

JCaesar/ActII 1

ACT II, SCENE I.

[Rome. Brutus' orchard. Enter MARCUS BRUTUS.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What, Lucius, ho!-

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.- Lucius, I say!-

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.-

When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

[Enter LUCIUS.]

LUCIUS.

Call'd you, my lord?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS.

I will, my lord.[Exit.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

It must be by his death: and, for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:-

How that might change his nature, there's the question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?- that;-

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.

Th'abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;

Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these and these extremities:

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;

And kill him in the shell.

[Enter LUCIUS.]

LUCIUS.

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found[Gives him the letter.]

This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS.

I know not, sir.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS.

I will, sir.[Exit.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.[Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"-

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"-

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"- Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

[Enter LUCIUS.]

LUCIUS.

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.[Knock within.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.[Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:

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The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

[Enter LUCIUS.]

LUCIUS.

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Is he alone?

LUCIUS.

No, sir, there are more with him.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Do you know them?

LUCIUS.

No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Let 'em enter.[Exit LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

[Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.]

CASSIUS.

I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

MARCUS BRUTUS

I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS.

Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you-

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This is Trebonius.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS.

This, Decius Brutus.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

He is welcome too.

CASSIUS.

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

They are all welcome.-

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS.

Shall I entreat a word?[They whisper.]

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA.

No.

CINNA.

O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA.

You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS.

And let us swear our resolution.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

No, not an oath: if not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,-

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

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The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th'insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

CASSIUS.

But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA.

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA.

No, by no means.

METELLUS CIMBER.

O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CASSIUS.

Then leave him out.

CASCA.

Indeed he is not fit.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS.

Decius, well urged:- I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,-
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we, then, could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS.

Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar-

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself,- take thought, and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS.

There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.[Clock

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strikes.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS.

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS.

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS.

But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Never fear that: if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does,- being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA.

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS CIMBER.

Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS.

The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus:-
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
MARCUS BRUTUS.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one. [Exeunt all but
BRUTUS.]

Boy! Lucius!- Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.
[Enter PORTIA.]

PORTIA.

Brutus, my lord!

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
PORTIA.

Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA.

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Why, so I do.- Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA.

Is Brutus sick,- and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,-
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,- for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA.

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,-
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA.

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If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman well-reputed,- Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:

I have made strong proof of my constancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knock.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart:

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows:-

Leave me with haste.- [Exit PORTIA.] Lucius, who's that
knocks?

[Enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.]

LUCIUS.

Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.-

Boy, stand aside.- Caius Ligarius,- how!

LIGARIUS.

Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS.

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS.

By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honourable loins!

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Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
MARCUS BRUTUS.

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
LIGARIUS.

But are not some whole that we must make sick?
MARCUS BRUTUS.

That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS.

Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Follow me, then.[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II.

[Rome. A hall in Caesar's palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter JULIUS CAESAR, in his nightgown.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Caesar!"- Who's within?

[Enter a SERVANT.]

SERVANT.

My lord?

JULIUS CAESAR.

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT.

I will, my lord.[Exit.]

[Enter CALPURNIA.]

CALPURNIA.

What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

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The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA.

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

JULIUS CAESAR.

What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

[Enter SERVANT.]

What say the augurers?

SERVANT.

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

JULIUS CAESAR.

The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

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We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:-
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA.

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

[Enter DECIUS.]

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

JULIUS CAESAR.

And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,- tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA.

Say he is sick.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

JULIUS CAESAR.

The cause is in my will,- I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,-
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

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Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
DECIUS BRUTUS.

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and recognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

JULIUS CAESAR.

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now,- the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

JULIUS CAESAR.

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.-

Give me my robe, for I will go:-

[Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.]

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS.

Good morrow, Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Welcome, Publius.-

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?-

Good morrow, Casca.- Caius Ligarius,

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Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.-
What is't o'clock?

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

JULIUS CAESAR.

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

[Enter MARCUS ANTONIUS.]

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.- Good morrow, Antony.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

So to most noble Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Bid them prepare within:-

I am to blame to be thus waited for.-

Now, Cinna:- now, Metellus:- what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS.

Caesar, I will:- [aside]and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

DECIUS BRUTUS [aside].

That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon![Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE III.

[Rome. A street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS.]

ARTEMIDORUS.

"Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not
near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark
well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou
hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all
these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not
immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

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My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.[Exit.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.

[Rome. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus. Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.]

PORTIA.

I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS.

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA.

I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.-
[aside]O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!-
Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS.

Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA.

Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUCIUS.

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA.

Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS.

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

[Enter the SOOTHSAYER.]

PORTIA.

Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

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SOOTHSAYER.

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA.

What is't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER.

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA.

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER.

Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA.

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER.

That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA.

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

SOOTHSAYER.

None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.- Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,

Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.[Exit.]

PORTIA.

I must go in.- [aside]Aye me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!-

Sure, the boy heard me.- Brutus hath a suit

That Caesar will not grant.- O, I grow faint.-

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.[Exeunt severally.]