

Act 2, Scene 2 Rome. Caesar's house

(Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR in his nightgown.)

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to night.
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, 'Help, ho! They murder Caesar!'
Who's within?

(Enter SERVANT.)

SERVANT

My lord?

CAESAR

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice and bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT

I will my lord.

(Exit SERVANT.)

(Enter CALPURNIA.)

CALPURNIA

What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
There is one within, recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped* in the streets; and graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, in ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noises of battle hurtled in the air,
horses did neigh and dying men did groan, and ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! These things are beyond all use,* and I do fear them.

CAESAR

What can be avoided whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA

When beggars die, there are no comets seen; the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.

(Re enter SERVANT.)

What say the augurers?

whelped - given birth, ***use*** - normal experience

SERVANT

They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, they could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR

The gods do this in shame of cowardice.
Caesar should be a beast without a heart, if he should stay at home today for fear.
Danger knows full well that Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered* in one day, and I the elder and more terrible, and Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

Alas my lord, your wisdom is consumed in confidence. Do not go forth today.
Call it my fear that keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house, and he shall say you are not well to day.
Let me upon my knee prevail in this. (*CALPURNIA kneels.*)

CAESAR

Mark Antony shall say I am not well, and for thy humor I will stay at home.

(*Enter DECIUS BRUTUS.*)

Here's Decius Brutus; he shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Caesar, all hail! Good morrow worthy Caesar; I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time* to bear my greeting to the senators
and tell them that I will not come today.
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser: I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far to be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will. I will not come. That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction, because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays* me at home.

littered - born as twins, *happy time* - opportune moment, *stays* - keeps

She dreamt tonight she saw my statue, which like a fountain with an hundred spouts, did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

DECIUS BRUTUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, in which so many smiling Romans bathed, signifies that from you great Rome shall suck reviving blood.

And know it now: the senate have concluded to give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come, their minds may change.

Besides, it were a mock apt to be rendered,* for someone to say 'break up the senate till another time, when Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia! I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

(Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS and CINNA)

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS

Good morrow Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome Publius. Brutus, are you stirred so early too? What is it o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

(Enter ANTONY.)

See! Antony, that revels late at nights, is up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within. I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Trebonius! I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me today. Be near me that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS*

Caesar, I will: *(Aside.)* and so near will I be, that your best friends shall wish I had been further.

mock apt to be rendered - sarcastic remark likely to be made,

TREBONIUS - Trebonius doesn't actually stab Caesar in Act 3, scene 1, but lures Marc Antony aside

CAESAR

Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me, and we (like friends) will straightway go together.

(Exeunt.)

Act 3, Scene 3 Rome. A street

(Enter CINNA THE POET.)

CINNA THE POET

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar, and things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth* of doors, yet something leads me forth.

(Enter CITIZENS.)

FIRST CITIZEN

What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN

Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN

Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN

Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN

Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN

Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN

Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA THE POET

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor?
Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN

That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry.
Proceed directly.

CINNA THE POET

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN

As a friend or an enemy?

forth - out

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN

For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA THE POET

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN

Your name sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN

Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

FOURTH CITIZEN

Tear him for his bad verses! Tear him for his bad verses!

CINNA THE POET

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN

It is no matter, his name's Cinna! Pluck his name out of his heart!

THIRD CITIZEN

Tear him, tear him! *(They kill him.)*

Come, brands ho! Fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'! Burn all!

Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! Away, go!

(Exeunt all with the body of CINNA.)