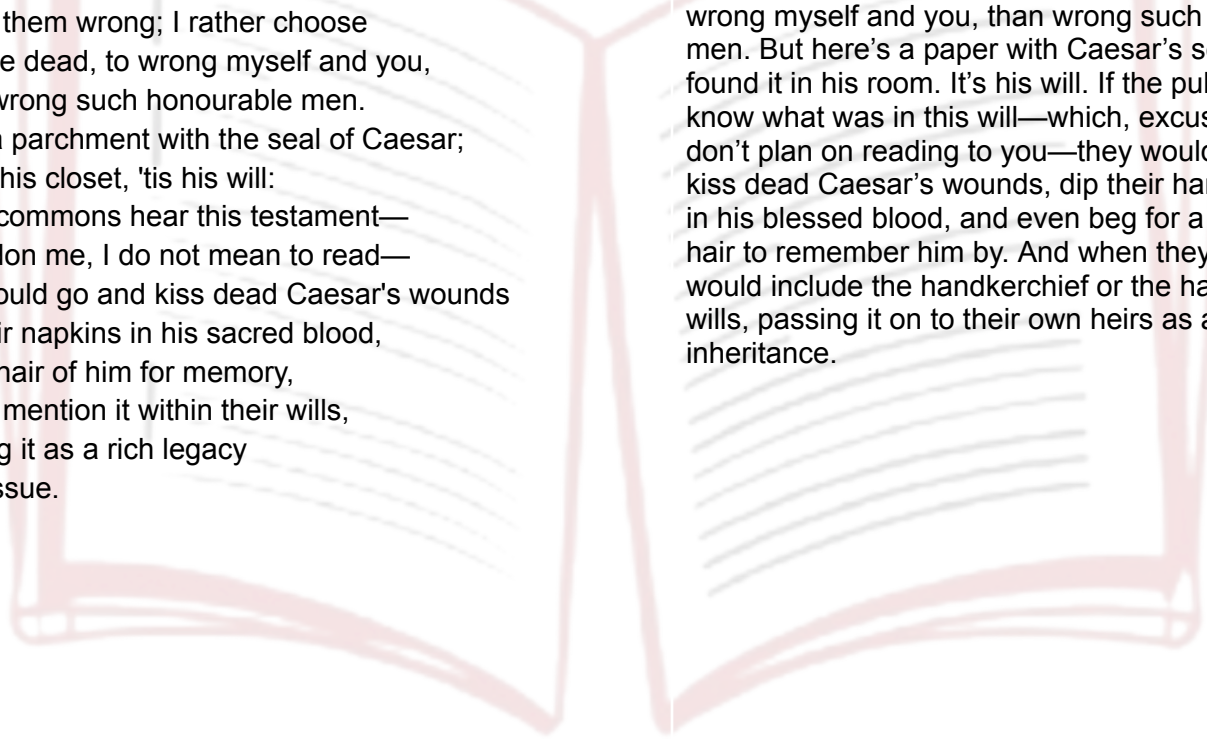


MARC ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there.
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
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:
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,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

MARC ANTONY

Just yesterday, no one in the world would have
stood against Caesar's commands. Now he lies
there dead, and no one is so humble as to show
him respect. Oh, sirs, if I were trying to stir your
hearts and minds to rage and rebellion, I would be
doing wrong to Brutus and Cassius—who, as you
all know, are honorable men. I will not do them
wrong. I choose rather to wrong the dead, and
wrong myself and you, than wrong such honorable
men. But here's a paper with Caesar's seal on it. I
found it in his room. It's his will. If the public were to
know what was in this will—which, excuse me, I
don't plan on reading to you—they would go and
kiss dead Caesar's wounds, dip their handkerchiefs
in his blessed blood, and even beg for a lock of his
hair to remember him by. And when they died, they
would include the handkerchief or the hair in their
wills, passing it on to their own heirs as a treasured
inheritance.



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