



Julius Caesar

Act I, Cassius- Masters of Their Fates

Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world like a Colossus,
and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves
dishonourable graves.

BOTH: 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;

Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, 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,

BOTH: When there is in it but one only man.