

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar
by Wm. Shakespeare

Act III, Scene III: A street.

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something draws me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First. Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. 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.
Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll
bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capital.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses!
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of
his heart, and turn him going.

Exeunt