Coriolanus

by William Shakespeare

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CORIOLANUS ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's play.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg Executive Director

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Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it

is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, heare me speake

All. Speake, speake

1.Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish? All. Resolu'd, resolu'd

1.Cit. First you know, Caius Martius is chiefe enemy to the people

All. We know't, we know't

1.Cit. Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict? All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away 2.Cit. One word, good Citizens

1.Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflicts vs, the obiect of our misery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge

2.Cit. Would you proceede especially against Caius Martius

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty

2.Cit. Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country? 1.Cit. Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with beeing proud

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously

1.Cit. I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue

2.Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is couetous

1.Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere?

To th' Capitoll

All. Come, come

1 Cit. Soft, who comes heere? Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people

1 Cit. He's one honest enough, wold al the rest wer so

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you

2 Cit. Our busines is not vnknowne to th' Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, w now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues? 2 Cit. We cannot Sir, we are vndone already

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heauen with your staues, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linke assunder, then can euer Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Thether, where more attends you, and you slander The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies

2 Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsurers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare vs

Menen. Either you must Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of

Folly. I shall tell you A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it, But since it serues my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more

2 Citizen. Well, Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale: But and't please you deliuer

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it: That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine I'th midd'st a th' body, idle and vnactiue, Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing Like labour with the rest, where th' other Instruments Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele, And mutually participate, did minister Vnto the appetite; and affection common Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd

2.Cit. Well sir, what answer made the Belly

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile, Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus: For looke you I may make the belly Smile, As well as speake, it taintingly replyed To'th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts That enuied his receite: euen so most fitly, As you maligne our Senators, for that They are not such as you

2.Cit. Your Bellies answer: What The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye, The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier, Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter, With other Muniments and petty helpes In this our Fabricke, if that they-Men. What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes. What then? What then? 2.Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sinke a th' body

Men. Well, what then? 2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine, What could the Belly answer? Men. I will tell you, If you'l bestow a small (of what you haue little) Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer

2.Cit. Y'are long about it

Men. Note me this good Friend; Your most graue Belly was deliberate, Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered. True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he) That I

receiue the generall Food at first Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is, Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember, I send it through the Riuers of your blood Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' seate o'th' Braine, And through the Crankes and Offices of man, The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines From me receiue that naturall competencie Whereby they liue. And though that all at once (You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me

2.Cit. I sir, well, well

Men. Though all at once, cannot See what I do deliuer out to each, Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all, And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too't? 2.Cit. It was an answer, how apply you this? Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly, And you the mutinous Members: For examine Their Counsailes, and their Cares; disgest things rightly, Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde No publique benefit which you receiue But it proceeds, or comes from them to you, And no way from your selues. What do you thinke? You, the great Toe of this Assembly? 2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe? Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost: Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage. But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs, Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell, The one side must haue baile. Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion, Make your selues Scabs

2.Cit. We haue euer your good word

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres, That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares: Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no, Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice, Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is, To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes, Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that Which would encrease his euill. He that depends Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade, And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye? With euery Minute you do change a Minde, And call him Noble, that was now your Hate: Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter, That in these seuerall places of the Citie, You cry against the Noble Senate, who (Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else Would feede on one another? What's their seeking? Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say The Citie is well stor'd

Mar. Hang 'em: They say? They'l sit by th' fire, and presume to know What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise, Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out Conniecturall Marriages, making parties strong, And feebling such as stand not in their liking, Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough? Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth, And let me vse my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie With thousands of these quarter'd slaues, as high As I could picke my Lance

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded: For though abundantly they lacke discretion Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you, What sayes the other Troope? Mar. They are dissolu'd: Hang em; They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouerbes That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd And a petition granted them, a strange one, To breake the heart of generosity, And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone, Shooting their Emulation

Menen. What is graunted them? Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms Of their owne choice. One's Iunius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath, The rabble should haue first vnroo'st the City Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames For Insurrections arguing

Menen. This is strange

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments. Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius? Mar. Heere: what's the matter! Mes. The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders. Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1.Sen. Martius 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs, The Volces are in Armes

Mar. They haue a Leader, Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't: I sinne in enuying his Nobility: And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me onely he

Com. You haue fought together? Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion That I am proud to hunt

1.Sen. Then worthy Martius, Attend vpon Cominius to these Warres

Com. It is your former promise

Mar. Sir it is, And I am constant: Titus Lucius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face. What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out? Tit. No Caius Martius, Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother, Ere stay behinde this Businesse

Men. Oh true-bred

Sen. Your Company to'th' Capitoll, where I know Our greatest Friends attend vs

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe you, right worthy your Priority

Com. Noble Martius

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone

Mar. Nay let them follow, The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither, To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners, Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Exeunt.

Citizens steale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.

Sicin. Was euer man so proud as is this Martius? Bru. He has no equall

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts

Bru. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone

Bru. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne Too proud to be so valiant

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, disdaines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vnder Cominius? Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes, In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd then by A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe To th' vtmost of a man, and giddy censure Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he Had borne the businesse

Sicin. Besides, if things go well, Opinion that so stickes on Martius, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius

Bru. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed In ought he merit not

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion More then his singularity, he goes Vpon this present Action

Bru. Let's along.

Exeunt.

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1.Sen. So, your opinion is Auffidius, That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes, And know how we proceede, Auf. Is it not yours? What euer haue bin thought one in this State That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is; They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great, The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd, Cominius, Martius your old Enemy (Who is of Rome worse hated then of you) And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three leade on this Preparation Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you: Consider of it

1.Sen. Our Armie's in the Field: We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready To answer vs

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly, To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when They needs must shew themselues, which in the hatching It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery, We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome Should know we were a-foot

2.Sen. Noble Auffidius, Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands, Let vs alone to guard Corioles If they set downe before's: for the remoue Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde Th'haue not prepar'd for vs

Auf. O doubt not that, I speake from Certainties. Nay more, Some parcels of their Power are forth already, And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors. If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete, 'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strike Till one can do no more

All. The Gods assist you

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe

1.Sen. Farewell

2.Sen. Farewell

All. Farewell.

Exeunt. omnes.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then? Volum. Then his good report should haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action. Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe

Volum. Indeed you shall not: Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:

See him plucke Auffidius downe by th' haire: (As children from a Beare) the Volces shunning him: Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe Or all, or loose his hyre

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of Hecuba When she did suckle Hector, look'd not louelier Then Hectors forhead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword. Contenning, tell Valeria We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Vir. Heauens blesse my Lord from fell Auffidius

Vol. Hee'l beat Auffidius head below his knee, And treade vpon his necke. Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you

Vol. Sweet Madam

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne? Vir. I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaster

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it

again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it

Vol. One on's Fathers moods

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe

Virg. A Cracke Madam

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone

Virg. No (good Madam) I will not out of doores

Val. Not out of doores? Volum. She shall, she shall

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither

Volum. Why I pray you

Vlug. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yearne she spun in Vlisses absence, did but fill Athica full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet

Val. Verily I do not iest with you: there came newes from him last night

Vir. Indeed Madam

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, against who[m] Cominius the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their Citie Carioles, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now: She will but disease our better mirth

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would: Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie. Prythee Virgilia turne thy solemnesse out a doore, And go along with vs

Virgil. No At a word Madam; Indeed I must not, I wish you much mirth

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt. Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes: A Wager they haue met

Lar. My horse to yours, no

Mar. Tis done

Lart. Agreed

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy? Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine

Mart. Ile buy him of you

Lart. No, Ile nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies? Mess. Within this mile and halfe

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours. Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke, That we with smoaking swords may march from hence To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles? 1.Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he, That's lesser then a little:

Drum a farre off.

Hearke, our Drummes Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates, Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes, They'le open of themselues. Harke you, farre off

Alarum farre off.

There is Auffidious. List what worke he makes Among'st your clouen Army

Mart. Oh they are at it

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa. Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie. Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proofe then Shields. Aduance braue Titus, They do disdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts, which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows He that retires, Ile take him for a Volce, And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you, You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd Farther then seene, and one infect another Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese, That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run From Slaues, that Apes would beate; Pluto and Hell, All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale With flight and agued feare, mend

and charge home, Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe, And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on, If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues, As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds, 'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them, Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like. Enter the Gati.

1.Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I

2.Sol. Nor I

1.Sol. See they haue shut him in.

Alarum continues

All. To th' pot I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius

Tit. What is become of Martius? All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse

1.Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles, With them he enters: who vpon the sodaine Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone, To answer all the City

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow! Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword, And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left Martius, A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art Weare not so rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier Euen to Calues wish, not fierce and terrible Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World Were Feauorous, and did tremble. Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1.Sol. Looke Sir

Lar. O 'tis Martius. Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

1.Rom. This will I carry to Rome

2.Rom. And I this

3.Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer.

Exeunt.

Alarum continues still a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones, Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues, Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them. And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him There is the man of my soules hate, Auffidious, Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus take Conuenient Numbers to make good the City, Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste To helpe Cominius

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st, Thy exercise hath bin too violent, For a second course of Fight

Mar. Sir, praise me not: My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well: The blood I drop, is rather Physicall Then dangerous to me: To Auffidious thus, I will appear and fight

Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman: Prosperity be thy Page

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse, Then those she placeth highest: So farewell

Lar. Thou worthiest Martius, Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place, Call thither all the Officers a'th' Towne, Where they shall know our minde. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come off, Like Romans, neither

foolish in our stands, Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs, We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke By Interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods, Leade their successes, as we wish our owne, That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring, May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes? Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of Corioles haue yssued, And giuen to Lartius and to Martius Battaile: I saw our party to their Trenches driuen, And then I came away

Com. Though thou speakest truth, Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since? Mes. Aboue an houre, my Lord

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes. How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre, And bring thy Newes so late? Mes. Spies of the Volces Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele Three or foure miles about, else had I sir Halfe an houre since brought my report. Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder, That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods, He has the stampe of Martius, and I haue Before time seene him thus

Mar. Come I too late? Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fro[m] a Taber, More then I know the sound of Martius Tongue From euery meaner man

Martius. Come I too late? Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your owne

Mart. Oh! let me clip ye In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart; As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done, And Tapers burnt to Bedward

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius? Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile, Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other; Holding Corioles in the name of Rome, Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash, To let him slip at will

Com. Where is that Slaue Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither

Mar. Let him alone, He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen, The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them) The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge From Rascals worse then they

Com. But how preuail'd you? Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke: Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field? If not, why cease you till you are so? Com. Martius, we haue at disaduantage fought, And did retyre to win our purpose

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w side They haue plac'd their men of trust? Com. As I guesse Martius, Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients Of their best trust: O're them Auffidious, Their very heart of Hope

Mar. I do beseech you, By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought, By th' Blood we haue shed together, By th' Vowes we haue made To endure Friends, that you directly set me Against Affidious, and his Antiats, And that you not delay the present (but Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts, We proue this very houre

Com. Though I could wish, You were conducted to a gentle Bath, And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer Deny your asking, take your choice of those That best can ayde your action

Mar. Those are they That most are willing; if any such be heere, (As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare Lessen his person, then an ill report: If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life, And that his Countries deerer then himselfe, Let him alone: Or so many so minded, Waue thus to expresse his disposition, And follow Martius.

They all shout and waue their swords, take him vp in their Armes, and cast vp their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me: If these shewes be not outward, which of you But is foure Volces? None of you, but is Able to beare against the great Auffidious A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number (Though thankes to all) must

I select from all: The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight (As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March, And foure shall quickly draw out my Command, Which men are best inclin'd

Com. March on my Fellowes: Make good this ostentation, and you shall Diuide in all, with vs.

Exeunt.

Titus Lartius, hauing set a guard vpon Carioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue For a short holding, if we loose the Field, We cannot keepe the Towne

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's: Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs.

Exit

Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at seueral doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee Worse then a Promise-breaker

Auffid. We hate alike: Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue, And the Gods doome him after

Auf. If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare

Mar. Within these three houres Tullus Alone I fought in your Corioles walles, And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood, Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge Wrench vp thy power to th' highest

Auf. Wer't thou the Hector, That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny, Thou should'st not scape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke, Thou't not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it, Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug, I'th' end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fustie Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier. Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast, Hauing fully din'd before. Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall: Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld-

Martius. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud, When she do's prayse me, grieues me: I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can, Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey: He that ha's but effected his good will, Hath ouerta'ne mine Act

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing, Rome must know the value of her owne: 'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft, No lesse then a Traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd, Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you, In signe of what you are, not to reward What you haue done, before our Armie heare me

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart To heare themselues remembred

Com. Should they not: Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude, And tent

themselues with death: of all the Horses, Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all, The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie, We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth, Before the common distribution, At your onely choyse

Martius. I thanke you Generall: But cannot make my heart consent to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand vpon my common part with those, That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane, Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I'th' field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke, Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres: No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many else haue done, You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall, As if I lou'd my little should be dieted In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes

Com. Too modest are you: More cruell to your good report, then gratefull To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience, If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you (Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles, Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Caius Martius Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him, With all his trim belonging; and from this time, For what he did before Corioles, call him, With all th' applause and Clamor of the Hoast, Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th' addition Nobly euer? Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus

Martius. I will goe wash: And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thanke you, I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times To vnder-crest your good Addition, To th' fairenesse of my power

Com. So, to our Tent: Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Must to Corioles backe, send vs to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours

Lartius. I shall, my Lord

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refus'd most Princely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't? Martius. I sometime lay here in Corioles, At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner: But then Auffidius was within my view, And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you To giue my poore Host freedome

Com. Oh well begg'd: Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, Titus

Lartius. Martius, his Name

Martius. By Iupiter forgot: I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd: Haue we no Wine here? Com. Goe we to our Tent: The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne

Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition

Auffid. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition? What good Condition can a Treatie finde I'th' part that is at mercy? fiue times, Martius, I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me: And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter As often as we eate. By th' Elements, If ere againe I meet him beard to beard, He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where I thought to crush him in an equall Force,

True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way, Or Wrath, or Craft may get him

Sol. He's the diuell

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd, With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary, Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll, The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice: Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst My hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there Against the hospitable Canon, would I Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie, Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must Be Hostages for Rome

Soul. Will not you go? Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you ('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither How the world goes: that to the pace of it I may spurre on my iourney

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night

Bru. Good or bad? Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not Martius

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue? Sicin. The Lambe

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you

Both. Well sir

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you two haue not in abundance? Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall

Sicin. Especially in Pride

Bru. And topping all others in boasting

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th' right hand File, do you? Both. Why? how are we censur'd? Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry

Both. Well, well sir, well

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame Martius for being proud

Brut. We do it not alone, sir

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you could

Both. What then sir? Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Patritian, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vppon, to triuiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales

men as you are (I cannot call you Licurgusses,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough

Menen. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfetseller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collike, you make faces like Mummers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though peraduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation would

infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. Aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast? Volum. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius approches: for the loue of Iuno let's goe

Menen. Ha? Martius comming home? Volum. I, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation

Menen. Take my Cappe Iupiter, and I thanke thee: hoo, Martius comming home? 2.Ladies. Nay, 'tis true

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me? Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of seuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in Galen, is but Emperickqutique; and to this Preseruatiue, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded? Virgil. Oh no, no, no

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him

Volum. On's Browes: Menenius, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd Auffidius soundly? Volum. Titus Lartius writes, they

fought together, but Auffidius got off

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this? Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true

Volum. True? pow waw

Mene. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God saue your good Worships? Martius is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be prowd: where is he wounded? Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiued in the repulse of Tarquin seuen hurts ith' Body

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him

Mene. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A showt, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of Martius: Before him, hee carryes Noyse; And behinde him, hee leaues Teares: Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye, Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne, With Fame, a Name to Martius Caius: These in honor followes Martius Caius Coriolanus. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie.

Kneeles.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp: My gentle Martius, worthy Caius, And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd, What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife

Corio. My gracious silence, hayle: Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were, And Mothers that lacke Sonnes

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon

Volum. I know not where to turne. Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall, And y'are welcome all

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes: I could weepe, and I could laugh, I am light, and heauie; welcome: A Curse begin at very root on's heart, That is not glad to see thee. You are three, that Rome should dote on: Yet by the faith of men, we haue Some old Crab-trees here at home, That will not be grafted to your Rallish. Yet welcome Warriors: Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle; And the faults of fooles, but folly

Com. Euer right

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on

Cor. Your Hand, and yours? Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head, The good Patricians must be visited, From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings, But with them, change of Honors

Volum. I haue liued, To see inherited my very Wishes, And the Buildings of my Fancie: Onely there's one thing wanting, Which (I doubt not) but our Rome Will cast vpon thee

Cor. Know, good Mother, I had rather be their seruant in my way, Then sway with them in theirs

Com. On, to the Capitall. Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt. in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling Nurse Into a rapture lets her Baby crie, While she chats him: the Kitchin Malkin pinnes Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke, Clambring the Walls to eye him: Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp, Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damaske In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle Of Phoebus burning Kisses: such a poother, As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him, Were slyly crept into his humane powers, And gaue him gracefull posture

Scicin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors, From where he should begin, and end, but will Lose those he hath wonne

Brutus. In that there's comfort

Scici. Doubt not, The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget With the least cause, these his new Honors, Which that he will giue them, make I as little question, As he is prowd to doo't

Brutus. I heard him sweare, Were he to stand for Consull, neuer would he Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vesture of Humilitie, Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths

Scicin. 'Tis right

Brutus. It was his word: Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it, But by the suite of the Gentry to him, And the desire of the Nobles

Scicin. I wish no better, then haue him hold that purpose, and to put it in execution

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will

Scicin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction

Brutus. So it must fall out To him, or our Authorities, for an end. We must suggest the People, in what hatred He still hath held them: that to's power he would Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Action, and Capacitie, Of no more Soule, nor fitnesse for the World, Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes For sinking vnder them

Scicin. This (as you say) suggested, At some time, when his soaring Insolence Shall teach the People, which time shall not want, If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie, As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze Shall darken him for euer. Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter? Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll: 'Tis thought, that Martius shall be Consull: I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him, And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloues, Ladies and Maids their Scarffes,

and Handkerchers, Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended As to Ioues Statue, and the Commons made A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts: I neuer saw the like

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll, And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time, But Hearts for the euent

Scicin. Haue with you.

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1.Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships? 2.Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one, Coriolanus will carry it

1.Off. That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loues not the common people

2.Off. 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelesnesse lets them plainely see't

1.Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their loue

2.Off. Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who hauing beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their estimation, and

report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it

1.Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themselues: Coriolanus stands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces, And to send for Titus Lartius: it remaines, As the maine Point of this our after-meeting, To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you, Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire The present Consull, and last Generall, In our well-found Successes, to report A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd By Martius Caius Coriolanus: whom We met here, both to thanke, and to remember, With Honors like himselfe

1.Sen. Speake, good Cominius: Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke Rather our states defectiue for requitall, Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People, We doe request your kindest eares: and after Your louing motion toward the common Body, To yeeld what passes here

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Assembly

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been silent: Please you to heare Cominius speake? Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie Cominius speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place

Senat. Sit Coriolanus: neuer shame to heare What you haue Nobly done

Coriol. Your Honors pardon: I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe, Then heare say how I got them

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not? Coriol. No Sir: yet oft, When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words. You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People, I loue them as they weigh- Menen. Pray now sit downe

Corio. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun, When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit To heare my Nothings monster'd. Exit Coriolanus

Menen. Masters of the People, Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter? That's thousand to one good one, when you now see He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor, Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Cominius

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held, That Valour is the chiefest Vertue, And most dignifies the hauer: if it be, The man I speake of, cannot in the World Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres, When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator, Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Consuls view Slew three Opposers: Tarquins selfe he met, And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates, When he might act the Woman in the Scene, He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea, And in the brunt of seuenteene Battailes since, He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last, Before, and in Corioles, let me say I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers, And by his rare example made the Coward Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd, And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,

Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot: He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off, And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke Carioles like a Planet: now all's his, When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit Requickned what in flesh was fatigate, And to the Battaile came he, where he did Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood To ease his Brest with panting

Menen. Worthy man

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors which we deuise him

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at, And look'd vpon things precious, as they were The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds With doing them, and is content To spend the time, to end it

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for

Senat. Call Coriolanus

Off. He doth appeare. Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make thee Consull

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People

Corio. I doe beseech you, Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage: Please you that I may passe this doing

Scicin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces, Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie

Menen. Put them not too't: Pray you goe fit you to the Custome, And take to you, as your Predecessors haue, Your Honor with your forme

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting, And might well be taken from the People

Brutus. Marke you that

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I should hide, As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre Of their breath onely

Menen. Doe not stand vpon't: We recommend to you Tribunes of the People Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull Wish we all Ioy, and Honor

Senat. To Coriolanus come all ioy and Honor. Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to vse the people

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them As if he did contemne what he requested, Should be in them to giue

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place, I know they do attend vs. Enter seuen or eight Citizens.

1.Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him

2.Cit. We may Sir if we will

3.Cit. We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selues to be monstrous members

1.Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne, he himselfe stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude

3.Cit. We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Coulord; and

truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'th Compasse

2.Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye

3.Cit. Nay your wit will not so soone out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward

2 Cit. Why that way? 3 Cit. To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife

2 Cit. You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may

3 Cit. Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man. Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall go by him

All. Content, content

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne The worthiest men haue done't? Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir? Plague vpon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countries Seruice, when Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne From th' noise of our owne Drummes

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, You must desire them to thinke vpon you

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em, I would they would forget me, like the Vertues Which our Diuines lose by em

Men. You'l marre all, Ile leaue you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you In wholsome manner.

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces, And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace, You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't

Corio. Mine owne desert

2 Cit. Your owne desert

Corio. I, but mine owne desire

3 Cit. How not your owne desire? Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging

3 Cit. You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good voice sir, what say you? 2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu

3 Cit. But this is something odde

2 Cit. And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee

Consull, I haue heere the Customarie Gowne

1. You haue deserued Nobly of your Countrey, and you haue not deserued Nobly

Coriol. Your aenigma

1. You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will sir flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces: Better it is to dye, better to sterue, Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue. Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere, To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't. What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't? The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswept, And mountainous Error be too highly heapt, For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so, Let the high Office and the Honor go To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through, The one part suffered, the other will I doe. Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces. Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue sought, Watcht for

your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces, Haue done many things, some lesse, some more: Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull

1.Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honest mans Voyce

2.Cit. Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue him ioy, and make him good friend to the People

All. Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull

Corio. Worthy Voyces. Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue stood your Limitation: And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce, Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested, You anon doe meet the Senate

Corio. Is this done? Scicin. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd: The People doe admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon, vpon your approbation

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house? Scicin. There, Coriolanus

Corio. May I change these Garments? Scicin. You may, Sir

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again, Repayre toth' Senatehouse

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along? Brut. We stay here for the People

Scicin. Fare you well.

Exeunt. Coriol. and Mene.

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes, 'Tis warme at's heart

Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds: Will you dismisse the People? Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man? 1.Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues

2.Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice, He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces

3.Cit. Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right

1.Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs

2.Cit. Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes He vs'd vs scornefully: he should haue shew'd vs His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey

Scicin. Why so he did, I am sure

All. No, no: no man saw 'em

3.Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds, Which he could shew in priuate: And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorne, I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome, But by your Voyces, will not so permit me. Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that, Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces, I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie? Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't? Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse, To yeeld your Voyces? Brut. Could you not haue told him, As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power, But was a pettie seruant to the State, He was your Enemie, euer spake against Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State, If he should still malignantly remaine Fast Foe toth' Plebeij, your Voyces might Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said, That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces, And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue, Standing your friendly Lord

Scicin. Thus to haue said, As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit, And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to; Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not Article, Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage, You should haue ta'ne th' aduantage of his Choller, And pass'd him vnelected

Brut. Did you perceiue, He did sollicite you in free Contempt, When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke, That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you, When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry Against the Rectorship of Iudgement? Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker: And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock, Bestow your su'd-for Tongues? 3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet

2.Cit. And will deny him: Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that sound

1.Cit. I twice fiue hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends, They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking, As therefore kept to doe so

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Iudgement, All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride, And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed, How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues, Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you Th' apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, vngrauely, he did fashion After the inueterate Hate he beares you

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes, That we labour'd (no impediment betweene) But that you must cast your Election on him

Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment, Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do, Then what you should, made you against the graine To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs

Brut. I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you, How youngly he began to serue his Countrey, How long continued, and what stock he springs of, The Noble House o'th'Martians: from whence came That Ancus Martius, Numaes Daughters Sonne: Who after great Hostilius here was King, Of the same House Publius and Quintus

were, That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither, And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor, Was his great Ancestor

Scicin. One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought, To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you haue found, Skaling his present bearing with his past, That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke Your suddaine approbation

Brut. Say you ne're had don't, (Harpe on that still) but by our putting on: And presently, when you haue drawne your number, Repaire toth' Capitoll

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt. Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on: This Mutinie were better put in hazard, Then stay past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusall, both obserue and answer The vantage of his anger

Scicin. Toth' Capitoll, come: We will be there before the streame o'th' People: And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne, Which we haue goaded on-ward.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd Our swifter Composition

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first, Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade Vpon's againe

Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their Banners waue againe

Corio. Saw you Auffidius? Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vildly Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium

Corio. Spoke he of me? Latius. He did, my Lord

Corio. How? what? Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes To hopelesse restitution, so he might Be call'd your Vanquisher

Corio. At Antium liues he? Latius. At Antium

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there, To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them: For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble sufferance

Scicin. Passe no further

Cor. Hah? what is that? Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on- No further

Corio. What makes this change? Menen. The matter? Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common? Brut. Cominius, no

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces? Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place

Brut. The People are incens'd against him

Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle

Corio. Are these your Heard? Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now, And straight disclaim their toungs? what are your Offices? You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth? Haue you not set them on? Mene. Be calme, be calme

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie: Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule, Nor euer will be ruled

Brut. Call't not a Plot: The People cry you mockt them: and of late, When Corne was

giuen them gratis, you repin'd, Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse

Corio. Why this was knowne before

Brut. Not to them all

Corio. Haue you inform'd them sithence? Brut. How? I informe them? Com. You are like to doe such businesse

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds Let me deserue so ill as you, and make me Your fellow Tribune

Scicin. You shew too much of that, For which the People stirre: if you will passe To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull, Nor yoake with him for Tribune

Mene. Let's be calme

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely I'th' plaine Way of his Merit

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech, And I will speak't againe

Mene. Not now, not now

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now

Corio. Now as I liue, I will. My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons: For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie, Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter, And therein behold themselues: I say againe, In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition, Which we our selues haue plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd, By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number, Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that Which they haue giuen to Beggers

Mene. Well, no more

Senat. No more words, we beseech you

Corio. How? no more? As for my Country, I haue shed my blood, Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought The very way to catch them

Bru. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God, To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't

Mene. What, what? His Choller? Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Ioue, 'twould be my minde

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison Where it is: not poyson any further

Corio. Shall remaine? Heare you this Triton of the Minnoues? Marke you His absolute Shall? Com. 'Twas from the Cannon

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus Giuen Hidra heere to choose an Officer, That with his peremptory Shall, being but The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch, And make your Channell his? If he haue power, Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd, Be not as common Fooles; if you are not, Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians, If they be Senators: and they are no lesse, When both your voices blended, the great'st taste Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate, And such a one as he, who puts his Shall, His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe, It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes To know, when two Authorities are vp, Neither Supreame; How soone Confusion May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take The one by th' other

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd Sometime in Greece

Mene. Well, well, no more of that

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State

Bru. Why shall the people giue One that speakes thus, their voyce? Corio. Ile giue my Reasons, More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th' Warre, Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd, They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre, There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd Most Valour spoke not for them. Th' Accusation Which they haue often made against the Senate, All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then? How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse What's like to be their words, We did request it, We are the greater pole, and in true feare They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in The Crowes to pecke the Eagles

Mene. Come enough

Bru. Enough, with ouer measure

Corio. No, take more. What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane, Seale what I end withall. This double worship, Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisedom Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of generall Ignorance, it must omit Reall Necessities, and giue way the while To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes, Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you, You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet, That loue the Fundamentall part of State More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish, To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke, That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out The

Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State Of that Integrity which should becom't: Not hauing the power to do the good it would For th' ill which doth controul't

Bru. Has said enough

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer As Traitors do

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee: What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience failes To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion: When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law, Then were they chosen: in a better houre, Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet, And throw their power i'th' dust

Bru. Manifest Treason

Sicin. This a Consull? No. Enter an aedile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended: Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator: A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee, And follow to thine answer

Corio. Hence old Goat

All. Wee'l Surety him

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones Out of thy Garments

Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens. Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Aediles.

Mene. On both sides more respect

Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power

Bru. Seize him Aediles

All. Downe with him, downe with him

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho: Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath, Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes To'th' people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinius

Scici. Heare me, People peace

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake

Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties: Martius would haue all from you; Martius, Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People? All. True, the People are the Citie

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates

All. You so remaine

Mene. And so are like to doe

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine

Scici. This deserues Death

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie, Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy Of present Death

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him: Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him

Brut. aediles seize him

All Ple. Yeeld Martius, yeeld

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, heare me but a word

Aediles. Peace, peace

Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redresse

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes, That seeme like prudent helpes, are very poysonous, Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him, And beare him to the Rock.

Corio. drawes his Sword.

Corio. No, Ile die here: There's some among you haue beheld me fighting, Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue seene me

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while

Brut. Lay hands vpon him

Mene. Helpe Martius, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

Exeunt.

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the aediles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away. All will be naught else

2.Sena. Get you gone

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies

Mene. Shall it be put to that? Sena. The Gods forbid: I prythee noble friend, home to thy House, Leaue vs to cure this Cause

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not, Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll: Be gone, put not

your worthy Rage into your Tongue, One time will owe another

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them

Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of them, yea, the two Tribunes

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are vs'd to beare

Mene. Pray you be gone: Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request With those that haue but little: this must be patcht With Cloth of any Colour

Com. Nay, come away.

Exeunt. Coriolanus and Cominius.

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident, Or Ioue, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent, And being angry, does forget that euer He heard the Name of Death.

A Noise within.

Here's goodly worke

Patri. I would they were a bed

Mene. I would they were in Tyber. What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire? Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himself Mene. You worthy Tribunes

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law, And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall Then the seuerity of the publike Power, Which he so sets at naught

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands

All. He shall sure ont

Mene. Sir, sir

Sicin. Peace

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt With modest warrant

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe To make this rescue? Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults

Sicin. Consull? what Consull? Mene. The Consull Coriolanus

Bru. He Consull

All. No, no, no, no, no

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which shall turne you to no further harme, Then so much losse of time

Sic. Speake breefely then, For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam Should now eate vp her owne

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie. What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death? Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country: And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey, Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it A brand to th' end a'th World

Sicin. This is cleane kamme

Brut. Meerely awry: When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him

Menen. The seruice of the foote Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was

Bru. Wee'l heare no more: Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence, Least his infection being of catching nature, Spred further

Menen. One word more, one word: This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find The harme of vnskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late) Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe, Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out, And sacke great Rome with Romanes

Brut. If it were so? Sicin. What do ye talke? Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience? Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue, Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace, Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme (In peace) to his vtmost perill

1.Sen. Noble Tribunes, It is the humane way: the other course Will proue to bloody: and the end of it, Vnknowne to the Beginning

Sic. Noble Menenius, be you then as the peoples officer: Masters, lay downe your Weapons

Bru. Go not home

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there: Where if you bring not Martius, wee'l proceede In our first way

Menen. Ile bring him to you. Let me desire your company: he must come, Or what is worst will follow

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles, Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke, That the precipitation might downe stretch Below the beame of sight; yet will I still Be thus to them. Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler

Corio. I muse my Mother Do's not approue me further, who was wont To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance stood vp To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you, Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me False to my Nature? Rather say, I play The man I am

Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir, I would haue had you put your power well on Before you had worne it out

Corio. Let go

Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are, With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin The things of your dispositions, if You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd Ere they lack'd power to crosse you

Corio. Let them hang

Volum. I, and burne too. Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, somthing too rough: you must returne, and mend it

Sen. There's no remedy, Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie Cleaue in the midd'st, and perish

Volum. Pray be counsail'd; I haue a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger To better vantage

Mene. Well said, Noble woman: Before he should thus stoope to'th' heart, but that The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Physicke For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on, Which I can scarsely beare

Corio. What must I do? Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes

Corio. Well, what then? what then? Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods, Must I then doo't to them? Volum. You are too absolute, Though therein you can neuer be too Noble, But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say, Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends, I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose, That they combine not there? Corio. Tush, tush

Mene. A good demand

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme The same you are not, which for your best ends You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse That it shall hold Companionship in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both It stands in like request

Corio. Why force you this? Volum. Because, that Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people: Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th' matter Which your heart prompts you, but with such words That are but roated in your Tongue; Though but Bastards, and Syllables Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth. Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words, Which else would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood. I would dissemble with my Nature, where My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd I should do so in Honor. I am in this Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts, How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em, For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard Of what that want might ruine

Menen. Noble Lady, Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so, Not what is dangerous present, but the losse Of what is past

Volum. I prythee now, my Sonne, Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them) Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant More learned then the eares, wauing thy head, Which often thus correcting thy stout heart, Now humble as the ripest Mulberry, That will not hold the handling: or say to them, Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles, Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme, In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre, As thou hast power and person

Menen. This but done, Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours: For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free, As words to little purpose

Volum. Prythee now, Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe, Then flatter him in a Bower. Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius

Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit You make strong partie, or defend your selfe By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger

Menen. Onely faire speech

Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his spirit

Volum. He must, and will: Prythee now say you will, and goe about it

Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce? Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't: Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose This Mould of Martius, they to dust should grinde it, And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place: You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer I shall discharge toth' Life

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said My praises made thee first a Souldier; so To haue my praise for this, performe a part Thou hast not done before

Corio. Well, I must doo't: Away my disposition, and possesse me Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd, Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe, Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't, Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth, And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde A most inherent Basenesse

Volum. At thy choice then: To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor, Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list, Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me: But owe thy Pride thy selfe

Corio. Pray be content: Mother, I am going to the Market place: Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues, Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going: Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull, Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do I'th way of Flattery further

Volum. Do your will.

Exit Volumnia

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd With Accusations, as I heare more strong Then are vpon you yet

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go, Let them accuse me by inuention: I Will answer in mine Honor

Menen. I, but mildely

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely.

Exeunt.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there, Inforce him with his enuy to the people, And that the Spoile got on the Antiats Was ne're distributed. What, will he come? Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming

Bru. How accompanied? Edile. With old Menenius, and those Senators That alwayes fauour'd him

Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th Pole? Edile. I haue: 'tis ready

Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes? Edile. I haue

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither: And when they heare me say, it shall be so, I'th' right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death, Insisting on the olde prerogatiue And power i'th Truth a'th Cause

Edile. I shall informe them

Bru. And when such time they haue begun to cry, Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd Inforce the present Execution Of what we chance to Sentence

Edi. Very well

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint When we shall hap to giu't them

Bru. Go about it, Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes With vs to breake his necke. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes

Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume: Th' honor'd Goddes Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs Through our large Temples with y shewes of peace And not our streets with Warre

1 Sen. Amen, Amen

Mene. A Noble wish. Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience: Peace I say

Corio. First heare me speake

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present? Must all determine heere? Sicin. I do demand, If you submit you to the peoples voices, Allow their Officers, and are content To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults As shall be prou'd vpon you

Corio. I am Content

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content. The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue Laughter onely

Mene. Consider further: That when he speakes not like a Citizen, You finde him like a Soldier: do not take His rougher Actions for malicious sounds: But as I say, such as become a Soldier, Rather then enuy you

Com. Well, well, no more

Corio. What is the matter, That being past for Consull with full voyce: I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre You take it off againe

Sicin. Answer to vs

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde Your selfe into a power tyrannicall, For which you are a Traitor to the people

Corio. How? Traytor? Mene. Nay temperately: your promise

Corio. The fires i'th' lowest hell. Fould in the people: Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune. Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free, As I do pray the Gods

Sicin. Marke you this people? All. To'th' Rocke, to'th' Rocke with him

Sicin. Peace: We neede not put new matter to his charge: What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake: Beating your Officers, cursing your selues, Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying Those whose great power must try him. Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde Deserues th' extreamest death

Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice

Brut. I talke of that, that know it

Corio. You? Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother

Com. Know, I pray you

Corio. Ile know no further: Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger But with a graine a day, I would not buy Their mercie, at the price of one faire word, Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue, To haue't with saying, Good morrow

Sicin. For that he ha's (As much as in him lies) from time to time Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes To plucke away their power: as now at last, Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers That doth distribute it. In the name a'th' people, And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee

(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie In perill of precipitation From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more To enter our Rome gates. I'th' Peoples name, I say it shall bee so

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away: Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing

Com. Let me speake: I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue My Countries good, with a respect more tender, More holy, and profound, then mine owne life, My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease, And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would Speake that

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what? Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey. It shall bee so

All. It shall be so, it shall be so

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate, As reeke a'th' rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize, As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men, That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you, And heere remaine with your vncertaintie. Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts: Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still To banish your Defenders, till at length Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles, Making but reseruation of your selues, Still your owne Foes) deliuer you As most abated Captiues, to some Nation That wonne you without blowes, despising For you the City. Thus I turne my backe; There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt. Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs. They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him As he hath follow'd you, with all despight Giue him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard Attend vs through the City

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come: The Gods preserue our Noble Tribunes, come.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother, Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits, That common chances. Common men could beare, That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes, When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me With Precepts that would make inuincible The heart that conn'd them

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens! Corio. Nay, I prythee woman

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome, And Occupations perish

Corio. What, what, what: I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had beene the Wife of Hercules, Six of his Labours youl'd haue done, and sau'd Your Husband so much swet. Cominius, Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother, Ile do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans, And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall, I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women, Tis fond to waile ineuitable strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well My hazards still haue beene your solace, and Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne Will

or exceed the Common, or be caught With cautelous baits and practice

Volum. My first sonne, Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius With thee awhile: Determine on some course More then a wilde exposture, to each chance That starts i'th' way before thee

Corio. O the Gods! Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs, And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send O're the vast world, to seeke a single man, And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole Ith' absence of the needer

Corio. Fare ye well: Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate. Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come: While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought But what is like me formerly

Menen. That's worthily As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe, If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods I'ld with thee, euery foot

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further, The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided In his behalfe

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power, Let vs seeme humbler after it is done, Then when it was a dooing

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone, And they, stand in their ancient strength

Brut. Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother. Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and

Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her

Brut. Why? Sicin. They say she's mad

Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way

Volum. Oh y'are well met: Th' hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare, Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone? Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power To say so to my Husband

Sicin. Are you mankinde? Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole, Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome Then thou hast spoken words

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens! Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y wise words. And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe: Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him, His good Sword in his hand

Sicin. What then? Virg. When then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity Volum. Bastards, and all. Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome! Menen. Come, come, peace

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country As he began, and not vnknit himselfe The Noble knot he made

Bru. I would he had

Volum. I would he had? Twas thou incenst the rable. Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth, As I can of those Mysteries which heauen Will not haue earth to know

Brut. Pray let's go

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone. You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this: As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede The meanest house in Rome; so farre my

Sonne This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see) Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited With one that wants her Wits.

Exit Tribunes.

Volum. Take my Prayers with you. I would the Gods had nothing else to do, But to confirme my Cursses. Could I meete 'em But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart Of what lyes heauy too't

Mene. You haue told them home, And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me

Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe, And so shall sterue with Feeding: come, let's go, Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do, In Anger, Iuno-like: Come, come, come.

Exeunt.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie. Enter.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is Adrian

Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet

Volce. Nicanor: no

Rom. The same sir

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean state to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a dayes iourney

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections: The people, against the

Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com vpon them, in the heate of their diuision Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out

Vol. Coriolanus Banisht? Rom. Banish'd sir

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullus Auffidius will appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his countrey

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Businesse, and I will merrily accompany you home

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you? Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most cause to be glad of yours

Rom. Well, let vs go together.

Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, disguisd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this Antium. Citty, 'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not, Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir. Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Auffidius lies: Is he in Antium? Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you? Cit. This heere before you

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart, Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue, Vnseparable, shall within this houre, On a dissention of a Doit, breake out To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes, Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep To take the one the other, by some chance, Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me, My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way, Ile do his Country Seruice.

Enter.

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 Ser. Where's Cotus: my M[aster]. cals for him: Cotus.

Exit

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House: The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest. Enter the first Seruingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray go to the doore?

Exit

Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus. Enter second Seruant.

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out

Corio. Away

2 Ser. Away? Get you away

Corio. Now th'art troublesome

2 Ser. Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this? 1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'thhouse: Prythee call my Master to him

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the house

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth

3 What are you? Corio. A Gentleman

3 A maru'llous poore one

Corio. True, so I am

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other station: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere

2 And I shall.

Exit second Seruingman.

3 Where dwel'st thou? Corio. Vnder the Canopy

3 Vnder the Canopy? Corio. I

3 Where's that? Corio. I'th City of Kites and crowes

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too? Corio. No, I serue not thy Master

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master? Corio. I, tis an honester seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher: Hence.

Beats him away

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow? 2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wouldst y? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name? Corio. If Tullus not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe

Auf. What is thy name? Corio. A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares, And harsh in sound to thine

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name? Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst y me yet? Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name: Corio. My name is Caius Martius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Seruice, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted: But with that Surname, a good

memorie And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains. The Cruelty and Enuy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest: And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaues to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' World I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it, That my reuengefull Seruices may proue As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be, Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most wearie: and present My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice: Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole, Since I haue euer followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest, And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee seruice

Auf. Oh Martius, Martius; Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter Should from yond clowd speake diuine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more Then thee all-Noble Martius. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue, As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast

beate mee out Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me: We haue beene downe together in my sleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our friendly Senators by'th' hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee, Who am prepar'd against your Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe

Corio. You blesse me Gods

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th' one halfe of my Commission, and set downe As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie, Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration? 2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made a false report of him

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell how to tearme it

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think

2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one

2 Who my Master? 1 Nay, it's no matter for that

2 Worth six on him

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent

1 I, and for an assault too. Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals Both. What, what, what? Let's partake

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as liue be a condemn'd man

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore? 3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, Caius Martius

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall? 3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him 2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before Corioles, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too

1 But more of thy Newes

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th' eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table.

Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage poul'd

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst not (looke you sir) shew themselues (as we terme it) his Friends, whilest he's in Directitude

1 Directitude? What's that? 3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him

1 But when goes this forward: 3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers

1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children, then warres a destroyer of men

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Rauisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds

1 I, and it makes men hate one another

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselues did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly. Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this Menenius? Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir

Mene. Haile to you both

Sicin. Your Coriolanus is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd

Sicin. Where is he, heare you? Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him. Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserue you both

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all

1 Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both

Sicin. Liue, and thriue

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wisht Coriolanus had lou'd you as we did

All. Now the Gods keepe you

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt. Citizens

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion

Bru. Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Insolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-louing

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assista[n]ce Mene. I thinke not so

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Consull, found it so

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him. Enter an aedile.

Aedile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison, Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before' em

Mene. 'Tis Auffidius, Who hearing of our Martius Banishment, Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-shell'd, when Martius stood for Rome, And durst not once peepe out

Sicin. Come, what talke you of Martius

Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be, The Volces dare breake with vs

Mene. Cannot be? We haue Record, that very well it can, And three examples of the like, hath beene Within my Age. But reason with the fellow Before you punish him, where he heard this, Least you shall chance to whip your Information, And beate the Messenger, who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be

Bru. Not possible. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming That turnes their Countenances

Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue: Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising, Nothing but his report

Mes. Yes worthy Sir, The Slaues report is seconded, and more More fearfull is

deliuer'd

Sicin. What more fearefull? Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths, How probable I do not know, that Martius Ioyn'd with Auffidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene The yong'st and oldest thing

Sicin. This is most likely

Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish Good Martius home againe

Sicin. The very tricke on't

Mene. This is vnlikely, He, and Auffidius can no more attone Then violent'st Contrariety. Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate: A fearefull Army, led by Caius Martius, Associated with Auffidius, Rages Vpon our Territories, and haue already O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke What lay before them. Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke

Mene. What newes? What newes? Com. You haue holp to rauish your owne daughters, & To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates, To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes? Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd Into an Augors boare

Mene. Pray now, your Newes: You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes, If Martius should be ioyn'd with Volceans

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing Made by some other Deity then Nature, That shapes man Better: and they follow him Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence, Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies, Or Butchers killing Flyes

Mene. You haue made good worke, You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much Vpon the voyce of occupation, and The breath of Garlicke-eaters

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares

Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite: You haue made faire worke

Brut. But is this true sir? Com. I, and you'l looke pale Before you finde it other. All the Regions Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance, And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him? Your Enemies and his, finde something in him

Mene. We are all vndone, vnlesse The Noble man haue mercy

Com. Who shall aske it? The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people Deserue such pitty of him, as the Wolfe Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen As those should do that had deseru'd his hate, And therein shew'd like Enemies

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand That should consume it, I haue not the face To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands, You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire

Com. You haue brought A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer S' incapeable of helpe

Tri. Say not, we brought it

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him, But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles, Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote Him out o'th' Citty

Com. But I feare They'l roare him in againe. Tullus Affidius, The second name of men, obeyes his points As if he were his Officer: Desperation, Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence That Rome can make against them. Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters. And is Auffidius with him? You are they That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming, And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble

downe, And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter, If he could burne vs all into one coale, We haue deseru'd it

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes

1 Cit. For mine owne part, When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty

2 And so did I

3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces

Mene. You haue made good worke You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll? Com. Oh I, what else?

Exeunt. both.

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid, These are a Side, that would be glad to haue This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home, And shew no signe of Feare

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

Exit Cit.

Bru. I do not like this Newes

Sicin. Nor I

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Exeunt. Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th' Roman? Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlier, Euen to my person, then I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge against him, although it seemes And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as soone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome? Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians loue him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was A Noble seruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'twas Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints The happy man; whether detect of iudgement, To faile in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not moouing From th' Caske to th' Cushion: but commanding peace Euen with the same austerity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of these (As he hath spices of them all) not all, For I dare so farre free him, made him

fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th' interpretation of the time, And power vnto it selfe most commendable, Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire T' extoll what it hath done. One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile. Come let's away: when Caius Rome is thine, Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, ile not go: you heare what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Cominius speake, Ile keepe at home

Com. He would not seeme to know me

Menen. Do you heare? Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we haue bled together. Coriolanus He would not answer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire Of burning Rome

Menen. Why so: you haue made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was lesse expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was He could not stay to picke them, in a pile Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt And still to nose th' offence

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt Aboue the Moone. We must be burnt for you

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the instant Armie we can make Might stop our Countryman

Mene. No: Ile not meddle

Sicin. Pray you go to him

Mene. What should I do? Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards Martius

Mene. Well, and say that Martius returne mee, As Cominius is return'd, vnheard: what then? But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so? Sicin. Yet your good will Must haue that thankes from Rome, after the measure As you intended well

Mene. Ile vndertak't: I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good Cominius, much vnhearts mee. He was not taken well, he had not din'd, The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Soules Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him Till he be dieted to my request, And then Ile set vpon him

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse, And cannot lose your way

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge Of my successe. Enter.

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him

Sicin. Not

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him, 'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismist me Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do He sent in writing after me: what he would not, Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions: So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother, And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence, And with our faire intreaties hast them on.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1.Wat. Stay: whence are you

2.Wat. Stand, and go backe

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue, I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus 1 From whence? Mene. From Rome

I You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall will no more heare from thence

2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before You'l speake with Coriolanus

Mene. Good my Friends, If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome, And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes, My name hath touch't your eares: it is Menenius

1 Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name, Is not heere passable

Mene. I tell thee Fellow, Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified: For I haue euer verified my Friends, (Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes, Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise Haue (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow, I must haue leaue to passe

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to

liue chastly. Therefore go backe

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Menenius, alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall

2 Howsoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you say you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not speake with him, till after dinner

1 You are a Roman, are you? Mene. I am as thy Generall is

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeue and pardon

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere, He would vse me with estimation

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not

Mene. I meane thy Generall

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vtmost of your hauing, backe

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow. Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter? Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolanus, guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship,

and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely Synod about thy particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing assured none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with sighes: and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my accesse to thee

Corio. Away

Mene. How? Away? Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe My Reuenge properly, my remission lies In Volcean brests. That we haue beene familiar, Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy sake, And would haue sent it. Another word Menenius, I will not heare thee speake. This man Auffidius Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st

Auffid. You keepe a constant temper.

Exeunt.

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now sir, is your name Menenius? 2 'Tis a spell you see of much power: You know the way home againe

1 Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your greatnesse backe? 2 What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond? Menen. I neither care for th' world, nor your General: for such things as you. I can scarse thinke ther's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

Exit

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-shaken.

Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action, You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly I haue borne this Businesse

Auf. Onely their ends you haue respected, Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome: Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such frends That thought them sure of you

Corio. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome, Lou'd me, aboue the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue (Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd The first Conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I haue yeelded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this?

Shout within

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not. Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate. What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin Virgil. My Lord and Husband

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome

Virg. The sorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd, Makes you thinke so

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part, And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh, Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say, For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge! Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kisse I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leaue vnsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th' earth,

Kneeles

Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew Then that of common Sonnes

Volum. Oh stand vp blest! Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vnproperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while, Betweene the Childe, and Parent

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight worke

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady? Corio. The Noble Sister of Publicola; The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow, And hangs on Dians Temple: Deere Valeria

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th' interpretation of full time,

May shew like all your selfe

Corio. The God of Souldiers: With the consent of supreame Ioue, informe Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue To shame vnvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres Like a great Sea-marke standing euery flaw, And sauing those that eye thee

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah

Corio. That's my braue Boy

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe, Are Sutors to you

Corio. I beseech you peace: Or if you'ld aske, remember this before; The thing I haue forsworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I seeme vnnaturall: Desire not t' allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You haue said you will not grant vs any thing: For we haue nothing else to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our request, the blame May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request? Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe, How more vnfortunate then all liuing women Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts, Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enioy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy

victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Must as a Forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine, And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne, I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee, Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts, Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy Country, then to treade (Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe That brought thee to this world

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy, To keepe your name liuing to time

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight

Corio. Not of a womans tendernesse to be, Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see: I haue sate too long

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus: If it were so, that our request did tend To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes, This we receiu'd, and each in either side Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne) The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine, That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses: Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble, But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out: Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines To th' insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son: Thou hast affected the fiue straines of Honor, To imitate the graces of the Gods. To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre, And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake? Think'st thou it Honourable for

a Nobleman Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you: He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy, Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life, Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie, When she (poor Hen) fond of no second brood, Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust, And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away: Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him with our knees To his sur-name Coriolanus longs more pride Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end, This is the last. So, we will home to Rome, And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's, This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue, But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship, Doe's reason our Petition with more strength Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go: This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother: His Wife is in Corioles, and his Childe Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch: I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a litle

Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother! What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope, The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh! You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome. But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it, Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd, If not most mortall to him. But let it come: Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres, Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good Auffidius, Were you in my steed, would you haue heard A Mother lesse? or granted lesse Auffidius? Auf. I was mou'd withall

Corio. I dare be sworne you were: And sir, it is no little thing to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir) What peace you'l make, aduise me: For my part, Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you Stand to me in this cause. Oh

Mother! Wife! Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke My selfe a former Fortune

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together: And you shall beare A better witnesse backe then words, which we On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd. Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserue To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords In Italy, and her Confederate Armes Could not haue made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner stone? Sicin. Why what of that? Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vppon execution

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Martius, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done, is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall

our poore City finde: and all this is long of you

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'ld saue your life, flye to your House, The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home They'l giue him death by Inches. Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue preuayl'd. The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Martius gone: A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome, No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true? Is't most certaine

Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire: Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it: Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide, As the recomforted through th' gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes, Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans, Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.

A shout within

Mene. This is good Newes: I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia, Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians, A City full: Of Tribunes such as you, A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day: This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates, I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings: Next, accept my thankefulnesse

Mess. Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks

Sicin. They are neere the City

Mes. Almost at point to enter

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy.

Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing ouer the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them: Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd Martius; Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother: Cry welcome Ladies, welcome

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere: Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it, Bid them repayre to th' Market place, where I Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse: The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends t' appeare before the People, hoping To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch. Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction.

Most Welcome

1.Con. How is it with our Generall? Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyson'd, and with his Charity slaine

2.Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you Of your great danger

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell, We must proceed as we do finde the People

3.Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'st 'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all

Auf. I know it: And my pretext to strike at him, admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd, He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery, Seducing so my Friends: and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before, But to be rough, vnswayable, and free

3.Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse When he did stand for Consull, which he lost By lacke of stooping

Auf. That I would haue spoke of: Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth, Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him, Made him ioynt-seruant with me: Gaue him way In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose Out of my Files, his proiects, to accomplish My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if I had bin Mercenary

1.Con. So he did my Lord: The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last, When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd For no lesse Spoile, then Glory

Auf. There was it: For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him, At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye, And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great showts of the people.

1.Con. Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poste, And had no welcomes home, but he returnes Splitting the Ayre with noyse

2.Con. And patient Fooles, Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare With giuing him glory

3.Con. Therefore at your vantage, Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people With what he would say, let him feele your Sword: Which we will second, when he lies along After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords, Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home

Auff. I haue not deseru'd it. But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused What I haue written to you? All. We haue

1.Lord. And greeue to heare't: What faults he made before the last, I thinke Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end Where he was to begin, and giue away The benefit of our Leuies, answering vs With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him. Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier: No more infected with my Countries loue Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting Vnder your great Command. You are to know, That prosperously I haue attempted, and With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home Doth more then counterpoize a full third part The charges of the Action. We haue made peace With no lesse Honor to the Antiates Then shame to th' Romaines. And we heere deliuer Subscrib'd by'th' Consuls, and Patricians, Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what We haue compounded on

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your Powers

Corio. Traitor? How now? Auf. I Traitor, Martius

Corio. Martius? Auf. I Martius, Caius Martius: Do'st thou thinke Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name Coriolanus in Corioles? You Lords and Heads a'th' State, perfidiously He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome: I say your City to his Wife and Mother, Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting Counsaile a'th' warre: But at his Nurses teares He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory, That Pages blush'd

at him, and men of heart Look'd wond'ring each at others

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars? Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares

Corio. Ha? Aufid. No more

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue, Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion, Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyne To thrust the Lye vnto him

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads, Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound: If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there, That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I Flatter'd your Volcians in Corioles. Alone I did it, Boy

Auf. Why Noble Lords, Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune, Which was your shame, by this vnholy Braggart? 'Fore your owne eyes, and eares? All Consp. Let him dye for't

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently: He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine Marcus, he kill'd my Father

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace: The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in This Orbe o'th' earth: His last offences to vs Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand Auffidius, And trouble not the peace

Corio. O that I had him, with six Auffidiusses, or more: His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword

Auf. Insolent Villaine

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius stands on him

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake

1.Lord. O Tullus

2.Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat Valour will weepe

3.Lord. Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet, Put vp your Swords

Auf. My Lords, When you shall know (as in this Rage Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure Your heauiest Censure

1.Lord. Beare from hence his body, And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald Did follow to his Vrne

2.Lord. His owne impatience, Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame: Let's make the Best of it

Auf. My Rage is gone, And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him vp: Helpe three a'th' cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one. Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully: Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one, Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury, Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.

Exeunt. bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CORIOLANUS ***

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