

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them; *The bad*

The good is oft interred with their bones; *The good*

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious: *Caesar*

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, *It's big mis*

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem 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.