

*(Flourish, and shout)*

**BRUTUS**

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.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
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**

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.

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; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.  
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!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
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,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.