

## Resource G: **MOB RULE**

(\*Primary version below)

### **BRUTUS (edited)**

1. 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:
2. 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?
3. 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. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

## ANTONY (edited)

*Enters with Caesar's body.*

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was 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 thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
2. 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 Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.
3. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
To every Roman citizen he gives seventy-five drachmas.  
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
4. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all

## **\*Primary version**

### **BRUTUS (edited)**

1. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! believe me  
for mine honour:
2. why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:  
--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved  
Rome more.
3. Had you rather Caesar were living and  
die all slaves?
4. As Caesar loved me, I weep for him  
but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.
5. Who is here so vile that will not love his country?  
I pause for a reply.

### **ANTONY (edited)**

*Enters with Caesar's body.*

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
2. Here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;  
'tis his will:  
To every Roman citizen he gives seventy-five drachmas.  
He hath left you all his walks and new-planted orchards.
3. Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all

## **ACT 3, SCENE 2 (edited)**

*The Forum. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens*

### **Citizens**

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

### **First Citizen**

I will hear Brutus speak.

### **BRUTUS**

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, 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.

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.

### **BRUTUS**

Then none have I offended.

*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.

I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

### **All**

Live, Brutus! live, live!

### **Second Citizen**

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

### **Third Citizen**

Let him be Caesar.

**First Citizen**

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

**Fourth Citizen**

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

**First Citizen**

This Caesar was a tyrant.

**Third Citizen**

Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

**Second Citizen**

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

**ANTONY**

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
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.  
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 thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
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 Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

**First Citizen**

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

**Second Citizen**

Caesar has had great wrong.

**Third Citizen**

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

**Fourth Citizen**

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

**Second Citizen**

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

**Third Citizen**

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

**Fourth Citizen**

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

**ANTONY**

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--

**Fourth Citizen**

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

**All**

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

**ANTONY**

I must not read it;  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

**Fourth Citizen**

Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.

**ANTONY**

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.

**Fourth Citizen**

A ring; stand round.

*They surround Caesar's body.*

**ANTONY**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all;

**First Citizen**

O piteous spectacle!

**Second Citizen**

O noble Caesar!

**Fourth Citizen**

O traitors, villains!

**First Citizen**

O most bloody sight!

**Second Citizen**

We will be revenged.

**All**

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!  
Let not a traitor live!

**ANTONY**

Why, friends, You have forgot the will I told you of.

**All**

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

**ANTONY**

To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

**Second Citizen**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

**Third Citizen**

O royal Caesar!

**ANTONY**

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

**Second Citizen**

Go fetch fire.

**Third Citizen**

Pluck down benches.

**Fourth Citizen**

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

*Exeunt Citizens with the body*

**ANTONY**

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!