



Julius Caesar

Act II, Brutus- By His Death

It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.

He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking.

Crown him?--that;--
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his reason.

But 'tis a common proof, that lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round he then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.

BOTH: So Caesar may.

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg

Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,

BOTH: And kill him in the shell.