

MEMORABLE LINES



Beware the ides of March. (SOOTHSAYER 1.2.18)

Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves. (CASSIUS 1.2.135-8)

Men at some time are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. (CASSIUS 1.2.139-41)

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? (CASSIUS 1.2.149-50)

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.
(CAESAR 1.2.192-5)

I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar. (CAESAR 1.2.211-12)
But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.
(CASCA 1.2.283-4)

Well, Brutus, thou art noble. Yet I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed. (CASSIUS 1.2.308-10)

What trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! (CASSIUS 1.3.108-11)

Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. (BRUTUS 2.1.18-19)

But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.
(BRUTUS 2.1.21-2)

When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
(CALPURNIA 2.2.30-1)

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once. (CAESAR 2.2.32-3)

Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he. (CAESAR 2.2.44-5)
Et tu, Brutè? (CAESAR 3.1.78)

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
(CASSIUS 3.1.112-14)

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? (ANTONY 3.1.150-2)

Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war.
(ANTONY 3.1.275)

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and
be silent that you may hear. (BRUTUS 3.2.13-14)

Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.
(BRUTUS 3.2.21-2)

As he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I
slew him. (BRUTUS 3.2.25-7)

Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any,
speak, for him have I offended. (BRUTUS 3.2.30-2)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. (ANTONY 3.2.75-6)

- The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones. (ANTONY 3.2.77-8)
- For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men— (ANTONY 3.2.84-5)
- Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. (ANTONY 3.2.94)
- If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
(ANTONY 3.2.170)
- This was the most unkindest cut of all. (ANTONY 3.2.184)
- I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man.
(ANTONY 3.2.217-19)
- For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
(ANTONY 3.2.222-4)
- I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. (ANTONY 3.2.225-7)
- There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. (BRUTUS 4.3.217-20)
- Thou shalt see me at Philippi. (CAESAR'S GHOST 4.3.285)
- Forever and forever farewell, Cassius! (BRUTUS 5.1.120)
- O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. (BRUTUS 5.3.94-6)
- This was the noblest Roman of them all. (ANTONY 5.5.68)