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Julius Caesar (English Edition)



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Par William Shakespeare : Julius Caesar (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Julius Caesar (English Edition):

Description : Description du produit Marc Antony comes "to bury Caesar, not to praise him," and his funeral oration unleashes a power struggle among the Roman Empire's mightiest generals and statesmen. Books in this new, illustrated series present complete texts of Shakespeare's plays. However, the lines are set up so students can see the bard's original poetic phrases printed side-by-side and line-by-line with a modern "translation" on the facing page. Starting in the late 1580s and for several decades that followed, Shakespeare's plays were popular entertainment for London's theatergoers. His Globe Theatre was the equivalent of a Broadway theater in today's New York. The plays have endured, but over the course of 400+ years, the English language has changed in many ways which is why today's students often find Shakespeare's idiom difficult to comprehend. Simply Shakespeare offers an excellent solution to their problem. Introducing each play is a general essay covering Shakespeare's life and times. At the beginning of each of the five acts in every play, a two-page spread describes what is about to take place. The story's background is explained, followed by brief descriptions of key people who will appear in the act, details students should watch for as the story unfolds, discussion of the play's historical context, how the play was staged in Shakespeare's day, and explanation of puns and plays on words that occur in characters' dialogues. Identifying icons preceding each of these study points are printed in a second color, then are located again as cross-references in the play's original text. For instance, where words spoken by a person in the play offer insights into his or another character's personality, the "Characters" icon will appear as a cross-reference in both the introductory spread and the play proper. Following each act, a closing spread presents questions and discussion points for use as teachers' aids. Guided by the inspiring format of this fine new series, both teachers and students will come to understand and appreciate the genius of Shakespeare as never before.

Prsentation de l'diteur Julius Caesar is a tragedy by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written in 1599. It portrays the conspiracy against the Roman dictator of the same name, his assassination and its aftermath. It is one of several Roman plays that he wrote, based on true events from Roman history, which also include Coriolanus and Antony and Cleopatra. Although the title of the play is Julius Caesar, Caesar is

not the central character in its action; he appears in only three scenes, and is killed at the beginning of the third act. The protagonist of the play is Marcus Brutus, and the central psychological drama is his struggle between the conflicting demands of honour, patriotism, and friendship..co.uk One of Shakespeare's most political plays, Julius Caesar continued Shakespeare's interest in Roman history, first developed in Titus Andronicus. Drawing on Plutarch, the great historian of Rome, Shakespeare dramatises one of the most crucial moments in Roman history--the assassination of Julius Caesar. Loved by the Roman crowd but increasingly feared by the Senators, Caesar increasingly shows signs of his desire to abolish the Republic and crown himself emperor. A conspiracy is hatched, led by Cassius and Brutus, who murder Caesar on the steps of the Capitol. Mourning over his dead friend's body, Mark Antony gives one of the famous rhetorical speeches in literature, asking "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" to lament Caesar's death, privately vowing to "let slip the dogs of war" against those who have shed Caesar's blood. Antony joins forces with Caesar's son

Octavius to defeat Cassius and Brutus in battle, and establish an uneasy alliance whose collapse is dramatised in Shakespeare's later play Antony and Cleopatra. Written at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Julius Caesar has been seen by many as a radically pro-Republican play which sailed close to the political wind of the time. --Jerry Brotton Extrait Act 1 Scene 1 running scene 1 Enter Flavius, Murellus and certain Commoners over the stage 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 labouring day, without the sign Of your profession? - Speak, what trade art thou? CARPENTER Why, sir, a carpenter. MURELLUS Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? - You, sir, what trade are you? COBBLER Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a cobbler. MURELLUS

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly. COBBLER A trade, sir, that I hope, I may use with a safe conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles. FLAVIUS What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade? COBBLER Nay I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you. MURELLUS What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow? COBBLER Why sir, cobble you. FLAVIUS Thou art a cobbler, art thou? COBBLER Truly sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal 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? COBBLER 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. MURELLUS 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 climbed 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 the Commoners See where their basest mettle 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 decked with ceremonies. MURELLUS 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 plucked 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 [Act 1 Scene 2] running scene 1 continues Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, after them Murellus and Flavius CAESAR Calpurnia. CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks. 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 touch'd in this holy chase Shake off their sterile curse. ANTONY I shall remember. When Caesar says 'Do this' it is performed. CAESAR Set on, and leave no ceremony out. Music SOOTHSAYER Caesar! CAESAR Ha?

Who calls?CASCA Bid every noise be still: peace yet again! Music stopsCAESAR Who is it in the press that calls on me?I hear a tongue shriller than all the music,Cry 'Caesar!' Speak, Caesar is turned to hear.SOOTHSAYER Beware the Ides of March.CAESAR What man is that?BRUTUS A soothsayer bids 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. Soothsayer comes forwardCAESAR 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. Brutus and Cassius remainCASSIUS 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 partOf 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 gentlenessAnd show of love as I was wont to have:You bear too stubborn and too strange a handOver your friend, that loves you.BRUTUS Cassius,Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,I turn the trouble of my countenanceMerely upon myself. Vexed I amOf late with passions of some difference,Conceptions only proper to myselfWhich give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours.But let not therefore my good friends be grieved -Among which number, Cassius, be you one -Nor construe any further my neglectThan 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 buriedThoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?BRUTUS No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itselfBut by reflection, by some other things.CASSIUS 'Tis just,And it is very much lamented, Brutus,That you have no such mirrors as will turnYour 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 wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.BRUTUS Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,That you would have me seek into myselfFor that which is not in me?CASSIUS Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:And since you know you cannot see yourselfSo well as by reflection, I your glassWill modestly discover to yourselfThat of yourself which you yet know not of.And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:Were I a common laughter, or did useTo stale with ordinary oaths my loveTo every new protester, if you knowThat I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,And after scandal them, or if you knowThat I profess myself in banquetingTo all the rout, then hold me dangerous.Flourish, and shoutBRUTUS What means this shouting? I do fear the peopleChoose 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 honour in one eye, and death i'th'other,And I will look on both indifferently.For let the gods so speed me, as I loveThe name of honour more than I fear death.CASSIUS I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,As well as I do know your outward favour.Well, honour is the subject of my story:I cannot tell what you and other menThink of this life, but for my single self,I had as lief not be as live to beIn 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 bothEndure 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, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, nowLeap in with me into this angry floodAnd swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,Accoutred as I was, I plunged inAnd bade him follow: so indeed he did.The torrent roared, and we did buffet itWith 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 shoulderThe old Anchises bear - so from the waves of TiberDid I the tired Caesar: and this manIs now become a god, and Cassius isA wretched creature, and must bend his bodyIf Caesar carelessly but nod on him.He had a fever when he was in Spain,And when the fit was on him I did markHow he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake,His coward lips did from their colour fly,And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan: Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the RomansMark 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 meA man of such a feeble temper shouldSo get the start of the majestic worldAnd bear the palm alone.Shout.FlourishBRUTUS Another general shout?I do believe that these applauses areFor some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.CASSIUS Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow worldLike a Colossus, and we petty menWalk under his huge legs and peep aboutTo find ourselves dishonourable graves.Men at some time are masters of their fates.The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our starsBut 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 talked of Rome, That her wide walks encompassed 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 brooked Th' 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. 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 crossed 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 a-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 mocked himself, and scorned 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 feared 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 his train CASCA You pulled 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 a-shouting. 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, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted. CASSIUS Who offered him the crown? CASCA Why, Antony. BRUTUS Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.