

# УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

JULIUS  
CAESAR

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## Julius Caesar

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*Julius Caesar:*

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# **William Shakespeare**

## **Julius Caesar**

### **The Tragedie of Julius Caesar**

#### **Actus Primus. Scoena Prima**

Enter Flaius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flaius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not  
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke  
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe  
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?  
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am  
but as you would say, a Cobler

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you

Fla. Thou art a Coblery, art thou? Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets? Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see Caesar, and to reioyce in his Triumph

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?  
What Conquest brings he home?  
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?  
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:  
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?  
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,  
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,  
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate  
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,  
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,  
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes  
To heare the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her Concaue Shores?  
And do you now put on your best attyre?  
And do you now cull out a Holyday?  
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,  
That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeyes blood?  
Be gone,  
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,  
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this Ingratitude

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault  
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;

Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares  
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame  
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt. all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,  
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:  
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,  
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,  
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies

Mur. May we do so?  
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images  
Be hung with Caesars Trophees: Ile about,  
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;  
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.  
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Caesars wing,  
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soare aboue the view of men,  
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia,  
Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after  
them Murellus and Flavius.

Caes. Calphurnia

Cask. Peace ho, Caesar speakes

Caes. Calphurnia

Calp. Heere my Lord

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

Ant. César, my Lord

Caes. Forget not in your speed Antonio,  
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,  
The Barren touched in this holy chace,  
Shake off their sterile curse

Ant. I shall remember,  
When Caesar sayes, Do this; it is perform'd

Caes. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out

Sooth. Caesar

Caes. Ha? Who calles?

Cask. Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe



Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?  
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke  
Cry, Caesar: Speake, Caesar is turn'd to heare

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March

Caes. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon Caesar

Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March

Caes. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

Sennet

Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

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

Brut. Not I

Cassi. I pray you do

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part  
Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony:  
Let me not hinder Cassius your desires;  
Ile leaue you

Cassi. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:  
I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse  
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:  
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand  
Ouer your Friend, that loues you

Bru. Cassius,  
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,  
I turne the trouble of my Countenance  
Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,  
Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaiours:  
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd  
(Among which number Cassius be you one)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,  
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men

Cassi. Then Brutus, I haue much mistook your passion,  
By meanes whereof, this Brest 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 it selfe but by reflection,  
By some other things

Cassius. 'Tis iust,  
And it is very much lamented Brutus,  
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne  
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow:  
I haue heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortall Caesar) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,  
Haue wish'd, that Noble Brutus had his eyes

Bru. Into what dangers, would you  
Leade me Cassius?  
That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,  
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good Brutus, be prepar'd to heare:  
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe  
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,  
Will modestly discouer to your selfe  
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.  
And be not iealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common Laughter, or did vse

To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue  
To euery new Protester: if you know,  
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,  
And after scandall them: Or if you know,  
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting  
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?  
I do feare, the People choose Caesar  
For their King

Cassi. I, do you feare it?  
Then must I thinke you would not haue it so

Bru. I would not Cassius, yet I loue him well:  
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?  
What is it, that you would impart to me?  
If it be ought toward the generall good,  
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,  
And I will looke on both indifferently:  
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue  
The name of Honor, more then I feare death

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward fauour.  
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:  
I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,  
I had as lief not be, as liue to be  
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.  
I was borne free as Caesar, so were you,  
We both haue fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,  
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,  
Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou Cassius now  
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,  
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.  
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.  
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,  
Caesar cride, Helpe me Cassius, or I sinke.  
I (as Aeneas, our great Ancestor,  
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder  
The old Anchyses beare) so, from the waues of Tyber  
Did I the tyred Caesar: And this Man,  
Is now become a God, and Cassius is  
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,  
If Caesar carelesly but nod on him.  
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,  
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke  
How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,  
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,

And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,  
Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:  
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans  
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,  
Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke Titinius,  
As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the Maiesticke world,  
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout?  
I do beleeeue, that these applauses are  
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Caesar

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about  
To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.  
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.  
The fault (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres,  
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.  
Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?  
Why should that name be sounded more then yours  
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:  
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as Caesar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,  
Vpon what meate doth this our Caesar feede,  
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.  
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,  
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?  
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough  
When there is in it but one onely man.  
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would haue brook'd  
Th' eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,  
As easily as a King

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:  
What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:  
How I haue thought of this, and of these times  
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,  
I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)  
Be any further moou'd: What you haue said,  
I will consider: what you haue to say  
I will with patience heare, and finde a time  
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.  
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:  
Brutus had rather be a Villager,  
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome  
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time  
Is like to lay vpon vs

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words  
Haue stricke but thus much shew of fire from Brutus,  
Enter Caesar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,  
And Caesar is returning

Cassi. As they passe by,  
Plucke Caska by the Sleeue,  
And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to day

Bru. I will do so: but looke you Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Caesars brow,  
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;  
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and Cicero  
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes  
As we haue seene him in the Capitoll  
Being crosst in Conference, by some Senators  
Cassi. Caska will tell vs what the matter is

Caes Antonio

Ant. Caesar

Caes Let me haue men about me, that are fat,  
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:  
Yond Cassius has a leane and hungry looke,



He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous

Ant. Feare him not Caesar, he's not dangerous,  
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen

Caes Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:  
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,  
I do not know the man I should auoyd  
So soone as that spare Cassius. He reades much,  
He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes  
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,  
As thou dost Antony: he heares no Musicke;  
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am Caesar.  
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,  
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Exeunt. Caesar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake  
with me?

Bru. I Caska, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day  
That Caesar lookes so sad

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

Bru. I should not then aske Caska what had chanc'd

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting

Bru. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honest Neighbors showed

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why Antony

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Caska

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe Marke Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because Caesar refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked Caesar: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse

Cassi. No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,  
And honest Caska, we haue the Falling sicknesse

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe? Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgauē him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no lesse

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away

Cask. I

Cassi. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke

Cassi. To what effect? Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine

owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Murrellus and Flavius, for pulling Scarffes off Caesars Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, Caska?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating

Cassi. Good, I will expect you

Cask. Doe so: farewell both.

Enter.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?  
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole

Cassi. So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,  
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:  
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,  
Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words  
With better Appetite

Brut. And so it is:  
For this time I will leaue you:  
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,  
I will come home to you: or if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well Brutus, thou art Noble: yet I see,  
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,  
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:  
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues Brutus.  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humor me. I will this Night,  
In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,  
As if they came from seuerall Citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely  
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.  
And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,  
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Enter.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, Caska: brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth  
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O Cicero,  
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds  
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene  
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,  
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:  
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,  
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.  
Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,  
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,  
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne  
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.  
Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,  
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,  
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me. And there were drawne  
Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,  
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw

Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.  
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,  
Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,  
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies  
Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,  
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:  
For I beleeeue, they are portentous things  
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.  
Comes Caesar to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid Antonio  
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow

Cic. Good-night then, Caska:  
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in

Cask. Farewell Cicero.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane



Cassi. Caska, by your Voyce

Cask. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cassi. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;  
And thus vnbraced, Caska, as you see,  
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:  
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open  
The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe  
Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heauens?  
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,  
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send  
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish vs

Cassi. You are dull, Caska:  
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,  
You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,  
And cast your selfe in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,  
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,  
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,  
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,  
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,  
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,  
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,  
Vnto some monstrous State.  
Now could I (Caska) name to thee a man,  
Most like this dreadfull Night,  
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,  
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:  
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,  
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,  
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are

Cask. 'Tis Caesar that you meane:  
Is it not, Cassius?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;  
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,  
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,  
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow  
Meane to establish Caesar as a King:  
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,  
In euery place, saue here in Italy

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;  
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer Cassius:  
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;  
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.  
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,  
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,  
Can be retentiuie to the strength of spirit:  
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,  
Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.  
If I know this, know all the World besides,  
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:  
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares  
The power to cancell his Captiuitie

Cassi. And why should César be a Tyrant then?  
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,  
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:  
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.

Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,  
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?  
What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues  
For the base matter, to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Caesar. But oh Griefe,  
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this  
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent

Cask. You speake to Caska, and to such a man,  
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:  
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,  
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,  
As who goes farthest

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.  
Now know you, Caska, I haue mou'd already  
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans  
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,  
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;  
And I doe know by this, they stay for me  
In Pompeyes Porch: for now this fearefull Night,  
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;  
And the Complexion of the Element  
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,  
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in  
haste

Cassi. 'Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,  
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus  
Cymber?

Cassi. No, it is Caska, one incorporate  
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't.  
What a fearefull Night is this?  
There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me

Cinna. Yes, you are. O Cassius,  
If you could but winne the Noble Brutus  
To our party-

Cassi. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,  
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,  
Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this  
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe  
Vpon old Brutus Statue: all this done,  
Repaire to Pompeyes Porch, where you shall finde vs.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All, but Metellus Cymber, and hee's gone  
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me

Cassi. That done, repayre to Pompeyes Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come Caska, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:  
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,  
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,  
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,  
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

## Actus Secundus

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe?

I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,  
Giue guesse how neere to day- Lucius, I say?  
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.  
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Enter.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,  
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,  
But for the generall. 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 craues warie walking: Crowne him that,

And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,  
That at his will he may doe danger with.  
Th' abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes  
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,  
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd  
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,  
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,  
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:  
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,  
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,  
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;  
Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell  
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would runne to these, and these extremities:  
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,  
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;  
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:  
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found  
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure  
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.  
Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:



Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word

Luc. I will, Sir.

Enter.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,  
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:  
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.  
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.  
Such instigations haue beene often dropt,  
Where I haue tooke them vp:  
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:  
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?  
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome  
The Tarquin driue, when he was call'd a King.  
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated  
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,  
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest  
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.  
Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:  
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I haue not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,  
And the first motion, all the Interim is  
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:  
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments  
Are then in councell; and the state of a man,  
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then  
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,  
Who doth desire to see you

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,  
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,

That by no meanes I may discover them,  
By any marke of fauour

Brut. Let 'em enter:

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