

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

***Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies***

**JULIUS CAESAR**

Act III, scene 1/PART 2: *Stabbing of Caesar*

Brutus, Cassius, Mark Antony

**BRUTUS**

Welcome, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, who else must be let blood?  
If I myself? there is no hour so fit as Caesar's death hour.

**BRUTUS**

O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
yet see you but our hands-our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general **wrong** of Rome--  
Mark Antony: Our arms, and our hearts do receive you in  
With all kind love.

**CASSIUS**

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

**BRUTUS**

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.--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.  
Pardon me, Julius!

**CASSIUS**

Mark Antony,--

**ANTONY**

Pardon me, Cassius:

**CASSIUS**

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Shall we on, and **not** depend on you?

**ANTONY**

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**

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 as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, a word with you.

*[Aside to BRUTUS]*

You know not what you do: do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be moved  
By that which he will utter?

**BRUTUS**

I will myself into the pulpit first, and show the reason of our Caesar's  
death: It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

**CASSIUS**

I know not what may fall; I like it not.

**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;

**ANTONY**

Be it so. I do desire no more.

**BRUTUS**

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

**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.

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
**Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war!**