

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- MASTER SCRIPT***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the SOOTHSAYER.*

**CAESAR**

The ides of March are come.

**SOOTHSAYER**

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

Hail, Caesar: read this schedule.

**DECIUS**

Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

**CAESAR**

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

**CAESAR**

What, is the fellow mad?

**PUBLIUS**

Sirrah, give place.

**CASSIUS**

What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

**POPILLIUS**

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

**CASSIUS**

What enterprise, Popilius?

**POPILLIUS**

Fare you well.

**BRUTUS**

What said Popilius Lena?

**CASSIUS**

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

**BRUTUS**

Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

**CASSIUS**

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, be constant:  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

**CASSIUS**

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS]*

**DECIUS**

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

**BRUTUS**

He is address'd: press near and second him.

**CINNA**

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

**CAESAR**

Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,--

**CAESAR**

I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies  
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
 Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
 To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
 Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished:  
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Is there no voice more worthy than my own  
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear  
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

**BRUTUS**

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;  
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

**CAESAR**

What, Brutus?

**CASSIUS**

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

**CAESAR**

I could be well moved, if I were as you:  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
 But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
 So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
 Yet in the number I do know but one  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,  
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this;  
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

**CINNA**

O Caesar,--

**CAESAR**

Hence; wilt thou lift up Olympus?

**DECIUS**

Great Caesar,--

**CAESAR**

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

**CASCA**

Speak, hands for me.

*They stab CAESAR.*

**CAESAR**

*Et Tu Brute?* ----- Then fall, Caesar.

*Dies*

**CINNA**

Liberty, freedom; Tyranny is dead.  
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

**CASSIUS**

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.'

**BRUTUS**

People and senators, be not affrighted;  
 Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

**CASCA**

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**DECIUS**

And Cassius too.

**BRUTUS**

Where's Publius?

**CINNA**

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's

Should chance--

**BRUTUS**

Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

**CASSIUS**

And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

**BRUTUS**

Do so: and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Enter TREBONIUS*

**CASSIUS**

Where is Antony?

**TREBONIUS**

Fled to his house amaz'd:  
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out and run  
As it were Doomsday.

**BRUTUS**

Fates, we will know your pleasures:  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

**CASSIUS**

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

**BRUTUS**

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty.'

**CASSIUS**

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown?

**BRUTUS**

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust?

**CASSIUS**

So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

## Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- CAESAR

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

The ides of March are come.

..... *great Caesar.*

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

..... *it instantly.*

What, is the fellow mad?

..... *rears your hand.*

Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

..... *An humble heart,--*

I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
Thy brother by decree is banished:  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

..... *freedom of repeal.*

What, Brutus?

..... *Publius Cimber.*

I could be well moved, if I were as you:  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

..... *O Caesar,--*

Hence; wilt thou lift up Olympus?

..... *Great Caesar,--*

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*They stab CAESAR.*

*Et Tu Brute?* ----- Then fall, Caesar.

*Dies*

## Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- BRUTUS

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*Fare you well.*

What said Popilius Lena?

.....*is discovered.*

Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

..... *will slay myself.*

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

..... *suit to Caesar.*

He is address'd: press near and second him.

.....*banish'd brother?*

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

.....*Speak, hands for me.*

*They stab CAESAR.*

.....*and enfranchisement.'*

People and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

.....*And Cassius too.*

Where's Publius?

.....*Caesar's should chance--*

Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

.....*age some mischief.*

Do so: and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

.....*it were Doomsday.*

Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

..... *of fearing death.*

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty.'

.....*accents yet unknown?*

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust?

## Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- CASSIUS

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*Sirrah, give place.*

What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

.....*to-day may thrive.*

What enterprise, Popilius?

.....*Popilius Lena?*

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

..... *Caesar; mark him.*

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

..... *doth not change.*

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

.....*What, Brutus?*

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

.....*Speak, hands for me.*

*They stab CAESAR.*

.....*about the streets.*

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.'

..... *them, Publius.*

And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

.....*we the doers.*

Where is Antony?

..... *men stand upon.*

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

..... *and liberty.'*

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown?

.....*than the dust?*

So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- CASCA***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

..... *bootless kneel?*

Speak, hands for me.

*They stab CAESAR.*

..... *debt is paid.*

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- DECIUS***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

..... *this schedule.*

Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

.....*out of the way.*

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

.....*up Olympus?*

Great Caesar,--

.....*Speak, hands for me.*

*They stab CAESAR.*

.....*pulpit, Brutus.*

And Cassius too.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- METELLUS CIMBER***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

..... *must redress?*

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,--

..... *be satisfied.*

Is there no voice more worthy than my own  
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

.....*Speak, hands for me.*

*They stab CAESAR.*

..... *this mutiny.*

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's  
Should chance--

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- TREBONIUS***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*we the doers.*

*Enter TREBONIUS*

.....*is Antony?*

Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out and run

As it were Doomsday.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- CINNA***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

..... *and second him.*

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

.....*to keep him so.*

O Caesar,--

.....*Speak, hands for me.*

*They stab CAESAR.*

.....*Then fall,  
Caesar.*

Liberty, freedom; Tyranny is dead.

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

.....*Where's Publius?*

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- ARTEMIDORUS***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*but not gone.*

Hail, Caesar: read this schedule.

..... *his humble suit.*

O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

..... *shall be last served.*

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- POPILLIUS***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*the Capitol.*

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

..... *Popilius?*

Fare you well.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- PUBLIUS***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*the fellow mad?*

Sirrah, give place.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- SOOTHSAYER***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*of March are come.*

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- ANTONY***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....*out of the way.*

*[Exeunt with Trebonius]*

I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
First, Marcus Brutus. will I shake with you;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus yours; now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna; and my valiant Casca, yours;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good  
Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all. Alas, what shall I say?

## ***Julius Caesar, 3.1 -- LEPIDUS***

*Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,  
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
ARTEMIDORUS, POPILLIUS, [PUBLIUS], and the  
SOOTHSAYER.*

.....we the doers.

*Exit.*