

15 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
O Caesar!

ANTONY  
Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.

ANTONY  
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

ANTONY  
He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

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

315 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.

He hence and tell him so.—Yet stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse  
into the marketplace. 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.

320 Lend me your hand.  
*They exit [with Caesar's body.]*

[Scene 2]

*Enter Brutus and Cassius with the Plebeians.*

PLEBEIANS  
We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

RUTUS

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;

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Julius Caesar

ACT 3. SC. 2

And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons

When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Cassius exits with some of the Plebeians.]*

*Brutus goes into the pulpit.]*

THIRD PLEBEIAN

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence.

RUTUS 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 honor, and have respect to mine honor,  
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  
freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him. As he  
was fortunate, I rejoice at it. As he was valiant, I

honor him. But, as he was ambitious, I slew him.  
There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor  
for his valor, 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.

PLEBEIANS None, Brutus, none.  
BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no

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Julius Caesar

ACT 3. SC. 2

more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The  
question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his  
glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor  
his offenses enforced for which he suffered death.

*Enter Mark Antony [and others] with Caesar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony,  
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.

PLEBEIANS Live, Brutus, live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him be Caesar.

FORTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts

shall be crowned in Brutus.

FIFTH PLEBEIAN

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

RUTUS

My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace, ho!

RUTUS

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 allowed to make.

Do not entreat you, not a man depart,

117

Julius Caesar

ACT 3. SC. 2

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SECOND PLEBEIAN

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When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Cassius exits with some of the Plebeians.]*

*Brutus goes into the pulpit.]*

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offended. I pause for a reply.

PLEBEIANS None, Brutus, none.  
BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

*He descends and exits.*

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him go up into the public chair.

PLEBEIANS!

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*He goes into the pulpit.*

FOURTH PLEBEIAN What does he say of Brutus?

FIFTH PLEBEIAN He says for Brutus' sake

he finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIFTH PLEBEIAN

This Caesar was a tyrant.

SIXTH PLEBEIAN Nay that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SEVENTH PLEBEIAN

Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans—

PLEBEIANS

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

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.

It were so, it was a grievous fault,

and grievously hath Caesar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest

For Brutus is an honorable man;

90

So are they all, all honorable 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 honorable 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 honorable 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 honorable 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 judgment, 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 come back to me. *[He weeps.]*

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Metinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Marked you his words? He would not take the

crown;

120

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

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

SECOND PLEBEIAN

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

THIRD PLEBEIAN

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

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Now mark him. He begins again to speak.

ANTONY

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 honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable 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 PLEBEIAN

We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

PLEBEIANS

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

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends. I must not read it.

150

125

130

135

140

145

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?

OURTH PLEBEIAN  
Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony.  
PLEBEIANS<sup>1</sup>

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

160

ANTONY  
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

OURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors. Honorable men? 165

LEBEIANS The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The  
will! Read the will.

ANTONY

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?

LEBEIANS Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave.

175

OURTH PLEBEIAN A ring; stand round.  
*Antony descends.*<sup>1</sup>

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY

Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.

PLEBEIANS Stand back! Room! Bear back!

ANTONY

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 stabbed,

And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,

As rushing out of doors to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked 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 vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue

(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 but behold

*Antony lifts Caesar's cloak.*

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

FIRST PLEBEIAN O pitious spectacle!

SECOND PLEBEIAN O noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN O woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN O traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN O most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN We will be revenged.

PLEBEIANS<sup>1</sup> Revengel! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

215

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll hear him, we'll follow him,

we'll die with him.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it. They are wise and honorable

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.

LEBEIANS

We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus.

245

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Away then. Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

PLEBEIANS

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

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.

PLEBEIANS

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY

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

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN O royal Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience.

PLEBEIANS Peace, ho!

ANTONY

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber. He hath left them you,

And to your heirs forever—common pleasures

To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

FIRST PLEBEIAN

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 PLEBEIAN Go fetch fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Pluck down benches.

270

265

260

255

250

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Pluck down forms, windows, any-  
thing.

*Plebeians exit [with Caesar's body.]*

ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;

Take thou what course thou wilt.

275

*Enter Servant.*

How now, fellow?

SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY Where is he?

SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry

And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT

I heard him say Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

Belike they had some notice of the people

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

*They exit.*

285

280

[Scene 3]

*Enter Cinna the poet and after him the Plebeians.*

CINNA

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy.

I have no will to wander forth of doors,

For something leads me forth.

ANTONY What is your name?

5