

Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar.
 I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will. 130
 Let but the commons hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills, 135
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

[FIFTH] PLEBEIAN
 We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ALL THE PLEBEIANS
 The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will. 140
 ANTONY
 Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 145
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

[FIFTH] PLEBEIAN
 Read the will. We'll hear it, Antony.
 You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY
 Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? 150
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

[FIFTH] PLEBEIAN They were traitors. Honourable men?
 ALL THE PLEBEIANS The will, the testament! 155
 [FOURTH] PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The
 will, read the will!

ANTONY
 You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
 And let me show you him that made the will. 160
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL THE PLEBEIANS
 Come down.

[FOURTH] PLEBEIAN Descend.
 THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave.
Antony descends from the pulpit

[FIFTH] PLEBEIAN
 Stand round. A ring.
 FIRST PLEBEIAN
 Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

[FOURTH] PLEBEIAN
 Room for Antony, most noble Antony!
[Enter Antony below]

ANTONY
 Nay, press not so upon me. Stand farre off. 165
 ALL THE PLEBEIANS Stand back! Room! Bear back!

ANTONY
 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. 170
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
 See what a rent the envious Casca made.
 Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
 And as he plucked his cursèd steel away, 175

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no—
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! 180
 This was the most unkindest cut of all.
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
 And in his mantle muffling up his face, 185
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 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 flourished over us. 190
 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, marred, as you see, with traitors. 195
He uncovers Caesar's body

FIRST PLEBEIAN
 O piteous spectacle!
 [FOURTH] PLEBEIAN O noble Caesar!
 THIRD PLEBEIAN O woeful day!
 [FIFTH] PLEBEIAN
 O traitors, villains!
 FIRST PLEBEIAN O most bloody sight!
 [FOURTH] PLEBEIAN We will be revenged.
 [ALL THE PLEBEIANS]
 Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
 Let not a traitor live! 200

ANTONY
 Stay, countrymen.
 FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there, hear the noble Antony.
 [FOURTH] PLEBEIAN We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
 die with him!

ANTONY
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up 205
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it. They are wise and honourable,
 And will no doubt with reasons answer you. 210
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
 I am no orator as Brutus is,
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him. 215
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths, 220
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 225

ALL THE PLEBEIANS
 We'll mutiny.
 FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus.
 THIRD PLEBEIAN
 Away then! Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY
 Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak. 175