

## Public v. Private Antony

**DIRECTIONS:** Read and annotate

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom. 200

Let each man render me his bloody hand.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.—

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand.—

Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours,

Metellus;— 205

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good

Trebonius.—

Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground 210

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true!

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death 215

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes—

Most noble!—in the presence of thy corpse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, 220

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave

hart,

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand 225

Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy Lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,

And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer stricken by many princes

Dost thou here lie! 230

How is Mark Antony acting in front of the Romans at the Capitol?

ANTONY

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 280  
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 285  
(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; 290  
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; 295  
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 300  
With carrion men groaning for burial.

How does Antony act when he's all alone?