The Tragedy of Coriolanus

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

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

1. Citizen.
BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.
All. Speake, speake.
1.Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to dy then to famish?
All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.
1.Cit. First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.
All. We know't, we know't.
1.Cit. Let us kill him, and wee'l have Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?
All. No more talking on't. Let it be done, away, away
2.Cit. One word, good Citizens.
1.Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets one, would releeve us. If they would yeelde us but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might guess they releeved us humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.
2.Cit. Would you proceede especially against *Caius Martius.*
All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.
2.Cit. Consider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?
1.Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with beeing proud.
*All.*Nay, but speak not maliciously.
1.Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.
2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.
1.Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.
Showts within.
What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.
All. Come, come.

1.Cit. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2.Cit. Worthy *Nenenius Agrippa,* one that hat al-
wayes lov'd the people.

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

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

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

Men. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest
Neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2.Cit. We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. 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 Curbes
Of more strong linke assunder, then can ever
Apeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
You are transported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. Cit. Care for us? True indeed, they nere car'd for us
yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd
with Graine: Make Edicts for Usurie, to support Usu-
rers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against
the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to
chaine up and restraine the poore. If the Warres eat us
not uppe, they will; and there's all the love they beare
us.

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heart id,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

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

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'st a th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments
Did see, and heare, devise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.
2.Cit. Well sir, what answer made the Belly.
Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintingly replyed
To'th'discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receite: even so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.
2..Cit. Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye
The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they--------
Men. What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?
2.Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th'body.
Men. Well, what then?
2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'l bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.
2.Cit. Y'are long about it.
Men. 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 generall 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 th'seate o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferiour Veines
From me receive that naturall competencie
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.
2.Cit. I sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I so deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
From me do backe receive the Flowre of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you too't?
2.Cit. It was an answer, how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weal a'th Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?
2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?
Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:

Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must have baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius.*
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.
2.Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curres,
That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves Greathes,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his evill. He that depends
Upon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, tht was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these severall places of the Citie,
You cry agains the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?
Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The Citie is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'l sit by th'fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, & who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could picke my Lance.
Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet they are passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?
Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbes
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds
They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.
Menen. What is graunted them?
Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Junius Brutus,*
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble should have first unroo'ft the City
Ere so prevayl'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Insurrections arguing.
Menen. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Messenger hastily.
Mess. Where's *Caius Martius?*
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Mes. The news is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sicenius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1.Sen. Martius 'tis true, that you have lately told us, The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I sinne in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he upon my partie, I'de revolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1.Sen. Then worthy *Martius,*
Attend upon *Cominius* to these Warres.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lucius.* thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius,*
Ile leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere stay behinde this Businesse.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to 'th Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius,* we must followe you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius.*
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow
The Volces have much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt. Citizens steale away. Manit Sicin & Brutus.*
Sicin. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius?*
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.
Bru. The present Warres devoure him, he is growne Too proud to be so valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, disdaines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder his insolence can brooke to be commanded under *Cominius?*
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius:* Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.
Sicin. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so stickes on *Martius,* shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Upon this present Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1.Sen. So, your opinion is *Auffidius,*
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Hac circumvention : 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I have the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They have prest a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Comminius Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius,* a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1.Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome, By the discovery,
We shal be shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2.Sen. Noble *Auffidius,*
Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard *Corioles*
If they set downe before's: for the remove
Brind up your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis sworne betweene us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods assist you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.
I. Sen. Farewell.
2. Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

 Enter

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

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

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne, I therein would have found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius,* I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Country, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you give me leave to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him:
Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harvest man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood.

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

Vir. Heavens blesse my Lord from fell *Auffidius.*

Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

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

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd uon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and over and over he comes, and up againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

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

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

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

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

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

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

Volum. Why I pray you.

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

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

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

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

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

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

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus is is: the Volcies have an Army forth, against which *Cominius* the Genarall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius,* are set down before their Citie *Corioles,* they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with us.

Virg. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in every thing heereafter.

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

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

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

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

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

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Mess. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile nor sel, nor give him: Lend you him I will
for halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?
Mess. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make us quicke in worke,
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

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

Tellus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?
1.Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,
That's lesser then a little: *Drum afarre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our yourth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they shall pound us up our Gates,
Which yet seeme shut. we have but pin'd with Rushes,
They'le open of themselves. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious.* List what worke he makes
Among'st your cloven Army.
Mart. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volsces.

Mar. They feare us not, but issue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Advance brave *Titus,*
They do disdaine us much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce,*
And he shall feele mine edge.
Alarum the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Cursing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then seene, and one infect another
Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,
That beare the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With slight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followes.
Another Alarum, and Martius followes 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 flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gati.
1.Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.
2.Sol. Nor I.
1.Sol. See they have shut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius?*
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.
1.Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters: who upon the sodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,
To answer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,
And when it bowes, stand'st up: Thou art left *Martius,*
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Even to *Calves* wish, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were Feavorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.
1.Sol. Looke Sir.
Lar. O 'tis *Martius.*
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.
1.Rom. This will I carry to *Rome.*
2.Rom. And I this.
3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Silver. *exeunt.*
Alarum continues still a-farre off.
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See heere these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe up, downe with them.
And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my soules hate, *Auffidious,*
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'st I with those that have the spirit, wil haste
to helpe *Cominius.*
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
For a second course of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidieus* thus, I will appear
Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deepe in love with thee, and her great charmes
Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman.
Prosperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no lesse,
Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius,*
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they shall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, (off,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeve me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have strooke
By Interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. The Cittizens of *Corioles* have yssued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:
2 2 3 I sa

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mes. Above an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes so late?
Mes. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, else had I sir
Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stampe of *Martius,* and I have
Before time seene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Cam. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From every meaner man.
*Mar.*Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as found, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Cam. Flower of Warriors, how it't with *Titus Lartius?*
Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inorme the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Martius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on [wt] side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guesse *Martius,*
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them *Auffidious*
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailes wheerein we have fought,
By th'Blood we have shed together,
By th'Vowes we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Assidious,* and his *Antients,*
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very houre.
Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be heere,
(As it were sinne to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare
Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, brave death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Wave thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow *Martius.*

The all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their Armes, and cast up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces?* None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all, with us. *Exeunt*

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I have set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serve
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lart. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct us. *Exit*

Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at several doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpant I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slave,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius,* hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within these three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th'highest.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector,*
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'ds not scape me heere.

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

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

Flourish.

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

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

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld----
Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath overta'ne mine Act.
Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worst then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Armie heare me.
Martius. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart
To heare themselves remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieved, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyse.
Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those,
That have beheld the doing.

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

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made of all false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres:
No more I say, for that I have not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else have done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.
Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to us, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I give him,
With all his trim Belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles,* call him,
With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly ever?
Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.
Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.
Martius. I wll goe wash;
And when my Face is faire, you shall berceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To uncer-crest your good Addition,
To the'fairnesse of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repose us, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Lartius*
Must to *Corioles* backe, send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I shall, my Lord.
Martius. the Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely givts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I sometime lay here in *Corioles,*
At a poore mans house: he us'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw hi Prisoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To give my poore Host freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliver him, *Titus.*
Lartius. Martius, his Name.
Martius. By *Jupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Have we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud upon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come. *Exeunt.*

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

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius,*
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st do so, I thinke, should we encounter

As

As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potch at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.
Sol. He's the divell.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten Priviledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to *Martius.* Where I finde him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.
Soul. Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my journey.
Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

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

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall have Newes to night.
Bru. Good or bad?
Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius.*
Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.
Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?
Sicin. The Lambe.
Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius.*
Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.
Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that lives like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.
Both. Well sir.
Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two have not in abundance?
Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.
Sicin. Especially in Pride.
Bru. And topping all others in boasting.
Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of us a'th'right hand File, do you?
Both. Why? how are we censur'd?
Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.
Both. Well, well sir, well.
Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a gret deale of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

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

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enought too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patrician,* and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like uppon, to triviall motion: One, that converses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurgusses,)* if the drinke you give me, touch my Palat adversly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too.

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

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

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

Men. Our very Priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speake best unto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion,* though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conversation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Bru and Scic. *Aside.*

Enter

Enter Volumnia,Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler ; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius,* my Boy *Martius* approches: for the love of *Juno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius,* and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Jupiter,* and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2.Ladies. Nay, tis true.

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

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soveraigne Prescription in *Galen,* is but Emperick qutique; and to this Preservative, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil Oh no, no, no.

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

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

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

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Auffidius* soundly?

Volum. Titue Lartius writes they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

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

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

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is hee wouded, God save your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith'Shoulder, and ith'left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he received in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts ith' Body.

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

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie five Wounds upon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie seven; every gash was an Enemies Grave. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A showt, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Ushers of *Martius:*
Before him, hee carryes Noyse;
And behinde him, hee leaves Teares:

Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervie Arme doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

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

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius:*
These in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus.*
Sound. Flourish.
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus.*
Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.
Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.
Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie. *Kneeles.*
Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up:
My gentle *Martius,* worthy Caius,
And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd,
What is it *(Coriolanus)* must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.
Corio. My gracious silence, hayle:
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Corioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.
Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.
Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.
Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.
Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heavie; welcome:
A Curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.
You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish,
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Herauld. Give way there, and goe on.
Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.
Volum. I have lived,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Then sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flourish. Cornets, Exeunt in State, as before.*

Enter

Enter Brutus ans Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleated sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While she chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd up,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins
Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, to th' wanton spoyle
Of *Phoebus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoever God, who leades him.
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gave him gracefull posture.
Scicin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.
Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.
*Scicin.*He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.
Brutus. In that there's comfort.
Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
As he is prowd to doo't.
Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Consull, never would he
Appeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth'People begge their stinking Breaths.
Scicin, 'Tis right.
Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.
Scicin. I wish no better, then have him hold that purpose, and to put it in execution.
Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.
Scicin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.
Brutus. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitnesse for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Provand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes
For sinking under them.
Scicin. This (As you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consull:
I have seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Joves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I never saw the like.
Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with us Eares and Eyes for th'time,
But Hearts for the event.
Scicin. Have with you. *Exeunt.*

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

1.Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?
2.Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.
1. Off. That's a brave fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loves not the common people.
2.Off. 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne're loved them: and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if the love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelesnesse lets them plainely see't.
1.Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, hee waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.
2.Off. Hee hath deserved worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who having beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Injurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving it self the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.
1.Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves: Coriolanus stands.
Menen. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius:* it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
To

To gratifie his Noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Consull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus:* whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

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

Scicin. We are convented upon a pleasing Treatie, and have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame of our Assembly.

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

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly : but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you give it.

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

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: never shame to heare
What you have Nobly done.

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

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I love them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now sit downe.

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

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

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
And most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he drove
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins'* selfe he met,
And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupillage

Man-entred thus, he waked like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seventeene Battailes since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
Before, and in Corioles, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vessell under sayle, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes; alone he entered
The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted
With shunlesse destinie: aydlesse came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie sence: then straight his boubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the lives of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he never stood
To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

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

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

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

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brutus. Marke you that,

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'unaking Scarres, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

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

Senat. To

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

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

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

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

2.Cit. We may Sir if we will.

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

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

3.Cit. We have beene call'd so of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'th Compasse.

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

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

2.Cit. Why that way?

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

2.Cit. You are never without your trickes, you may, you may.

3.Cit. Are you all resollv'd to give your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

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

All. Content, content,

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: have you not knowne
The worthiest men have done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My [tougne] to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne

From th'noise of our owne Drummes.
Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke upon you.
Coriol. Thinke upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertures
Which our Divines lose by em.
Men. You'l marre all.
Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholesome manner. *Exit*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.
3.Cit. We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you too't.
Corio. Mine owne desert.
2.Cit. Your owne desert.
Corio. I, but mine owne desire.
3.Cit. How not your owne desire?
Corio. No Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.
3.Cit. You must thinke if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.
Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Consulship.
1.Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.
Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?
2.Cit. Hou shall ha't worthy Sir.
Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.
3. Cit. But this is something odde.
2.Cit. And 'twere to give againe: but 'tis no matter.
Exeunt. *Enter two other Citizens.*
Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I have heere the Customarie Gowne.
1. You have deserved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved Nobly.
Coriol. Your AEnigma.
1. You have bin a scourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeede loved the Common people.
Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I have not bin common in my Love, I will sir flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull:
2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.
1. You have reeceyved many wounds for your Countrey.
Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.
Both. The Gods give you joy Sir heartily.
Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to sterve,
Then crave the higher, which first we do deserve.
Why in this Woolvish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere
Their

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the High Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
the one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six
I have seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Have done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.

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

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

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

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

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

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Custome of Request you have discharg'd:
The People doe admit you and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

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

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol, and Mene.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes
'Tis warme at's heart.

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

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?

1.Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

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

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

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

2.Cit. Not one amongst us, save your selfe, but sayes
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Scicin. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3.Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorne,
I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Vouces, thanke you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces,
I have no further with you. Was not this mockerie?
Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,
To yeeld your Voyces?
Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie servant to the State,
He was your Enemie, ever spake against
Your Liberties, and che Charters that you beare
I'th'Body of the Weale: and no arriving
A place of Potencie and sway o'th'State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe toth'*Plebeij,* your Voyces might
Be Curses to your selves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Mallice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.
Scicin. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should have ta'ne th'advantage of his Choller,
And pass'd him unelected.
Brut. Did you perceive,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loves: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Judgement?
Scicin. Hae you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?
3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2.Cit. And will deny him:
Ile have five hundred Voyces of that sound.
1.Cit. I twice five hundred & their friends, to piece 'em.
Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.
Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Judgement,
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, tooke from you
Th'apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate Hate he beares you.
Brut. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.
*Scici.*Say, you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should made you against the graine
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on us.

Brut. I, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th'*Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius, Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.
Scicin. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and revoke
Your suddaine approbation.
Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawne your number,
Repaire to'th Capitoll.
All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusall, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Scicin. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th'People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we have goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.
Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.
Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.
Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Upon's againe.
Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners wave againe.
Corio. Saw you *Auffidius?*
Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they have so vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latius. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latius. How ofteh he had met you Sword to sword:
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vangquisher.
Corio. At Antium lives he?
Latius. At Antium.
Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.
Scicin. Passe no further.
Cor. Hah? what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mene. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Cominius, no.
Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces?
Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall toth'Market place.
Brut. The People are incens'd against him.
Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are these your Heard?
Must these have Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straigh disclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Mene. Be calme, be calme.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.
Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The Peope cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was given them *gratis,* you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Brut. How? I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe such businesse.
Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Scicin, You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.
Mene. Let's be calme.
Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th'plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.
Mene. Not now, not now.
Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I live, I will.
My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
the Cockle of rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selves have plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggers.
Mene. Well, no more.
Senat. No more words, we beseech you.
Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: so shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdaine should Tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speake a'th'people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.
Scicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Mene. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my minde.
Scicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further.
Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why
You grave, but wreaklesse Senators, have you thus
Given Hidra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he have power,
Then vale your Ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them have Cushions by you. You are Plebians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a graver Bench
Then ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himselefe,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supreame; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.
Corio. Who ever gave that Counsell, to give forth
The Corne a'th'Store-house gratis, as'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece.
Mene. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile give my Reasons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did seervice for't; being prest to'th'Warre,
Even when the Navell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deserve Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
There Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborne, could never be the Native
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gave us our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Mene. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with over measure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be sworne by, both Divine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and give way the while
To unstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That love the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To jumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Has said enough.
Scicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.
Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th'dust,
Bru. Manifest Treason.
Scicin. This a Consull? No.
Enter an AEdile.
Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Scicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator:
A Foe to'th'publicke Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. Wee'l Surety him.
Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Scicin. Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebians with the AEdiles.
Mene. On both sides more respect.
Scicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your
power.
Bru. Sieze him *AEdiles.*
All. Downe with him, downe with him.
2.Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:
they all bustle about Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus,Coriolanus, Citizens.
All. Peace,peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.
Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus,* patience: Speak good *Sicinius.*

Scici. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune; peace, speake, speake, speake.
Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you; *Martius,*
Whom late you have nam'd for Consell.
*Mene.*Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
*Sena.*To unbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.
*Scici.*What is the Citie, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Citie.
Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.
All. You so remaine.
Mene. And so are like to doe.
Com That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet distinctly ranges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Scici. This deserves Death.
Brut Or let us stand to our Authoritie,
Or let us lose it: we doe here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th'People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.
Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth'Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Brut. AEdiles seize him.
Al Ple. Yeeld *Martius,* yeeld
Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.
AEdiles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse.
Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
That seeme like prudent helpes, are very poysonous,
Where the Disease is violent. –Lay hands upon him,
And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*
Corio. No, Ile die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come trie upon your selves, what you have seene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands upon him.
Mene. Helpe *Martius,* helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*
In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the AEdiles, and the People are beat in.
Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2.Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leave us to cure this Cause.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore upon us,
You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.
Corio. Come Sir, along with us.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take up a Brace o'th'best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are us'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*
Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth;
What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
Here's goodly worke.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city & be every man hmself
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He shall be throowne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
Then the severity of the publicke Power,
Which he so sets at naught.
1.Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall sure ont.
Mene. Sir, sir. *Sicin.* Peace.
Me. Do not cry havocke, where you shold but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have holpe
To make this rescue?
Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Consull? what Consull?
Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus.*
Bru. He Consull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much losse of time.
Sic. Speake breefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towarts her deserved Children, is enroll'd
In Joves owen Booke, like an unnaturall Dam
Should now eate up her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
Were to us all that doo't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicin. This is a cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.
*Menen.*The service of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Least his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.
Menen. One word more, one word:
this Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of unskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,
Least parties (as he is belov'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were so?
Sicin. What do ye talke?
Have we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot: our selves resisted: come.
Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Give me leave,
Ile go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his utmost perill.
1.Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove to bloody: and the end of it,
Unknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius,* be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bro. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius,*wee'l proceede
In our first way.
Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

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

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muse my Mother
Do's not appreove me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir.
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With striving lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.
Enter Menenius with the Senators.
Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, something
too rough: you must returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Unlesse by not so doing, our good Citie
Cleave in the midd'st, and perish.
Volum. Pray be counsail'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my use of Anger
To better vantage.
Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarsely beare.
Corio. What must I do?
Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Mene. Repent, what you have spoke.
Corio. Fir them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I have heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like unsever'd Friends,
I'th Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tush, tush.
Mene. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
That it shal hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.
*Coril.*Why force you this?
Volum. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
'Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne upon ‘em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Menen,. Noble Lady,
Come goe with us, speake faire: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
of what is past.
Volum. I prythee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre having stretcht is (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th’ignorant
More learned then the eares, 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 Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do’st confesse
Were fit for thee to use, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.
Menen. This but done,
Even as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they have Pardons, being ask’d, as free,
As words to little purpose.
Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul’d: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I have beene i’th’Market place: and Sir ‘tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
by calmnesse, or by absence: all’s in anger.
Menen. Onely faire speech.
Com. I thinke ‘twill serve, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.
Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Must I goe shew them my unbarb’d Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo’t:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius,* they to dust should grinde it,
And throw’t against the Winde. Toth’Market place:
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge toth’Life.
Com. Come, come, wee’le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To have my praise for this, performe a part
thou hast not done before.
Corio. Well, I must doo’t:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn’d,
Which quier’d with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunich, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take up
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm’d knees
Who bow’d but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv’d an Almes. I will not doo’t,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
'Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am boing to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loves,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend my to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm you self
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strog
Then are upon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let us go,
Let them accuse me by invention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.
Menen. I, but mildely.
Corio. Well mildely be it then Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menenius,* and those Senators
That alwayes favour'd him.
Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set downe by'th (Pole?
Edile. I have: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I have.
Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.
Edile. I shall informe them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edi. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chast, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes
What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With us to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Comi-
nius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.
Corio. I as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knave by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs
Through our large Temples with [ye] shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.
1.Sen. Amen, Amen.
Mene, A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.
Corio. First heare my speake.
Both Tri. Well, say : Peace hoe.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officeers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.
Corio. I am Content.
Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Upon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to move
Laughter onely.
Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for makicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.
Sicin. Answer to us.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so
Sicin. We charge you , that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe int a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.
Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clucht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What your have seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Even this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserves th'extreamest death.
Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,
Corio. What do you prate of Service.
Brut. I talke of that, that know it.
Corio. You.
Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envi'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, wee
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me speake:
I have bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes upon me. I do love
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.
All. It shall be so , it shall be so.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your uncertaintie.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reservation of your sleves,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world eleswhere.
Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs.
They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.
All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo,
Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.
All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come::
The Gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

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

*Corio.*Come leave your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd
To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
*Vol.*Now the red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.
Corio. What, what, what?
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd have done, and sav'd
Your Husband so much swet. *Cominius,*
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius,*
Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I have seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waile inevitable strokes;
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still have beene your solace, and
Beleev't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My first sonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That start's i'th'way before thee.
Corio. O the Gods.
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose advantage, which doth ever coole
Ith'absence of the needer.
Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast yeares upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres surfets, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine above the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seven yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, every foot.
Corio. Give me thy hand, come. *Exeunt.*
Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.
Sicin. Bid them all home: he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalfe.
Brut. Now we have shewne our power,
Let us seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.
Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.
Brut. Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother.
Enter Volumnia,Virgilia.and Menenius.
Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut. Why?
Sicin. They say she's mad.
Brut. They have tane not of us: keepe on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your love.
Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?
Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.
Sicin. O blessed Heavens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then ever [yu] wise words.
And for Romes good. Ile tell the what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. Whaat then?
Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity
Volum. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You have done a brave deede : Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, wee'l leave you.
Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Cursses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would unclogge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.
Mene. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe upon my selfe,
And so shall sterve with Feeding: Come, let's go
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*
Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

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

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

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

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The same sir.

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

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; it is ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the heate of their division

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyve so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus,* that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicenor.*

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

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

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

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

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I have the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguisd, and muffled.

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

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen.*
O World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Love,
Unseperable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake 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 tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-joyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place have I, and my loves upon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Justice: if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Service. *Exit.*

Musicke playes. Enter a Servingman.

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

Enter another Servingman.

2.Ser. Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus.* *Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare ot like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1.Ser. What would you have Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

Corio. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter second Servant.*

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

Corio. Away.

2.Ser. Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2.Ser. Are you so brave: Ile have you talkt with anon

Enter 2 Servingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.

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

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

3. What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3. A marv'llous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, thake up some other sta—

tion,

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

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

2. And I shall. *Exit second Servingman.*

3. Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3. Under the Canopy?

Corio. I

3. Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3. I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3. How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, tis an honester service, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Aussidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2. Here sir, I'de have beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What woldst [yu]? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

*Corio.*If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name unmusicall to the Volcians eares,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

*Corio.*Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst [yu] me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius,* who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may
My Surname *Coriolanus.* The painfull Service,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsooke me, hath devour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would have voided thee. But in meere spight
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turne: So use it,
That my revengefull Services may prove
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes

Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most wearie: and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unlesse
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius;*
Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond clowd speake divine things,
And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeve them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius.* Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep
The Anvile 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 lov'd the Maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We have a Power on foote: and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
Twelve severall times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
We have beene downe together in my sleepe,
Unbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
And wad'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius,*
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
Frome twelve, to seventie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh com, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaves of mee,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blesse me Gods.

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

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

*1.*Heere's a strange alteration?

2. By my hand, I had thoght to have stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his cloathes made a false report of him.

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

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

tell

tell how to tearme it.

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

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

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

*2.*Who my Master?

1. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. Worth six on him.

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

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

1. I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

*3.*Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

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

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

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

1. Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3. I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him.

2. Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himselfe.

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

2. And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.

1. But more of thy Newes.

3. Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end o'th'Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but the stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himself with's hand, and turnes up the white o'th'eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leave his passage poul'd.

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

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

1. Directitude? What's that?

3. But when they shall see sir, his Crest up againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and revell all with him.

1. But when goes this forward:

3. To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strooke up this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

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

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

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.
2. ‘Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.
*1.*I, and it makes men hate one another.
3. Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.
Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt*
Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.
Sicin. We heare not of him, neither neede we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietnesse of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by’t, behold
Dissentions numbers pestring streets, then see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.
Enter Menenius.
Bru. We stood too’t in good time. Is this *Menenius?*
Sicin. ‘Tis he, ‘tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.
Sicin Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.
Mene. All’s well, and might have bene much better, if he could have temporiz’d.
Sicin. Where is he, heare you?
Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.
Enter three or foure Citizens.
All. The Gods preserve you both.
Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.
Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.
1. Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sicin. Live, and thrive.
Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov’d you as we did.
All. Now the Gods keepe you.
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*
Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.
Bru. Caius Martius was
A worthy Officer i’th’Warre, but Insolent,
O’recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking
Selfe-loving.
Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistāce
Mene. I thinke not so.
Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,
If he had gone forth Consull, found it so.
Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sit safe and still, without him.
Enter an AEdile.
AEdile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volces with two severall Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the Warre,
Destroy, what lies before’em.
Mene. ‘Tis *Aussidius,*
Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment,
Thrust forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In’shell’d, when *Martius* stood for Rome,
And

And durst not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius.*
Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with us.
Mene. Cannot be?
We have Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slave:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.
Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joyn'd with *Auffidius,* leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Revenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'st and oldest thing.
Sicin. This is most likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'st Contrariety.
Enter Messenger.
Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius,*
Associated with *Auffidius,* Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.
Enter Cominius.
Com. Oh you have made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You have holp to ravish your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be joyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Diety then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You have made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Upon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You have made faire worke.
Brut. But is this true sir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.
Mene. We are all undone, unlesse
The Noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people
Deserve such pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.
Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.
Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Clusters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius,*
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.
Enter a Troope of Citizens.
Mene. Heere come the Clusters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That make the Ayre unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire upon a Souldiers head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne us all into [oue] coale,
We have deserv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1.Cit. For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.
2. And so did I.
*3.*And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very ma-
ny of us, that we did we did for the best, and though wee
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet is was against
our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You have made good worke.
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what else? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.

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

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

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

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

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers use him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Even by your owne.

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

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

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

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Soveraignty of Nature. First, he was
A Noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors even: whether was 'Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To faile in the disposing of those chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not mooving
From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garbe,
As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the utt'rance: So our Vertue,
Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
And power unto it selfe most commendable,
Hath not a Tombe so evident as a Chaire
T'extoll what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. *exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

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

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.
Com. He would not seeme to know me.
Menen. Do you heare?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer too: Forbid all Names,
He was a kind of Nothing. Titlelesse,
Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire
Of burning Rome.
Menen. Why so: you have made good worke:
A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.
Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was lesse expected. He replyed
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.
Menen. Very well, could he say less.
Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to picke them, in a pile
Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose th'offence.
Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt
Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you.
Sicin. Nay pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde
In this so never-needed helpe, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the instant Armie we can make
Might stop our Countryman.
Mene. No: Ile not meddle.
Sicin. Pray you go to him.
Mene. What should I do?
Bru. Onely make triall what your Love can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius.*
Mene. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,
As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his unkindnesse. Say't be so?
Sicin. Yet your good will
Must have that thankes from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Mene. Ile undertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good *Cominius,* much unhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stufft
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we have suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set upon him.
Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.
Mene. Good faith Ile prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have knowledge
Of my successe. *Exit.*
Com. Hee'l never heare him.
Sicin. Not.
Com. I tell you he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him.
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismist me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, unlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him
Fot mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haf them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1.Wat. Stay: whence are you.
*2.Wat.*Stand, and go backe.
Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*
1. From whence? *Men.* From Rome.
*1.*You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.
2. You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with *Coriolanus.*
Mene. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends, there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*
*1.*Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.
Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Lover: I have beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men have read
His Fame unparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a subtle ground
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must have leave to passe.
ˆ1. Faith Sir, If you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you have uttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
live chastly. Therefore go backe.
Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary on the party of your Generall.
2. Howsoever you have bin his Lier, as you say you
have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.
Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.
1. You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

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

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

1. Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

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

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive, that a Jacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus,* guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th'state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely Synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for us: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but my selfe could move thee, I have bene blowne out of your Gates with sighes: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, upon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my accesse to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

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

Auffid. You keepe a constant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1. Now sir, is your name *Menenius?*

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

1. Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your greatnesse backe?

2. What cause do you thinke I have to swoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General. for such things as you, I can scarse thinke ther's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it

not

not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit*

1. A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

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

Enter Coriolanus and Aussidius.

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

Auf. Onely their ends you have respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Never admitted a privat whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd 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 shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I have yeelded too, Fresh Embasses, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein thie Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and privilege of Nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doves eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct. but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

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

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you thinke so.

Corio. 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 Romanes. O a kisse
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge!
Now by the jealous Queene of Heaven, that kisse
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles*
Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew
Then that of common Sonnes.

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

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.
Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight worke.
Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to freme thee
Do you know this lady?
Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*;
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria.*
Volun. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your selfe.
Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of supreame Jove, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and sticke the Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.
Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.
Corio. That's my brave Boy.
Volum. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe
Are Sutors to you.
Corio. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'ld aske, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworne to graunt, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme unnaturall: Deserve not t'allay
My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reasons.
Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You have said you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing else to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardnesse, therefore heare us.
Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
Wh have led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more unfortunate then all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eies flow with joy, harts dance with comforts,
Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorrow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st 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: Alacke, or we must loose
The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An evident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For wither thou
Must as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for having bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault the Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.
Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy
To keepe your name living to time.
Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.
Corio. Not of a womans tendernesse to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I have sate too long.
Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemne us
As poisonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres uncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the [fiue] straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That should but rive an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will move him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, het heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou hast never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she(poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and saflie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's unjust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let us shame him with him with our knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: and end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneeles, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles,* and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet give us our dispatch:

I am husht untill our City be afire,& then Ile speake a little

Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatuall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeve it: Oh beleeve it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good *Auffidius,*
Were you in my steed, would you have heard
A Mother less? or granted less *Auffidius?*

Auf. I was mov'd withall.

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

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

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will 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 Armes
Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

(stone?

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may prevaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay uppon execution.

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

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

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother deerely.

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

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark whar mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. 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 breake our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

Mes. Sir, if you'ld save your life, flye to your House,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (prevayl'd,
Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies have
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the *Tarquins.*
Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine.
Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes,Drums beat, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans[;]
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you . *A shout within*
Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumia,*
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 throates,
I'de not have given a doit. Harke, how they joy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulnesse.
Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.
Sicin. They are neere the City.
Mes. Almost at point to enter.
Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the joy. *Exeunt.*

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

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

A Flourisn with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aussidius, with Attendants.

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

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction.

Most Welcome.
1.Con. How is it with our Generall?
Auf. Even so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poyson'd, and with his Charity slaine.
2.Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht us parties: Wee'l deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.
3.Con. The People will remaine uncertaine, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyre of all.
Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before,
But to be Rough, unswayable, and free.
3.Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping.
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him joynt-servant with me: Gave him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, serv'd his designements
In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.
1.Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marveyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.
Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye.
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.
Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great showts of the people.
1.Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.
2. Con. And patient Fooles.
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giving him glory.
3.Con. Therefore at yur vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.
Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,
Enter the Lords of the City.
All Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auff. I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy Lords, have you with heede perused
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1.Lord. And greeve to heare't:
What faults he made before the last I thinke
Might have found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

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

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

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*

Corio. Martius?

Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius:* Do'st thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles?*
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given up
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, never admitting
Counsaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurses teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slave,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your judgments my grave Lords
Must give this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest upon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Grave, shall joyne
To thrust the Lye unto him.

1.Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles.*
Alone I did it, Boy.
Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?
All Consp. Let him dye for't.
All People. Teare him to peeces, doe it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.
2.Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His last offences to us
Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius,*
And trouble not the peace.
Corio. O that I had him, with six *Auffidiusses,* or more:
His Tribe, to use my lawfull Sword.
Auf. Insolent Villaine.
All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
Draw both the Conspiritors, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius stands on him.
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.
1.Lord. O *Tullus.*
2.Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weape.
3.Lord. Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.
Auf. My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'l rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver
My self your loyall Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.
*1.Lord.*Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urne.
2.Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him up:
Helpe three a'th'cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Assist.
Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

F I N I S.