**CAESAR**

I could be well moved if I were as you.

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks.

They are all fire and every one doth shine,

But there’s but one in all doth hold his place.

So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshaked of motion. And that I am he

Let me a little show it even in this:

That I was constant Cimber should be banished,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

**ANTONY**

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever livèd in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quartered with the hands of war,

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,

And Caesar’s spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Ate by his side come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines with a monarch’s voice

Cry “Havoc!” and let slip the dogs of war,

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.