SIDE 1

Dream Sequence

PORTIA \ BRUTUS \ CASSIUS

**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?

**CASSIUS**

Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

**PORTIA**

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?

**CASSIUS**

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion.

**PORTIA**

Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

**BRUTUS**

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

**PORTIA**

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.

**CASSIUS**

This breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

**PORTIA**
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?

**BRUTUS**

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

**CASSIUS**

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

**CASSIUS**

'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,

**PORTIA** **and CASSIUS**

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

**BRUTUS**

Into what dangers would you lead me,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?