

PRIDE COMES BEFORE THE FALL

THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CAESAR

Act III, Scene 1

William Shakespeare's

[In the Capitol]

JULIUS CAESAR

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he

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[Casca first, then the other Conspirators and
Brutus stab Caesar.]

TEXT: www.enotes.com

IMAGE: www.proteinpower.com