

# Friends, Romans, Dupes

## *JULIUS CAESAR 3.2* • MARC ANTONY MANIPULATES THE CROWD

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.]

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 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.

