

MARC ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

[He shakes hands with the conspirators]

[To BRUTUS]

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

[To CASSIUS]

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

[To DECIUS] [To METELLUS]

Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours, Metellus;

[To CINNA] [To CASCA]

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;

[To TREBONIUS]

Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.

[To the conspirators]

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

[To CAESAR's body]

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy thy Anthony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

MARC ANTONY

I don't doubt your wisdom. May each of you give me his bloody hand. [He shakes hands with the conspirators]

[To BRUTUS] First, Marcus Brutus, I will shake your hand.

[To CASSIUS] Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand.

[To DECIUS] Now, Decius Brutus, yours.

[To METELLUS] Now yours, Metellus.

[To CINNA] Yours, Cinna.

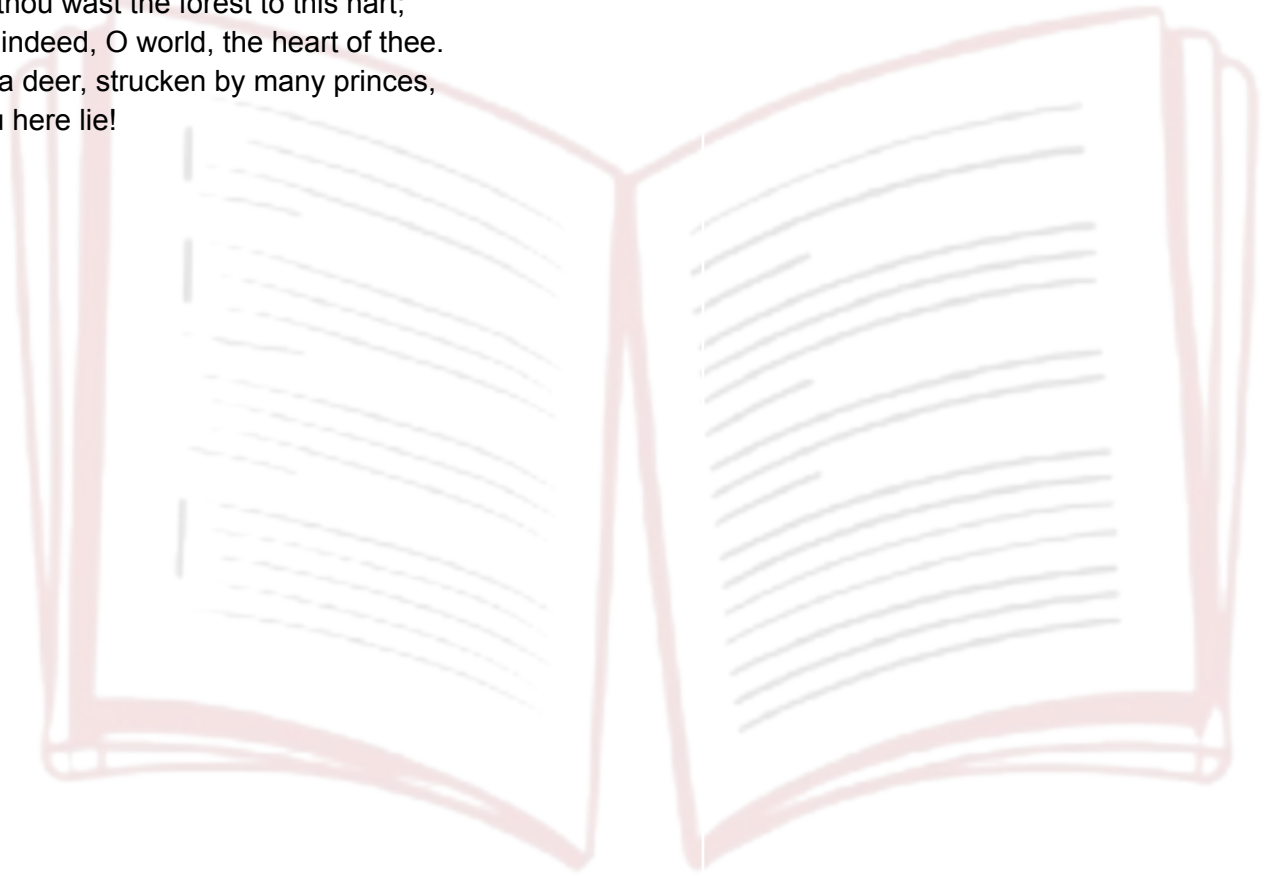
[To CASCA] And, my valiant Casca, yours.

[To TREBONIUS] Though I shake your hand last, I do not love you the least, good Trebonius.

[To the conspirators] All of you gentlemen, alas, what can I say? Now that we've shaken hands, my credibility stands on such slippery ground that you must think me either a coward or a flatterer.

[To CAESAR's body] It is true that I loved you, Caesar. If your spirit is looking down upon us now, would it grieve you more than even your death to see your Antony making peace, and shaking the bloody hands of your enemies—most noble enemies!—in the presence of your corpse? If I had as many eyes as you have wounds, and they wept tears as fast as your wounds stream blood, even that would be more becoming than joining your enemies in friendship. Forgive me, Julius! Here is where you were brought down, like a brave deer surrounded by hunting dogs. Here is where you fell, and here your hunters still stand, stained and reddened by your blood. Oh, world, you were the forest to this deer. And this deer, oh world, was your dear. Now you lie here, so much like a deer, stabbed by many princes!

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!



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