

William Shakespeare

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar

Dramatis Personae

Julius Caesar

Octavius Caesar, Marcus Antonius, M. Aemilius Lepidus, triumvirs after the death of Julius Caesar

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, senators

Marcus Brutus, Caius Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, conspirators against Julius Caesar

Flavius and Marullus, tribunes

Artemidorus, a sophist of Cnidos

A Soothsayer

Cinna, a poet

Another Poet

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius, friends to Brutus and Cassius

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius, servants to Brutus

Pindarus, servant to Cassius

Calpurnia, wife to Caesar

Portia, wife to Brutus

Commoners, or Plebeians, of Rome; **Senators, Guards, Attendants**, etc.

Scene: Rome, Asia Minor, the plains near Philippi, in Macedonia

Act I

Scene I

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain commoners over the stage.

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 labouring 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?
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.

Flavius

What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what
trade?

Cobbler

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:
yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus

What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow?

Cobbler

Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cobbler

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's
matters;
but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes:

when they are in great danger, I recover them. As
proper
men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon
my handiwork.

Flavius

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cobbler

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself
into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to
see
Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius

Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners

See where their basest mettle be not moved:
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Marullus

May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius

It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men,

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt.

Scene II

Enter Caesar; Antony, stripped for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius Casca, a Soothsayer, and a great crowd; after them Marullus and Flavius.

Caesar

Calphurnia.

Casca

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Caesar

Calphurnia.

Calphurnia

Here, my lord.

Caesar

Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. Antonius.

Antony

Caesar, my lord?

Caesar

Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony

I shall remember:
When Caesar says, 'Do this,' it is performed.

Caesar

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Soothsayer

Caesar!

Caesar

Ha! Who calls?

Casca

Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

Caesar

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue shriller than all the music

Cry 'Caesar!' Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.

Soothsayer

Beware the ides of March.

Caesar

What man is that?

Brutus

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caesar

Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caesar

What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer

Beware the ides of March.

Caesar

He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass.

Sennet. Exeunt.

Brutus and Cassius remain.

Cassius

Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus

Not I.

Cassius

I pray you, do.

Brutus

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cassius

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus

Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cassius

'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cassius

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout.

Brutus

What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cassius

Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
'Alas!' it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Brutus

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

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 dishonourable 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.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Brutus

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not — so with love I might entreat you —
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius

I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much
show
Of fire from Brutus.

Enter Caesar and his train.

Brutus

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

Cassius

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

Brutus

I will do so. But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cassius

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caesar

Antonius!

Antony

Caesar?

Caesar

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caesar

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and his train.

Casca

You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with
me?

Brutus

Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanced today
That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca

Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca

Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus;
and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus

What was the second noise for?

Casca

Why, for that too.

Cassius

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca

Why, for that too.

Brutus

Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius

Who offered him the crown?

Casca

Why, Antony.

Brutus

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered

such
a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the
crown, that it had, almost, choked Caesar; for he
swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I
durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and
receiving
the bad air.

Cassius

But, soft, I pray you; what, did Caesar swoon?

Casca

He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at
mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus

'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cassius

No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca

I know not what you mean by that, but, I am sure
Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap
him
and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased
them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am

no true man.

Brutus

What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat

to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, If I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go

to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came

to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried,

'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts;

but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus

And after that, he came thus sad, away?

Casca

Ay.

Cassius

Did Cicero say anything?

Casca

Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius

To what effect?

Casca

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him smiled at one
another,
and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it
was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too:
Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's
images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was
more
foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius

Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

Casca

No, I am promised forth.

Cassius

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Casca

Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius

Good; I will expect you.

Casca

Do so. Farewell, both.

Exit.

Brutus

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius

So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus

And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius

I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit.

Scene III

Thunder and lightning Enter Casca and Cicero, meeting.

Cicero

Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca

Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero

Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca

A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides — I ha'not since put up my sword —
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons, they are natural';
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

Casca

He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

Cicero

Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca

Farewell, Cicero.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassius

Who's there?

Casca

A Roman.

Cassius

Casca, by your voice.

Casca

Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cassius

A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca

'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius

Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cassius

I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Casca

So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca

You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius

There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's Porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius

'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius

No, it is Casca, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

Cinna

I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius

Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

Cinna

Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

Cassius

Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna

All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius

That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

Exit Cinna.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius

Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

Act II

Scene I

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

Brutus

What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Lucius

Called you, my lord?