

SCENE II. *The Forum*

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*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens*

**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.  
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 Cæsar's death.

**1 CITIZEN.** I will hear Brutus speak.

**2 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]*

**3 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 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 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 Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd  
Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves,  
than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-men? As Cæsar lov'd 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.

**ALL.** None, Brutus, none.

**BRUTUS.** Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus.  
The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was  
worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffer'd death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body*

Here comes his body, mourn'd 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.

**ALL.** Live, Brutus! live, live!

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

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

**3 CITIZEN.** Let him be Cæsar.

**4 CITIZEN.**

Cæsar's better parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

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

**BRUTUS.** My countrymen,—

**2 CITIZEN.**

Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

**1 CITIZEN.** Peace, ho!

**BRUTUS.** Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar'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]

**1 CITIZEN.** Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

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

**ANTONY.** For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

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

**3 CITIZEN.**

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

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

**1 CITIZEN.** This Cæsar was a tyrant.

**3 CITIZEN.**

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

**2 CITIZEN.** Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

**ANTONY.** You gentle Romans,—

**ALL.**

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

**ANTONY.** 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 honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men,—  
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 honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar 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 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 CITIZEN.** Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**4 CITIZEN.** Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

**ANTONY.** But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were dispos'd 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 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 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 CITIZEN.** We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

**ALL.** The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

**ANTONY.** Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd 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.  
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

**4 CITIZEN.** Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar'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 honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

**4 CITIZEN.** They were traitors: honourable men!

**ALL.** The will! the testament!

**2 CITIZEN.** 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 Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

**ALL.** Come down.

**2 CITIZEN.** Descend.

**3 CITIZEN.** You shall have leave.

[ANTONY *comes down from the pulpit*]

**4 CITIZEN.** A ring, stand round.

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

**2 CITIZEN.** Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

**ANTONY.** Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.

**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 Cæsar 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 Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd 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 statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar 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 Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

**1 CITIZEN.** O piteous spectacle!

**2 CITIZEN.** O noble Cæsar!

**3 CITIZEN.** O woful day!

**4 CITIZEN.** O traitors, villains!

**1 CITIZEN.** O most bloody sight!

**2 CITIZEN.** We will be reveng'd.

**ALL.** Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

**ANTONY.** Stay, countrymen.

**1 CITIZEN.** Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

**2 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 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 Cæsar'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 Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

**ALL.** We'll mutiny.

**1 CITIZEN.** We'll burn the house of Brutus.

**3 CITIZEN.** Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

**ANTONY.** Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

**ALL.** Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony!

**ANTONY.** Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

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

**ANTONY.** Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

**2 CITIZEN.** Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

**3 CITIZEN.** O royal Cæsar!

**ANTONY.** Hear me with patience.

**ALL.** Peace, ho!

**ANTONY.** 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 Cæsar! when comes such another?

**1 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.

**2 CITIZEN.** Go fetch fire.

**3 CITIZEN.** Pluck down benches.

**4 CITIZEN.** Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

*[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?

**SERVANT.** He and Lepidus are at Cæsar'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 any thing.

**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 mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

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