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# THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

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北京师联教育科学研究所 编



学苑音像出版社

图书在版编目( CIP )数据

世界经典文学名著原版库/北京师联教育科学研究所编. —北京 :学苑音像出版社 2005. 3

ISBN 7 - 88050 - 270 - X

I. 世... II. 北... III. 世界文学—文学—名著 :英文 IV. I299 - 3

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字( 2005 )第 187966 号

世界经典文学名著原版库  
北京师联教育科学研究所 编

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出 版 :学苑音像出版社

印 刷 :北京密云红光印刷厂

开 本 850mmx1168mm 1/16

印 张 2800

字 数 43 000 千字

版 次 2005 年 4 月第 1 版

印 数 1 - 5 000

书 号 :ISBN 7 - 88050 - 270 - X

定 价 5800.00 元( 全 290 册 )

## THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

by William Shakespeare

## 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, supportor 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 laughèr, 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,