

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

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

Brutus, Cassius, Metellus, Caesar

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss that Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar, Metellus throws before thy seat
An humble heart,--

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Metellus. Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own to sound more sweetly in great
Caesar's ear for the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar; desiring thee that his banished brother
may have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg for Metellus' brother.

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

BRUTUS

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

METELLUS

Great Caesar,--

METELLUS

Speak, hands for me!

[Conspirators stab CAESAR, one at a time, the last being Brutus.]

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar. *[Dies]*

[long pause in shock, then METELLUS fetches sheet and covers CAESAR]

BRUTUS

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

[METELLUS runs out calling, "Liberty!".]

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
We'll cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

CASSIUS

Ambition's debt is paid.