[Act 3 Scene 1]

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius [Popilius Lena] and the Soothsayer

CAESAR
The Ides of March are come. To the Soothsayer

SOOTHSAYER
Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS
Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS
Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
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.

ARTEMIDORUS
Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR
What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS
Sirrah, give place. To Artemidorus

CASSIUS
What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol. Caesar and his train move on

POPILIUS
I wish your enterprise today may thrive. To Cassius

CASSIUS
What enterprise, Popilius?
POPILIUS
Fare you well. 

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.--
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]

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

BRUTUS
He is addressed; 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.

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 lane of children. Be not fond,
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-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 doth 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 banished 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 moved, 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-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;
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 know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
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?

DECIUS
Great Caesar,--

CAESAR
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA
Speak, hands, for me!

They stab Caesar

CAESAR
Et tu, Brute?-- Then fall, Caesar!

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

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.

BRUTUS
Where's Publius?

CINNA
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance--

BRUTUS
Talk not of standing.--Publius, good cheer!
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
But we the doers.   

Enter Trebonius

CASSIUS
Where's 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
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA
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
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 marketplace,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

They smear their hands and weapons
with Caesar's blood

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,
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:
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.

SERVANT
Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; 
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; 
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 honour him; 
Say I feared Caesar, honoured him, and loved him. 
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 
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 
Thorough 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. 
Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour, 
Depart untouched.

SERVANT
I'll fetch him presently. 

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

CASSIUS
I wish we may: but yet have I a mind 
That fears him much; and my misgiving still 
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter 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,
Shrunken 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-hour, nor no instrument
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,
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.

BRUTUS
O Antony! Beg not your death of us!
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;
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
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind 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
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: _Shakes hands with each of them in turn_
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.
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:
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 corpse?
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;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy death.--
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.--
How like a deer stricken by many princes,
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;
But what compact mean you to 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.
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
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 marketplace;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS
You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS
Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do; Do not consent
Aside to Brutus
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
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;
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS
I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Aside to Brutus
BRUTUS
Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
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
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. Antony remains

ANTONY
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
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,--
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;
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:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate 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
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.

SERVANT
He did receive his letters, and is coming; 
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,-- 
O Caesar!--

ANTONY
Sees the body
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, 
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; 
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile; 
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse 
Into the marketplace: there shall I try, 
In my oration, how the people take 
The cruel issue of these bloody men; 
According to the which thou shalt discourse 
To young Octavius of the state of things. 
Lend me your hand. 

Exeunt.

[Act 3 Scene 2]

Enter Brutus and goes in to the pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians

PLEBEIANS
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 Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebians]

THIRD PLEBEIAN
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.
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 worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony 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.  

ALL
Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS
My countrymen,--

SECOND PLEBEIAN
Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
FIRST PLEBEIAN
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 allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.                     Exit

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

THIRD PLEBEIAN
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 into the pulpit

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
What does he say of Brutus?

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

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
This Caesar was a tyrant.

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

SECOND PLEBEIAN
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 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 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 PLEBEIAN
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

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

THIRD PLEBEIAN
Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

SECOND PLEBEIAN
Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
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 disposed 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 PLEBEIAN
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;
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 PLEBEIAN
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 stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
They were traitors: honourable men?

ALL
The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN
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?

ALL
Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
You shall have leave.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
A ring! Stand round.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
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 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! 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,
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.  

FIRST PLEBEIAN
O, piteous spectacle!

SECOND PLEBEIAN
O, noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN
O, woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
O, traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN
O, most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN
We will be revenged.

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

ANTONY
Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
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 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.

ALL
We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
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 Caesar thus deserved 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 Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
Most noble Caesar!--we'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
O, royal Caesar!

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 forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

FIRST PLEBEIAN
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 PLEBEIAN
Go, fetch fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
Pluck down benches.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
ANTONY
Now let it work.--Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!--

Enter Servant

How now, fellow?

SERVANT
Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY
Where is he?

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
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

[Act 3 Scene 3] running scene 7 continues

Enter Cinna, the poet, and after him the Plebeians

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.

FIRST PLEBEIAN  
What is your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN  
Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN  
Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN  
Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN  
Answer every man directly.

FIRST PLEBEIAN  
Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN  
Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN  
Ay, and truly; you were best.

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

SECOND PLEBEIAN  
That's as much as 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 PLEBEIAN  
As a friend, or an enemy?

CINNA
As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
For your dwelling,--briefly.

CINNA
Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA
Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

CINNA
I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA
I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN
It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD PLEBEIAN
Tear him, tear him! Come; brands, ho! Firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius'! Away, go!

They attack Cinna

Exeunt all the Plebeians [dragging Cinna]

Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written in 1599