

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR
By
William Shakespeare

Act III, Scene III



SCENE III. The same. A street.

[Enter Cinna, the poet.]

CINNA.

I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

[Enter Citizens.]

FIRST CITIZEN.

What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN.

Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, and truly; you were best.

CINNA.

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely I say I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN.

That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA.

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN.

As a friend, or an enemy?

CINNA.

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN.

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

For your dwelling,—briefly.

CINNA.

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA.

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

CINNA.

I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA.

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Tear him, tear him! Come; brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': away, go!

[Exeunt.]