

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Julius Caesar

Act One, scene 1: Marullus

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?

Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms,
and there have sat The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

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Julius Caesar

Act Two, scene 2: Brutus

It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.

He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking.

Crown him?--that;--And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power:
and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason.

But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round.
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend.
So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent.

And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

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Julius Caesar

Act Two, scene 2: Portia

Is Brutus sick?
and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning?
What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness?

No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of:
and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had to resort to you:

for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

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Julius Caesar

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE: Mark Antony

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

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Julius Caesar

ACT THREE, SCENE TWO: Mark Antony

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men--
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

...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,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

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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.