

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

JULIUS CAESAR
Act IV, scene 2: *Battlefield Tent*
Brutus, Cassius

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold to undeservers.

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember: Did not great Julius bleed for
justice' sake?

CASSIUS

Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I, older in practice, abler than
yourself to make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

All this! Must I budge? Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch under your testy humour?

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

No, I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear as huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

[pulls out his dagger, handing it to BRUTUS]

There is my dagger, and here within, a heart richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth!

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger: O Cassius...

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

BRUTUS

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs...Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Portia? How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatient of my absence, and grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony have made themselves so strong:-- And, her attendants absent, **swallow'd fire.**

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

BRUTUS

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.