

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a
thing

40 The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow
faint :—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to
thee. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol ; the
Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol ;
among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer.
Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CIN-
NA, ANTONY LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and
others.*

Cæsar.



HE ideo of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this
schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's
a suit [Cæsar.

That touches Cæsar nearer : read it, great
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the
street ?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the
Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterpris- o-day may
thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius !

Pop. Fare you well.
[Advances to CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

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

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark
him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear pre-
vention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not
change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look
you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS.* CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him
go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

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

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears
your hand. [amiss]

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most
puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

Cæs. 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 Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet
words, [ing.]

Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel-fawn-

Thy brother by decree is banished; [him,

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for

I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without
cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than
my own

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as
you; [me:]

If I could pray to move, prayers would move
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 all are 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 apprehen-
sive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one,

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd 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.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.* *The Senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,—

80 *Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;

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

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

90 *Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the
people, [chief.

Rushing on us, should do your age some mis-

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this
deed

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed: [run,
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—

That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar'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, 110
Let's all cry, *Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!*

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many
ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed
in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

120 Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome.

Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.

Serv. 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;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and loved
130 him.

*If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar 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 An-
tony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and vallant
Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd. 140

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well
to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a
mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so
low? [spoils,]
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, 150
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 Cæsar'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,

160 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 Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. 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:

170 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 Cæsar. For your
part, [Antony:
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Our arms in strength of amity, and our
hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and re-
verence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

180 *Bru.* 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 Cæsar when I struck
him,

Have thus proceeded.

Ant. 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;—

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca,
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,

190 Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, 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? 200
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; [stand,
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
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.—

210 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

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

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar
so;

But what compæct 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?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but
was, indeed, Cæsar.

220 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me rea-
sons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

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

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market place;

230 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to BRUTUS.*] You know not what you
do; do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral: [moved
Know you how much the people may be
By that which he will utter?

Bru.

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

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

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
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.

Ant.

Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece
of earth, [ers]
That I am meek and gentle with these butch-
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever liv'd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

241

250

260

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips [tongue,—

To beg the voice and utterance of my
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, [hold
That mothers shall but smile when they be-
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

270 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë 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 a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to
Rome.

280 *Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is
coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
[*Seeing the body.*] O Cæsar!

Ant. 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?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues
of Rome.

Ant. 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; 290
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 CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Br. Then follow me, and give me audi-
ence, friends.—

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

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay
here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.*

I will hear Brutus speak.

- 2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare
their reasons,
10 When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS with some of the Citizens.
BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.]

- 3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended:
silence!

- Bru.* 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 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 Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that
friend demand why Brutus rose against
20 Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved
Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live
all free men? As Cæsar 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?
30 If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who
is here so vile that will not love his coun-

try? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have
done no more to Cæsar 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 offences en-
forced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark An-
tony: who, though he had no hand in his
death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,
40 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!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto
his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

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

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho! [alone,

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his
 speech [tony,
 Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark An-
 By our permission, is allow'd to make.
 I do entreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

60

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark An-
 tony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
 We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to
 you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

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

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of
 Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
 We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can
 say.

70

Ant. You gentle Romans—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend
 me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, 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 Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honorable man;
 So are they all, all honorable men;) 80
 Come I to speak in Cæsar'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 Cæsar seem ambitious? [wept:
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: 90
 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 am-
 bition?

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; 100
 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 Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in
 his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would
not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

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

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

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to
speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar
might [there,

Have stood against the world: now lies he
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
120 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
Cæsar,

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 Cæsar's
130 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.

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

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear
Cæsar's will.

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

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar
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!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. 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 [fear it.
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: *honorable men!*
Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the
will! read the will!

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

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

160 2 *Cit.* Descend. [He comes down.]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

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

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

170 '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-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;

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

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As flushing out of doors to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

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

180 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For, when the noble Cæsar 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, [fell.

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

190 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 [here,

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

200

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about!—seek!—
burn!—fire!—kill!—slay!—let not a traitor
live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

210 They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know
not, [orable;
That made them do it ; they are wise and hon-
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,

220 speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths, [tus,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Bru-
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

230 I *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then : come, seek the conspirators !

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

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

Wherein hath Cæsar 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.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives, 246

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge
his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted or-
chards

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. 25c

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* 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.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work ! Mischief, thou art
afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—

Enter a Servant.

260 How now, fellow?
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of
Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the
people, [vius.

270 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octa-
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. 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.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

I *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

I *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna, the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna, the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;

pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

³ *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's: some to Ligarius': away; go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Antony.

THESE many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And, though we lay these honors on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And, having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that

I do appoint him store of provender. It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on; His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth:

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On abject orts and imitations,