

Marc Antony's Speech

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
 I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
 The evil that en 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.
 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 Casear,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

Julius Caesar (III.ii)