

Act Three

Scene 1 The Capitol in Rome.

Outside the Capitol, Caesar refuses to look at Artemidorus' letter of warning. Caesar next moves into the Capitol. There, the conspirators surround him, pretending to plead a case. Suddenly, they stab him to death. Mark Antony flees, but Brutus persuades the conspirators to let him live. Brutus himself promises to explain the killing and its reasons to the Roman people. Antony returns and pretends to be an ally of the conspirators. Secretly, however, he plans to strike back with help from Octavius Caesar, who is now on his way to Rome.

[The Senate sits on a higher level, waiting for Caesar to appear. Artemidorus and the Soothsayer are among the crowd. A flourish of trumpets. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and others. Caesar stops in front of the Soothsayer.]

Caesar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

[Artemidorus steps up to Caesar with his warning.]

Artemidorus. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

[Decius steps up quickly with another paper.]

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread

5 (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!

Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

[Caesar pushes the paper aside and turns away.]

Artemidorus. Delay not, Caesar! Read it instantly!

10 **Caesar.** What, is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place.

[Publius and the conspirators force Artemidorus away from Caesar.]

Cassius. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[Caesar goes into the Senate House, the rest following. Popilius speaks to Cassius in a low voice.]

Popilius. I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well.

[Advances to Caesar.]

3 schedule: document.

4–5 o'erread: read over. *Why does Decius interrupt Artemidorus' request by presenting Caesar with a petition from someone else?*

7 touches Caesar nearer: more closely concerns Caesar.

10 Sirrah: a form of address used toward a servant or inferior, often to express anger or disrespect; **give place:** get out of the way.

13 I wish . . . thrive: I hope your venture is successful.

Antony mourns Julius Caesar in the Globe Theatre's 1999 production

15 **Brutus.** What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

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

Brutus. Cassius, be constant.
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change. **A**

25 **Cassius.** Trebonius knows his time, for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Brutus. He is addressed. Press near and second him.

30 **Cinna.** Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

[*Caesar seats himself in his high Senate chair.*]

Caesar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

35 An humble heart.

[*Kneeling.*]

Caesar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men
And turn preordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond

40 To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools—I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished.

45 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
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
50 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?

19 prevention: being prevented from carrying out our task.

22 constant: calm.

A TRAGIC HERO

How does Brutus' behavior in this dangerous moment compare with that of Cassius?

28 presently prefer: immediately present.

29 addressed: ready.

33 puissant: powerful.

36–46 Caesar declares that he will not be influenced by low bows and humble appeals, which might cause ordinary men to overlook established laws (**preordinance and first decree**). No amount of pleading will cause him to end the banishment of Metellus' brother.

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

55 **Caesar.** What, Brutus?

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

Caesar. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

60 But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

65 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world: 'tis furnished well with men.
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do not know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,

70 Unshaked of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banished
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Caesar!

Caesar. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

75 **Decius.** Great Caesar!

Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak hands for me!

[*They stab Caesar. Casca, the others in turn, then Brutus.*]

Caesar. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall Caesar!

[*Dies.*]

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets!

80 **Cassius.** Some to the common pulpits and cry out
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Brutus. People and Senators, be not affrighted.
Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius And Cassius, too.

85 **Brutus.** Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

54 freedom of repeal: the right to return to Rome from exile.

57 enfranchisement: restoration of citizenship.

59 If I . . . move: if, like you, I could plead with others to change their minds.

60–70 Caesar compares himself to the North Star, which always appears at the same place in the sky. Like that star, which has no equal in the sky (**fellow in the firmament**), Caesar cannot be moved from his decisions. *Has Caesar been as firm in his decisions as he claims to be?*

74 Olympus: the mountain where the Greek gods were believed to live.

75 Doth not . . . kneel: Can't you see that even Brutus' kneeling is useless?

77 Et tu, Brute? (ēt tōō brōō-tā) *Latin:* Even you, Brutus?

80–83 Some . . . pulpits: Some of you go to the speakers' platforms. *What do Cassius and Brutus fear might occur following the assassination?*

86 confounded with this mutiny: stunned by this turmoil.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing! Publius, good cheer.

90 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.

Brutus. Do so, and let no man abide this deed

95 But we the doers.

[*Reenter Trebonius.*]

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amazed.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. 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.

Cassius. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged

105 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,

110 Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!" **B**

Cassius. Stoop then and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Brutus. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

115 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 called

The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth?

Cassius. Ay, every man away.

120 Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Brutus. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

92–93 Cassius wants Publius, an old man, to leave before he gets hurt by the crowd.

94 abide: suffer for.

B TRAGEDY

What message is Brutus trying to convey by having the conspirators go out in public smeared with Caesar's blood?

111–113 Cassius predicts that far into the future, the assassination will be reenacted in plays performed around the world. *Why might Shakespeare have added this speech?*

115 Pompey's basis: the base of Pompey's statue.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
125 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 honor him;
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.

130 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
135 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.
I never thought him worse.
140 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

[*Reenter Antony.*]

Brutus. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
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 Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument
155 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,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
160 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.

130–137 If Brutus . . . faith: If Brutus will guarantee Antony's safety so that he may come and receive a satisfactory explanation for Caesar's death, then Antony will faithfully support Brutus through the dangers of this crisis.

142 presently: immediately.

144–146 Unlike Brutus, Cassius doesn't trust Antony. He adds that his doubts (**misgiving**) in matters like this are usually accurate.

152 Who else . . . rank: who else is so diseased (**rank**) that they must be "cured" by bloodshed.

153–163 Antony says that if they have hard feelings toward him, he would be honored to be killed at this time and place by the same great men who killed Caesar. *Does Antony seem sincere? Why or why not?*

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us!
165 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;
170 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 in strength of malice, and our hearts
175 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind of love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased
180 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.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
185 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.
190 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!
195 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 bayed, brave hart;
205 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to his hart;

169 **pitiful:** full of pity.

171 **As fire . . . pity:** Just as one fire may extinguish another, our pity for Rome overcame our pity for Caesar.

172–176 Brutus assures Antony that as far as he is concerned, their swords are harmless, and their arms as well as their hearts are friendly toward him.

191 **credit:** reputation.

192 **conceit:** think of.

194–210 These lines are addressed to the corpse (**corse**) of Caesar.

204 **Here . . . hart:** This is the place where you were trapped (**bayed**) like a hunted deer (**hart**).

206 **Signed . . . lethe:** marked with the signs of your slaughter and reddened by your bloodshed.

And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee!
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
210 Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony—

Antony. 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;
215 But what compact mean you have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed
Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.
220 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.

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

Antony. 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,
230 Speak in the order of his funeral.

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
235 By that which he will utter?

Brutus. By your pardon,

[*Aside to Cassius.*]

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,
240 And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

215 **compact:** agreement.

216 **pricked:** listed; marked down.

218 **Therefore . . . hands:** That is why I shook hands with all of you (because I intend to be counted as an ally of yours).

223 **Or else . . . spectacle:** If we could not give you reasons for what we have done, it would be nothing but a display of savagery.

226–230 Antony asks permission to present Caesar's body in public and make a funeral speech.

238 **protest:** explain.

242 **It shall . . . wrong:** His speech will do us more good (**advantage more**) than harm.

Cassius.

[*Aside to Brutus.*]

I know not what may fall. I like it not. **C**

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

245 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
250 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so.

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony, who looks down at Caesar's body.*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

255 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
260 (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;
265 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
270 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* 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
275 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[*Enter Octavius' Servant.*]

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

C TRAGEDY

Cassius remains concerned about Brutus' decision to let Antony give a funeral speech. How might this decision lead to complications in the play's **plot**?

254–275 Now that Antony is alone with Caesar's corpse, he speaks truthfully. His speech shows what he really thinks of the men who have just left and what he intends to do about the murder.

257 in the tide of times: in all of history.

263–269 Domestic fury . . . deeds: Rome (**Italy**) will be torn by civil war. People will become so accustomed to horrible sights that mothers will simply smile when they see their children cut into pieces (**quartered**). Pity will disappear among so much cruelty.

271 *Até* (ā'tê): the Greek goddess of revenge.

273 "Havoc!": Kill without mercy.

275 With carrion . . . burial: like rotting corpses begging to be buried.

276 Antony is interrupted by a servant of Octavius, Caesar's grandnephew and adopted son.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming,
280 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!

Antony. 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,
285 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. 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,
295 According to the which thou shall discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Caesar's body.*]

Scene 2 *The forum in Rome.*

Brutus speaks before a group of "citizens," or common people of Rome. He explains why Caesar had to be slain for the good of Rome. Then Brutus leaves and Antony speaks to the citizens. A far better judge of human nature than Brutus, Antony cleverly manages to turn the crowd against the conspirators by telling them of Caesar's good works and his concern for the people, as proven by the slain ruler's will. He has left all his wealth to the people. As Antony stirs the citizens to pursue the assassins and kill them, he learns that Octavius has arrived in Rome and that Brutus and Cassius have fled.

[*Enter Brutus and Cassius and a throng of Citizens, disturbed by the death of Caesar.*]

Citizens. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Brutus. Then follow me and give me audience, friends.

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

5 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
10 when severally we hear them rendered.

286 He lies . . . Rome: Octavius will set up camp tonight about 21 miles (**seven leagues**) outside Rome.

287–297 Antony tells the servant to hurry back and tell Octavius what has happened. Then he tells the servant to wait. He wants the servant to listen to his funeral speech and report to Octavius how the crowd responds to it.

3–8 Brutus tells Cassius to divide the crowd (**part the numbers**) so they can explain their reasons for killing Caesar to separate groups.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

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 honor, and have
15 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 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:
20 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
25 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
30 for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none!

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 enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was
35 worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Enter 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
40 have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

45 **Third Citizen.** Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

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

Brutus. My countrymen—

Second Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

13 **lovers:** friends.

15 **Censure me:** Judge me.

16 **senses:** reason.

25–26 **Who is . . . bondman:** Which of you is so low that you would prefer to be a slave?

27 **rude:** uncivilized.

33–35 **The question . . . death:** The reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol. We have not belittled (**extenuated**) his accomplishments or overemphasized (**enforced**) the failings for which he was killed.

D GRAMMAR AND STYLE

Reread lines 36–38. Here, Shakespeare uses the **adjective clause** “who . . . shall receive the benefit of his dying” to convey Brutus' implication that Antony will gain from Caesar's death.

42–48 **What is the mood of the crowd as Brutus finishes his speech?**

45 **parts:** qualities.

First Citizen. Peace ho!

50 **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 allowed to make.

55 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.

60 **Antony.** For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*]

Fourth Citizen. 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!

65 **First Citizen.** This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain.
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans—

All. Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

70 **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

75 Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
If 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;

80 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.

85 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

52 grace his speech: Listen to him respectfully.

56 Save: except.

58 public chair: speaker's platform.

60 beholding: indebted.

70–134 In this famous speech, notice how Antony gradually turns the citizens away from their support of the conspirators.

72–74 Antony says that Caesar's good deeds should be buried (**interred**) with him; let him be remembered by his faults.

76 grievous: serious.

78 under leave of: with the permission of.

86 general coffers: the Roman government's treasury.

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
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 ambition?

95 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man. **E**
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 Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

105 **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. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;

110 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will deare 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.

115 **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,

120 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.

125 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
130 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

93 thrice: three times.

E RHETORICAL DEVICES

Reread lines 74–96 and pay attention to Antony's **repetition** of the words *ambitious* and *honorable*. What does he emphasize through the repetition of these words?

111 some will deare abide it: Some will pay dearly for it.

115 But: only.

117 And none . . . reverence: And no one is low enough to show respect for him.

127–134 Antony says that if the people heard Caesar's will, they would dip their handkerchiefs (**napkins**) in his blood or beg for one of his hairs, and then upon their own deaths their children (**issue**) would inherit these valuable mementos. *Why does Antony tell the crowd that he does not plan to read the will?*

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

135 **Fourth Citizen.** We'll hear the will! Read it, Mark Antony.

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

Antony. 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;

140 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!

145 You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

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.

150 **Fourth Citizen.** They were traitors. Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers! The will!
Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me then to read the will?

155 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? **F**

All. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend.

160 **Third Citizen.** You shall have leave.

[Antony *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!

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

165 **All.** 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,

170 That day he overcame the Nervii.

138 meet: proper.

147 I have . . . of it: I have gone too far in even mentioning it to you.

F RHETORICAL DEVICES

Reread lines 146–157. What does Antony's use of **rhetorical questions** suggest about his relationship with the crowd?

167 mantle: Caesar's toga.

170 the Nervii: a Belgian tribe that Caesar defeated 13 years earlier.

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 cursed steel away,
 175 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!
 180 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,
 185 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 flourished over us.
 190 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, marred, as you see, with traitors.
 [*Pulls the cloak off Caesar's body.*]
 195 **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!
 200 **Second Citizen.** We will be revenged.
 All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
 Let not a traitor live!
 Antony. Stay, countrymen.
 First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
 205 **Second Citizen.** 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,
 210 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.

172 **rent:** tear, hole.

175 **Mark:** notice.

176–177 **As rushing . . . or no:** as if it rushed out of that opening to find out if it really was Brutus who had made the wound.

183 **vanquished:** defeated.

191 **dint:** force.

192–194 **weep you . . . traitors:** Do you cry when you look only at his wounded clothing (*vesture*)? Here, look at his body!

I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man
215 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.
220 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
225 In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. **G**

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away then! Come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen. Yet hear me speak.

230 **All.** 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.

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

Antony. Here is the will, 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!

240 **Third Citizen.** O royal Caesar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

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

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

245 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!

250 We'll burn his body in the holy place

And with the brands the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire!

G RHETORICAL DEVICES

Identify examples of rhetorical devices in Antony's funeral speech, lines 70–226. What is **ironic** about his claim in lines 213–219?

238 several: individual; **drachmas:** silver coins, worth quite a bit to poor people such as those in the crowd.

243–247 Antony tells the crowd that Caesar has left all his private parks and gardens on this side of the Tiber River to be used by the public.

251 brands: pieces of burning wood.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches!

255 **Fourth Citizen.** Pluck down forms, windows, anything!

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

How now, fellow?

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

260 **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

265 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3 *A street in Rome.*

This scene involves a famous Roman poet named Cinna. (He is not the same Cinna who took part in the assassination.) The angry Roman citizens come upon the poet and believe he is Cinna the conspirator. Soon they realize he is the wrong man, yet they are so enraged that they slay him anyway. Then they rush through the city after the true killers of Caesar.

[*Enter Cinna, the poet, and after him the Citizens, armed with sticks, spears, and swords.*]

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,
Yet something leads me forth.

5 **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.

10 **First Citizen.** Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen. Ay, and wisely.

Third Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.

256–257 Now let . . . wilt: Alone, Antony gloats over what he has just accomplished. Let things take their course, he says. Whatever happens, happens.

261 thither . . . him: I will go right there to see him.

262–263 Antony says that Octavius has arrived just as he hoped. Antony believes that Fortune, the goddess of fate, is on his side.

265 Are rid: have ridden.

266 Belike: probably.

2 things . . . fantasy: Recent events have caused me to imagine awful things.

6 Whither: where.

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
15 directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen. That's as much 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?

20 **Cinna.** As a friend.

Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

25 **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!

30 **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!

[*They attack Cinna.*]

Come, brands, ho! To Brutus', to Cassius'! Burn all!

35 Some to Decius' house and some to Casca's; some to
Ligarius'! Away, go!

[*Exeunt all the Citizens.*]

16–17 That's . . . fear: This response shows that Cinna is in danger. The citizen threatens to beat him (**You'll bear me a bang**), even though Cinna's comment was not meant to be insulting.

31–32 Pluck . . . going: Let's just tear the name out of his heart and send him away.