

# Julius Caesar

## 2.4

*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. 5  
(*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!  
(*To Lucius*) Art thou here yet?

**LUCIUS**

Madam, what should I

do? 10

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. 15  
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. 20

**LUCIUS**

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the Soothsayer*

**PORTIA**

Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

**SOOTHSAYER**

At mine own house, good lady.

**PORTIA**

What is't o'clock?

**SOOTHSAYER**

About the ninth hour, lady. 25

**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 30  
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

**PORTIA**

Why, know'st thou any harms intended towards him?

**SOOTHSAYER**

None that I know will be; much that I fear may chance.  
Good morrow to you.

*[He moves away]*

Here the street is narrow.

35

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. 40

*Exit*

**PORTIA** *(aside)*

I must go in. Ay me! How weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!±±  
Sure the boy heard me. *(To Lucius)* Brutus hath a suit  
That Caesar will not grant. *(Aside)* O, I grow faint! 45  
*(To Lucius)* 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]*