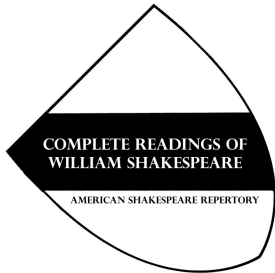


CORIOLANUS

EDITED AND CONFLATED BY JUSTIN ALEXANDER
THE COMPLETE READINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
READING 3 – DECEMBER 9TH, 2009



CAST LIST

JUSTIN ALEXANDER	CORIOLANUS
GAIL FRAZER	VOLUMNIA
EMMA MAYER	VIRGILIA
COURTNEY GLENNY	VALERIA
STU NABER	MENENIUS AGRIPPA
CONNOR BOHNE	TULLUS AUFIDIUS
ANISSA BRAZILL	TITUS LARTIUS
ALLEN VOIGHT	COMINIUS
CODY SORENSEN	SICINIUS VELUTUS
LUCAS GERSTNER	JUNIUS BRUTUS
GABE HELLER	SUNDRY
MARTHA HEYL	SUNDRY
JORDON JOHNSON	SUNDRY
ANNA OLSON	SUNDRY
HANNAH STEBLAY	SUNDRY

ACT I, SCENE 1

Enter a company of mutinous citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 CITIZEN Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

ALL Speak, speak.

1 CITIZEN You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

ALL 2 Resolv'd.

[ALL 3 Yea!

ALL 4 Aye!

ALL 5 To the death!]

1 CITIZEN First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

ALL 5 We know't.

[ALL 3 Aye.

ALL 4 Aye.]

1 CITIZEN Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price.
Is't a verdict?

ALL 3 No more talking on't.

ALL 4 Let it be done!

ALL 5 Away! Away!

2 CITIZEN One word, good citizens.

1 CITIZEN We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: But they think we are too dear. The leanness

that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes. For the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 CITIZEN Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

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

2 CITIZEN Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 CITIZEN Very well, and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 CITIZEN Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 CITIZEN I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 CITIZEN What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 CITIZEN If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations. He hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.

Shouts within.

What shouts are these?

[3 CITIZEN] The other side o' the city is risen!

[Exit.]

[1 CITIZEN] Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol.

ALL Come, come.

1 CITIZEN Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 CITIZEN Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 CITIZEN He's one honest enough, would all the rest were so.

MENENIUS What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you with bats and clubs? The matter. Speak, I pray you.

1 CITIZEN Our business is not unknown to the Senate. They have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds: They say poor suitors have strong breaths. They shall know we have strong arms too.

MENENIUS Why masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, will you undo yourselves?

1 CITIZEN We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MENENIUS I tell you friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes; cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it, and Your knees to them (not arms) must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you, and you slander The helms o' the state (who care for you like fathers) When you curse them as enemies.

1 CITIZEN Care for us? True indeed, they ne'er cared for us yet: Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MENENIUS Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale. It may be you have heard it, But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale 't a little more.

1 CITIZEN Well, I'll hear it, sir: Yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace With a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

MENENIUS There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: That only like a gulf it did remain I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

1 CITIZEN Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MENENIUS Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak—it [tauntingly] replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt: even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 CITIZEN Your belly's answer? What
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter.
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

MENENIUS What then?
'Fore me, this fellow speaks. What then? What then?

1 CITIZEN Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

MENENIUS Well, what then?

1 CITIZEN The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

MENENIUS I will tell you
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile; you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 CITIZEN Y'are long about it.

MENENIUS Note me this, good friend:
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
'True is it, my incorporate friends' (quoth he)
'That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon: 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 rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once—
(You my good friends, this says the belly) mark me.

1 CITIZEN Ay sir, well, well.

MENENIUS 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

1 CITIZEN It was an answer. How apply you this?

MENENIUS The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 CITIZEN I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MENENIUS For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battle;

The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

MARCIUS Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 CITIZEN We have ever your good word.

MARCIUS He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor Peace nor War? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: No surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite; who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate:
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

MENENIUS For corn at their own rates; whereof they say
The city is well stored.

MARCIUS Hang 'em: They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages, making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'll make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

MENENIUS Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

MARCIUS They are dissolved: Hang 'em;
They said they were an-hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them (a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

MENENIUS What is granted them?

MARCIUS Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. 'Sdeath,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time

Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

MENENIUS This is strange.

MARCIUS Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger hastily.

MESSENGER Where's Caius Marcius?

MARCIUS Here: what's the matter?

MESSENGER The news is, sir, the Volscres are in arms.

MARCIUS I am glad on 't. Then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

[TITUS] Marcius 'tis true that you have lately told us,
The Volscres are in arms.

MARCIUS They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't:
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

COMINIUS You have fought together?

MARCIUS Were half to half the world by the ears and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

[TITUS] Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COMINIUS It is your former promise.

MARCIUS Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

TITUS No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

MENENIUS Oh true-bred!

[TITUS] Your company to the Capitol, where I know
Our greatest friends attend us.

COMINIUS Noble Marcius.

[TITUS] Hence to your homes, be gone!

MARCIUS Nay let them follow,
The Volscres have much corn: take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

*Exeunt.
Citizens steal away.
Manet Sicinius and Brutus.*

SICINIUS Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRUTUS He has no equal.

SICINIUS When we were chosen tribunes for the people--

BRUTUS Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

SICINIUS Nay, but his taunts.

BRUTUS Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

SICINIUS Bemock the modest moon.

BRUTUS The present wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

SICINIUS Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

BRUTUS Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, can not
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius: 'Oh if he
Had borne the business.'

SICINIUS Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

BRUTUS Come:
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned them not: and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

SICINIUS Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

BRUTUS Let's along.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 2]

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1 SENATOR So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

AUFIDIUS Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought [on] in this state
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is;
'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great,
The people mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

1 SENATOR Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

AUFIDIUS Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves, which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 SENATOR Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard Corioles.
If they set down before 's: for the remove
Bring up your army: but (I think) you'll find
[They've] not prepar'd for us.

AUFIDIUS O doubt not that
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

[3 SENATOR] The gods assist you.

AUFIDIUS And keep your honors safe.

1 SENATOR Farewell.

2 SENATOR Farewell.

ALL Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

[ACT I, SCENE 3]

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Marcius:
They set them down on two low stools and sew.*

VOLUMNIA I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame: To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

VOLUMNIA Then his good report should have been my son, I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

GENTLEWOMAN Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIRGILIA Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

VOLUMNIA Indeed, you shall not:

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum:
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair:
(As children from a bear) the Volscies shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,
'Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome'; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA His bloody brow? O Jupiter, no blood.

VOLUMNIA Away you fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gentlewoman.

VIRGILIA Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius.

VOLUMNIA He'll beat Aufidius 'head below his knee
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

VALERIA My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA Sweet madam.

VIRGILIA I am glad to see your ladyship.

VALERIA How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers.
What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

VIRGILIA I thank your ladyship: Well, good madam.

VOLUMNIA He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

VALERIA O'my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant it, how he mammoocked it!

VOLUMNIA One on 's father's moods.

VALERIA Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

VIRGILIA A crack, madam.

VALERIA Come, lay aside your stitchery. I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

VIRGILIA No (good madam) I will not out of doors.

VALERIA Not out of doors?

VOLUMNIA She shall, she shall.

VIRGILIA Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

VALERIA Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

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

VOLUMNIA Why, I pray you?

VIRGILIA 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VALERIA You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIRGILIA No, good madam, pardon me, indeed, I will not forth.

VALERIA In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIRGILIA Oh good madam, there can be none yet.

VALERIA Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

VIRGILIA Indeed, madam?

VALERIA In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioles, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour, and so I pray go with us.

VIRGILIA Give me excuse, good madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

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

VALERIA In troth I think she would. Fare you well, then.
Come, good sweet lady. Prithée Virgilia, turn thy
solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

VIRGILIA No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.
I wish you much mirth.

VALERIA Well, then, farewell.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 4]

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS, Titus Lartius, with drum and colours; with
Captains and Soldiers, as before the City Coriales.
To them a Messenger.*

MARCIUS Yonder comes news:
A wager they have met.

TITUS My horse to yours, no.

MARCIUS 'Tis done.

TITUS Agreed.

MARCIUS Say, has our general met the enemy?

MESENTER They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

TITUS So, the good horse is mine.

MARCIUS I'll buy him of you.

TITUS No, I'll nor sell nor give him: Lend you him I will
For half a hundred years: Summon the town.

MARCIUS How far off lie these armies?

MESENTER Within this mile and half.

MARCIUS Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now Mars, I prithée make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Corioles.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 SENATOR No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little.

Drum afar off.

Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we, have but pinn'd with rushes,
They'll open of themselves.

Alarum far off.

Hark you, far off
There is Aufidius. List what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

MARCIVS Oh they are at it.

TITVS Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho.

Enter the Army of the Volsces.

MARCIVS They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance brave Titus,
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows:
He that retires I'll take him for a Volscie,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches.

Enter Marcius cursing.

MARCIVS All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome: You heard of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorrd
Further than seen and one infect another
Against the wind a mile. You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat; Pluto and hell,
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear, mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: Look to't: Come on,
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches [followed].

Another alarum. [The Volsces fly] and Marcius follows them to gates and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds,
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

Enters the Gate.

1 SOLDIER Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 SOLDIER Nor I.

1 SOLDIER See, they have shut him in.

Alarum continues.

[2 SOLDIER] To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

TITUS What is become of Marcius?

2 SOLDIER Slain (sir) doubtless.

1 SOLDIER Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who upon the sudden
Clapp'd to their gates, he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

TITUS O Noble Fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his senseless sword,
And when it bows, standst up: Thou art left Marcius.
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to [Cato's] wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes, but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madst thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 SOLDIER Look, sir.

TITUS O 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

[ACT I, SCENE 5]

Enter certain Romans with spoils.

1 ROMAN This will I carry to Rome.

2 ROMAN And I this.

3 ROMAN A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

Exeunt.

*Alarum continues still afar off.
Enter Marcius and Titus with a Trumpet.*

MARCIUS See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachme: Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them.
And hark, what noise the General makes: To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

TITUS Worthy sir, thou bleed'st.
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

MARCIUS Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

TITUS Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords. Bold gentleman:
Prosperity be thy page!

MARCUS Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest: So farewell.

TITUS Thou worthiest Marcus,
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 6]

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

COMINIUS Breathe you, my friends. Well fought. We are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. The Roman Gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter Messenger.

Thy news?

MESSANGER The citizens of Corioles have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

COMINIUS Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

MESSANGER Above an hour, my lord.

COMINIUS 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

MESSANGER Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

COMINIUS Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were [flay'd]? O gods
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

MARCIUS Come I too late?

COMINIUS The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

MARCIUS Come I too late?

COMINIUS Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

MARCIUS Oh let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

COMINIUS Flower of warriors,
How is it with Titus Lartius?

MARCIUS As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

COMINIUS Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

MARCIUS Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file (a plague--tribunes for them)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

COMINIUS But how prevail'd you?

MARCIUS Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

COMINIUS Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

MARCIUS How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

COMINIUS As I guess Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust: O'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

MARCIUS I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together,
By the vows we have made to endure friends,
That you directly set me against
Aufidius and his [Antiates],
And that you not delay the present, but
(Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts)
We prove this very hour.

COMINIUS Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

MARCIVS

Those are they

That most are willing. If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any fear
[Less in] his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow Marcivs.

They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidivs
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
(As cause will be obey'd). Please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

COMINIUS

March on my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all, with us.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 7]

Titus Lartivs, having set a guard upon Corioles, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Cairus Marcivs enter with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

TITVS So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding. If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

LIEUTENANT Fear not our care, sir.

TITVS Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
Our guider come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT I, SCENE 8]

*Alarums, as in battle.
Enter Martius and Aufidius at several doors.*

MARCIVS I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUFIDIUS We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

MARCIVS Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after.

AUFIDIUS If I fly, Marcivs,
Hollow me like a hare.

MARCIVS Within these three hours Tullus
Alone I fought in your Corioles walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUFIDIUS Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

*Here they fight, and certain Volscies come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcivs
fights til they be driven in breathless.*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 9]

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded.
Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans.
At another door Marcivs with his arm in a scarf.*

COMINIUS If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'ldst not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire: where ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quaked hear more: where the dull tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the Gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet came'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS with his power, from the pursuit.

TITUS Oh General:
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hast thou beheld –

MARCIVS Pray now, no more: My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can;
Induced as you have been, that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

COMINIUS You shall not be the grave of your deserving,
Rome must know the value of her own:
'Twere a concealment worse than a theft,
No less than a traducement,

To hide your doings, and to silence that
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore I beseech you –
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done – before our army hear me.

MARCIUS I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

COMINIUS Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store of all,
The treasure in this field achieved, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

MARCIUS I thank you General:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius, Marcius', cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and TITUS TITUS stand bare.

MARCIUS May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing:
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for the wars:
No more I say, for that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
(Which without note, here's many else have done)
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolic,

As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

COMINIUS Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioles, call him,
With all the applause and clamor of the host,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Bear the addition nobly ever!

Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.

ALL *Marcus Caius Coriolanus!*

CORIOLANUS I will go wash:
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

COMINIUS So, to our tent:
Where ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success: You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioles back, send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

TITUS I shall, my lord.

CORIOLANUS The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

COMINIUS Take't, 'tis yours. What is't?

CORIOLANUS I sometime lay here in Corioles,
At a poor man's house: he used me kindly,
He cried to me: I saw him prisoner:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

COMINIUS Oh well begg'd:
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind: Deliver him, Titus.

TITUS Marcius, his name?

CORIOLANUS By Jupiter! Forgot.
I am weary, yea my memory is tired:
Have we no wine here?

COMINIUS Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries, 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 10]

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three
Soldiers.*

AUFIDIUS The town is ta'en.

1 SOLDIER 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUFIDIUS Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again 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 equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 SOLDIER He's the devil.

AUFIDIUS Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself; nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 SOLDIER Will not you go?

AUFIDIUS I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you
(Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 SOLDIER I shall, sir.

Exeunt.

ACT II, [SCENE 1]

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

MENENIUS The augurer tells me we shall have news tonight.

BRUTUS Good or bad?

MENENIUS Not according to the prayer of the people, for they
love not Marcus.

SICINIUS Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MENENIUS Pray you, who does the wolf love?

SICINIUS The lamb.

MENENIUS Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would
the noble Marcus.

BRUTUS He's a lamb indeed, that bays like a bear.

MENENIUS He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two
are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH Well, sir.

MENENIUS In what enormity is Marcus poor in, that you two
have not in abundance?

BRUTUS He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

SICINIUS Especially in Pride.

BRUTUS And topping all others in boasting.

MENENIUS This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city? I mean of us o' the right-hand file. Do you?

[SICINIUS] Why?

[BRUTUS] How are we censured?

MENENIUS Because you talk of pride now — Will you not be angry?

[SICINIUS] Well, sir, well.

[BRUTUS] Well.

MENENIUS Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so: You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRUTUS We do it not alone, sir.

MENENIUS I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. Oh that you could.

BRUTUS What then, sir?

MENENIUS Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools) as any in Rome.

SICINIUS Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MENENIUS I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't:

Said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion: One that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I [can't] say your worship has deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your [bisson] conspicuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

BRUTUS Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MENENIUS You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing: You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding the more entangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRUTUS Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MENENIUS Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud: who in a cheap estimation, is worth all

your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

*Brutus and Sicinius [go] aside.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.*

How now my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOLUMNIA Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

MENENIUS Ha? Marcius coming home?

VOLUMNIA Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

MENENIUS Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee: Hoo, Marcius coming home?

[VIRGILIA] Nay, 'tis true.
[VALERIA] 'Tis true.

VOLUMNIA Look, here's a letter from him, the state hath another, his wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

MENENIUS I will make my very house reel tonight: A letter for me?

VIRGILIA Yes certain, there's a letter for you. I saw't.

MENENIUS A letter for me? it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and to this

preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. [Is] he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

VIRGILIA Oh no, no, no.

VOLUMNIA Oh, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

MENENIUS So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

VOLUMNIA On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MENENIUS Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOLUMNIA Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MENENIUS And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: and he had stayed by him, I would not have been so 'fidiused for all the chests in Corioles, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possessed of this?

VOLUMNIA Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: The senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole Name of the War: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly

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

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

VIRGILIA The gods grant them true.

VOLUMNIA True? Pow waw.

MENENIUS True? I'll be sworn they are true: Where is he wounded?

[to Tribunes]

God save your good worships. Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to the proud:

[to ladies]

where is he wounded?

VOLUMNIA I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

MENENIUS One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh: There's nine that I know.

VOLUMNIA He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MENENIUS Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

A shout and flourish.

VOLUMNIA These are the ushers of Marcius:
Before him he carries noise;
And behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nerry arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Cominius the General and Titus Lartius. Between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

HERALD Know Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Marcius Caius:
These in honor follows Marcius Caius Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Sound. Flourish.

ALL Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

CORIOLANUS No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

COMINIUS Look, sir, your mother.

CORIOLANUS Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my prosperity.

Kneels.

VOLUMNIA Nay, my good soldier, up:
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,
What is it (Coriolanus?) must I call thee?
But oh, thy wife!

CORIOLANUS My gracious silence, hail:
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioles wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

MENENIUS Now, the Gods crown thee.

CORIOLANUS And live you yet? Oh my sweet lady, pardon.

VOLUMNIA I know not where to turn. O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and you're welcome all.

MENENIUS A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.
Yon are three that Rome should dote on:
Yet, by the faith of men, we have
Some old crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your relish.
Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle;
And the faults of fools but folly.

COMINIUS Ever right.

CORIOLANUS Menenius ever, ever.

HERALD Give way there, and go on.

CORIOLANUS Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them, change of honors.

VOLUMNIA I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which (I doubt not)
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

CORIOLANUS Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

COMINIUS On, to the Capitol.

*Flourish. Cornets
Exeunt in state, as before.
Enter Brutus and Sicinius.*

BRUTUS All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: or veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pothor
As if that whatsoever God who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture.

SICINIUS On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

BRUTUS Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

SICINIUS He cannot temporarily transport his honors
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

BRUTUS In that there's comfort.

SICINIUS Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the least cause these his new honours, which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

BRUTUS I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SICINIUS 'Tis right.

BRUTUS It was his word: Oh he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

SICINIUS I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

BRUTUS 'Tis most like he will.

SICINIUS It shall be to him then as our good will;
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
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

SICINIUS This (as you say) suggested,
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble: and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

BRUTUS What's the matter?

MESSENGER You are sent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought that Marcus shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

BRUTUS Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

SICINIUS Have with you.

Exeunt.

[ACT II, SCENE 2]

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions, as it were, in the Capitol.

1 OFFICER Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 OFFICER Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 OFFICER That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 OFFICER Faith, there had been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 OFFICER If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 OFFICER He hath deserved worthily of his country, and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving

itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 OFFICER No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them:

*Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul.
Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.
Coriolanus stands.*

MENENIUS Having determined of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius: it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that hath
Thus stood for his country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Marcius Caius Coriolanus: whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

1 SENATOR Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears: and after
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

SICINIUS We are convened
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclined to honor and advance
The theme of our Assembly.

BRUTUS Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

MENENIUS That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

BRUTUS Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

MENENIUS He loves your people
But tie him not to be their bedfellow:
Worthy Cominius, speak.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.

Nay, keep your place.

[2 SENATOR] Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

CORIOLANUS Your honor's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

BRUTUS Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

CORIOLANUS No sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh—

MENENIUS Pray now, sit down.

CORIOLANUS I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

Exit Coriolanus.

MENENIUS Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn, how can he flatter
[That] thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

COMINIUS I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly: It is held
That Valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland: For this last,
Before, and in Corioles, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,

And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioles like a planet: now all's his,
When by and by the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he, where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'twere
A perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

MENENIUS Worthy man.

1 SENATOR He cannot but with measure fit the honors
Which we devise him.

COMINIUS Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

MENENIUS He's right noble,
Let him be call'd for.

1 SENATOR Call Coriolanus.

[2 SENATOR] He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

MENENIUS The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased to make thee consul.

CORIOIANUSI do owe them still my life and services.

MENENIUS It then remains that you do speak to the people.

CORIOLANUS I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom: for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: Please
You that I may pass this doing.

SICINIUS Sir, the people
Must have their voices. Neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

MENENIUS Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your form.

CORIO LANUS It is apart
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

BRUTUS Mark you that?

CORIOLANUS To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only.

MENENIUS Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consul
Wish we all joy, and honor.

[1 **SENATOR**] To Coriolanus come all joy and honour.

*Flourish cornets.
Exeunt, manet Sicinius and Brutus.*

BRUTUS You see how he intends to use the people.

SICINIUS May they perceive's intent: He will require them,
As if he did condemn what he requested,
Should be in them to give.

BRUTUS Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. On the marketplace
I know they do attend us.

Exeunt.

[ACT II, SCENE 3]

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 CITIZEN Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 CITIZEN We may, sir, if we will.

3 CITIZEN We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them: So if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 CITIZEN And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 CITIZEN We have been call'd so of many, not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely colored. And truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 CITIZEN Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 CITIZEN Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 CITIZEN Why that way?

3 CITIZEN To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 CITIZEN You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

3 CITIZEN Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of Humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues. Therefore follow me, and I direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL Content, content.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

MENENIUS Oh sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

CORIOLANUS What must I say?
'I Pray, sir?' Plague upon't. I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds,
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

MENENIUS Oh me the gods,

You must not speak of that. You must desire them
To think upon you.

CORIOLANUS Think upon me? Hang 'em.
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

MENENIUS You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you
In wholesome manner.

Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.

CORIOLANUS Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean: So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause (sir) of my standing here.

3 CITIZEN We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

CORIOLANUS Mine own desert.

2 CITIZEN Your own desert!

CORIOLANUS Ay, but not mine own desire.

3 CITIZEN How not your own desire?

CORIOLANUS No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor
with begging.

3 CITIZEN You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope
to gain by you.

CORIOLANUS Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 CITIZEN The price is to ask it kindly.

CORIOLANUS Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir, what say you?

2 CITIZEN You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

CORIOLANUS A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms. Adieu.

3 CITIZEN But this is something odd.

2 CITIZEN And 'twere to give again: but 'tis no matter.

*Exeunt [the three Citizens].
Enter two other Citizens.*

CORIOLANUS Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

[4] CITIZEN You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

CORIOLANUS Your enigma?

[4] CITIZEN You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends, you have not indeed loved the common people.

CORIOLANUS You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them. 'Tis a condition they account gentle, and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitedly. That is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers: Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

[5] CITIZEN We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

[4] CITIZEN You have received many wounds for your country.

CORIOLANUS I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

[5 CITIZEN] The gods give you joy, sir

[4 CITIZEN] Heartily.

[Exeunt the two Citizens.]

CORIOLANUS Most sweet voices:

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvis tongue should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that [do] appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't.
What custom wills, in all things, should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honor go
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come [more] Voices.
Your Voices? for your Voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your Voices: for your Voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd: Battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of: for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more:
Your Voices? Indeed I would be consul.

[6] CITIZEN He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

[7] CITIZEN Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

[8 CITIZEN] Amen, amen.

[6 CITIZEN] God save thee, Noble Consul.

CORIOLANUS Worthy voices!

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

MENENIUS You have stood your limitation:
And the tribunes endue you with the People's Voice.
Remains, that in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

CORIOLANUS Is this done?

SICINIUS The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

CORIOLANUS Where? at the Senate-house?

SICINIUS There, Coriolanus.

CORIOLANUS May I change these garments?

SICINIUS You may, sir.

CORIOLANUS That I'll straight do: and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the Senate-house.

MENENIUS I'll keep you company. Will you along?

BRUTUS We stay here for the people.

SICINIUS Fare you well.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.

He has it now: and by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.

BRUTUS With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds:
Will you dismiss the people?

Enter the Plebeians.

SICINIUS How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 CITIZEN He has our voices, sir.

BRUTUS We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 CITIZEN Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 CITIZEN Certainly
He flouted us downright.

1 CITIZEN No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 CITIZEN Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

SICINIUS Why, so he did, I am sure.

ALL No, no: no man saw 'em.

3 CITIZEN

He said he had wounds,

Which he could show in private:
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,
Here was 'I thank you for your Voices, thank you.
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

SICINIUS

Why either were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

BRUTUS

Could you not have told him

As you were lesson'd: When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would think upon you, for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

SICINIUS

Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit;
And tried his inclination: from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unselected.

BRUTUS

Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

SICINIUS

Have you ere now denied the asker?

And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock;
Bestow your sued for tongues?

3 CITIZEN

He's not confirm'd,

We may deny him yet.

2 CITIZEN

And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 CITIZEN

I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

BRUTUS

Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

SICINIUS

Let them assemble,

And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRUTUS Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you must cast your election on him.

SICINIUS Say, you chose him more after our commandment
Than as guided by your own true affections, and that
Your minds preoccupied with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

BRUTUS Ay, spare us not: Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians: from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son:
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king,
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus,] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

SICINIUS 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 have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy; and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

BRUTUS Say, you ne'er had done't
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

[1 CITIZEN] We will so.
[2 CITIZEN] Almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

BRUTUS Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

SICINIUS To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

Exeunt.

ACT III, [SCENE 1]

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

CORIOLANUS Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

TITUS He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

CORIOLANUS So then the Volscies stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.

COMINIUS They are worn (Lord Consul) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

CORIOLANUS Saw you Aufidius?

TITUS On safeguard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volscies, for they had so [vilely]
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

CORIOLANUS Spoke he of me?

TITUS He did, my lord.

CORIOLANUS How? what?

TITUS How often he had met you sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

CORIOLANUS At Antium lives he?

TITUS At Antium.

CORIOLANUS I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them:
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

SICINIUS Pass no further.

CORIOLANUS Hah? what is that?

BRUTUS It will be dangerous to go on —
No further.

CORIOLANUS What makes this change?

MENENIUS The matter?

COMINIUS Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?

BRUTUS Cominius, no.

CORIOLANUS Have I had children's voices?

SENATOR Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

BRUTUS The people are incens'd against him.

SICINIUS Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

CORIOLANUS Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

MENENIUS Be calm, be calm.

CORIOLANUS It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

BRUTUS Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them: and of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repined;
Scandal'd the suppliants; for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

CORIOLANUS Why, this was known before.

BRUTUS Not to them all.

CORIOLANUS Have you inform'd them [since]?

BRUTUS How? I inform them!

CORIOLANUS You are like to do such business.

BRUTUS Not unlike each way to better yours.

CORIOLANUS Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

SICINIUS You show too much of that

For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MENENIUS Let's be calm.

COMINIUS The people are abus'd; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

CORIOLANUS Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again.

MENENIUS Not now, not now.

SENATOR Not in this heat, sir, now.

CORIOLANUS Now, as I live, I will.
My nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me, as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

MENENIUS Well, no more.

SENATOR No more words, we beseech you.

CORIOLANUS How? no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tatter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

BRUTUS You speak o' the people, as if you were a God
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

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

MENENIUS What, what?
His choler?

CORIOLANUS Choler?
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

SICINIUS It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

CORIOLANUS Shall remain?
Hear you this Triton of the Minnows? Mark you
His absolute 'shall'?

COMINIUS 'Twas from the canon.

CORIOLANUS Shall? O God! but most unwise patricians: why
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'Shall' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power
Then vail your ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'Shall'
His popular 'Shall' against a graver bench
Than ever frown in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

COMINIUS Well, on to the market-place.

CORIOLANUS Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece—

MENENIUS Well, well, no more of that.

CORIOLANUS Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience: fed
The ruin of the state.

BRUTUS Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

CORIOLANUS I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their Voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
That ne'er did service for't; being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd

Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the [motive]
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request it,
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debate
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the Senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

MENENIUS Come, enough.

BRUTUS Enough, with over-measure.

CORIOLANUS No, take more.
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal. This double worship,
[Where one] part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it: at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become't:
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

BRUTUS Has said enough.

SICINIUS Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

CORIOLANUS Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee:
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

BRUTUS Manifest treason.

SICINIUS This a consul? no.
Enter an Aedile.

BRUTUS The aediles, ho: Let him be apprehended.

SICINIUS Go, call the people, in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator:
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

[Exit Aedile.]

CORIOLANUS Hence old goat.

[MENENIUS] We'll surety him.

COMINIUS Aged sir, hands off.

CORIOLANUS Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

SICINIUS Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Aediles.

MENENIUS On both sides more respect.

SICINIUS Here's he that would take from you all your power.

BRUTUS Seize him, AEdiles!

[CITIZENS] Down with him, down with him.

SENATORS Weapons, weapons, weapons!

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

ALL Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
 Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.
 Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

MENENIUS What is about to be? I am out of breath,
 Confusion's near, I cannot speak. You, Tribunes
 To the people: Coriolanus, patience:
 Speak, good Sicinius.

SICINIUS Hear me, People peace.

[HANNAH] Let's hear our Tribune!

[ANNA] Peace!

[GABE] Speak!

[CITIZENS] Speak! Speak! Speak! Speak!

SICINIUS You are at point to lose your liberties:
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have named for consul.

MENENIUS Fie, fie, fie.
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

[COMINIUS] To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.

SICINIUS What is the city but the people?

[GABE] True, the people are the city.

BRUTUS By the consent of all, we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.

[ANNA] You so remain.

MENENIUS And so are like to do.

~~COMINIUS That is the way to lay the city flat,
 To bring the roof to the foundation,
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges
 In heaps and piles of ruin.~~

SICINIUS This deserves death.

BRUTUS [Oh] let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it: We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.

SICINIUS Therefore lay hold of him:
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

BRUTUS AEdiles, seize him.

ALL — Yield Marcius, yield!

[The crowd advances with a roar.]

MENENIUS Hear me one word, beseech you, tribunes, hear me
but a word.

[BRUTUS] Peace, peace.

MENENIUS Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

BRUTUS Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Coriolanus draws his sword.

CORIOLANUS No, I'll die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting.
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

BRUTUS Lay hands upon him.

MENENIUS Down with that sword, Tribunes withdraw awhile.

MENENIUS — Help Marcius, help: you that be noble, help him,
young and old!

[CITIZENS] Down with him, down with him.

Exeunt.

In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Aediles, and the People are beat in.

MENENIUS Go, get you to your house: be gone, away.
All will be naught else.

SENATOR Get you gone.

COMINIUS Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

MENENIUS Shall it be put to that?

SENATOR The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

MENENIUS For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, 'beseech you.

COMINIUS Come, sir, along with us.

CORIOLANUS I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd) not Romans (as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol).

[COMINIUS] Be gone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

CORIOLANUS On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.

MENENIUS I could myself take up a brace o' the best of them;
yea, the two tribunes.

COMINIUS But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic,
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

MENENIUS Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

COMINIUS Nay, come away.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

[SENATOR] This man has marr'd his fortune.

MENENIUS His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder: His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

A noise within.

Here's goodly work.

[SENATOR] I would they were abed!

MENENIUS I would they were in Tiber.
What the vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble again.

SICINIUS Where is this viper, that would depopulate
The city and be every man himself?

MENENIUS You worthy tribunes—

SICINIUS He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,

And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.

[HANNAH] He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

[GABE] He shall, sure on't.

[The crowd roars its approval.]

MENENIUS Sir, sir.

SICINIUS Peace.

MENENIUS Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

SICINIUS Sir, how comes't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

MENENIUS Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

SICINIUS Consul? what consul?

MENENIUS The Consul Coriolanus.

BRUTUS He consul?

[CITIZENS] No!
[GABE] Never!
[JORDON] [Death first!]

MENENIUS If by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

SICINIUS Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies tonight.

MENENIUS Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.

SICINIUS He's a disease that must be cut away.

MENENIUS Oh he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off: to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

SICINIUS This is clean kam.

BRUTUS Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

MENENIUS The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

BRUTUS We'll hear no more:
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence:
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

MENENIUS One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will (too late)
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRUTUS If it were so?

SICINIUS What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our AEdiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

MENENIUS Consider this: He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language: Meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

SENATOR Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody: and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

SICINIUS Noble Menenius, be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.

BRUTUS Go not home.

SICINIUS Meet on the market-place: we'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

MENENIUS I'll bring him to you.

[To the Senator]

Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

SENATOR Pray you, let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

[ACT III, SCENE 2]

Enter Coriolanus with [Titus Lartius].

CORIOLANUS Let them puff all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

[TITUS] You do the nobler.

CORIOLANUS I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. I talk of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

VOLUMNIA O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

CORIOLANUS Let go.

VOLUMNIA You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

CORIOLANUS Let them hang.

VOLUMNIA Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

MENENIUS Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

SENATOR There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOLUMNIA Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

MENENIUS Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the [herd] (but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state) I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

CORIOLANUS What must I do?

MENENIUS Return to the tribunes.

CORIOLANUS Well, what then? what then?

MENENIUS Repent what you have spoke.

CORIOLANUS For them? I cannot do it to the gods.
Must I then do't to them?

VOLUMNIA You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and Policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

CORIOLANUS Tush, tush!

MENENIUS A good demand.

VOLUMNIA If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

CORIOLANUS Why force you this?

VOLUMNIA Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people: Not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue; though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town 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 required
I should do so in honor: I am in this
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles,
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

MENENIUS Noble lady,
Come go with us, speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

VOLUMNIA I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones: for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving 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 soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

MENENIUS This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

VOLUMNIA Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

COMINIUS I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

MENENIUS Only fair speech.

COMINIUS I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOLUMNIA He must, and will:
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

CORIOLANUS Must I go show them my unbarb'd scone?
Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw't against the wind. To the market-place:
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

COMINIUS Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOLUMNIA I prithee now sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier; so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

CORIOLANUS Well, I must do't:
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit: My throat of war be turn'd,
Which [choired] with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep; the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight; a beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms. I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

VOLUMNIA

At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But owe thy pride thyself.

CORIOLANUS

Pray, be content:

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

VOLUMNIA

Do your will.

Exit Volumnia.

COMINIUS Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself

To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

CORIOLANUS The word is 'Mildly'. Pray you, let us go,

Let them accuse me by invention: I
Will answer in mine honor.

MENENIUS

Ay, but mildly.

CORIOLANUS Well, mildly be it then, Mildly.

Exeunt.

[ACT III, SCENE 3]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

BRUTUS In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an AEdile.

What, will he come?

AEDILE He's coming.

BRUTUS How accompanied?

AEDILE With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favor'd him.

SICINIUS Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by the poll?

AEDILE I have: 'tis ready.

SICINIUS Have you collected them by tribes?

AEDILE I have.

SICINIUS Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
'I the right and strength o' the 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 old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

AEDILE I shall inform them.

BRUTUS And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

AEDILE Very well.

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

BRUTUS Go about it.

[Exit AEdile.]

Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance, then he speaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

SICINIUS Well, here he comes.

MENENIUS Calmly, I do beseech you.

CORIOLANUS Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume: The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love among '
[Throng] our large temples with the shows of peace,

And not our streets with war!

SENATOR Amen, amen.

MENENIUS A noble wish.

Enter the AEdile with the Plebeians.

SICINIUS Draw near, ye people.

AEDILE List to your tribunes. Audience: Peace I say.

CORIOLANUS First, hear me speak.

[SICINIUS] Well, say.

[BRUTUS] Peace, ho!

CORIOLANUS Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

SICINIUS I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

CORIOLANUS I am content.

MENENIUS Lo, citizens, he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider: Think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

CORIOLANUS Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

MENENIUS Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher actions for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

COMINIUS Well, well, no more.

CORIOLANUS What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

SICINIUS Answer to us.

CORIOLANUS Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

SICINIUS We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.

CORIOLANUS How? Traitor?

MENENIUS Nay, temperately; your promise.

CORIOLANUS The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people:
Call me their traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes [sat] twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hand clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers. I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

SICINIUS Mark you this, people?

[AEDILE] To the rock!

[CITIZENS] To the rock! To the rock with him!

SICINIUS Peace,
 We need not put new matter to his charge:
 What you have seen him do and heard him speak:
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him. Even this,
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves the extremest death.

BRUTUS But since he hath served well for Rome—

CORIOLANUS What do you prate of service?

BRUTUS I talk of that, that know it.

CORIOLANUS You?

MENENIUS Is this the promise that you made your mother?

COMINIUS Know, I pray you—

CORIOLANUS I know no further:
 Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, [flaying], pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying 'Good morrow.'

SICINIUS For that he has,
 (As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envied against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power (as now at last,
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it) in the name o' the people
 And in the power of us the Tribunes, we

(Even from this instant) banish him our city
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
 I say it shall be so.

[CITIZENS] It shall be so! It shall be so!
[HANNAH] Let him away!
[AEDILE] He's banish'd, and it shall be so!

COMINIUS Hear me, my masters, and my common friends.

SICINIUS He's sentenced; no more hearing.

COMINIUS Let me speak:
 I have been consul, and can show [for] Rome
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good with a respect more tender,
 More holy and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins: then if I would
 Speak that—

SICINIUS We know your drift. Speak what?

BRUTUS There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
 As enemy to the people, and his country.
 It shall be so.

[CITIZENS] It shall be so! it shall be so!

CORIOLANUS You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air: I banish you,
 And here remain with your uncertainty.
 Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts:

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair: Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows, despising,
For you the city. Thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere.

*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, [Menenius, Senators, and Patricians].
They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

AEDILE The people's enemy is gone!

[JORDON] Our enemy is banish'd!

[ANNA] He's gone!

[HANNAH/COURTNEY] Hoo, oo!

SICINIUS Go, see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath followed you, with all despite.
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

[GABE] Come, come!

[JORDON] Let's see him out at gates! Come!

[HANNAH] The gods preserve our noble Tribunes!

[GABE] Come!

Exeunt.

ACT IV, [SCENE 1]

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

CORIOLANUS Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

VIRGILIA O heavens! O heavens!

CORIOLANUS Nay, I prithee woman.

VOLUMNIA Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish.

CORIOLANUS What, what, what:
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay mother.
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not, adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles. Tell these sad women,

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believe't not lightly, though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen: your son
Will o'er-exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practise.

VOLUMNIA My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

CORIOLANUS O the gods!

COMINIUS I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

CORIOLANUS Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

MENENIUS That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

CORIOLANUS Give me thy hand, come.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 2]

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

SICINIUS Bid them all home. He's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

BRUTUS Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

SICINIUS Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

BRUTUS Dismiss them home.

[Exit AEdile.]

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

SICINIUS Let's not meet her.

BRUTUS Why?

SICINIUS They say she's mad.

BRUTUS They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

VOLUMNIA O, ye're well met: The hoarded
Plague o' the gods requite your love!

MENENIUS Peace, peace,

Be not so loud.

VOLUMNIA If that I could for weeping,
You should hear. Nay, and you shall hear some.
Will you be gone?

VIRGILIA You shall stay too: I would I
Had the power to say so to my husband.

SICINIUS Are you mankind?

VOLUMNIA Ay fool, is that a shame? Note but this fool:
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

SICINIUS O blessed heavens!

VOLUMNIA More noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what: yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

SICINIUS What then?

VIRGILIA What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOLUMNIA Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MENENIUS Come, come, peace.

SICINIUS I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

BRUTUS

I would he had.

Exeunt.

VOLUMNIA I would he had? 'Twas you incensed the rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

MENENIUS Fie, fie, fie!

Exit.

BRUTUS

Pray, let us go.

VOLUMNIA Now, pray, sir, get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
This lady's husband here; this (do you see?)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

BRUTUS

Well, well, we'll leave you.

SICINIUS

Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Exit Tribunes.

VOLUMNIA Take my prayers with you.
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

MENENIUS

You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause. You'll sup with me?

VOLUMNIA Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like: Come, come, come.

[ACT IV, SCENE 3]

Enter a Roman and a Volsc.

ROMAN I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name I think is Adrian.

VOLSCE It is so, sir: truly I have forgot you.

ROMAN I am a Roman, and my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

VOLSCE Nicanor? no.

ROMAN The same, sir.

VOLSCE You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

ROMAN There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: The people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

VOLSCE Hath been? is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so. They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

ROMAN The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOLSCE Coriolanus banished?

ROMAN Banish'd, sir.

VOLSCE You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

ROMAN The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

VOLSCE He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROMAN I shall between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

VOLSCE A most royal one: The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

ROMAN I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOLSCE You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

ROMAN Well, let us go together.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 4]

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised, and muffled.

CORIOLANUS A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: Many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: Then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

CITIZEN And you.

CORIOLANUS Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

CITIZEN He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

CORIOLANUS Which is his house, beseech you?

CITIZEN This, here before you.

CORIOLANUS Thank you, sir: farewell.

Exit Citizen.

Oh world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together: who twin (as 'twere) in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me
My birth-place have I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter. If he slay me,
He does fair justice. If he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

Exit.

[ACT IV, SCENE 5]

Music plays. Enter a Servingman.

1 SERVINGMAN Wine, Wine, Wine: What service is here? I think our fellows are asleep.

Enter another Servingman.

2 SERVINGMAN Where's Cotus? my master calls for him: Cotus!

Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

CORIOLANUS A goodly house: the feast smells well: but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1 SERVINGMAN What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Exit.

CORIOLANUS I have deserved no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus.

Enter Second Servant.

2 SERVINGMAN Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

CORIOLANUS Away.

2 SERVINGMAN Away? Get you away.

CORIOLANUS Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 SERVINGMAN Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter THIRD Servingman, the FIRST meets him.
[They are joined by the Second Servingman.]*

3 SERVINGMAN What fellow's this?

1 SERVINGMAN A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out of the house: ~~Prithee, call my master to him.~~

3 SERVINGMAN What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

CORIOLANUS Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 SERVINGMAN What are you?

CORIOLANUS A gentleman.

3 SERVINGMAN A marvellous poor one.

CORIOLANUS True, so I am.

3 SERVINGMAN Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: Here's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

CORIOLANUS Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3 SERVINGMAN What, you will not? Prithee tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 SERVINGMAN And I shall.

Exit Second Servingman.

3 SERVINGMAN Where dwellest thou?

CORIOLANUS Under the canopy.

3 SERVINGMAN Under the canopy?

CORIOLANUS Ay.

3 SERVINGMAN Where's that?

CORIOLANUS I' the city of kites and crows.

3 SERVINGMAN I' the city of kites and crows? What an ass it is. Then thou dwellest with daws too?

CORIOLANUS No, I serve not thy master.

3 SERVINGMAN How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

CORIOLANUS Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress: Thou prate'st, and prate'st, serve with thy trencher, hence!

*Beats him away. [Exit Third Servingman.]
Enter Aufidius with the [Second] Servingman.*

AUFIDIUS Where is this fellow?

2 SERVINGMAN Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUFIDIUS Whence come'st thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

CORIOLANUS If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

AUFIDIUS What is thy name?

CORIOLANUS A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUFIDIUS Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't: Though thy tackle's torn.
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

CORIOLANUS Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

AUFIDIUS I know thee not? Thy name?

CORIOLANUS My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies
Great hurt and mischief: thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname. A good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. Not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life (for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world

I would have 'voided thee) but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here: Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight
 And make my misery serve thy turn: So use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary: and present
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

AUFIDIUS

Oh Marcius, Marcius;

Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
 And say 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married: never man
 Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot: and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. Oh come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

CORIOLANUS

You bless me, Gods.

AUFIDIUS Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission, and set down
 As best thou art experience'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways:
 Whether to knock 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 than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

- 1 SERVINGMAN** Here's a strange alteration!
- 2 SERVINGMAN** By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, methought, I cannot tell how to term it.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** He had so, looking as it were. Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** I think he is: but a greater soldier than he you wot on.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** Who, my master?
- 1 SERVINGMAN** Nay, it's no matter for that.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** Worth six on him.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

- 3 SERVINGMAN** O slaves, I can tell you news. News, you rascals.
- BOTH** What? ~~what, what?~~ Let's partake.
- 3 SERVINGMAN** I would not be a Roman of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.
- [1 SERVINGMAN]** Wherefore?
- [2 SERVINGMAN]** Why?
- 3 SERVINGMAN** Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** Why do you say 'thwack our general'?
- 3 SERVINGMAN** I do not say 'thwack our general;' but he was always good enough for him.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioles he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.
- 2 SERVINGMAN** An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.
- 1 SERVINGMAN** But more of thy news.
- 3 SERVINGMAN** Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars, set at upper end o' the table: No question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him.

Our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is that our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sow! the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

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

3 SERVINGMAN Do't? He will do't: for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, as it were, durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he's in directitude.

1 SERVINGMAN Directitude? What's that?

3 SERVINGMAN But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 SERVINGMAN But when goes this forward?

3 SERVINGMAN To-morrow, to-day, presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 SERVINGMAN Why, then we shall have a stirring world again: This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 SERVINGMAN Let me have war, say I. It exceeds peace as far as day does night: It's spritely walking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 SERVINGMAN 'Tis so, and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 SERVINGMAN Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 SERVINGMAN Reason, because they then less need one another: The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

ALL In, in, in, in.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 6]

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

SICINIUS We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.
His remedies are [ta'en in] the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

BRUTUS We stood to't in good time. Is this
Menenius?

SICINIUS 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Hail
sir.

MENENIUS Hail to you both.

SICINIUS Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, but with his
friends: The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he
more angry at it.

MENENIUS All's well, and might have been much better, if he
could have temporiz'd.

SICINIUS Where is he, hear you?

MENENIUS Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife hear
nothing from him.

Enter [two Citizens].

[2 CITIZEN] The gods preserve you both!

SICINIUS God-den, our neighbours.

BRUTUS God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

1 CITIZEN Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

SICINIUS Live, and thrive.

BRUTUS Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

[1 CITIZEN] Now the gods keep you!

BOTH TRIBUNES Farewell!

Exeunt Citizens.

SICINIUS This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

BRUTUS Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving –

SICINIUS And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

MENENIUS I think not so.

SICINIUS We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

BRUTUS The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an AEdile.

AEDILE Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

MENENIUS 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

SICINIUS Come, what talk you of Marcius?

BRUTUS Go see this rumourer whip'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

MENENIUS Cannot be?
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

SICINIUS Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

BRUTUS

Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their countenances.

SICINIUS 'Tis this slave:
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: His raising
Nothing but his report.

MESSENGER Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SICINIUS What more fearful?

MESSENGER It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

SICINIUS This is most likely!

BRUTUS Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

SICINIUS The very trick on't.

MENENIUS This is unlikely: He and Aufidius
Can no more atone than violentest
Contrariety.

Enter [Second] Messenger.

2 MESSENGER You are sent for to the Senate:

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

COMINIUS Oh you have made good work.

MENENIUS What news? What news?

COMINIUS You have help to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses —

MENENIUS What's the news? What's the news?

COMINIUS Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

MENENIUS Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians —

COMINIUS If? He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

MENENIUS You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so up much
on the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters.

COMINIUS He will shake your
Rome about your ears.

MENENIUS As Hercules did
Shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work.

BRUTUS But is this true, sir?

COMINIUS Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools: Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

MENENIUS We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

COMINIUS Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds; for his best friends, if they
Should say Be good to Rome they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

MENENIUS 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts, you have crafted fair.

COMINIUS You have brought a trembling upon Rome,
Such as was never so incapable of help.

TRIBUNES Say not we brought it.

MENENIUS How? Was it we? We lov'd him.

But like beasts and cowardly nobles,
Gave way unto your clusters, who did hoot
Him out o' the city.

COMINIUS But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

MENENIUS Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: As many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

[2 CITIZEN] Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 CITIZEN For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 CITIZEN And so did I.

3 CITIZEN And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very
many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and

though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet
it was against our will.

COMINIUS You're goodly things, you Voices!

MENENIUS You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?

COMINIUS O ay, what else?

Exeunt both [Cominius and Menenius].

SICINIUS Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 CITIZEN The Gods be good to us: Come, masters, let's home. I
ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

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

Exit Citizens.

BRUTUS I do not like this news.

SICINIUS Nor I.

BRUTUS Let's to the Capitol: Would half my wealth would
buy this for a lie!

SICINIUS Pray, let's go.

Exeunt Tribunes.

[ACT IV, SCENE 7]

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

AUFIDIUS Do they still fly to the Roman?

LIEUTENANT I do not know what witchcraft's in him: but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

AUFIDIUS I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than 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.

LIEUTENANT Yet I wish, sir
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
[Had] borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

AUFIDIUS I understand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEUTENANT Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

AUFIDIUS All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether [defect] of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war. But one of these
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time,
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights [falter], strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away: When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt.

ACT V, [SCENE 1]

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

MENENIUS No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general: who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go you that banish'd him
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COMINIUS He would not seem to know me.

MENENIUS Do you hear?

COMINIUS Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: Forbad all names.
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

MENENIUS Why, so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

COMINIUS I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He replied
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

MENENIUS Very well:

Could he say less?

COMINIUS I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

MENENIUS For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too: we are the grains,
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

SICINIUS Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

MENENIUS No, I'll not meddle.

SICINIUS Pray you, go to him.

MENENIUS What should I do?

BRUTUS Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcus.

MENENIUS Well, and say that Marcus return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?

SICINIUS Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

MENENIUS I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not dined,
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

BRUTUS You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

MENENIUS Good faith I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.

Exit.

COMINIUS He'll never hear him.

SICINIUS [No?]

COMINIUS I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise': dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain.
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 2]

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 WATCH Stay: whence are you?

2 WATCH Stand, and go back.

MENENIUS You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come to speak with Coriolanus.

1 WATCH From whence?

MENENIUS From Rome.

1 WATCH You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 WATCH You'll see your Rome embraced with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MENENIUS Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: It is Menenius.

1 WATCH Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

MENENIUS I tell thee, fellow,
The general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His name unparallel'd, haply amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 WATCH Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf
as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here;
no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go
back.

MENENIUS Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your general.

2 WATCH Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you
have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot pass.
Therefore, go back.

MENENIUS Has he dined, canst thou tell? For I would not speak
with him till after dinner.

1 WATCH You are a Roman, are you?

MENENIUS I am, as thy general is.

1 WATCH Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you,
when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them,
and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield,
think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the
virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of
such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out
the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak
breath as this? No, you are deceived, therefore back to Rome, and
prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has
sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MENENIUS Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use
me with estimation.

2 WATCH Come, my captain knows you not.

MENENIUS I mean, thy general.

1 WATCH My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

MENENIUS Nay, but, fellow, fellow –

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

CORIOLANUS What's the matter?

MENENIUS Now, you companion: I'll say an [errand] for you: You shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.

[To CORIOLANUS]

The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here: This, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

CORIOLANUS Away.

MENENIUS How? Away?

CORIOLANUS Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake And would have sent it.

[Gives him a letter.]

Another word, Menenius?
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

AUFIDIUS You keep a constant temper.

*Exeunt.
Manet the Guard and Menenius.*

1 WATCH Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 WATCH 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 WATCH Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 WATCH What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MENENIUS I neither care for the world nor your General: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: Let your

General do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

Exit.

1 WATCH A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 WATCH The worthy fellow is our general. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

Exit Watch.

[ACT V, SCENE 3]

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

CORIOLANUS We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

AUFIDIUS Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

CORIOLANUS This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions which they did refuse
And cannot now accept. To grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear 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,
young Martius, with Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But out affection,
 All bond and privilege of nature break;
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
 What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod: and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
 Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct,
 But stand as if a man were author of himself
 And knew no other kin.

VIRGILIA My lord and husband!

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

VIRGILIA The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
 Makes you think so.

CORIOLANUS Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny: but do not say
 For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You Gods, I [prate],
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth,

Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons.

VOLUMNIA Oh stand up blest!
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint
 I kneel before thee, and unproperly
 Show duty as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent.

[Kneels.]

CORIOLANUS What's this? your knees to me? To your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars: Then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun:
 Murdering impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

VOLUMNIA Thou art my warrior;
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

CORIOLANUS The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome: Chaste as the icicle
 That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
 And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria.

~~**VOLUMNIA** This is a poor epitome of yours,
 — Which by the interpretation of full time
 — May show like all yourself.~~

~~**CORIOLANUS** The God of Soldiers:
 — With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 — Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
 — To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 — Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 — And saving those that eye thee:~~

VOLUMNIA ~~Your knee, sirrah.~~

CORIOLANUS ~~That's my brave boy.~~

VOLUMNIA ~~Even he,~~ Your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

CORIOLANUS I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

VOLUMNIA Oh no more, no more:
You have said you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore hear us.

CORIOLANUS Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark, for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

VOLUMNIA Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we for our country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a foreign recreant be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

VIRGILIA Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth your boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

BOY ~~A' shall not tread on me:~~
~~I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.~~

CORIOLANUS Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires ~~nor child nor~~ no woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

VOLUMNIA Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so that our request did tend

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour. No, our suit
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volsces
 May say 'This mercy we have show'd', the Romans,
 'This we received', and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee and cry 'Be blest
 For making up this peace'. Thou know'st (great son)
 The end of war's uncertain: but this certain,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap 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 wiped it out:
 Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
 To imitate the graces of the Gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping. ~~Speak thou, boy:~~
 Perhaps [you'll] move him more
 Than can reason. There's no man in the world
 More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
 When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: 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 mother's part belongs. He turns away:
 Down, ladies: let us shame him with our knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
 Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours: Nay, behold 's:
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have
 But kneels and holds up bands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioles and his child
 Like him by chance: yet give us our dispatch:
 I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Holds her by the hand silent.

CORIOLANUS mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother: Oh!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome.
 But, for your son, believe it: Oh believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

AUFIDIUS I was moved withal.

CORIOLANUS I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause. O mother! Wife!

AUFIDIUS [aside] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
At difference in thee: Out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

CORIOLANUS [to Ladies] Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: All the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 4]

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

MENENIUS See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

SICINIUS Why, what of that?

MENENIUS 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 prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

SICINIUS Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

MENENIUS There is differency between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub: This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: He has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

SICINIUS He loved his mother dearly.

MENENIUS So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell; and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SICINIUS Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MENENIUS I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him than

there is milk in a male tiger, that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

SICINIUS The Gods be good unto us.

MENENIUS No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow tribune
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

SICINIUS What's the news?

2 MESSENGER Good news, good news: The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcus gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SICINIUS Friend, art thou certain this is true? Is't most certain?

2 MESSENGER As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you:

Trumpets, hautboys, drums bear, altogether.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you.

A shout within.

MENENIUS This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full: Of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy.

Sound still with the shouts.

SICINIUS First, the Gods bless you for your tidings;
Next, accept my thankfulness.

2 MESSENGER Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

SICINIUS They are near the city?

2 MESSENGER Almost at point to enter.

SICINIUS We will meet them, and help the joy.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 5]

*Enter two Senators, with VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA,
passing over the stage, with other Lords.*

1 SENATOR Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

ALL Welcome, ladies! Welcome!

*A flourish with drums and trumpets.
[Exeunt.]*

[ACT V, SCENE 6]

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

AUFIDIUS Go tell the lords o' the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market place, where I
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge herself with words. Dispatch.

[Exit Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 CONSPIRATOR How is it with our general?

AUFIDIUS Even so as with a man by his own alms
Empoison'd, and with his charity slain.

2 CONSPIRATOR Most noble sir, if you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wish'd us parties: We'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

AUFIDIUS Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do find the people.

1 CONSPIRATOR The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUFIDIUS 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 water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

2 CONSPIRATOR Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping –

AUFIDIUS That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me: Gave him way
In all his own desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 CONSPIRATOR So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory –

AUFIDIUS There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.

1 CONSPIRATOR Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 CONSPIRATOR And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

1 CONSPIRATOR Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword
(Which we will second) when he lies along
After your way. His tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

AUFIDIUS Say no more:
Here come the lords.

[Enter the Lords of the city]

[1 LORD] You are most welcome home.

AUFIDIUS I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

[2 LORD] We have.

1 LORD And grieve to hear't:
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding: This admits no excuse.

AUFIDIUS He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with drum and colours. The commoners being with him.

CORIOLANUS Hail Lords, I am return'd your soldier:

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honor to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans. And we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

AUFIDIUS Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers.

CORIOLANUS Traitor? How now?

AUFIDIUS Ay, traitor, Marcius.

CORIOLANUS Marcius?

AUFIDIUS Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioles?
You Lords and Heads o' the State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain 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 silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

CORIOLANUS Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUFIDIUS Name not the God, thou boy of tears.

CORIOLANUS Ha?

AUFIDIUS No more.

CORIOLANUS Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave.
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave--shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 LORD Peace, both, and hear me speak.

CORIOLANUS Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy, false hound:
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it, Boy.

AUFIDIUS Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart?

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

ALL CONSPIRATORS Let him die for't.

ALL THE PEOPLE 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He kill'd my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

2 LORD Peace, ho: no outrage, peace:
The man is noble and his fame folds-in
This orb o' the earth: His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

CORIOLANUS O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

AUFIDIUS Insolent villain!

ALL CONSPIRATORS Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Marcius, who falls. Aufidius stands on him.

LORDS Hold, hold, hold, hold.

AUFIDIUS My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 LORD O Tullus.

2 LORD Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 LORD Tread not upon him, masters.
All be quiet. Put up your swords.

AUFIDIUS My lords,
When you shall know (as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 LORD Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 LORD His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.

AUFIDIUS My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. Assist.

*Exeunt bearing the body of Martius.
A dead march sounded.*