

*With the Death of Brutus and Cassius.* 27

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Sub-  
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more, [urbs  
*Portia* is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

*Brut.* You are my true and honourable Wife,  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy Drops  
That visit my sad Heart. [Secret.

*Por.* If this were true, then shou'd I know this  
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 Counfels, I will not disclose 'em:  
I have made strong Proof of my Constancy.  
Giving my self a voluntary Wound  
Here, in the Arm: Can I bear that with Patience,  
And not my Husband's Secrets?

*Brut.* O ye Gods!  
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.  
[Knocking at the Gate.  
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,  
And by and by thy Bosom shall partake  
The Secrets of my Heart. [Exit. *Portia.*

*Enter Lucius, and Caius Ligarius.*

*Luc.* Who's that knocks? [you?

*Luc.* Here is a sick Man that would speak with

*Brut.* *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.  
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how;

[Tongue.  
*Cai.* Vouchsafe Good-morrow from a feeble

[*Caius*,  
*Brut.* O what a time have you chose out, brave  
To be distemper'd in. Would you were not sick.

*Cai.* I am not sick if *Brutus* have in Hand