Act 3 Scene 1 Abridged

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BRUTUS.
What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS.
He wish’d 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.
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.

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

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their seats.]

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

BRUTUS.
He is address’d; press near and second him.

CINNA.
Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

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
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 pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw’d from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn
for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar dost not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS.
Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar’s ear
For the repealing of my banish’d brother?

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

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 mov’d, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix’d and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
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.

CINNA.
O Caesar,—

CAESAR.
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS.
Great Caesar,—

CAESAR.
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA.
Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

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

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

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

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Act 3 Scene 2 Abridged

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

CITIZENS.
None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS.
Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll’d in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc’d, 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 have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

CITIZENS.
Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN.
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Let him be Caesar.
FOURTH CITIZEN.
Caesar’s better parts
Shall be crown’d in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN.
We’ll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS.
My countrymen,—

SECOND CITIZEN.
Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Peace, ho!

BRUTUS.
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar’s corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar’s glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow’d to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.]

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

THIRD CITIZEN.
Let him go up into the public chair.
We’ll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY.
For Brutus’ sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes up.]

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!

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,—

CITIZENS.
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.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,
Come I to speak in Caesar’s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O 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.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

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

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

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

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

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

THIRD CITIZEN.
There’s not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

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 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 Caesar,
I found it in his closet; ’tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar’s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
We’ll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS.
The will, the will! We will hear Caesar’s will.

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;
And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
’Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Read the will! We’ll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar’s will!

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 Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
They were traitors. Honourable men!

CITIZENS.
The will! The testament!

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

CITIZENS.
Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Descend.

[He comes down.]

THIRD CITIZEN.
You shall have leave.

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.

CITIZENS.
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 stabb’d;
And as he pluck’d his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow’d it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv’d
If Brutus so unkindly knock’d, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov’d him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquish’d him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s 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 here,
Here is himself, marr’d, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN.
O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN.
O noble Caesar!

THIRD CITIZEN.
O woeful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN.
O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN.
O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN.
We will be revenged.

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

ANTONY.
Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN.
We’ll hear him, we’ll follow him, we’ll die with him.
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’re wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men’s blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar’s wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZENS.
We’ll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN.
We’ll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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

CITIZENS.
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.

CITIZENS.
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 CITIZEN.
Most noble Caesar! We’ll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN.
O, royal Caesar!

ANTONY.
Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS.
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 CITIZEN.
Never, never. Come, away, away!
We’ll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors’ houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Go, fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

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