

**Act III, Scene 1**

*[The senate sits on a higher level, waiting for Caesar to appear. Artemidorus and the Soothsayer are among the crowd. A flourish of trumpets. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and others. Caesar stops in front of the Soothsayer.]*

**Caesar.**

The ides of March have arrived.

**Soothsayer.**

Yes, Caesar, but not left.

*[Artemidorus steps up to Caesar with his warning.]*

**Artemidorus.**

Hail, Caesar! Read this document.

*[Decius steps up quickly with another paper.]*

**Decius.**

Trebonius would like you to read over (When you have time) his humble request.

**Artemidorus.**

O Caesar, read mine first, because mine's a request that is more personally important to Caesar.

**Caesar.**

What is important to us personally shall be dealt with last.

*[Caesar pushes the paper aside and turns away.]*

**Artemidorus.**

Don't wait, Caesar. Read it right now!

**Caesar.**

What, is this man crazy?

**Publius.**

Boy, get out of the way!

*[Publius and the other conspirators force Artemidorus away from Caesar.]*

**Cassius.**

What, do you present your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

*[Caesar goes into the Senate House, the rest following. Popilius speaks to Cassius in a low voice.]*

**Popilius.**

I hope that your enterprise today is successful.

**Cassius.**

What enterprise, Popilius?

**Popilius.**

Good luck.

*[Advances to Caesar.]*

**Brutus.**

What did Popilius Lena say?

**Cassius.**

He hoped that our enterprise today would be successful. I am afraid our plot has been discovered.

**Brutus.**

Look how he approaches Caesar. Watch him.

**Cassius.**

Casca, be quick, for we are afraid of being stopped.

**Brutus.**

Cassius, stay calm. Popilius Lena is not talking about our plans, for look, he smiles, and Caesar's expression does not change.

**Cassius.**

Trebonius has good timing, for see, Brutus, he draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exit Antony and Trebonius.]*

**Decius.**

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go and immediately present his petition to Caesar.

**Brutus.**

He is ready. Get near him and back him up.

**Cinna.**

Casca, you will be the first that raises your hand.

*[Caesar seats himself in his high Senate chair.]*

**Caesar.**

Are we all ready? What is now wrong that Caesar and his Senate must make right?

**Metellus.**

Most high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar, Metellus Cimber throws before your seat a humble heart.

*[Kneeling.]*

**Caesar.**

I must stop you, Cimber. Your brother is banished by law. If you bow and beg and grovel for him, I will kick you like a mangy dog out of my way. You must know that Caesar does not make mistakes, nor will he be satisfied without a good reason.

**Metellus.**

Isn't there a voice any better than mine to speak more successfully to Caesar for the return of my banished brother?

**Brutus.**

May I ask that his brother be returned to Rome?

**Caesar.**

What, Brutus?

**Cassius.**

Pardon me, Caesar! Caesar, pardon me! Cassius falls as low as your foot to beg for freedom for Publius Cimber.

**Caesar.**

I was firm that Cimber should be banished, and I am still firm to keep him that way.

**Cinna.**

O Caesar!

**Caesar.**

Get away!

**Decius.**

Great Caesar!

**Caesar.**

Can't you see that even Brutus' kneeling doesn't influence me?

**Casca.**

My hands will speak for me!

*[They stab Caesar. Casca, the others in turn, then Brutus.]*

**Caesar.**

Et tu, Brute?--Then fall Caesar!

*[Dies.]*

**Cinna.**

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run from here, tell the news, shout it on the streets!

**Cassius.**

Some of you go to the speakers' platforms and call out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

**Brutus.**

People and Senators, do not be afraid. Don't run away; stand still. Ambition's debt has been paid.

**Casca.**

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**Decius.**

And Cassius, too.

**Brutus.**

Where's Publius?

**Cinna.**

He's here, very confused by this rebellion.

**Metellus.**

Stand close together, in case one of Caesar's friends should happen--

**Brutus.**

Don't talk about standing! Publius, be cheerful. We do not intend to harm you nor any other Roman. Tell them that, Publius.

**Cassius.**

And leave us, Publius, or else the people, rushing on us, might harm you, an old man.

**Brutus.**

Do that, and don't let any man suffer for what happened but we, the men who did it.

*[Reenter Trebonius.]*

**Cassius.**

Where is Antony?

**Trebonius.**

He ran to his house, astonished. Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run, as if it were the end of the world.

**Brutus.**

We will walk forth, as far as the marketplace, and waving our red weapons over our heads, let's all shout, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

**Cassius.**

Stoop then and wash. How many years from now will this scene of ours be acted out in countries not yet created and languages not yet spoken!

**Brutus.**

How many times will Caesar bleed in plays, who now lies on Pompey's base no more important than the dust.

**Cassius.**

As often as that, the group of us will be called the men that gave their country liberty.

**Decius.**

What, shall we go out?

**Cassius.**

Yes, we'll all go. Brutus will lead, and we will honor him by following with the boldest and the best hearts of Rome.

*[Enter a Servant.]*

**Brutus.**

Quiet! Who's here? A friend of Antony's.

**Servant.**

Like this, Brutus, my master told me to kneel; Like this Mark Antony told me to fall down; And lying face down, he told me to say this: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving. Say I love Brutus and I honor him; Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him. If Brutus will promise that Antony may safely come to him and be given an explanation why Caesar deserved to die, Mark Antony will not love Caesar, who is dead, as well as Brutus, who is alive, but he will follow the fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus through the hazards of this new, untried government faithfully. This is what my master Antony says.

**Brutus.**

Your master is a wise and valiant Roman. I never thought of him as anything worse than that. Tell him, if he chooses to come here, he shall receive a satisfactory explanation and, by my honor, leave here without being touched.

**Servant.**

I'll get him immediately.

*[Exit.]*

**Brutus.**

I know that we will convince him to be our friend.

**Cassius.**

I hope so. But still I am afraid of him, and I am usually right.

*[Reenter Antony.]*

**Brutus.**

But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

**Antony.**

O mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low? Are all your conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this small amount? Fare you well. I don't know, gentlemen, what your plans are, who else must have his blood let, who else is diseased. I beg you, if you have a grudge against me, now, while your blood-stained hands stink and smoke, do what you want. No place will please me as much, no method of death, as next to Caesar, and by you killed, the greatest men of this time.

**Brutus.**

O Antony, do not beg us to kill you! We do not want that. We sacrificed Caesar for the good of Rome. Please, join us in this new day.

**Cassius.**

You will have as much to say as anyone in the new government.

**Brutus.**

Just be patient until we have calmed the crowds, who are beside themselves with fear, and then we will explain to you the reason why I, who was Caesar's friend when I struck him, acted the way I did.

**Antony.**

I do not doubt your wisdom. Let each of you give me your hands. Gentlemen all of you--Alas, what shall I say? It is a shame that Rome has lost such a magnificent son. I loved Caesar as a brother, but I know that there was a reason for his death, whatever it may have been.

**Cassius.**

Mark Antony--

**Antony.**

Forgive me, Cassius. Even the enemies of Caesar will say these things, so, from a friend, it is calm, reasonable speech.

**Cassius.**

I do not blame you for praising Caesar like that; but what agreement do you intend to have with us? Will you be counted as one of our friends, or shall we go on, and not depend on you?

**Antony.**

That is why I shook your hands. I am friends with you all, and friendly to you all, with this hope, that you will give me reasons why and how Caesar was dangerous.

**Brutus.**

Otherwise this would be a savage display. Our reasons are so carefully considered that if you were, Antony, the son of Caesar, you would be satisfied.

**Antony.**

That's all I seek. Also, may I please speak as a friend of Caesar's at his funeral?

**Brutus.**

You shall, Antony.

**Cassius.**

Brutus, I'd like a word with you.

*[Aside to Brutus.]*

You don't know what you're doing. Do not let Antony speak in his funeral. Do you know how much the people may be moved by the things he will say?

**Brutus.**

Excuse me,

*[Aside to Cassius.]*

I will myself go to the pulpit first and show the reason for Caesar's death. What Antony says, I will explain he says by our permission, and that we want Caesar to have a proper funeral. His speech will do us more good than harm.

**Cassius.**

*[Aside to Brutus.]*

I don't know what will happen. I don't like it.

**Brutus.**

Mark Antony, here, take Caesar's body. In your funeral speech you may not say bad things about us, but say anything good that you can think of about Caesar, and say you do it with our permission. Otherwise you shall not participate in his funeral.

**Antony.**

So be it. That's all I want.

**Brutus.**

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*[Exit all but Antony, who looks down at Caesar's body.]*

**Antony.**

O, forgive me, you bleeding piece of earth, for cooperating with these butchers! Woe to the hand that shed this expensive blood! Over your wounds now I predict the future. A curse will fall on the arms and legs of men; A terrible civil war will burden all the parts of Italy; Blood and destruction will be so common and dreadful objects so familiar that mothers will only smile when they see their children torn into pieces during the fighting, all pity disappearing because cruelty is so common; And Caesar's ghost, roaming about in search of revenge, will with a ruler's voice Cry "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war!

*[Enter Octavius' Servant.]*

You serve Octavius Caesar, don't you?

**Servant.**

I do, Mark Antony.

**Antony.**

Caesar did write and ask him to come to Rome.

**Servant.**

He received his letters and is on his way, and asked me to say to you-- O Caesar!

**Antony.**

Your heart is swollen up with grief. Go off by yourself and weep. Strong feeling, I see, is catching, for my eyes, seeing those beads of sorrow stand in yours, began to water. Is your master coming?

**Servant.**

He has set up camp about twenty-one miles outside Rome.

**Antony.**

Hurry back and tell him what has happened. Rome is not safe for him yet. Leave here and tell him that. But wait awhile. Don't go back until I have taken this corpse into the marketplace. I will give my speech and see where the people stand before we figure out what to do with Octavius.

*[Exit with Caesar's body.]*

### Act III, Scene 2

*[Enter Brutus and Cassius and a throng of Citizens, disturbed by the death of Caesar.]*

**Citizens.**

We want an explanation! Give us an explanation!

**Brutus.**

Then follow me and listen to me, friends. Cassius, you go into the other street and divide the crowd. Let those who want to hear me speak stay here; Let those who want to follow Cassius go with him; And we will tell the people of our reasons for killing Caesar.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]*

**Brutus.**

Be patient until the end. Romans, countrymen, and dear friends, hear me for my cause, and be silent, so that you can hear. Believe me because of my honor. Judge me in your wisdom. If there is anyone in this crowd, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus was as concerned about Caesar as he was. If that friend then demands to know why Brutus turned against Caesar, this is my answer: Not because I cared for Caesar less, but because I cared for Rome more. Would you rather Caesar were living, and you all die slaves, than that Caesar were dead, and you all live as freemen? Because Caesar was my dear friend, I weep for him; because he was fortunate, I rejoice at his good fortune; because he was valiant, I honor him; but--because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for his friendship; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Which of you is so low that you would prefer to be a slave? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person.

**All.**

None, Brutus, none!

**Brutus.**

Then I have offended none. The reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol; we have not belittled his accomplishments or overemphasized the failings for which he was killed.

*[Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.]*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, although he did not participate in Caesar's death, will receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, just like all the rest of you. With this I leave, that, as I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when my country decides it needs my death.

**All.**

Live, Brutus! live, live!

**First Citizen.**

Bring him with triumph home to his house.

**Second Citizen.**

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

**Third Citizen.**

Let him be Caesar.

**Fourth Citizen.**

The best qualities of Caesar will be crowned in Brutus.

**First Citizen.**

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and noise.

**Brutus.**

My countrymen--

**Second Citizen.**

Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

**First Citizen.**

Quiet down!

**Brutus.**

Good countrymen, give your respects to Caesar's corpse, and listen respectfully to the speech about Caesar's accomplishments which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allowed to make. I beg you, not one of you leave, except for me, until Antony has spoken.

*[Exit.]*

**First Citizen.**

Stay here! and let us listen to Mark Antony.

**Third Citizen.**

Let him go up into the speaker's platform. We'll listen to him. Noble Antony, go up.

*[Goes into the pulpit.]*

**Antony.**

You gentle Romans--

**All.**

Quiet! Let us hear him.

**Antony.**

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil things that men do live on after them; The good things are often buried with their bones. Let it be this way with Caesar. The noble Brutus has told you that Caesar was ambitious. If that were true, it was a terrible fault, and Caesar has paid for it terribly. Here, with the permission of Brutus and the rest (For Brutus is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men), I come to speak in Caesar's funeral. He has brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms filled the government treasury. Did this seem ambitious in Caesar? Whenever the poor have cried, Caesar has wept; Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. But Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honorable man. You all saw that on the Lupercal I offered him a kingly crown three times, which he refused three times. Was this ambition? But Brutus says he was ambitious; And surely he is an honorable man. I am speaking not to disprove what Brutus said, but I am here to

say what I do know. You all loved him once, for good reasons. What reason keeps you from mourning for him, then?

**First Citizen.**

It seems that what he says makes sense.

**Second Citizen.**

If you think about this correctly, Caesar has been treated very badly.

**Third Citizen.**

Has he, gentlemen? I am afraid someone worse will come in his place.

**Fourth Citizen.**

Did you notice what he said? He would not take the crown; therefore, it is certain he was not ambitious.

**Third Citizen.**

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

**Antony.**

Only yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world. Now he lies there, and no one will stoop so low as to pay him respect. O gentlemen! If I wanted to stir up your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I would be doing Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. But here's a document with Caesar's seal. I found it in his closet; it's his will.

**Fourth Citizen.**

We'll hear the will! Read it, Mark Antony.

**All.**

The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will!

**Antony.**

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it. It is not proper that you know how much Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And since you are men, if you hear Caesar's will, it will excite you, it will make you mad. It's good that you don't know that you are his heirs, because if you did, O, what would happen?

**Fourth Citizen.**

Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony! You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

**Antony.**

Will you be patient? Will you wait awhile? I have gone too far in even mentioning it to you. I am afraid that I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I am afraid of it.

**Fourth Citizen.**

Whatever, they were traitors!

**All.**

The will! the testament!

**Second Citizen.**

They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

**Antony.**

You will force me then to read the will? Then make a circle around Caesar's body and let me show you the person who made the will.

**Second Citizen.**

Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

**Antony.**

No, do not crowd me so much. Stand far back.

**All.**

Stand back! Room! Move back!

**Antony.**

(Pointing to Caesar) If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. See what a hole the envious Casca made in Caesar's toga. This is where Brutus stabbed; And as he pulled his cursed steel away, notice how the blood of Caesar followed it, as if it was rushing outside to find out if Brutus really stabbed his friend; This was the most unkindest cut of all; Because when the noble Caesar saw him stab, ingratitude, stronger than traitors' arms, totally defeated him. Great Caesar fell. O, what a fall that was, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, while bloody treason grew over us. O, now you weep, and I can tell that you feel the beginnings of pity. These

are gracious drops. Kind souls, what, do you weep when you look only at our Caesar's wounded clothing? Look at this! Here is his body, damaged, as you see, with traitors.

*[Pulls the cloak off Caesar's body.]*

**First Citizen.**

O horrible sight!

**Second Citizen.**

O noble Caesar!

**Third Citizen.**

O sad day!

**Fourth Citizen.**

O traitors, villains!

**All.**

Revenge! Look around! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!  
Slay! Don't let a traitor live!

**Antony.**

Wait, countrymen.

**First Citizen.**

Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.

**Second Citizen.**

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

**Antony.**

Good friends, sweet friends, don't let me stir you up to such a sudden flood of mutiny. The men who have done this are honorable. Alas, I don't know what private concerns they have that made them do it. They are wise and honorable, and no doubt will answer you with reasons. I do not come, friends, to steal away your hearts. I am no orator, like Brutus is, but (as all of you know me) a plain blunt man that loves my friend; and that is known very well by the men who publicly gave me permission to speak of him. Because I don't have intelligence, or words, or worthiness, action, or voice, or the power of speech to stir up men's emotions. I only speak right on. I tell you what you yourselves know, show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor speechless mouths, and ask them to speak for me.

**All.**

We'll mutiny.

**First Citizen.**

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

**Third Citizen.**

Let's go then! Come, look for the conspirators.

**Antony.**

Listen to me still, countrymen. Still listen to me speak.

**All.**

Be quiet! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

**Antony.**

Why, friends, you don't know what you are leaving to do. How has Caesar deserved so much of your love? Alas, you don't know! Then I have to tell you. You have forgotten the will I told you about.

**All.**

Most true! The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

**Antony.**

Here is the will, under Caesar's seal. He gives to every Roman citizen, to each and every man, seventy-five drachmas.

**Second Citizen.**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death!

**Third Citizen.**

O royal Caesar!

**Antony.**

Listen to me patiently.

**All.**

Be quiet!

**Antony.**

In addition, he has left you all his paths, his private gardens, and newly-planted orchards, on this side of the Tiber; he has left them to you, and to your heirs forever-- Here was a Caesar! When will another one come along?

**First Citizen.**

Never, never! Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place and with the burning pieces of wood burn the traitors' houses. Pick up the body.

**Second Citizen.**

Go get fire!

**Third Citizen.**

Pull down the benches!

**Fourth Citizen.**

Pull down the benches, windows, anything!

*[Exit citizens with the body.]*

**Antony.**

Now let it work. Mischief, you are loose, take whatever path you want.

*[Enter a servant.]*

What do you want, fellow?

**Servant.**

Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.

**Antony.**

Where is he?

**Servant.**

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

**Antony.**

I will go right there to see him. He comes at the right time since the commoners are clearly on our side.

**Servant.**

I heard him say that Brutus and Cassius have ridden like madmen through the gates of Rome.

**Antony.**

Probably they had some warning of the people, the way I excited them. Take me to Octavius.

*[Exit.]*

### Act III, Scene 3

*[Enter Cinna, the poet, and after him the Citizens, armed with sticks, spears, and swords.]*

**Cinna.**

I dreamed tonight that I feasted with Caesar, and recent events have caused me to imagine awful things. I have no desire to wander outside, but something compels me to go out.

**First Citizen.**

What is your name?

**Cinna.**

Truthfully, my name is Cinna.

**First Citizen.**

Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

**Cinna.**

I am Cinna the poet! I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**Fourth Citizen.**

It doesn't matter; his name's Cinna! Let's just tear the name out of his heart, and send him away.

**Third Citizen.**

Tear him, tear him!

*[They attack Cinna.]*

Come, instigators! To Brutus' house, to Cassius' house! Burn all! Some go to Decius' house and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius! Away, go!

*[Exit all the citizens.]*