Julius Caesar Character list and Speeches

1. When and where does the story take place?

2. How has Caesar risen to power?

The Triumvirate after Caesar’s death:

1. ______________________
2. ______________________
3. ______________________

The Conspirators:

1. ______________________  6. ______________________
2. ______________________  7. ______________________
3. ______________________  8. ______________________
4. ______________________  9. ______________________
5. ______________________ 10. ______________________

The Tribunes:

1. ______________________  2. ______________________

The Wives:

1. Brutus’s wife:_________________________
2. Caesar’s wife:_________________________

On the following pages are three speeches. ONE of these speeches needs to be memorized, and recited to me. You have until_____________ to do this. You need to make an appointment with me for before or after school, and then be there. If you miss a scheduled appointment, you will be penalized. This is a test grade.
“Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of; and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.”
Kneel not, gentle Portia.
“I should not need if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.”
Brutus’s Funeral speech to the crowd, p. 1249, Act III, sc 2, l. 12-41 (29 lines)

“Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent
That you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake to Your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any dear friend of Caesar’s, to him I say that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose Against Caesar, this is my answer—not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, Than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar loved me, I Weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I Honor him. But as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his Love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that he would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him Have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If Any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not Love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I Pause for a reply.
None Brutus, none!
Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is Enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was Worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who though he Had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a Place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I Have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country To need my death.”
“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 good is oft interred with their bones.  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable 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 honorable 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 honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And sure he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause.  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.” ……[Antony’s Oration continues, p. 1252-3, Act III, sc2, l.166-194 (28 lines)]
…..“If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on.
‘Twas on a summer’s evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius’ dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor’s arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar’s vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors!

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