



Julius Caesar

Act III, Caesar

The ides of March are come...

Metellus, thy brother Cimber 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. I could be well moved, if I were as you: If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

BOTH: But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd 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 furnish'd 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 banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

BOTH: Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?