

### **Mark Antony III.ii.74-254**

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 answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honorable man,  
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.  
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 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?  
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;  
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.  
...  
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,  
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 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...  
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?  
...  
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.  
...  
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?  
...  
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.  
...  
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 stabbed,  
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
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!  
His was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty  
heart;  
And, in his mantle muffing 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 flourished 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, marred as you see with traitors.

...

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,  
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;  
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 writ, 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 would move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

...

Why, friends, you go to o 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.

...

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

...

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?