

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:—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 base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. 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 pause for a reply.

~~All: None, Brutus, none.~~

Then none 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, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. [Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body] Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? 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.

BRUTUS

Please be calm until I finish. Romans, countrymen, and friends! Listen to the reasons for my actions, and be silent so you can hear. Do me the honor of believing me, and know that, upon my honor, you can believe me. Be wise in your judgment of me, and keep your minds alert so that you can judge me wisely. If there's anyone in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, I say to him that my love for Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demands to know why I rose up against Caesar, this is my answer: it's not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Would you prefer that Caesar were living, and we would all one day die as slaves? Or would you prefer that Caesar were dead and we all lived as free men? Because Caesar was my friend, I weep for him. Because he had so much good fortune, I am so happy for him. Because he was brave, I honor him. But because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his bravery, and death for his ambition. Who standing here is so wretched that he wants to be a slave? If there are any, let them speak—because they are the ones that I have offended. Who here is so uncivilized that he does not want to be a Roman? If there are any, let them speak—because they are the ones that I have offended. Who here is so despicable that he does not love his country? If there are any, let them speak—because they are the ones that I have offended. I will wait for a reply.

All: No one, Brutus, no one.

Then I have offended no one. I've done no more to Caesar than you would do to me. The reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol. His glory has not been reduced where he earned it, nor have the offenses for which he was killed been exaggerated.