

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

***Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies***

JULIUS CAESAR

Act III, scene 2: Mark Antony Soliloquy, Part 2  
(3-6 voices)

...If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle:  
I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For 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;  
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him:

then burst his mighty heart; and, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O! now you weep! and, I perceive, you feel the dint of pity: these are  
gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold our Caesar's vesture  
wounded?  
Look you here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.