

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears 60

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, whe'er their basest metal be not mov'd;

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.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal,

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images 70

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

And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar'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.*]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

*Flourish.* Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the Course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.