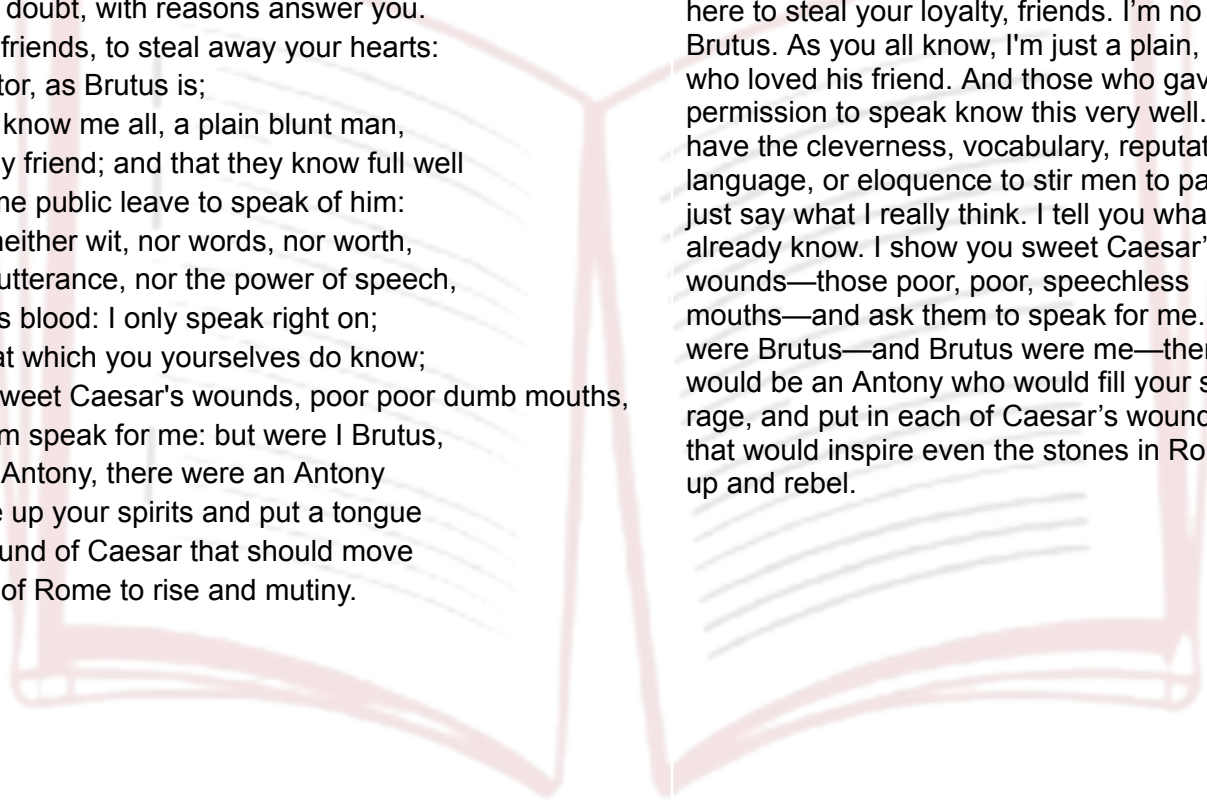


MARC ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
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.
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:
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,
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.

MARC ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends: don't let me stir you up
to such a sudden surge of revolt. Those who have
done this deed are honorable. I don't know what
personal grudges they had that made them do it.
They are wise and honorable, and will give you
reasons for their actions, without a doubt. I am not
here to steal your loyalty, friends. I'm no orator like
Brutus. As you all know, I'm just a plain, blunt man
who loved his friend. And those who gave me
permission to speak know this very well. I don't
have the cleverness, vocabulary, reputation, body
language, or eloquence to stir men to passion. I
just say what I really think. I tell you what you
already know. I show you sweet Caesar's
wounds—those poor, poor, speechless
mouths—and ask them to speak for me. But if I
were Brutus—and Brutus were me—then that
would be an Antony who would fill your spirits with
rage, and put in each of Caesar's wounds a voice
that would inspire even the stones in Rome to rise
up and rebel.



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