SIDE 3

Cassius sounds out Brutus on the assassination of Caesar.

BRUTUS and CASSIUS

**BRUTUS**

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

**CASSIUS**

Ay, do you fear it, Brutus?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

**BRUTUS**

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.  
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' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

**CASSIUS**

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
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:  
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;  
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.

*SFX: Another cheer.*

**BRUTUS**

Another general shout!  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours 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 dishonourable 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.  
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!

**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.