmeritable*: unworthy.

- 13 *Meet*: suitable.  
*fit*: right.

- 14-15 *The . . . share it*: When the world is divided into three parts (Europe, Asia, Africa), he should have one of the shares.

- 16 *voice*: vote.  
*prick'd*: selected.

- 17 *In . . . proscription*: in our harsh sentences of death and exile.

SCENE 1

*Rome: Antony's house. Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus*

Antony

These many then shall die, their names are prick'd.

Octavius

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus

I do consent.

Octavius

Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus

Upon condition Publius shall not live,

- 5 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony

He shall not live—look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house,

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus

- 10 What, shall I find you here?

Octavius

Or here or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus]

Antony

This is a slight, unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,

The threefold world divided, he should stand

- 15 One of the three to share it?

Octavius

So you thought him

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die

In our black sentence and proscription.

- 18 I . . . *you*: I am older and more experienced than you.
- 20 To . . . *loads*: to take some of the blame from ourselves.  
*slanderous*: giving cause for slander.
- 21 *them*: i.e. 'these honours'.
- 24 *will*: wish.
- 25 *turn him off*: set him loose.
- 26 *empty*: unburdened.  
*shake his ears*: i.e. as an ass does when grazing.
- 27 *commons*: common land belonging to the community.
- 28 *tried*: experienced.
- 30 *appoint*: allow.  
*store of provender*: supply of food.
- 32 *wind*: turn.
- 33 *His . . . spirit*: the movement of his body being controlled by my mind.
- 34 *in some taste*: to some extent.  
*but so*: no more than that.
- 36 *barren-spirited*: with no ideas of his own.
- 37 *objects*: curiosities.  
*arts*: artefacts.
- 38 *use*: fashion.  
*stal'd*: worn out.
- 39 *Begin his fashion*: are the new style for him.
- 40 *But as a property*: except as an instrument, the means to an end.
- 42 *levying powers*: raising armies.  
*straight*: immediately.  
*make head*: advance against them.
- 43 *let . . . combin'd*: let our allied troops be united in one army.
- 44 *Our . . . stretch'd*: get support from our friends, and make the most of our resources.
- 45 *presently*: immediately.  
*sit in counsel*: decide in private.
- 46 *covert . . . disclos'd*: secret problems can be best uncovered.
- 47 *open . . . answered*: answered; obvious dangers safely avoided.
- 48-9 *at . . . enemies*: tied to a stake and surrounded by baying hounds (like bears in the 'sport' of bear baiting).
- 51 *mischiefs*: dangerous happenings.

## Antony

- Octavius, I have seen more days than you,  
And though we lay these honours on this man
- 20 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,
- 25 Then take we down his load and turn him off  
(Like to the empty ass) to shake his ears  
And graze in commons.

## Octavius

You may do your will,  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

## Antony

- So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
- 30 I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
- 35 He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth,  
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations,  
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
- 40 But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers; we must straight make head.  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd,
- 45 And let us presently go sit in counsel,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd  
And open perils surest answered.

## Octavius

- Let us do so, for we are at the stake  
And bay'd about with many enemies,
- 50 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt]

**Act 4 Scene 2**

Brutus and Cassius are beginning to quarrel.

Os.d. *Drum*: The usual accompaniment for troops on the march.

1 *Stand*: halt.

2 *word*: password.

4 *at hand*: near by.

5 *do you salutation*: give you greetings.

7 *In . . . change*: because of some change in himself.  
*by ill officers*: because of the bad conduct of his officers.

8 *worthy*: justifiable.

10 *be satisfied*: be given an explanation.

12 *full of regard*: entirely deserving of respect.

14 *resolv'd*: informed.

16 *familiar instances*: evidence of close friendship.

17 *free . . . conference*: frank and friendly talk.

18 *As . . . old*: that he has shown in the past.

19 *Ever*: always.

**SCENE 2**

*Camp near Sardis: outside Brutus's tent. Drum.*  
*Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and the army.*  
*Titinius and Pindarus meet them*

**Brutus**

Stand ho!

**Lucilius**

Give the word ho, and stand!

**Brutus**

What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?

**Lucilius**

He is at hand, and Pindarus is come

5 To do you salutation from his master.

**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

10 I shall be satisfied.

**Pindarus**

I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear

Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

**Brutus**

He is not doubted.

*Brutus and Lucilius draw apart*

A word, Lucilius,

How he receiv'd you; let me be resolv'd.

**Lucilius**

15 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.

**Brutus**

Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,

72 ACT 4 SCENE 2

- 21 *enforced*: enforced; constrained, unnatural.  
*ceremony*: formality.  
 22 *tricks*: deceits.  
*faith*: friendship.  
 23 *hollow*: insincere.  
*hot at hand*: eager so long as they are held back.  
 24 *mettle*: spirit.  
 24s.d. *Low march within*: soft drum-roll offstage.  
 26 *fall*: droop.  
*crests*: proud necks.  
*jades*: worthless horses.  
 27 *Sink in the trial*: fail when they are put to the test.  
 28 *Sardis*: The chief city of Lydia.  
 29 *horse in general*: main part of the cavalry.

- 31 *March gently*: advance in a dignified manner.

- 33 *Speak . . . along*: pass the order (to halt) along the line.

- 37 *done me wrong*: injured me.

- 38 *Wrong I*: do I injure.

- 40 *sober form*: dignified manner.

- 20 When love begins to sicken and decay  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.  
 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*

- 25 But when they should endure the bloody spur  
 They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades  
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucilius

They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd.  
 The greater part, the horse in general,

- 30 Are come with Cassius.

*Enter Cassius and his powers*

Brutus

Hark, he is arrived.

March gently on to meet him.

Cassius

Stand ho!

Brutus

Stand ho, speak the word along!

First Soldier

Stand!

Second Soldier

- 35 Stand!

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

- 40 Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,  
 And when you do them—

41 *content*: calm.

42 *griefs*: grievances.  
*softly*: quietly.

46 *enlarge your griefs*: tell me your  
grievances freely.

47 *give you audience*: listen to you.

48 *charges*: forces under their command.

50 *do you the like*: you do the same.

#### Act 4 Scene 3

The quarrel continues, although a poet tries to make peace, until Brutus tells Cassius that Portia is dead. The armies will march on to Philippi, but Brutus must first sleep. Caesar's ghost appears to him.

1 *wrong'd*: injured.

*doth appear*: is evident.

2 *condemn'd*: found guilty.  
*noted*: sentenced.

4 *praying* . . . *side*: pleading on his  
behalf.

5 *was slighted off*: were dismissed.

8 *nice*: trivial.

*bear* . . . *comment*: get its  
punishment.

10 *condemn'd* . . . *palm*: criticized for  
taking bribes.

11 *mart*: trade.  
*offices*: official positions.

12 *undeservers*: men who are not worthy.

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—

45 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away.

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

50 Lucius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius*]

#### SCENE 3

*Camp near Sardis: Brutus's tent*

Cassius

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians,

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

5 Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brutus

You wrong'd 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.

Brutus

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

10 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,

To sell and mart your offices for gold

To undeservers.

14 *else*: otherwise.

15-16 *The . . . head*: your name protects this racket, and consequently it doesn't get punished.

20-1 *What . . . justice*: was there a villain who stabbed Caesar for any other reason than the cause of justice.

23 *But . . . robbers*: only because he allowed thieves to go unpunished.

26 *trash*: worthless rubbish.  
*grasped*: graspèd.  
*thus*: Perhaps Brutus shows a clenched fist, grasping at money.

27 *bay*: howl at.

28 *bait*: taunt, provoke; Cassius develops a pun from 'bay'.

29-30 *you . . . in*: you forget who you are, when you try to bind me with your rules.

31 *older in practice*: more experienced in practical matters.

32 *conditions*: agreements, treaties.  
*Go to*: nonsense.

35 *Urge*: test, try.

36 *Have . . . health*: think what's good for you.

Cassius

I, an itching palm?

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

Brutus

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

Cassius

Chastisement?

Brutus

Remember March, the Ides of March remember:  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

20 What villain touch'd 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  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes

25 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, bait not me,

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself

30 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!

Cassius

I am.

Brutus

I say you are not.

Cassius

35 Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther!

Brutus

Away, slight man!

Cassius

Is't possible?



39 *give . . . room*: submit.  
*rash choler*: hasty and fiery temper;  
 see 120 note.

42 *Fret*: rage.

44 *budge*: flinch, wince.

45 *observe*: show respectful attention to.

47-8 *You . . . split you*: you can choke  
 down your poisonous anger until you  
 burst; the spleen was the seat of  
 sudden emotions and passions.

48 *forth*: onwards.

49 *mirth*: amusement.

52 *Let . . . so*: let me see it.

53 *mine own part*: myself.

58 *durst*: dare.  
*mov'd*: angered.

59 *tempted*: tested.

Brutus

Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

40 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius

O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?

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?

45 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

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,

50 When you are waspish.

Cassius

Is it come to this?

Brutus

You say you are a better soldier:

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

55 You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.

I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say 'better'?

Brutus

If you did, I care not.

Cassius

When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brutus

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

Cassius

60 I durst not?

Brutus

No.

Cassius

What? Durst not tempt him?

Brutus

For your life you durst not.

63 *presume*: take advantage.

67 *I am . . . honesty*: my integrity protects me so well.

69 *respect not*: pay no heed to.

71 *vile*: dishonourable.

72-3 *I . . . drachmaes*: I would rather sell myself and shed my lifeblood for cash: Brutus's imagery is striking—but the sense is not easily explained.

73-5 *to wring . . . indirection*: to squeeze their paltry savings out of the hard-working (and unwilling) peasants by some devious trick.

76 *legions*: detachments of troops.

80 *rascal counters*: wretched bits of metal.

Cassius

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

Brutus

65 You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
70 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,  
For I can raise no money by vile means.  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart  
And drop my blood for drachmaes than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
75 By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous  
80 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
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  
85 My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
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

90 A friendly eye could never see such faults.

85 *riv'd*: torn.

86 *bear*: accept.  
*infirmities*: weaknesses.

88 *practise*: use.

92 *Olympus*: the mountain home of the Greek gods.

94 *alone*: only.

96 *brav'd*: defied.

97 *Check'd*: rebuked.

98 *conn'd by rote*: learned by heart.

99 *To . . . teeth*: to repeat to my face.

99–100 *weep . . . eyes*: die of grief.

102 *Dearer*: more precious.

*Pluto's mine*: Cassius means *Plutus*, god of riches; but his name was often confused (as here) with that of *Pluto*, the god of the underworld.

108 *scope*: free expression.

109 *dishonour . . . humour*: I shall take your abuse as a mere whim.

110 *yoked*: yokèd; allied with, teamed up with.

111–13 *carries . . . again*: has anger inside him—just as a flint holds fire: striking either of them will give a brief spark that cools down immediately.

112 *enforced*: enforcèd.

115 *ill-temper'd*: badly mixed together; Cassius refers to the mixture of 'grief and blood'—but Brutus uses the expression in the modern sense (= bad-tempered).

117 *confess*: admit.

Brutus

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

Cassius

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

95 For Cassius is a-weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,  
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a notebook, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

100 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger  
And here my naked breast: within, a heart  
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:

105 Strike as thou didst at Caesar. For I know  
When thou didst hate him worst thou loved'st him  
better

Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.

Brutus

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

110 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

Cassius

Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus

115 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Brutus

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus

And my heart too.

Cassius

O Brutus!

Brutus

What's the matter?

Cassius

Have not you love enough to bear with me

- 119 *bear with me*: be patient with me.  
 120 *rash humour*: i.e. choler, one of the four 'humours' or temperaments (see 5, 5, 73); Brutus has already referred to Cassius's 'rash choler' (line 39), and to his being 'choleric' (line 43).  
 121 *forgetful*: forget myself.  
 123 *chides*: scolds.  
*leave you so*: leave it at that.

- 120 When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful?

Brutus

Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth

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

*Enter a Poet, Lucilius, and Titinius*

Poet

Let me go in to see the generals.

- 125 *grudge*: quarrel.  
*meet*: right.

- 125 There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
 They be alone.

Lucilius

You shall not come to them.

Poet

Nothing but death shall stay me.

- 128 *stay*: stop.

Cassius

How now, what's the matter?

Poet

- 130 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.

- 132 *ye*: you.

Cassius

Ha, ha, how vildly doth this cynic rhyme!

- 133 *vildly*: terribly.  
*cynic*: would-be philosopher.

Brutus

Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

- 134 *sirrah*: A form of address expressing contempt.

Cassius

- 135 *'tis his fashion*: it's just his way.

- 135 Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Brutus

I'll know his humour when he knows his time.

- 136 *I'll . . . time*: I will allow him his eccentricity ('humour') when he recognizes that there is a proper occasion for it.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

- 137 *jiggling fools*: idiot rhymesters; see 'Shakespeare's Plutarch', p.108.

Companion, hence!

Cassius

- 138 *Companion*: fellow.

Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet]

140 *lodge*: pitch camp for.

144 *sick . . . griefs*: weary because of many problems.

145 *Of . . . use*: you're not being true to your philosophical beliefs; Brutus explains something of the Stoic philosophy of patient endurance in 5. 1, 103–7.

146 *give place*: surrender.  
*accidental*: happening by chance.

147–56 *Portia . . . fire*: What appears to be Shakespeare's first draft of these lines remains below (181–95).

150 *scap'd I killing*: did I avoid being killed.  
*cross'd*: angered.

151 *O insupportable . . . loss*: What an unbearable loss of someone so very close ('touching') to you.

152 *Upon*: of.  
*Impatient of*: unable or unwilling to endure.

154 *with her death*: with the news of her death.

155 *fell distract*: went out of her mind.

156 *swallow'd fire*: Plutarch says that Portia 'took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth'.

Brutus

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

140 Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

Cassius

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius]

Brutus

[To Lucius *within*] Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Cassius

I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius

145 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?

Brutus

She is dead.

Cassius

150 How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Brutus

Impatient of my absence,

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong—for with her death

155 That tidings came. With this she fell distract

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius

And died so?

Brutus

Even so.

Cassius

O ye immortal gods!

157s.d. *tapers*: candles.

*Enter Boy Lucius with wine and tapers*

**Brutus**

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks*]

157 *unkindness*: bad (unnatural) feelings.

**Cassius**

160 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. [*Drinks*]  
[*Exit Lucius*]

161 *o'erswell*: overflow.

*Enter Titinius and Messala*

**Brutus**

Come in, Titinius; welcome, good Messala.  
Now sit we close about this taper here

165 *call . . . necessities*: ask ourselves  
what needs to be done.

165 And call in question our necessities.

**Cassius**

Portia, art thou gone?

**Brutus**

No more, I pray you.

167 *received*: received.

Messala, I have here received letters  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
170 Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

169 *Come . . . us*: are advancing upon us.

170 *Bending their expedition*: heading  
quickly.

**Messala**

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

**Brutus**

With what addition?

**Messala**

That by proscription and bills of outlawry  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

172 *what addition*: anything else.

173 *proscription*: The *proscriptio* was a list  
of Roman citizens who were declared  
outlaws and whose goods were  
confiscated.  
*bills*: orders.

175 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.

**Cassius**

Cicero one?

181-95 *Had you . . . so:* Perhaps Shakespeare thought he had made Brutus too stoical in this acceptance of Portia's death, and (forgetting to cancel his first version) added the lines that now appear as 147-9.  
183 *writ of:* written about.

185 *ought:* anything.

191 *once:* in any case.

193 *Even so:* just like this.

194 *I have . . . you:* I know as much as you do about the need for patient endurance.

196 *alive:* with our living energy.

197 *presently:* immediately.

200 *waste:* exhaust.  
*means:* supplies.

Messala

Cicero is dead,

180 And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus

No, Messala.

Messala

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus

Nothing, Messala.

Messala

That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus

185 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,

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus

190 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.

Cassius

I have as much of this in art as you,

195 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:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us,

200 So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

201 *Doing himself offence*: harming himself.  
*lying still*: staying in the same place.

203 *of force*: necessarily.

205 *forc'd*: enforced, compelled.

206 *grudg'd us contribution*: been unwilling to give us supplies.

207 *by them*: through their land.

208 *By them*: from them.  
*make . . . up*: increase the size of his army.

209 *Come on*: advance.  
*new-added*: reinforced.

214 *tried . . . friends*: we have asked our allies for all the help they can give.  
 215 *Our . . . brimful*: our armies are as large as they need to be.  
*our . . . ripe*: this is the right moment to fight for our cause.

217 *at the height*: i.e. of strength and fortune.

219 *flood*: high tide.

220 *Omitted*: if men fail to take the opportunity presented to them.

221 *bound in shallows*: stranded in shallow water.

223 *serves*: is best for us.

224 *ventures*: enterprises (goods risked in trade).  
*with*: at.

226 *The deep . . . talk*: it's got late into the night whilst we've been talking.  
 227-8 *nature . . . rest*: human nature must give way to its needs, and we will at least satisfy these with a little rest.  
 228 *niggard*: be sparing with.

Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying still,  
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus

Good reasons must of force give place to better:  
 The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
 205 Do stand but in a forc'd affection,  
 For they have grudg'd us contribution.  
 The enemy, marching along by them,  
 By them shall make a fuller number up,  
 Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd,  
 210 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  
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
 215 Our legions are brimful, 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  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 220 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  
 Or lose our ventures.

Cassius

Then with your will go on,

225 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.  
 There is no more to say?

Cassius

No more. Good night.

230 Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus

Lucius!



*Enter Lucius*

231 *gown: dressing-gown.*

My gown.

*[Exit Lucius]*

Farewell, good Messala.

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night and good repose.

Cassius

O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night.

235 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.

*[Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, Messala]*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius

240 Here in the tent.

Brutus

What, thou speak'st drowsily.

Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudio and some other of my men,

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius

Varrus and Claudio!

241 *knave: lad (Brutus is affectionate).  
o'erwatched: wearied through being  
kept awake too long.*

*Enter Varrus and Claudio*

Varrus

245 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.

Brutus

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

*Varrus and Claudio lie down*

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.

Brutus

255 Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile  
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.

Lucius

260 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,

265 I will not hold thee long. If I do live  
I will be good to thee.

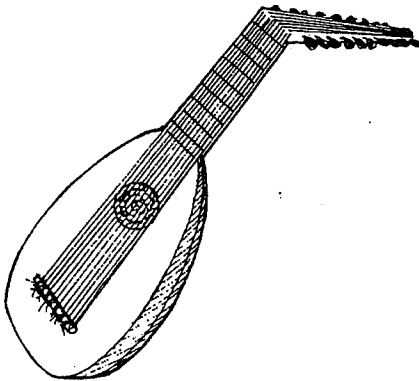
247 *raise*: rouse.

248 *On business*: to go on business.

249 *watch your pleasure*: stay awake until  
you need us.

251 *otherwise bethink me*: decide to do  
something else.

257 *touch . . . two*: play one or two tunes  
on your instrument (probably a lute).



258 *an't*: if it.

262 *bloods*: constitutions.  
*look for*: need.

265 *hold*: keep.

268-9 *Layest . . . music:* Brutus images sleep as an officer of the law who arrests Lucius by touching him on the shoulder with a heavy mace (the usual Elizabethan form of arrest).



278 *upon:* towards.  
*any thing:* a thing of substance, real.  
 280 *stare:* stand on end.

287 *taken heart:* recovered my courage.  
 288 *would hold:* would like to have.

291 *false:* out of tune.

*Music, and a song*

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,  
 Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
 That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night,  
 270 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.  
 Let me see, let me see, is not the leaf turn'd down  
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of Caesar*

275 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,  
 280 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.

*Brutus*

Well, then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost*

285 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!

290 Claudio!

*Lucius*

The strings, my lord, are false.

*Brutus*

He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Lucius

My lord?

Brutus

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

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!

300 [To Varrus] Fellow, thou, awake!

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

305 No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudio

Nor I, my lord.

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

306 *commend me*: present my compliments to.

307 *set on his powers*: order his troops to advance.

*betimes*: early.

*before*: i.e. before my soldiers.