

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR

Act I, scene 2: *An Idea*

Brutus, Cassius

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself.

CASSIUS

I have heard, where many of the best respect in Rome,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius...
[Flourish, and shout]
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.
What is it?

CASSIUS

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
And this man is now become a god!

[Shout. Flourish]

BRUTUS

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
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

What you have said, I will consider;

CASSIUS

I am glad that my weak words
Have struck thus much show of fire from Brutus.