

Resource E: **Portia & Calpurnia (edited)**

PORTIA:

1. Is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
To add unto his sickness?
2. Upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy
3. 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.
4. 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?

CALPURNIA:

1. What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me.
2. There is one within,
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;
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
3. 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.
4. 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.