**FLAVIUS**

Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home: 5

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk

Upon a labouring day without the sign

Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

**First Commoner**

Why, sir, a carpenter. 10

**MARULLUS**

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

**Second Commoner**

Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, 15

as you would say, a cobbler.

**MARULLUS**

But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

**Second Commoner**

A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with

a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender 20

of bad soles.

**MARULLUS**

What trade, thou knave?

thou naughty knave, what trade?

**Second Commoner**

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out

with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you. 25

**MARULLUS**

What meanest thou by that? mend

me, thou saucy fellow!

**Second Commoner**

Why, sir, cobble you.

**FLAVIUS**

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

**Second Commoner**

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the 30

awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor

women's matters, but withal. I am, indeed, sir, a

surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great

danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever

trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my 35

handiwork.

**FLAVIUS**

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

**Second Commoner**

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to

get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we 40

make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in

his triumph.

**MARULLUS**

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, 45

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than

senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft 50

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: 55

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores? 60

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone! 65

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

**FLAVIUS**

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault, 70

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*Exeunt all the Commoners 75*

See whether their basest metal be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I

disrobe the images,

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 80

**MARULLUS**

May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

**FLAVIUS**

It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets: 85

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt*