

# УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

## THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

Уильям Шекспир

**The Tragedy of Julius Caesar**

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# William Shakespeare

## The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

### Dramatis Personae

JULIUS CAESAR, Roman statesman and general  
OCTAVIUS, Triumvir after Caesar's death, later Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome  
MARK ANTONY, general and friend of Caesar, a Triumvir after his death  
LEPIDUS, third member of the Triumvirate  
MARCUS BRUTUS, leader of the conspiracy against Caesar  
CASSIUS, instigator of the conspiracy  
CASCA, conspirator against Caesar  
TREBONIUS, " " "  
CAIUS LIGARIUS, " " "  
DECIUS BRUTUS, " " "  
METELLUS CIMBER, " " "  
CINNA, " " "  
CALPURNIA, wife of Caesar  
PORTIA, wife of Brutus  
CICERO, senator  
POPILIUS, "  
POPILIUS LENA, "  
FLAVIUS, tribune  
MARULLUS, tribune  
CATO, supporter of Brutus  
LUCILIUS, " " "  
TITINIUS, " " "  
MESSALA, " " "  
VOLUMNIUS, " " "  
ARTEMIDORUS, a teacher of rhetoric  
CINNA, a poet  
VARRO, servant to Brutus  
CLITUS, " " "  
CLAUDIO, " " "  
STRATO, " " "  
LUCIUS, " " "  
DARDANIUS, " " "  
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius  
The Ghost of Caesar  
A Soothsayer  
A Poet  
Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Commoners, Messengers, and Servants

## **SCENE: Rome, the conspirators' camp near Sardis, and the plains of Philippi**

### **ACT I. SCENE I. Rome. A street**

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS. Hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What, know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk

Upon a laboring day without the sign

Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

FIRST COMMONER. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,  
I am

but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

SECOND COMMONER. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a  
safe

conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS. What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what  
trade?

SECOND COMMONER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me;  
yet,

if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MARULLUS. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy  
fellow!

SECOND COMMONER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the  
awl; I

meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but  
with

awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are  
in

great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon  
neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get  
myself

into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see  
Caesar

and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day with patient expectation

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks

To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort,

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

### **Exeunt all Commoners**

See whether their basest metal be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I. Disrobe the images

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about

And drive away the vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness. Exeunt.

## SCENE II. A public place

Flourish. Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd follows, among them a Soothsayer.

CAESAR. Calpurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Music ceases.

CAESAR. Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA. Here, my lord.

CAESAR. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,  
When he doth run his course. Antonio!

ANTONY. Caesar, my lord?

CAESAR. Forget not in your speed, Antonio,  
To touch Calpurnia, for our elders say  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY. I shall remember.

When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

CAESAR. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. Flourish.

SOOTHSAYER. Caesar!

CAESAR. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again!

CAESAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry "Caesar." Speak, Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR. What man is that?

BRUTUS. A soothsayer you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR. Set him before me let me see his face.

CASSIUS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.

Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS. Not I.

CASSIUS. I pray you, do.

BRUTUS. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have;  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand



Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS. Cassius,

Be not deceived; if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;  
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved-  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one-  
Nor construe any further my neglect  
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself  
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS. 'Tis just,

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear,  
And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I your glass  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus;  
Were I a common laughers, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester, if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
And after scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and shout.

BRUTUS. What means this shouting? I do fear the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other  
And I will look on both indifferently.  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life, but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood  
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow. So indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"  
I, as Aeneas our great ancestor  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him I did mark  
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their color fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan.  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl. Ye gods! It doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone. Shout. Flourish.

BRUTUS. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honors that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

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.

Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,

"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age since the great flood

But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king.

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim.

How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further moved. What you have said

I will consider; what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Caesar and his Train.

BRUTUS. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train:

Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR. Antonio!

ANTONY. Caesar?

CAESAR. 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.

ANTONY. Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not,

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train but Casca.

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanced today

That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him, and being offered him,

he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell ashouting.

BRUTUS. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CASSIUS. They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRUTUS. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, wast, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler

than other, and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

CASSIUS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a

crown (yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets) and, as I told you, he put it by once. But for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered

it to him again; then he put it by again. But, to my thinking, he

was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it

the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands

and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of

stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar, for he swounded and fell down at it.

And

for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips

and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS. But, soft, I pray you, what, did Caesars wound?

CASCA. He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at mouth and was

speechless.

BRUTUS. 'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS. No, Caesar hath it not, but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell

down. If the tagrag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do

the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his

doublet

and offered them his throat to cut. An had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would

I

might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came

to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss,

he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity.

Three or

four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave

him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have

done

no less.

BRUTUS. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CASSIUS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and

shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

I

could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling

scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well.

There was more foolery yet, if could remember it.

CASSIUS. Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS. Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth

the eating.

CASSIUS. Good, I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so, farewell, both. Exit.

BRUTUS. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

BRUTUS. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.

Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you, or, if you will,  
Come home to me and I will wait for you.  
CASSIUS. I will do so. Till then, think of the world.

### **Exit Brutus**

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see  
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought  
From that it is disposed; therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humor me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at.  
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. Exit.

### **SCENE III. A street. Thunder and lightning**

Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

CICERO. Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?  
CASCA. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds  
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds,  
But never till tonight, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world too saucy with the gods  
Incenses them to send destruction.  
CICERO. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?  
CASCA. A common slave- you know him well by sight-  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand  
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides- I ha' not since put up my sword-  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glaz'd upon me and went surly by  
Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
Even at noonday upon the marketplace,  
Howling and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
"These are their reasons; they are natural":  
For I believe they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.  
CICERO. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time.  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?  
CASCA. He doth, for he did bid Antonio  
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.  
CICERO. Good then, Casca. This disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.  
CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS. Who's there?  
CASCA. A Roman.  
CASSIUS. Casca, by your voice.  
CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!  
CASSIUS. A very pleasing night to honest men.  
CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?  
CASSIUS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bared my bosom to the thunderstone;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.  
CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.  
CASSIUS. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze  
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,



Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,  
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and preformed faculties  
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS. Let it be who it is, for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.  
But, woe the while! Our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed they say the senators tomorrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king,  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land  
In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS. I know where I will wear this dagger then:  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. Thunder still.

CASCA. So can I.

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O grief,

Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand.  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS. There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's Porch. For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets,  
And the complexion of the element  
In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS. No, it is Casca, one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

CINNA. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party-

CASSIUS. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,  
Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS. That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

### **Exit Cinna**

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.  
CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts,  
And that which would appear offense in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS. Him and his worth and our great need of him  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight, and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him. Exeunt.

## ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

BRUTUS. What, Lucius, ho!  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS. Call'd you, my lord?  
BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.  
LUCIUS. I will, my lord. Exit.  
BRUTUS. It must be by his death, and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power, and, to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities;  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint I found  
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter.

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again, it is not day.

Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

LUCIUS. I will, sir. Exit.

BRUTUS. The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

Opens the letter and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself!

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out.

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

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