

JCaesar/ActIII 1

ACT III, SCENE I.

[Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting. A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, MARCUS ANTONIUS, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER.

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS.

Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
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.

JULIUS CAESAR.

What touches us ourself, shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS.

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

JULIUS CAESAR.

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS.

Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS.

What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

[CAESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the SENATORS rise.]

POPILIUS LENA.

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS.

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS LENA.

Fare you well.[Advances to CAESAR.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS.

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

MARCUS 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.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;

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 MARCUS

ANTONIUS and TREBONIUS. CAESAR and the SENATORS take their seats.]

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

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

CINNA.

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

JULIUS 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,-[Kneeling.]

JULIUS 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 curt'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

JCaesar/ActIII

3

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?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

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

JULIUS CAESAR.

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS.

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

JULIUS 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,  
Unshaked 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,-

JULIUS CAESAR.

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Great Caesar,-

JULIUS CAESAR.

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA.

Speak, hands, for me! [They stab CAESAR.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

JCaesar/ActIII

4

`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!"

MARCUS BRUTUS.

People, and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:- ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA.

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

And Cassius too.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Where's Publius?

CINNA.

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS CIMBER.

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's

Should chance-

MARCUS 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.

MARCUS 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 amazed:

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

As it were doomsday.

MARCUS 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.

MARCUS 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!

MARCUS 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.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS.

Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Soft! who come here!

[Enter a SERVANT.]

A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT.

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:-

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolved

JCaesar/ActIII

6

How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.  
MARCUS BRUTUS.

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

SERVANT.

I'll fetch him presently.[Exit.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS.

I wish we may: but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

But here comes Antony.

[Enter MARCUS ANTONIUS.]

Welcome, Mark Antony.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.-  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Caesar's death's hour: nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death  
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

O Antony, beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not,- they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome-  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity-  
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,  
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.  
CASSIUS.

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Only be patient till we have appeased  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

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?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.-

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!- Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.-  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.-  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS.

Mark Antony,-

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS.

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, a word with you.

[aside to BRUTUS]You know not what you do: do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be moved  
By that which he will utter?



MARCUS BRUTUS [aside to CASSIUS].

By your pardon;-

I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented Caesar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS [aside to MARCUS BRUTUS].

I know not what may fall; I like it not.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;  
And say you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.[Exeunt all but  
MARCUS ANTONIUS.]

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,-  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,-  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:

JCaesar/ActIII

10

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT.]

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT.

I do, Mark Antony.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT.

He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth-  
O Caesar!-[Seeing the body.]

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT.

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.[Exeunt with CAESAR'S body.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

[Rome. The Forum. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.]  
CITIZENS.

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Caesar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN.

I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.[Exit CASSIUS,  
with some of the CITIZENS.]

[BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.]

THIRD CITIZEN.

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be  
silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and  
have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure  
me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the  
better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear  
friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to  
Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand  
why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer,- Not that  
I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you  
rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that  
Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me,  
I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he  
was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew  
him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune;  
honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is  
here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him  
have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a  
Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here  
so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for  
him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

CITIZENS

None, Brutus, none.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar  
than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is  
enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein

JCaesar/ActIII

12

he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he  
suffer'd death. Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony:

[Enter MARCUS ANTONIUS with CAESAR'S body.]

who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the  
benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which  
of you shall not? With this I depart,- that, as I slew my  
best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for  
myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

CITIZENS.

Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

My countrymen,-

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace, ho!

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.[Exit.]

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.- Noble Antony, go up.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.[Goes up.]

FOURTH CITIZEN.

JCaesar/ActIII 13

What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN.

He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN.

This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

You gentle Romans,-

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,-

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,-

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once,- not without cause:  
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?  
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!- Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN.

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN.

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,-

I found it in his closet,- 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,-

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,-  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS.

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Read the will: we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will,- Caesar's will.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

They were traitors: honourable men!

CITIZENS.

The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN.

They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS.

Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Descend.

THIRD CITIZEN.

JCaesar/ActIII

16

You shall have leave.[MARCUS ANTONIUS comes down.]

FOURTH CITIZEN.

A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Room for Antony,- most noble Antony.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

CITIZENS.

Stand back; room; bear back.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:-

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN.

O piteous spectacle!



SECOND CITIZEN.

O noble Caesar!

THIRD CITIZEN.

O woeful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN.

O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN.

We will be revenged.

CITIZENS.

Revenge,- about,- seek,- burn,- fire,- kill,-  
slay,- let not a traitor live!

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN.

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;-  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it;- they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZENS.

We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho! hear Antony,- most noble Antony.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not,- I must tell you, then:-

You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS.

Most true; the will:- let's stay and hear the will.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal:-

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Most noble Caesar!- we'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN.

O royal Caesar!

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS.

Peace, ho!

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever,- common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Never, never.- Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.[Exeunt CITIZENS  
with the body.]

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Now let it work:- mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

[Enter SERVANT.]

How now, fellow!

SERVANT.

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Where is he?

SERVANT.

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

SERVANT.

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Belike they had some notice of the people

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE III.

[Rome. A street. Enter CINNA the poet, and after him the CITIZENS.]

CINNA.

I dreamt to-night 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.

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.

JCaesar/ActIII 20

FIRST CITIZEN.

Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA.

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:- you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA.

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN.

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA.

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN.

That matter is answer'd directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

For your dwelling,-briefly.

CINNA.

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA.

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

CINNA.

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.

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to

JCaesar/ActIII

21

Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and  
some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go![Exeunt.]