Side 9

Brutus talks Caesar into going to the Senate, knowing that he is luring an old friend into a trap.

CAESAR \ BRUTUS

**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 to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd 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, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
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:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

**BRUTUS**

*(Pauses a moment, making his final choice, and chooses a deception that makes him visibly uncomfortable.)*

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
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 that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

**CAESAR**

And this way have you well expounded it.

**BRUTUS**

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
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 render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love
To our proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

**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.