

*Cas.* I pray you, do

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you. 30

*Cas.* 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.

*Bru.* 35 *Cassius.*  
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference, 40  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour;  
But 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.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
passion;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself  
But by reflection,—by some other thing.

*Cas.* 'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn