

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 Cæsar, speaking of Brutus 60  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:  
And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
And after scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*[Flourish, and shout.]*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it? 80  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* 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?