

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

A Dramatic Reading

by
William Shakespeare



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From "Julius Caesar" Act I, Scene 2.

SCENE: A public place in Rome.

Brutus and Cassius enter.

CASSIUS: Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS: Cassius
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself.
Let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS: Then, tell me, Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS: No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS: 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,--
Except immortal Caesar,--speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

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