



Julius Caesar

Act I, Casca- Tempest Dropping Fire

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 to-night, never till now,

BOTH: Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

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,
remain'd unscorch'd.

Against the Capitol I met a lion, who glared 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 noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: Good night then...

BOTH: this disturbed sky is not to walk in.