

JULIUS CAESAR 1

Act I, Scene I

Flavius

Hence! Home, you idle creatures get you home:
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labyrinth day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Carpenter

Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
[To Cobbler] You, sir, what trade are you?

Cobbler

Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but,
As you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cobbler

A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
Conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

JULIUS CAESAR 2

Act I, Scene II

Cassius

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
'Brutus' and 'Caesar'—what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name.
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy. Conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
Th'eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

JULIUS CAESAR 3

Act II, Scene I

Brutus

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

Portia

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

JULIUS CAESAR 4

Act II, Scene III

Artemidorus

'Caesar, beware of Brutus. Take heed of Cassius. Come
Not near Casca. Have an eye to Cinna. Trust not Trebonius.
Mark well Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus loves thee not.
Thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one
Mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar.
If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives
Way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,

Artemidorus.'

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Source

Paradigm Education, LLC. (n.d.). My Julius Caesar. <https://myshakespeare.com/julius-caesar/>