

JULIUS CAESAR Brutus & Antony's Speeches

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 corpse
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.*]

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.

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.

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 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.

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 dear 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.