

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Julius Caesar

ACT THREE, SCENE TWO: Brutus

BRUTUS

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!
Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than any of yours.
--and 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 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 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, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

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.