

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen”

*by: William Shakespeare
from: Julius Caesar*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
But the good is often buried with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Has told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously has Caesar answered it.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

He has brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms filled your purses.
Did this Caesar seem ambitious?

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 honorable man.
You all did love Caesar once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?