

PARAPHRASE – JULIUS CAESAR

Act II, Scene 2

Caesar's house in Rome [Enter Caesar in his nightgown.]

Caesar.

Heaven and earth have not been at peace tonight.
Three times Calpurnia has cried out in her sleep,
"Help! They are murdering Caesar!" Who's there?

[Enter a servant.]

Servant.

My lord?

Caesar.

Go and ask the priests to make a sacrifice right away,
Then come and tell me the results.

Servant.

I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

[Enter Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, alarmed.]

Calpurnia.

What are you doing, Caesar? Are you planning to go out?
You are not going to set foot out of the house today.

Caesar.

Caesar shall go forth. The things that have threatened me
Have never looked at anything but my back. When they see
The face of Caesar, they will vanish.

Calpurnia.

Caesar, I have never believed in omens,
But now they frighten me. There is a man inside,
Who tells of horrible sights seen by the watch,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen.
A lioness has given birth in the streets,
And graves have opened and given up their dead.
Fierce fiery warriors fought in the clouds
In ranks and squadrons and proper military formation,
Which rained blood on the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses neighed, and dying men groaned,
And ghosts shrieked and squeaked through the streets.

O Caesar, these things are not like anything we are used to,
And I am afraid of them!

Caesar.

How can anyone avoid
Something that is planned by the mighty gods?
But Caesar will go forth, since these predictions
Apply to the world in general, not just to Caesar.

Calpurnia.

When beggars die no one sees comets;
The heavens themselves proclaim with meteors and comets the death of
princes.

Caesar.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant taste death only once.
Of all the strange things I have heard so far,
It seems to me the most strange that men are afraid,
Since death, the unavoidable end,
Will come when it will come.

[Reenter servant.]

What do the fortune tellers say?

Servant.

They don't want you to go out today.
Pulling the insides of an offering out,
They could not find a heart inside the animal.

Caesar.

The gods do this in order to shame cowardice.
Caesar will be a beast without a heart
If he stays home today because of fear.
No, Caesar will not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he is.
We are two lions born at the same time,
And I am the oldest and most frightening of the two,
And Caesar will go forth.

Calpurnia.

Alas, my lord!
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today. Say that it is my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,

And he will say that you are not well today.
Let me on my knee have this request.

Caesar.

Mark Antony will say I am not well,
And because of your mood I will stay at home.

[Enter Decius.]

Here's Decius Brutus. He will take the message.

Decius.

Caesar, all hail! Good morning, worthy Caesar!
I have come to bring you to the Senate House.

Caesar.

And you have come at the right time
To take my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today.
Cannot is a lie; and that I am afraid to is a bigger lie.
I will not come today. Tell them that, Decius.

Calpurnia.

Say that he is sick.

Caesar.

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I stretched my arm so far in conquest
And now I'm afraid to tell old men the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

Decius.

Most mighty Caesar, tell me some reason,
Or else I will be laughed at when I tell them this.

Caesar.

The reason is in my will; I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the Senate;
But for your own peace of mind,
Because I am your friend, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, keeps me at home.
She dreamed tonight that she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Poured out pure blood, and many vigorous Romans
Came smiling and washed their hands in it.
And she interprets these as warnings and signs
Of evils to come, and on her knee
She begged that I would stay at home today.

Decius.

This dream is interpreted all wrong;
It was a positive and fortunate vision.
Your statue spouting blood from many pipes
Means that great Rome will suck
Life-giving blood from you, and that great men will come to you
For honors and souvenirs to remember you by.
This is what Calpurnia's dream means.

Caesar.

And you have explained it well.

Decius.

I have, when you hear what I have to say.
You should know that the Senate has decided
To give a crown to mighty Caesar today.
If you send a message that you will not come,
Their minds might change. Besides, it's likely
That someone will make a sarcastic comment and say,
"Break up the Senate until another day,
When Caesar's wife will have better dreams."
If Caesar hides himself, won't they whisper,
"Look, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Caesar, for my sincere interest
In your career makes me tell you this,
And my judgment is overcome by my friendship for you.

Caesar.

Now your fears seem foolish, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed that I gave in to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

[Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.]

And look, Publius has come to get me.

Caesar.

Good friends, go in and have some wine with me,
And we (like friends) will go together right away.

Brutus.

[Aside.] That everyone who seems to be a friend is not necessarily one, O
Caesar,
The heart of Brutus grieves to think about.

[Exit.]

Act – II, Scene – II – paraphrase:

Shortly after dawn on March 15, Caesar and his wife Calpurnia are both awake because of the storm. Caesar intends to go to the Capitol, but Calpurnia urges him to stay home because of the many threatening omens.

Caesar agrees to stay home for her sake, until Decius, one of the conspirators, convinces him that he must not seem to be afraid of his wife's superstitions.

The other conspirators meet at Caesar's house to make sure he does not decide to stay at home.

Act III, Scene 1

[The senate sits on a higher level, waiting for Caesar to appear. Artemidorus and the Soothsayer are among the crowd. A flourish of trumpets. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and others.]

[Caesar seats himself in his high Senate chair.]

Caesar.

Are we all ready? What is now wrong
That Caesar and his Senate must make right?

Metellus.

Most high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before your seat
A humble heart.

[Kneeling.]

Caesar.

I must stop you, Cimber.
This bowing and scraping
Might excite ordinary men
And change what has already been decided
Like children change their minds.
Do not be foolish
And think that Caesar's heart has such weak blood
That it will be thawed from its firmness
By things which melt fools--I mean, sweet words, low bows, and behavior
fit for a dog.
Your brother is banished by law.
If you bow and beg and grovel for him,
I will kick you like a mangy dog out of my way.
You must know that Caesar does not make mistakes, nor will he be
satisfied
Without a good reason.

Metellus.

Isn't there a voice any better than mine
To speak more successfully to Caesar
For the return of my banished brother?

Brutus.

I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,
Asking that Publius Cimber may
Immediately have the right to return to Rome.

Caesar.

What, Brutus?

Cassius.

Pardon me, Caesar! Caesar, pardon me!
Cassius falls as low as your foot
To beg for freedom for Publius Cimber.

Caesar.

I could be well moved, if I were like you;
If I could beg others to be moved, then begging would move me;
But I am as steady as the Northern Star,
Which has no equal in the sky
Of its true and immovable nature.
The skies are painted with uncounted sparks;
They are all fire, and every one shines;
But there's only one that stays in the same place.
It's the same way in the world: it is well supplied with men.
And men are flesh and blood, and intelligent,
Yet out of all of them I know only one
That, unable to be attacked, holds his position,
Unmoved; and that I am that man,
Let me show you, even in this example,
That I was firm that Cimber should be banished.
And I am still firm to keep him that way.

Cinna.

O Caesar!

Caesar.

Get away! Will you lift up Mt. Olympus?

Decius.

Great Caesar!

Caesar.

Can't you see that even Brutus' kneeling doesn't influence me?

Casca.

My hands will speak for me!

[They stab Caesar. Casca, the others in turn, then Brutus.]

Caesar.

Et tu, Brute?--Then fall Caesar!

[Dies.]

Cinna.

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run from here, tell the news, shout it on the streets!

Cassius.

Some of you go to the speakers' platforms and call out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Brutus.

People and Senators, do not be afraid.

Don't run away; stand still. Ambition's debt has been paid.

Casca.

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius.

And Cassius, too.

Brutus.

Where's Publius?

Cinna.

He's here, very confused by this rebellion.

Metellus.

Stand close together, in case one of Caesar's friends
Should happen--

Brutus.

Don't talk about standing! Publius, be cheerful.

We do not intend to harm you

Nor any other Roman. Tell them that, Publius.

Cassius.

And leave us, Publius, or else the people,

Rushing on us, might harm you, an old man.

Brutus.

Do that, and don't let any man suffer for what happened

But we, the men who did it.

[Reenter Trebonius.]

Cassius.

Where is Antony?

Trebonius.

He ran to his house, astonished.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As if it were the end of the world.

Brutus.

Fates, we will know what you plan for us.
We know that we will die; it is only when,
And increasing their allotted days, that men care about.

Casca.

Why the person who removes twenty years of life
Removes that many years of fearing death.

Brutus.

If you accept that, then death is a benefit.
So we are Caesar's friends, who have shortened
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let's bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows and smear our swords.
Then we will walk forth, as far as the marketplace,
And waving our red weapons over our heads,
Let's all shout, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cassius.

Stoop then and wash. How many years from now
Will this lofty scene of ours be acted out
In countries not yet created and languages not yet spoken!

Brutus.

How many times will Caesar bleed in plays,
Who now lies on Pompey's base
No more important than the dust.

Cassius.

As often as that,
The group of us will be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius.

What, shall we go out?

Cassius.

Yes, we'll all go.
Brutus will lead, and we will honor him by following
With the boldest and the best hearts of Rome.

[Enter a Servant.]

Brutus.

Quiet! Who's here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant.

Like this, Brutus, my master told me to kneel;
Like this Mark Antony told me to fall down;
And lying face down, he told me to say this:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will promise that Antony
May safely come to him and be given an explanation
Why Caesar deserved to die,
Mark Antony will not love Caesar, who is dead,
As well as Brutus, who is alive, but he will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this new, untried government
Faithfully. This is what my master Antony says.

Brutus.

Your master is a wise and valiant Roman.
I never thought of him as anything worse than that.
Tell him, if he chooses to come here,
He shall receive a satisfactory explanation and, by my honor,
Leave here without being touched.

Servant.

I'll get him immediately.

[Exit.]

Brutus.

I know that we will convince him to be our friend.

Cassius.

I hope so. But still I am
Afraid of him; and my misgivings are usually accurate.

[Reenter Antony.]

Brutus.

But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony.

O mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low?
Are all your conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
shrunk to this small amount? Fare you well.
I don't know, gentlemen, what your plans are,
Who else must have his blood let, who else is diseased.
If I myself, there is no better time

Than the time of Caesar's death; nor any instrument
Half as worthy as your swords, which have been made rich
With the most noble blood in the whole world.

I beg you, if you have a grudge against me,
Now, while your blood-stained hands stink and smoke,
Do what you want. If I live a thousand years,
I will not find myself as ready to die;
No place will please me as much, no method of death,
As next to Caesar, and by you killed,
The greatest men of this time.

Brutus.

O Antony, do not beg us to kill you!
Although right now we must seem bloody and cruel,
Because of our hands and this recent action
Which you can see we did, still you only see our hand
And this bleeding business that they have done.
You do not see our heart. They are pitiful;
And pity for the troubles of Rome
(As one fire consumes another, so our pity for Rome consumed our pity for
Caesar)
Has done this thing to Caesar. As far as you are concerned,
Our swords are harmless to you, Mark Antony.
Our arms, strong in hate, and our hearts,
Full of brotherly feelings, welcome you
With all kinds of love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius.

You will have as much to say as anyone
In handing out honors from the new government.

Brutus.

Just be patient until we have calmed
The crowds, who are beside themselves with fear,
And then we will explain to you the reason
Why I, who was Caesar's friend when I struck him,
Acted the way I did.

Antony.

I do not doubt your wisdom.
Let each of you give me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, I will shake hands with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours.
Although you are last, you are not the least in friendship, yours, good
Trebonius.

Gentlemen all of you--Alas, what shall I say?
My reputation now stands on such slippery ground
That you must think of me in one of two bad ways,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I was your friend, Caesar, O, it's true!
If your spirit looks in on us now,
Won't it grieve you more terribly than your death
To see Antony making his piece,
Shaking the bloody hands of your enemies,
Most noble! in the presence of your corpse?
If I had as many eyes as you have wounds,
Weeping as fast as they bleed,
It would be more appropriate than to reach an agreement
In friendship with your enemies.

Forgive me, Julius! Here is the place where you were trapped, brave hart;
Here you fell; and here your hunters stand,
Marked with your blood, and red in your death.
O world, you were the forest for his hart;
And he was truly, O world, your heart!
Just like a deer, struck down by many princes,
Do you lie here!

Cassius.

Mark Antony--

Antony.

Forgive me, Caius Cassius.
Even the enemies of Caesar will say these things,
So, from a friend, it is calm, reasonable speech.

Cassius.

I do not blame you for praising Caesar like that;
But what agreement do you intend to have with us?
Will you be counted as one of our friends,
Or shall we go on, and not depend on you?

Antony.

That is why I shook your hands; but I was truly
Distracted by looking down at Caesar.
I am friends with you all, and friendly to you all,

With this hope, that you will give me reasons
Why and how Caesar was dangerous.

Brutus.

Otherwise this would be a savage display.
Our reasons are so carefully considered
That if you were, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You would be satisfied.

Antony.

That's all I seek;
And I am also a suitor that I may
Display his body to the marketplace
And in the pulpit, as is appropriate for a friend,
Speak during the course of the funeral.

Brutus.

You shall, Antony.

Cassius.

Brutus, I'd like a word with you.

[Aside to Brutus.]

You don't know what you're doing. Do not let
Antony speak in his funeral.
Do you know how much the people may be moved
By the things he will say?

Brutus.

Excuse me,

[Aside to Cassius.]

I will myself go to the pulpit first
And show the reason for Caesar's death.
What Antony says, I will explain
He says on our authority and by our permission,
And that we want Caesar to
Have a proper funeral.
His speech will do us more good than harm.

Cassius.

[Aside to Brutus.]

I don't know what will happen. I don't like it.

Brutus.

Mark Antony, here, take Caesar's body.
In your funeral speech you may not say bad things about us,
But say anything good that you can think of about Caesar,
And say you do it with our permission.

Otherwise you shall not participate
In his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit to which I am going,
After my speech is over.

Antony.

So be it.
That's all I want.

Brutus.

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exit all but Antony, who looks down at Caesar's body.]

Antony.

O, forgive me, you bleeding piece of earth,
For cooperating with these butchers!
You are the ruins of the noblest man
Who ever lived in all of history.
Woe to the hand that shed this expensive blood!
Over your wounds now I predict the future
(Which, like silent mouths, open their red lips
To beg my tongue to speak for them),
A curse will fall on the arms and legs of men;
A terrible civil war
Will burden all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction will be so common
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers will only smile when they see
Their children torn into pieces during the fighting,
All pity disappearing because cruelty is so common;
And Caesar's ghost, roaming about in search of revenge,
With Ate at his side still hot from hell,
Will in these boundaries with a ruler's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war,
So that this terrible action will smell above the earth
With rotting corpses, begging to be buried.

[Enter Octavius' Servant.]

You serve Octavius Caesar, don't you?

Servant.

I do, Mark Antony.

Antony.

Caesar did write and ask him to come to Rome.

Servant.

He received his letters and is on his way,
And asked me to say to you--
O Caesar!

Antony.

Your heart is swollen up with grief.
Go off by yourself and weep.
Strong feeling, I see, is catching, for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in yours,
Began to water. Is your master coming?

Servant.

He has set up camp about twenty-one miles outside Rome.

Antony.

Hurry back and tell him what has happened.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
Not a safe Rome for Octavius yet.
Leave here and tell him that. But wait awhile.
Don't go back until I have taken this corpse
Into the marketplace. There I will find out
In my speech how the people react
To the cruel action of these bloody men,
Depending on which you shall tell
Young Octavius how things stand.
Give me a hand.

[Exit with Caesar's body.]

Act – III, Scene – I – Paraphrase

Both the Soothsayer and Artemidorus try to warn Caesar outside the Capitol, but he refuses to listen to them.

Once Caesar goes into the Capitol, the conspirators gather around him, pretending to plead a case. Then, without warning, they all stab Caesar to death.

Mark Antony flees, but Brutus persuades the conspirators to let him live. Brutus plans to explain the reasons for the killing to the Roman people.

Antony returns and pretends to be an ally of the conspirators. Secretly, however, he plans to strike back with help from Octavius Caesar, who is now on his way to Rome.

Act III, Scene 2

[Enter Brutus and Cassius and a throng of Citizens, disturbed by the death of Caesar.]

Citizens.

We want an explanation! Give us an explanation!

Brutus.

Then follow me and listen to me, friends.

Cassius, you go into the other street

And divide the crowd.

Let those who want to hear me speak stay here;

Let those who want to follow Cassius go with him;

And we will tell the people of our reasons

For killing Caesar.

First Citizen.

I will listen to Brutus.

[Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

Second Citizen.

The noble Brutus has reached the pulpit. Silence!

Brutus.

Be patient until the end. Romans, countrymen, and dear friends, hear me for my cause, and be silent, so that you can hear. Believe me because of my honor, and respect my honor, so that you may believe. Judge me in your wisdom, and pay attention so that you may be a better judge. If there is anyone in this crowd, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus was as concerned about Caesar as he was. If that friend then demands to know why Brutus turned against Caesar, this is my answer: Not because I cared for Caesar less, but because I cared for Rome more. Would you rather Caesar were living, and you all die slaves, than that Caesar were dead, and you all live as freemen? Because Caesar was my dear friend, I weep for him; because he was fortunate, I rejoice at his good fortune; because he was valiant, I honor him; but--because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for his friendship; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Which of you is so low that you would prefer to be a slave? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. Which of you is so uncivilized that you would prefer not to be a Roman? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. I pause for a reply.

All.

None, Brutus, none!

Brutus.

Then I have offended none. I have done no more to Caesar than you will do to Brutus. The reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol; we have not belittled his accomplishments or overemphasized the failings for which he was killed.

[Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, although he did not participate in Caesar's death, will receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, just like all the rest of you. With this I leave, that, as I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when my country decides it needs my death.

All.

Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen.

Bring him with triumph home to his house.

Second Citizen.

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen.

Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen.

The best qualities of Caesar
Will be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen.

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and noise.

Brutus.

My countrymen--

Second Citizen.

Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen.

Quiet down!

Brutus.

Good countrymen, let me leave alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Give your respects to Caesar's corpse, and listen respectfully to the speech
About Caesar's accomplishments which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I beg you, not one of you leave,
Except for me, until Antony has spoken.

[Exit.]

First Citizen.

Stay here! and let us listen to Mark Antony.

Third Citizen.

Let him go up into the speaker's platform.
We'll listen to him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony.

For Brutus' sake I am indebted to you.

[Goes into the pulpit.]

Fourth Citizen.

What does he say about Brutus?

Third Citizen.

He says that for Brutus' sake
He finds himself indebted to us all.

Fourth Citizen.

He'd better not say anything bad about Brutus here!

First Citizen.

Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen.

No, that's for sure.
It's a good thing that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen.

Quiet! Let us listen to what Antony says.

Antony.

You gentle Romans--

All.

Quiet! Let us hear him.

Antony.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil things that men do live on after them;
The good things are often buried with their bones.
Let it be this way with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Has told you that Caesar was ambitious.
If that were true, it was a terrible fault,
And Caesar has paid for it terribly.
Here, with the permission of Brutus and the rest
**(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),**
I come to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He has brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms filled the government treasury.
Did this seem ambitious in Caesar?

Whenever the poor have cried, Caesar has wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all saw that on the Lupercal
I offered him a kingly crown three times,
Which he refused three times. Was this ambition?

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And surely he is an honorable man.

I am speaking not to disprove what Brutus said,
But I am here to say what I do know.
You all loved him once, for good reasons.
What reason keeps you from mourning for him, then?
O judgment, you have run away to dumb animals,
And men have lost their intelligence! Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause until it comes back to me.

First Citizen.

It seems that what he says makes sense.

Second Citizen.

If you think about this correctly, Caesar has been treated very badly.

Third Citizen.

Has he, gentlemen?

I am afraid someone worse will come in his place.

Fourth Citizen.

Did you notice what he said? He would not take the crown;
Therefore it is certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen.

If that is found to be true, some will pay dearly for 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 pay attention. He's starting to speak again.

Antony.

Only yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now he lies there,
And no one will stoop so low as to pay him respect.
O gentlemen! If I wanted to stir up

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I would be doing Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. Instead, I choose
To wrong the dead to wrong myself and you,
Rather than wronging such honorable men.
But here's a document with Caesar's seal.
I found it in his closet; it's his will.
Just let the public 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 handkerchiefs in his sacred blood;
Yes, beg a hair from him to remember him by,
And when they are dying, mention it in their wills,
Bequeathing it as a valuable inheritance
To their children.

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 proper that you know how much Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And since you are men, if you hear Caesar's will,
It will excite you, it will make you mad.
It's good that you don't know that you are his heirs,
Because if you did, O, what would happen?

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 wait awhile?
I have gone too far in even mentioning it to you.
I am afraid that I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I am afraid of it.

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 force me then to read the will?
Then make a circle around Caesar's body
And let me show you the person who made the will.
Shall I come down? and will you give me permission?

All.

Come down.

Second Citizen.

Descend.

Third Citizen.

You have permission.

[Antony comes down.]

Fourth Citizen.

A circle! Stand round.

First Citizen.

Stand back from the hearse! Stand back from the body!

Second Citizen.

Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony.

No, do not crowd me so much. Stand far back.

All.

Stand back! Room! Move back!

Antony.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all recognize this toga. I remember
The first time Caesar ever put it on.
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place Cassius' dagger ran through.
See what a hole the envious Casca made.
Through this one the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he pulled his cursed steel away,
Notice how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As if it was rushing outside to find out
If it was Brutus who so unkindly knocked or not;
Because 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;

Because when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, stronger than traitors' arms,
Totally defeated him. Then his mighty heart burst;
And hiding his face in his toga,
Right at the bottom of Pompey's statue
(Which ran blood the whole time) great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall that was, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason grew over us.
O, now you weep, and I can tell that you feel
The beginnings of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, do you weep when you look only
At our Caesar's wounded clothing? Look at this!
Here is his body, damaged, as you see, with traitors.

[Pulls the cloak off Caesar's body.]

First Citizen.

O horrible sight!

Second Citizen.

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen.

O sad day!

Fourth Citizen.

O traitors, villains!

First Citizen.

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen.

We will get revenge.

All.

Revenge! Look around! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Don't let a traitor live!

Antony.

Wait, countrymen.

First Citizen.

Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.

Second Citizen.

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

Antony.

Good friends, sweet friends, don't let me stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

The men who have done this are honorable.

Alas, I don't know what private concerns they have
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And no doubt will answer you with reasons.
I do not come, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, like Brutus is,
But (as all of you know me) a plain blunt man
That loves my friend; and that is known very well by the men
Who publicly gave me permission to speak of him.
Because I don't have intelligence, or words, or worthiness,
Action, or voice, or the power of speech
To stir up men's emotions. I only speak right on.
I tell you what you yourselves know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor speechless mouths,
And ask them to speak for me. But if I were Brutus,
And Brutus were Antony, then there would be an Antony
Who would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that would persuade
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All.

We'll mutiny.

First Citizen.

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen.

Let's go then! Come, look for the conspirators.

Antony.

Listen to me still, countrymen. Still listen to me speak.

All.

Be quiet! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony.

Why, friends, you don't know what you are leaving to do.

How has Caesar deserved so much of your love?

Alas, you don't know! Then I have to tell you.

You have forgotten the will I told you about.

All.

Most true! The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Antony.

Here is the will, under Caesar's seal.

He gives to every Roman citizen,

To each and every man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen.

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death!

Third Citizen.

O royal Caesar!

Antony.

Listen to me patiently.

All.

Be quiet!

Antony.

In addition, he has left you all his paths,
His private gardens, and newly-planted orchards,
On this side of the Tiber; he has left them to you,
And to your heirs forever--common pleasures,
To walk outside and enjoy yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When will another one come along?

First Citizen.

Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place
And with the burning pieces of wood burn the traitors' houses.
Pick up the body.

Second Citizen.

Go get fire!

Third Citizen.

Pull down the benches!

Fourth Citizen.

Pull down the benches, windows, anything!

[Exit citizens with the body.]

Antony.

Now let it work. Mischief, you are loose,
Take whatever path you want.

[Exit]

Act – III Scene – II – Paraphrase

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.