

Julius Caesar
Act IV, scene ii

Camp near Sardis (far to the east of Rome; modern Turkey). Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

LUCILIUS

Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRUTUS

What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS

He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

5

BRUTUS

He greets me well. *Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone:* but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

10

PINDARUS

I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRUTUS

He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

15

LUCILIUS

With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS

*Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.* Comes his army on?

20

25

LUCILIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

30

BRUTUS

Hark! he is arrived.

[Low march within]

March gently on to meet him.

[Enter CASSIUS and his powers]

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

35

BRUTUS

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Soldier

Stand!

Second Soldier

Stand!

Third Soldier

Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong. 40

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them--

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content. 45

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs, 50
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man 55
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt

Julius Caesar
Act IV, scene iii

Brutus's tent.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off 5
(you ignored my letters arguing for his innocence)

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; 10
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last. 15

BRUTUS

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

<i>Remember March, the ides of March remember: Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What, shall one of us That struck the foremost man of all this world But for supporting robbers, shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, And sell the mighty space of our large honours For so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.</i>	20
CASSIUS Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it: you forget yourself, To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, Older in practise, abler than yourself To make conditions.	30
BRUTUS Go to; you are not, Cassius.	35
CASSIUS I am.	
BRUTUS I say you are not.	
CASSIUS Urge me no more <i>(don't provoke me)</i> , I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health <i>(if you care about your health)</i> , tempt me no further.	
BRUTUS Away, slight man!	40
CASSIUS Is't possible?	
BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash <i>choler (anger)</i> ? Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?	
CASSIUS O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?	45
BRUTUS All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break; Go show your slaves how choleric you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch Under your testy humour? By the gods You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.	50
CASSIUS Is it come to this?	55
BRUTUS You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well: for mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.	
CASSIUS You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said, an elder soldier, not a better: Did I say 'better'?	60
BRUTUS If you did, I care not.	
CASSIUS When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me. <i>(When Caesar was alive, even he wouldn't dare anger me like this.)</i>	

BRUTUS

Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him. 65

CASSIUS

I durst not!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What, durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS

For your life you durst not!

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love; 70

I may do that I shall be sorry for. *(I may do something I will be sorry for)*

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for. *(You already have done something you should be sorry for)*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind, 75

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring 80

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection: I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? 85

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;

Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS

I denied you not. 90

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not: he was but a fool that brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. 95

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

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 100

As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; 105

Cheque'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart 110

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better 115
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS
Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb *(you are partners with a lamb)* 120
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again. *(my anger flares quickly and then fades)*

CASSIUS
Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, 125
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
O Brutus! 130

BRUTUS
What's the matter?

CASSIUS
Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS
Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, 135
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.