The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Maciusus Citizens, with Statues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, hear me speake. All. Speak, speake.

1. Cit. You are all resolved rather to dy then to famish? All. Resolvd, resolvd.

1. Cit. First you know, Corinthus is chief enemy to the people. All. We know, we know.

1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and we'll haue Corne at our own Price. Is it a Verdict? a. No more talking on't; Let it be done, done, away, away.

1. Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patriaion good; what Authority lurks one, would relieve vs. If they would yeeld vs but the superfetitious while it were wholeone, we might gudge they releaved vs humanely: But they think we are too deere, the leantece that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs 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 proceed especially against Corinthus?

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

2. Cit. Consider you what Services he has done for his Country.

1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to glue him good report too, but that bee pays himselfe with bering proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Cit. If I say unto you, what he hath done Famouallie, he did it to that end: though fast condemning men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

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

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

Show'd within.

What flowers are there? The other side a th' City is fitten: why stay we praying here? To th' Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa, one that hath alwayes lov'd the people.

1. Cit. He is one honest enough, would at the least were so.

Men. What works my Countrine in hand?

1. Cit. Our busines is not unknowne to the Senate, they have had thinking this fortnight what we intend to do, & now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say poore Surics have firing breasts, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vend your felues?

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

Men. I tell you friends, most charitable care Have the Patriains of you for your wants.

Your sufferinge in this death, you may as well Strike at the Heauen with your statues, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linke affluence, then can ever Appearre in your impendiment. For the Death, The Gods, not the Patriains make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) mult helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Theither, where more attendes you, and you flander The Helmes of True Saints who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they were car'd for vs yet, Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cram'd with Graines: Make Eddicts for Vittories, to support Vitturies: repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and refraigne the poore. If the Warres ease vs not vpp, they will, and there's all the love they beare vs.

Men. Either you must Conferre your felues wondrous Malicioues, Or be accus'd of Folly, I shall tell you A piete Tale, it may be you have heard it, But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To state a little more.

2. Citizen. Well, He heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale.

But and't pleaseth you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:

That onlye like a Gulle it did remaine
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Thou Ralecall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage,
But make you ready your flinte darts and clubs,
Rome, and her Rat's are at the point of battle,
The one side must hate hate hate.

Enter Caius Martius.
Halye, Noble Caius Martius.
Halye, Thanks. What's the matter you diffeentious rogues
That rubbifying the poor itch of your Opinion,
Make your felons Scabs.

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

2. Cit. We have enter your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curses,
That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trulds to you,
Where he should find you Lyons, finds you Harres:
Where Foxes, Geefe you are: No sever, no,
Then is the clole of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose ofence subdues him,
And curte that Justice did it. Who defends Greatnes,
Defeas your Hate: and your Affections are
A famous Appetize, that defies most that
Which would enforce his curst. He that depends
Upon your favours, supreme with flames of Lade,
And newes downe Oakes, with rufhe. Hang ye trufye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these everye places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepes you in awe, which life
Would feast on one another? What's their fecking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The Citie is well flord.

Mar. Hang'em: They say?

They fret by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done in'ts Capitol: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, & who declines: Side withs, & glue out
Conjectural Marriages, making parries through
And feeling such as it and not in their liking.
Below their cobled Streets. They say their's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me vle my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter'd flouses, as high
As I could pikle my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almsot thoroughly ptexted:
For though abundantly they are the disposition
Yet are they passive Cowardly. But I believe you,
What ifes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diffolud: Hang'em;

They laid they were an hungry, figh'd forth Proverbs
That Hungar broke stony: wall: that doggs must eae
That meate was made for medals. That the gods sent not
For the Rich, but for the mean: With these things
They vened their Complaining, which being anwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a thinking one,
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold powre looke pale, they throw their caps
As they would hang them on the horses ath Moone,
Shooting there Emulation.

Men. What is grunted them?

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

But Tributes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their own choice. One's Imin Brain,
Stimm vows, and I know not, Sheadh,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The rabble should scarce want wanton't the City Ere for prents'th with me; it will in time Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theues For instructions argiling.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments, Enter a Messenger hallo.

Meff. Where's Caes Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Meff. The newes is fir, the Voloces are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall ha means to vent Our muffle superficialy. See our bell Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velitius, Bratinia Broctus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1. Sen. Marcius 'tis true, that you have lately told vs, The Voloces are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,

Titius Aurelius that will put you too's:

I sone in envyng his Nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would with me onely he.

Com. You have fough't together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by theeares, & he upon my parte, I'd rudest to make

Onely my wares with him. He is a Lion

That I am prou'd to hunt.

Sen. Then worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to thee Wares.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sit it is,

And I am constant: Titus Lucius, thou

Shall fee me once more strike at Titius face.

What art thou thist Stand at out?

Tit. No Caius Marcius,

I come upon one Crush'd, and fight with toother,

Err eby behind this Bififie.

Men. Oh true bred.

Sen. Your Company to his Capitoll, where I know

Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must follow you,

right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble Marcius,

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,

The Voloces have much Com: take these Rats thither,

To gnaw their Gainers. Worths'll all Mutiners,

Your valour puts all forth: Pray follow,

Exeunt.

Caesar's seat away. Many Sicinius Bratinus.

Sen. Was ever man so prou'd as is this Marcius?

Brn. He has no equal.

Sen. When we were choyn Tribunes for the people,

Brn. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicinius. Nay, but his tuns.

Brn. Being mont, he will not spare to gird the Gods,

Sicinius. Bemoke the modest Moone.

Brn. The present Wares demour him, he is growne

Too proud to be fo-valiant.

Sicinius. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-

daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do

wonder, his insouence can brooke to be commanded unde-

Cominius?

Brn. Fame, at the which he aymes,

In whom already he's well grace'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what munici

Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe

To th'tempt of a man, and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Marcius: Oh, if he

Had borne the business.

Sen. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion that so stickes on Marcius, shall

Of his demersit rob Cominius.

Brn. Come, first all Cominius Honors are to Marcius

Though Marcius earn'd them not: and all his faults

To Marcius shall be Honors, though indeed

In ought he merit not.

Sen. Let's hence, and hear

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion

More then his singularity, he goes

Vpon this present Action.

Brn. Let's along. 

Exeunt.

Enter Titius Aurelius with Senators of Coriades.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Aurelius,

That they of Rome are entred in our Comailes,

And know how we proceede,

Aurelius. Is it not yours?

What ever have bin thought one in this State

That could be brought to boddy act, ere Rome

Had consenution: 'tis not fourt days gone

Since I heard thence, thefe are the words, I think

I have the Letter here: yse, shere it is:

They have preft a Power, but it is not knowne

Whether for East or West: the death is great,

The people Murinous: And it is rumou'd,

Cominius, Marcius your old Enemy,

(Who is of Rome worfe hated then of you)

And Titus Lartius, a moft valiant Roman,

These three lead on this Prepration

Whether 'tis bent: mos likely, 'tis for your

Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready

To answer vs.

Aurelius. Nor did you think it folly,

To keape your great pretences wary'd, till when

They needs must thee'selves, which in the bating

It seem'd appeare to Rome. By the discovery,

We shalbe shorn in our ayme, which was

To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome

Should know we were a foot.

2. Sen. Noble Aurelius,

Take your Commission, bye you to your Bands,

Let vs alone to guard Coriades

If they set downe before's: for the remove

Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde

Th'have not prepar'd for vs.

Aurelius. O doubt not that,

I speake from Certainties. Nay more,

Some parcel of their Power are forth already,

And onely bitherward. I leave your Honors.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meete,

Tis fowme betweene vs, we shall cure frke

Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Aurelius. And keep your Honors safe.


All. Farewell.
Enter Valeria and Virginia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them down on two love stools and four.

Val. I pray you daughter sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: if my Sonne were my Husband, I should freeler reciyce in that abstinence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loute. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my wombe; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gase his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an hourse from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was not better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not shire, was please'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruel Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browses bound with Oscke. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first feign he had prov'd himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he beene in the 21stene Madam, how then?

Val. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne, therein I therin would have found stiffe. Hear me profess faineely sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my lute alike, and none kelle siete then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven dayes Nollye for their Country, then one voluptuously turfed out of Action.

Enter A Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria doth this moment visit you.

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

Val. Indeed you shall not:
Me thinkes, I hearre hither your Husbandes Drumme:
See him plucke Affectu downe by th' houre:
(As children from a Bear) the Pater fashioning him:
Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call that,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in fear.
Though you were borne in Rome this bloody browe
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harebell man, that task'd to move
Or all, or loo thes hyre.


Val. A way you Funoe; it oure becomes a man
Then gitch his Trophe. The breifs of Hecuba.
When the did suckle Hezir, look'd not louerly
Then Hecubus forhead, when it spitt forth blood
At Grecian sword. Contueming, tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

Cir. Heauen biffes my Lord from fell Affectus.

Val. He'eed Affectus head below his knee,
And strede upon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an other, and a Gentlewoman,

Val. My Ladys both good day to you.

Val. Sweet Madam.

Cir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-kee-

ners. What are you fowling here? A fine foppe in good faith. How does your Little Sonne?

Virg. I thank you Ladyship: Well good Madam.

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

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a
very pretty boy. A my truth, I look'd upon him a Wed-

day halfe an houre together: he's such a confirmd coun-
tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterly, & when
he caught it, the let it go againe, and after it againe, and oth-
er and other he comes, and vp againe: catch it again: or
whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did do see his
heels, and cease it. Oh, I warrant how he marmock't it.

Val. One on't Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed is, 'tis a Noble child.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

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

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

Val. Not out of doores?

Val. She sall, the shall.

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

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

Virg. I will with her speedily strength, and visithe
with my prayers: but I cannot go therin.

Val. Why pray you?

Virg. For I is not with shame, nor that I want louse.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all
the yeare the spin in Pisces abise, did but still Athene
full of Mothe. Come, I would your Cambribe were fel-
tile as your finger, that you might cease prickinge it for
pisse. Come you shall go with vs.

Val. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not
fourth.

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

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

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

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true: I heard a Senator speake it.
Thus it is: the Volcyes have an Army forth, against who
Cominio the General is gone, with one part of our Ro-
mane power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down
before their City Coriand: they nothing doubt presa-
ing, and to make it brefe Warres. This is true on mine
 Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Give me excute good Madam, I will obey you
in every things hereafter.

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

Valeria. In troth I think she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie,
Pray shee Virginia turne thy foldenesse out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virg. 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 Co-
leurs, with Captaines and Sounders, as
before the City Coriand: to them a
Missinger.

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

Lor. My horie to yours:

Mar. This done.

Lor. Agreed.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?
M eff. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.
L arr. So, the good Horde is mine.
Mar. Ile buy him of you.
L arr. No, I le nor fel, nor give him. Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred years; Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?
M eff. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then shall we hear their Lament, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I pray thee make vs quicker in work, That we with smoaking swords may march from hence To helpe our felied Friends. Come, blow thy blatt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Coriolanus.

Tellus Affidamen, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that fears you leffe then he,
That's leffer then a little: Draw a farre off.

Heare, our Drummes Are bringing forth our youth: We'll breake our Walles Rather then they shall sound vs our Gates, Which yet sceme shu, we haue but pin'd with Rushes, They're open of themselues. Harke you, farre off

M eff. There is Affidamen. Lift what worke he makes Among 'l your clowen Army.
Mar. Oh they are at it.
L arr. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They fear vs not, but ifforceth their Citie. Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proofe then Shields. Advance brave Titus, They do disdain vs much beyond our thoughts, which makes me sweet with wrath. Come on my fellows He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine edge.

M eff. The Romans are beat back to their Trenches.

Mar. All the conqumption of the South, light on you, You Shame's of Rome; you Heard of Byles and Plagues Pleafer you orts, that you may be abhor'd
Farther then feene, and one infect another Against the Windo a mile: you foules of Goffe, That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run From Slaves, that Apes would beate; Plante and Hail, All hurt behind, backes red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear, mend and charge home, Or by the fires of heatsen, Ile leave the Foe, And make my Warres on you: Look out too! Come on, If you'll stand still, we'll beat them to their Wires, As they vs to our Trenches followe.

Another Roman, and Martius follows them to gates, and is butt in.

So, now the gates are open; now prove good Seconds, 'Tis for the followers Fortune, wittes them, Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.

Enter the Catil.

1. Sol. Foul-hardine, nor I.
2. Sol. Nor I.
3. Sol. See they have thus him in.
4. Sol. To that I plot I warrant him.
5. Sol. What is become of Martius?
7. Sol. Following the flyers at the very heales,

With them he enters: who upon the sodaine Clapt to their Gates, he's himselfe alone, To answer all the City.

Larr. O Noble Fellow! Who sensibly out-dares his sencelice Sword, And when it bowes, stand it vp: Thou art left Martius, A Carbuncle intre : as big as thou art Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Souldier Ever to Caliers, with, not fierce and terrible Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lockes, and The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds Thou madit shine enemies shake, as if the World Were Feaoursous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assisted by the Enemy,

1. Sol. Looke Sir.
2. Lar. O'tis Martius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remisse alms.

They fight, and awhile enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with flyses.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome,
2. Rom. And I this,
3. Rom. A Murrian on't, I took this for Silvert. execute,

Enter Martius, and Times with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these murderers, that do prize their houes At a crack'd Dracon: Cushions, Leaden Spoons, Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would Bury with those that wore them. These base flues, Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them. And harke, what noyle the General makes: To him There is the man of my foules hate, Affidamen, Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Times take Convenient Numbers to make good the City, Whil I wish those that have the spirit, will haue To helpe Cominius.

Larr. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exerise 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 Physickal
Then dangerous to me: To Affidamen thus, I will appear

Larr. Now the faire Goddefe Fortune, (and fight)
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charmes
Milguidy thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman,
Propriety by thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no leffe,
Then thele the plaers the highest: So farewell.

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

Exeunt

Enter Cominius as it were in trine, with fielders.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come Like Romans, neither footles in our stands, Nor cowardly in returne; Believe me Sirs, We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have strokke By Interims and conniving guls, we haue heard The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods, Leade their successe, as we with our owne,
That both our powers, with miling Fronis encountering, May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

M eff. The Citizens of Coriolus have yeelded,
And giv'n to Lariss and to Martius Battale.

I say.
You were conducted to a gentle Bath.
And Balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny you asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they
That mort are willing, if any such be here,
(As it were fine to devout:) that love this painting
Wherein you see me meanest, if any feare
Letten his percon, then an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-wights bad life,
And that his Countries deere then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or if many so minded,
Waue thus to express his disposition,
And follow Marins.

They all shout and vawne their sword, take him up in their
Armes, and set us up their Cups.
Oh me alone, make you a word of me:
If their swords be not outward, which of you
But is found Felice? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Auffidius
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) must I cleeke from all:
The rest shall bear the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey:) please you to March,
And fore shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclined.

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

Enter Marins and Auffidius at severall doores.

Mar. He fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promife-breaker.

Auffid. We have alioke:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpent Iabborne
More then thy Fame and Euy: Fix thy foot.

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

Auff. If I flye Marins, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three hours Twixt
Alone I fought in your Caroile walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou feest me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to thightest.

Auff. Wert thou the Heleos,
That was the whip of thy brag'd Progeny,
Thou shoudst not scape me here.

Here they fight, and certaine Voices come in the aysde
Of Auffidius Marins fight till they be drown in breathes.
Officious and not valiant, you have shawnd me
In your condemned Seconds.
My Note that bidst o'or foyld' some deble Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else have done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lost my life should be dieted
In prayers, fa'we't with Lyes.
Comm. Too modest are ye:
More cruel to your good report, then grateful
To vs, that give you truly: by your patience,
If you fayl to be incend'd, we'll use you
(like one that means his proper harms) in Masacades,
Then reason falsely with you: therefore be it known,
As to vs, to all the World, that Caius Martius
Weares this Warrres 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 Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and Clamor of the Hoast. 
Marcus Caius, Corioli, Bear the addition Nobly ever?
Flourish. Trumpters sound, and Drums.
Ommes, Marcus Caius Coriolius.
Martius. I will goe waft:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceive
Whether I blufht, or no: howber, I thank you,
I meant to tried your Steed, and at all times
To under-crest your Atches.
Comm. So to our Tent:
Where ere we do repose vs, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius
Mult to Coriades backe, lend vs to Rome.
The bett, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I shall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Comm. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I sometime ly here in Coriaces,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prifoner:
But then Anfufades was within my view,
And Wrath o'rewhelm'd my pittie: I requete you
To give my poor Hoft freedome.
Comm. Oh well bogg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, Titus.
Lartius. Martius, his Name.
Martius. By Imperi forrgte:
I am weare, yes, my memorie is ty'd:
Have we no Winge here?
Comm. Goe we to our Tent:
The blood upon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookest too: come.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Titus Anfufades, blonde, with two or three Scullions.

Anfufades. The Towne is tayne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.

Anfufades. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Dacit, he that I am, Condition?
What good Condition can a Retic undergoe
That part that is in mercy? five times, Martius,
I have fought with thee; so often haft thou beat me.
And would 't doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As often as we eate, By th' Elements,
If e'er againe I met him beare to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile pothe at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sal. He's the duell.

Aufl. Bolder, though not so foltune: my valor poifon'd,
With owly fouling fainne by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sancuary,
Being naked, feeke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priesets, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarragement of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuledge, and Cushtome gaunt
My hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Waft my fierce hand in's head. Go you to th' Citie,
Leerne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Aufl. I am attended at the Cyprus Grove. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mile) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my journey.

Soul. I shall fir.

Neilus Secundus.

Enter Memnonius with the two Tribunes of the people, Scinnus & Brutus.

Mem. The Ager tells me, wee shall have Newes to
night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Mem. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they love not Martius.

Scin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Fiends.

Mem. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Swin. The Lambe.

Mem. I, to deuor him, as the hungry Plebeians would
the Noble Martius.

Swin. He's a Lambe indeed, that dares like a Beare.

Mem. Hee's a Beare indeed, that dares like a Lambe,
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask
you.

Brut. Well sir.

Mem. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you
two have not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but for'd withall.

Swin. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boastling.

Mem. This is strange now: Do you two know, how
you are cenfured here in the City, I mean of vs at'right hand File, do you?

Brut. Why? how were we cenfurd?

Mem. Because you calle of Pride now, will you not be
Pride.

Brut. Well, well sir, well.

Mem. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little thefe of
Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your
pleasures (at the leafe) 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.

Mem. I know you can doe very little alone, for your
helpes are many, or else your actions would grove wondrous
finge: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone.
You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn
your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an
Interiou survey of your good Ieues. Oh that you could.

Brut. What then sir?

Mem. Why then you should discover a brace of
meriting, proud, violent, teffe Magistrates (alias Foole)
as in any in Rome.

Swin. Memnonius, you are knowne well enough too.

Mem. I am known to be a humorous Patritius, and
one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of slaying
Tiber int': Said, to be something imperfect in fawing
the first complaint, haughty and 'nder-lie vp, to
trivial motion: One, that couenies more with the But
ocke of the first, then with the forehead of the morning.
What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you (I am not call
you Eunuches), if the drink you give me, touch my Pa
tiently. I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your
Worshippes haute delici'd the matter well, when I finde the
Affe in compound, with the Maior part of your fya
bles. And though I must be content to bee with them,
that lay you are reuerent graue men, yet they lye daily,
that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of
my Microcosme, following that I am known well
enough too. What harme can your becombe Complicities
gleane out of this Character, if be knowne well
enough too.

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

Mem. You know neither mee, your lieues, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poor knaves cappes and
legges: you weare out a good wholefoame Forenoone,
in hearing a caufe betweene an Orndge woman, and a Forret
feller, and then reowne the Controuersie of three-pence
to a second day for Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betweene party and party, if you chance to bee
pitch'd with the Colilcke, you make faces like Mamm
ers, fet vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and
in roaring for a Chamber-pot, disfigure the Controuersie
bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in their Caufe, is calling both the partes
Knave. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee
a perfaet gyber for the Table, then a necessaery Bencher in
the Capitoll.

Mem. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they
shall encounter such ridiculous Subjectes as you are, when
you speake beft into the purpose. It is not woro the
waggings of your Beards, and your Beards defence not fo
honourable a grue, as to时候 a Bouchers Cushion, or to
be introd. in an Affe Packes-faddle: yet you must bee
saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheapel eflimation, is
worth all your predecessors, since Leonidas, though per
aduenture some of the beft of c'm were herefrathand hang
men. Goddess to your Worshipps, more of your concur
sion would infect my Braine, being the Headmen of the Beaflie Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of

Brut. and Swin.

Aside. Enter.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moon was thine Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes to find?

Volumn. Honorable Matrina, my Boy Martius approches; for the love of Inne let's gone.

Menen. Ha? Martius coming home?

Volumn. I, worthy Menenias, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe Imperi, and I thank thee:

hoo, Martius comming home?


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

Menen. I will make my very houres reele to night:

A Letter for me?

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

Menen. A Letter for me? it giveth me an Eftase of seuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most louveraigne Prefcription in Odens, is but Emperick quixique; and to this Preferentia, of no better report then a Peace-dromen. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgyl. Oh no, no, no.

Volumn. Oh, he is wounded, I thank thee for the Gods sake.

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

Volumn. Oni's Browes: Menenia, he cometh the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he discipled Angliana foundly?

Volumn. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Wallidius got off.

Menen. And twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had flay'd by him, I would not have beene so fidious'd, for all the Cheifs in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate pooffett of this?

Volumn. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein he 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 shapes spoke of him.

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

Virgyl. The Gods grant them true.

Volumn. True? now waw.

Menen. True! I le be lyowne they are true: where is he wounded, God faze your good Worships? Martius is coming home; hee ha's more cause to prove: where is he wounded?

Volumn. His Shoulder, and his left Arme: there will be large Caretices to fiew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he received in the sepulche of Tarquin feuen burns his body.

Menen. One in his Neck, and two in his Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volumn. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Menen. Now it's twenty feuen; evry gasp was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpeters.

A flourish, and flourish.

Volumn. These are the Wounders of Martius:

Before him, hee carres Noyle.

And behind him, hee leaues Teares.

Death, that darke Spirit, in's newe Arme doth ly, Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound.

Enter Comminius the Generall, and Titus Lartius: between them Coriolan, crowned with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldi- ders, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight Within Coriolis Gates; where he hath woun'd, With Fame, a Name to Martius Caius Coriolanus. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

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

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition all the Gods for my prosperite.

Kneels.

Volumn. Nay, my good Souldier, ye'p:

My gentle Martius, worthy Caius,

And by yeed-atheieving Honor newly nam'd, What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hasty:

Would it thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'd to fee me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were, And Mothers that lacke Sons.


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

Volumn. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome home and welcome General, And y're welcome all.

Menen. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weep, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heaute; welcome:

A Curte begin at very root on'ts heart,

That is not glad to fee thee.

You are there, that Rome should doe on:

Yet by the faith of men, we have

Some old Cab-trees here at home,

That will not be graffet to your Rallife,

Yet welcome Warriors:

Wes call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenias, ever, ever.

Herald. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Bre in our owne houfe I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visite,

From whom I have receiued not onely greetings,

But with them, change of Honors,

Volumn. I have lived,

To see inherited my very Witches,

And the Buildings of my Fancie: Only there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will call upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,

I had rather be their servante in my way,

Then fawy with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.

Flourish. Comets.

Excuses in State, as before.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

_Brutus._ All tongues speake of him, and the bleeded fights Are speachted to see him. Your prattling Nurie Into a rapture lets her; Baby crieth, While the chars him in the Kitchin. _Malchus_ pinnes Her richest Lockram bout her receeche necke, Clambing the Walls to eye him: Stalls, Balkeis, windows, are smoother'd vp, Leades fall'd, and Ridges horror'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earneesst to see him: fed-dowme Flamings Doe preface among the popular Thronges, and puffe To wound a vulgar faction: our vey'ld Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damask In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle Of _Phoebus_ burning Riffeis; such a poother, As if that whatsoever God, who leads him, Were slyly crept into his humane powers, And gave him gracefull pottage.

_Sicinius._ On the saddle, I warrant him Conful, _Brutus._ Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.

_Sicinius._ He cannot temperately transport his Honors, From where he should begin, and end, but will Lose those he hath wonne.

_Brutus._ In that there's comfort.

_Sicinius._ Doubt not, The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Upon their ancient office, will forget With the least caule, shee his new Honors, Which that he will give them, make it a little question, As he is proud to do't.

_Brutus._ I heard him swear, Were we to stand for Conful, never would he Appearance be the Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vesture of Humility, Nor (in the manner) his Wounds Toth' People, begge their thinking Breaths.

_Sicinius._ 'Tis right.

_Brutus._ It was his word; Oh he would nesse it, rather then carry it, But by the fault of the Gentry to him, And the desire of the Nobles.

_Sicinius._ 'Tis with no better, then have him hold that pur- pose, and to put it in execution.

_Brutus._ 'Tis most like he will.

_Sicinius._ It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruution.

_Brutus._ So it must fall out To him, or our Authorities, for an end. We must sugget the People, in what hatred He still hath held them; that to his power he would Have made them Mule, sil'd their Pleaders, And disproporetied their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Action, and Capaciteit, Of no more Soule, nor Sufface for the World, Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Prouss And onely for bearing Burthes, and sore dews. For sucking under them.

_Sicinius._ This (as you say) suggetted, At some time, when his soaring In felice Shall teach the People, which time shall not want, If he be pyn'd, and that's easie, As to set Doggys 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 _Marcius_ shall be Conful: I have seene the dume men strong to see him, And the blind to hear him speake: _Marcius_ fling Gloues, Ladies and Maids their Scarfes, and Handkercheifs, Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended As to _Juno_ Statue, and the Commons made A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showeres: I never saw the like.

_Brutus._ Let's to the Capitoll, And carry with us _Ereus_ and _Eyeus_ for th' time, But Hearts for the event.

_Sicinius._ Have with you.

_Exeunt._

To enter two Officers, to lay Confusions as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. _Off._ Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Confulships?

2. _Off._ Three, they say: but'tis thought of every one, _Coriolanus_ will carry it.

3. _Off._ That's a bane fellow: but he's revenge prow'd, and loues not the common people.

4. _Off._ 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that have blazed the people, who were loued thence, there be many that they have loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for _Coriolanus_ neyer to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Nobile carelesse he lets them plainly feel.

5. _Off._ If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he would indifferently, twice doing them neither good, nor harme; but he seeks their hate with greater denouement, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discourage them in his oppositt. Now to seeme to affect the maillice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to foster them for their love.

6. _Off._ He hath deserv'd worthy of his Country, and his alliet is not by such entire degrees as those, who having beene supple and courteous to the People, Borne,er, without any further deed, to have them as all into their estimation, and report: but he hath sol'd his Honors in their Eyes, and his abstracts in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingratitude full injury: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that givings it selfe the _Eye_, would plucke reproofs and rebukes from every _Eye_ that heard it.

7. _Off._ No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

_A Sirom._ Enter the Patricianus, and the Tribunes of the People, _Lictors_ before them: _Coriolanus_, _Menenius_, _Cominius_ the Conful, _Scienius_ and _Brutus_ take their places by themselves: _Corio- lanus_ standes.

_Menenius._ Having determin'd of the _Voles_, And to send for _Tullus_ _Larncius_, it remains, As the maine Point of this our after-meeting.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

To gratifie his Noble Service, that hath Thus stood for his Country. Therefore please you, Molt reuerend and grave Elders, to desire The present Conful, and last Generall, In our well-found Successes, to report A little of that worthy Works, perform'd By Marcus Caius Coriolanus: whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember, With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good Commones: Leave nothing out for length, and make vs thinke Rather our flates defective for requital, Then we to stretch it out. Matters ath People; We do request your kindett eares: and after Your louing motion toward the common Body, To yeald what paffes here.

Secius. We are contented upon a pleasing Treaty, 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 priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off. I would you rather had beene flently. Please you hence Commones speak.

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

Menen. He loves your People, but eye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie Commones speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away. Nay, keep your place.

Senat. Sit Coriolanus: neuer blame 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-bend'st you not?

Coriol. No Sir; yet off, When blowes have made me flay, I fell from words.

You forth'd not, therefore brest not: but your People, I loose them as they weigh.

Menen. Pray now fix downe.

Coriol. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th Sun, When the Alatrum were fluckes; then idly fix To heare my Nothings moniterd. Exit Coriolanus.

Menen. Masters of the People. Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flattering? That's thousand to one good one, when you now see He had rather venture all his Limbs for Honor, Then on one laces to heare it. Proceed Commones, Cam. I smalll lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be vester'd feebly: it is held, That Valour is the chiefeft Virtue, And most dignifies the hauers: if it be, The man that speake of, cannot in the World Be finely counter-posted. At fainete yeeres, When Tarquinius made a Head for Rome, he fought Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator, Who withall with prays I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shinne he drooke The brizled Lippes before him: he befruch An o're-pretit Roman, and it's Confuls view Slew three Opposers: Tarquinius felde he met, And thrust him on his Knee: in that dayes fastes, When he might eate, the Vertue and the meede, He prou'd himselfe a tiff field, and for his need Was Brow-bound with the Oakes. His Papull age

Man. entred this, he waked like a Sen, And in the brunt of feuencente Battailes since, He lurcht all Swords of the Garland; for this left, Before, and in Coriotes, let me say I cannot speake him home: he flote the flyers, And by his rare example made the Coward Turne terror into sport; as Weeds before A Vellunt under style to men obey'd. And fell below his Suen: his Sword, Death's lampame, Where it did markes, it tooke from face to face: He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying Cryes: stone he entered The mortall Gate of th' City, which he painted With flundelle definte: aydelle came off, And with a sudden re-infentencment thrucke Coriotes like a Planet: how all's this, When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce His readie fence: then fraught his doubled spirit Requicken'd what in steel was fatigate, And to the Battaile came he, where he did Runne recking o'the lives of men, as it were A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd Both Field and Cittie ours, he neuer fould To caue his Britifh with towning.

Menen. Worthy man.

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

Coriol. Our spoyle he kicks at, And looke'd upon things precious, as they were. The common Muck of the World: he couert left. Then Miferie it felde would give yewards his deeds With doing them, and is content To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. He'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 Conful.

Coriol. I doe owe them all my Life, and Service.

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

Coriol. I doe beseech you,

Let me o're-lespe that Cittome: 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.

Secius. The People must have their Voyces; Neyerthelss they but one int of Ceremonie, Menen. Put them not too: Pray you goe fit you to the Cittome, And take to you, as your Predecessors hau'd, Your Honor with your forme.

Coriol. It is part that I shall blush in publicke, And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Markke you that.

Coriol. To brag into them, thus I did, and thus Shew them thus wrackinge Skarres, which I should hide; As if I had receiued them for the hyre Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not stand upon.

We recommend to the Tribunes of the People Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Conful With we all Joy, and Honor.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Senec. To Coriolanus come all joy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.


Brut. You see how he intends to vie the people.

Siceni. May they perceive his intent: he will require them as if he did content them what he requested, should be in them to give.

Brut. Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings hereon th'market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

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

2. Cit. We may Sir if we will.

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

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

3. Cit. We have beene call'd so of many, not that our heads are some bruose, some blacke, some Abram, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely Confused, and truly I think, all our wits were to fline out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their content of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a' th Compaflle.


3. Cit. Nay your wit will not so foonce out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wound vp in a blocke head: but if it were at liberty, it would surely Southward.

2. Cit. Why that way?

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

2. Cit. You are never without your tricks ye may, you may.

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

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenii.

Here he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, make his behauior: we are not to fay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein existe one of vs hath a sngle Honor, in giving him our own voyces with our own tongues, therefore follow me, and I direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Menen. Oh Sir, you are not right, have you not knowne
The worthieist men have done?

Coris. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roared, and came

From the noise of our owne Drums.

Meman. Oh me the Gods, you must not speake of that,
You must defer them to thinke vpon you.

Coris. Thinke vpon me? Hang'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Verus
Which our Distines love by em.

Menen. You marre all,
Ile leave you: Pray you speake to me, I pray you
In wholesome manner.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Coris. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their teeth cleane: So there comes a brace,
You know the saule (Sir) of my standing here.

3. Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hast brought you to.

Coris. Mine owne defeat.

3. Cit. Your owne defeat,

Coris. I, but mine owne desire.

3. Cit. How not your owne desire?

Coris. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3. Cit. You must thinke if we glue you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Coris. Well then I pray your price sth'Confulship.

3. Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Coris. Kindly Sir, I pray let me ha' t: I haue wonds to fnowe you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what say you?

3. Cit. You shall ha' no worthy Sir.

Coris. A match Sir, there's in all two worthy voyces beg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3. Cit. But this is something olde.

2. Cit. And 'towe to give againe, but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coris. Pray you now, if it may fand with the tune of your voyces, that I may bee Conful, I haue thee the Cullomacie Gowne.

1. You haue defered Nobly of your Country, and
you have not defered Nobly,

Coris. Your Plagium.

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

Coris. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loe, I will fir flatter my owne Brother the people to earne a deeper affimation of them, it's a condition they account gentle: & since the wife'sdame of their choice, is rather to haue my flat, then my Heart, I will practice the inflaming nod, and bee to them most counterfei'tly, that is Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountifull to the deirees: Therefore befeech you, I may be Conful:

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

1. You have receyued many wounds for your Coun-

try.

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

Buth. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.

Coris. Moft sweet Voyces: Better it is to dye, better to fience,
Then craue the higher, which first we do deferue.
Why in this Woloofon tongue should I stand here,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare.

Their:
Their needfles Vouches: Custome calls me too't,
What Custome wills in all things, should we doe?
The Duft on antique Time would lye vniwuape,
And mountinous Error be too highly heape,
For Truth to o'erre-pere. Rather then foole it to,
Let the high Office and to one that would doe thus. I. Tha am halle through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come none Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have sought,
Watch for your Voyces; for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odd: Battailes three & six
I have seen: & heard of: for your Voyces,
Hae done many things, some left, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Confull.

1. Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, & cannot doe without
any honest man Voyce.

2. Cit. Therefore let him be Confull: the Gods give
him joye, & make good man his People to.

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

Carus. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Memenous, with Brutus and Scipio.

Mem. You have foold your Limitation:
And the Tribunes enuie you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remains, that in th' Officiall Marks inselted,
You anone doe meet the Senate.

Carus. Is this done?</p>

Seic. The Caufome of Requelf, you have diucharg'd:
The People doe admit you, & are humm'd
To meet anone, upon your approbation.

Carus. Where? at the Senate-housse?

Seic. There, Coriolanus.

Carus. May I change these Garments?

Seic. You may, Sir.

Carus. That I forget doe: & knowing my felfe again,
Repeate to th' Senate houfe.

Mem. Ie keeps your company, you will along?

Brut. We thay here for the People.

Seic. Face you well. Exeunt Coriol. and Mem.

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

Brut. With a prov'd heart he wore his humble Weades:
Will you dismiss the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

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

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

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

3. Cit. Certianly, he flow'd vs downe-right.

4. Cit. No, his kind of speech, he did not mock vs,
Not one among vs, faue your felles, but fayes.
He's vs (cornerly) should haue flow'd vs.

His Marks of Meite, Wounds receiv'd for th' Country.

Seic. Why do he did I am sure.

All. No, no, no man law'em.

3. Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in prince.

And with his Han, thus waving it in formes,
I wold be Confull, sayes he aged Coriolame.

But by your Voyces, will not to permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here wa't, I thank you for your Voyces, thank you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces,
I have no further with you. Was not this mowerie?

Seic. Why eyther were you ignorant to see?
Or seeing it, of such Childish f Benedictlef,
To yeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were lefion'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie person to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever pues against?
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I th'Body of the State: and now arriuing
A place of Potence, and sway of th' State,
If he should fill malignantly remaine
Fist for tooth' Fighte, your Voyces might
Be Curfes to your felles. You should haue said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leffe
Then what he ffood for: to his gracious nature
Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Seic. This to haue said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclinations from him plucks
Eyther his gracious promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you vp, have held him to;
Or else it would haue gald'd his fury nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Ranc.
You should have ta'n th' advantage of his Choller,
And pa'st'd him worchebeck.

Brut. Did you precece,
He did follicite you in free Contemplo,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contemplo shall not be bruizing to you,
When he hath power to cruft? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Judgement?

Seic. Have you, ere now, deny'd the aske:
And now againe, of him that did not ask, but mock,
Bellow your fu'd for Tongues?

3. Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. Cit. And will deny him:

He haue foute hundred Voyces of that sound.

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

Brut. Get you hence infantly, & tell those friends,
They have chose a Confull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as oftem beast for barking,
As therefore kept to doe to.

Seic. Let them assemblizz, & on a faire Judgement,
All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate onto you; besides, forget not
With what Contemplo he wore the humble Weeds,
How in his heart he cou'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking upon his Services, tooke from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most giblyngly, vngreisly, he did faction
After the inquietate Hate he bears you.

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

Seic. Say you chose him, not after our commandement,
Then as guided by your own true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occup'y'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should make you against the graine
To Voyce him Confull. Lay the fault on vs.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Brut. I, spraue you: Say, we read Lectures to you, How youngly he began to ferue his Country, How long continued, and what stolck he springe of, The Noble Hauye of the Maritaine: from whence came That Ancien Marian, Namme Daughters Sonne: Who after great, Hibblous here was King, Of the fame Hauye, Pubbllis and QCuesus were, That our olde Water, brought by Conduits higher, And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Centur, Was his great Ancestor.

Seize. One thus defended, That hath beside well in his percon wrought, To be so high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Skaling his present bearing with his past, That here's your fixed enemie; and retook Your suddain approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't, (Harpe on that still) but by our putting on: And perty well, when you have drawne your number, Repaire roth Capitell.

All. We will do: allmost everye in their election. Exeunt Picturium.

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

Seize. Toth Capitell, come:
We will be there before the fireame of the People: And this shall teeme, as partly 'tis, their owne, Which we have gored on-ward. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Corin. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Centur, Commiss, Thine Luton, and other Senators.

Corio. This Auffidus then had made new head.

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

Corio. So then the Voleses stand but as at first, Reade when time shall prompt them, to make roade Upon your aigne.

Luton. They are wore (Lord Consull) fo, That we shall hardly in our agges fee Their Banners ware again.

Corio. Saw you Auffidus?

Luton. On safegard he came to me, and did curse Against the Voleses, for they had so wildly Yeilded the Towne: he is retreued to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Luton. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Luton. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things upon the Earth, he hater Your perfon most: That he would pawne his fortunes To hopelesse refutation, so he might Be call'd your Vanguisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Luton. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there, To appose his hairedfully. Welcome home, Enter Scenarioum and Brutus.

Behold, there are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues of th' Common Mouth. I do delpite them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble suffrance.

Seize. Pass no further.

Corio. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-- No further.

Corio. What makes this change?


Corio. Hath he not past'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Commune, no.

Corio. Have I had Cildrens Voyeues?

Seize. Tribunes give way, he shall roth Marker place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Seize. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Mene. All have Voyeues, that can yeeld them now, And fraight disclaim their tongues: 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 purposed thing, and growes by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call'st not a Plot?

The People cry you mock't 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, for to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Have you inform'd them thence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Corio. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Confill'd by good Clouds Let me delire as ill as you, and make me Yours fellow Tribune.

Seize. You shew too much of that,
For which the People thirte: if you will passe To where you se beound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or never be so Noble as a Confull,
Nor youake with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Corio. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolans
Defer'd this to dithomer'd Rub, loud falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Metis.

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

Mene. Not now, not now.

Seize. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I like, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ten'd Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish'd gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inolence, Sedition,
Which we our selves have pow'd for, so'd, & fester'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, nor, nor Power, but that
Which they have giv'n to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Seize. No more words, we bee thinke you.

Corio. How? no more?
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As for my Country, I have fixed my blood, 
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs 
Cowe words call'd their decay, against those Meazels 
Which we did wink should Flatter vs, yet longest 
The very way to catch them. 

Brut. You speak to the people, as if you were a God, 
To punish: Not a man without Infring'ments. 
"Sciens. There were well weet let the people know't. 
Men. What, what, his Choller? 
Car., Choller? Were I as patient at the midnight sleep, 
By Jove, 'twould be my mind. 

Sciens. It is a mind that shall remain a poison 
Where it is; is not poison any further. 

Carus. Shall remain? 

Here is the Trition of the Minnowes? Mark ye 
His absolute Shall? 

Carus. "Twas from the Cannon. 
Carus. Shall O God! but most vnwise Patricians why. 
You grave, but weake-sensor Senators, have ye thus 
Guen Hidra heret to chooze an Officer, 
That with his peremptory Shall, being but 
The home, and notice of the Mounders, wanna not spirit 
To say, he'll chance your Channell his? If he have power, 
Then vale your Ignorance: If it make, awake 
Your dangerous Lenis. If you are Learn'd, 
Be not as common Fools; if you are not, 
Let them have Cushions by you, You are Pliebeans, 
If they be Senators: and they are no lefle, 
When both your voices blend, the great'te take 
Molt pallates theirs. They choose their Majiglate, 
And such a one a she, who puts his Shall, 
His popular Shall, against a greater Bench 
Then ever found in Greece, By Jove himselfe, 
It makes the Confults safe; and my Soole akes 
To know, when two Authorities are vp, 
Neither Suprimee; How fone Confultion 
May enter twa the gap of Both, and take 
The one by the other. 

Carus. Well, on roth Market place. 
Carus. Who ever guest that Counsell, to gife forth 
The Cornes th'f'rsr in Greece, as 'twas vsd. 

Sometime in Greece. 

Men. Well, well, no more of that. 
Carus. Thoug there the people had more absolute powre 
I say they northe friddisidence: fed, the ruin of the State. 

Brut. Why shall the people gue 
One that speaks thus, their voice? 

Carus. He gue my Reasuns, 
More wither then their Voyces. They know the Corne 
Was not our recompence, refiling well affer'd 
They're did fernaise for'ls; being prep't to th'Warre, 
Even when the Naueal of the State was touch'd, 
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service 
Did not defere Corne gratis. Being th'Warre, 
These Mutines and Revolts, wherein they shewed 
Most Valour; spoke not for them. Th'Accuination 
Which they hase often made against the Senate, 
All cause vnborne, coulde never be the Nature 
Of our to franke Donation. Well, what then? 
How shall this Blomone-multiplied, digger 
The Senates Courtrie? Let deere desire
What's like to be their words, We did requiere it, 
We are the greater pole, and in true fear 
They gave us out demands. Thus we debale 
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble 

Call out our Care, Peace, which will in time 
Breake ope the Lockes of th' Senat, and bring in 
The Groves to pecke the Eagles. 

Men. Come enough. 

Brut. Enough, withoout measure. 

Carus. No, take none. 

What may be iworne by, both Divine and Human, 
Scale what I end withall. This double worship, 
Wherein part do's disdain'd with cance, the other 
Infite without a season: where Grant my Title, wisdom 
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no 
Of general ignorance, it must omit 
Real Necetyties, and gue way the white 
To ennable Sichteue. Puffe to this is; it follows, 
Nothing indeue to purpuse, Therefore breache you 
You that will be lefe fearefull, thin differes, 
That lose the fundamental part of Steere 
More then you doubt the change out: That preferre 
A Noble life, before a Long, and with; 
To jump a Body with a dangerous Preuick, 
That's sure of death without it: once greattens an 
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not dare in 
The fouets which is their pyson, Your doftro 
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State 
Of that Integrity which should become: 
Not having the power to do the good it would 
For th'll which doth controul't. 

Brut. Has fald enough. 

Sciens. He's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer 
As Traitors do. 

Carus. Then wretch, despitext one-whethre thee: 
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? 
On whom depending, their obedience failles 
To'vth'grater Bench, in a Rebellion: 
When what's not meet, but what must be, 
Law, Then were they chosen: in a better house, 
Let what is meet, be said't must be meet, 
And throw their power ov'th out, 

Brut. Marvellous treison. 

Sciens. This a Confult? No. 

Enter an Edile. 

Brut. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended: 

Sciens. Go call the people, in whose name my Sale 
Attach therees as a Traitorous tinmater: 
A Foe to'th publike Weale. Obey I charge thee, 
And follow to thine answer. 

Carus. Hence old Gost. 

All. Weel Surety him. 

Com. Ag'dir, hands off. 

Carus. Heere rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones 
Out of thy Garments. 


Enter a vable of Plebeians with the Ediles. 

Men. On both sides more respect. 

Sciens. Here's hee, that would take from you all your 

Brut. Seize him Ediles! 

All. Downe with him, downe with him. 

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons: 
They all butte about Coriolanus. 

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho? 

Sciens, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizen. 

All. Peace, peace, peace, lay hold, peace. 

Men. What is about to bee I am out of breath, 
Confusions neere, I cannot speak, You, Tribunes 
To'th people: Coriolanus patience: Speak good Sciensus. 

Sciens. 

Bb 2
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Seici. Hear me, People peace.
All. Let's hear our Tribunes: peace, speak, speak, speak,
speak.
Seici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would have all from you, Martius;
Whom last you have praised and forgiveth.
Mene. Fig, fig, fig, this is the way to bindle, not to
quench.
Sena. To vandalise the City, and to lay all flat
Seici. What is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Brut. By the content of all, we were establish'd the
Peoples Magnifies.
All. You ito remaine.
Mene. And so are like to doe.
Corio. That is the way to lay the City flat
To bring the Roofe to the Foundations,
And burn'all, which yet didst gallantly range
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Seici. This deferseth Death.
Brut. Or what can stand to our Authoritie,
Or let us lose it: we see here pronounced
Vpon the part of People, in whole power.
We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy
Of prefent Death.
Seici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him to the Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Sena. At first do it.
All Ppl. Yield Martius, yield.
Mene. Hear me one word, 'b'ceafch you Tribunes,
hear me but a word.
Adises. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you feeme, truly your Countries friend,
And tamely proceed to what you would.
Thus violently direct.
Brut. Sire, those cold waves,
That seeme like prudent helpe, are very noyous,
Where the Diffence is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. Corio. drawes his Sword.
Corio. No, Ile die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come trey upon your felues, what you have seene me,
Mene. Dowe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.
Brut. Lay hands upon him.
Mene. Help Martius, helpe; you that be noble, helpe
him young and old.
All. Dowe with him, dowe with him. Exeunt.
In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Adises, and the
People are best in.
Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All will be taught else.
2. Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
I pray thee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leave vs to curse this Caufe.
Mene. For is a Sore upon us,
You cannot Trew your felues be gone, beecheef you.
Corio. Come Sir, along with us.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome fistd only not Romans, as they are not,
Though called L'In Torch o'reth Capitol:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owen another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fouze of them.
Mene. I could my felo's take vp a Brace o' th' bell 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 returns, whole Rage doure read
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are v's to bear.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
He trie whether my old Wit be in requite
With thofhe that haue but little: this must be patche
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. Exeunt Coriolanus and
Comitia.
Patric. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Tritent,
Or trye, for power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth.
What his Brest forgets, that his Tongue muve, vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death. A Noise within:
Here's goodly workes.
Patric. I wou'd they were a bed,
Mene. I wou'd 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 himself
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian Rock
With rigorous hands: he hath refus'd Law,
And therefore Law shall informe him further Triall
Then the securitie of the publike Power,
Which he so fets at naught.
1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouthes, and we their hands.
All. He shall face out.
Mene. Sir, fit,
Sicin. Peace.
Cit. Do not cry battaile, where you should but shant
With modest warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how con't that you haue holpe
To make this refuge?
Mene. Here he speaks? As I do know
The Confils worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Confils? what Confils?
Mene. The Confils Coriolanus,
Brut. He Confils.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would cause a word or two,
The whicll shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much loste of time.
Sicin. Speake briefly then,
For we are peremnopy to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to elec't him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him hence
Our certaine death: therefor is it decreed,
He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose grateuude
Towards her defered Children, is enroll'd
In loues owne Bookes, like an unnaturall Dam
Should now caste vp her owne.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

To speake of Peace or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you with me mildnesse Would you haue me
Falsifie to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh suit, sir.
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had wroune it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are, With frivolous leffes to be so: Letfer 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 stiffe you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. I, and burne too.

Enter Memenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, somethings too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vile ease by not so doing, our good Citie
Close in the midle, and perill,

Vol. Pray be contentful;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads me by my gue of Anger
To better vantage.'

Mec. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he shot thus hoope to th'heare, but that
The violent fix'd a'time causes it as Physick.
For the whole State I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can fearfully bear.

Cor. What mean I do?

Men. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent, what you haue spoke.

Cor. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then do'to them?

Vol. 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 vintuer'd Friends,
I th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looke,
That they combine not thither?

Cor. To all.

Mec. A good demand.

Vol. If I be Honor in your Warre, so seeme
The name you are not, which for your belt end
You adopt your policy: How is it leffre or worse
That is shall hold Companion ship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like requit.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, not by thy matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in thy Tongue;
Though but Ballads, and Syllables:
Of no allowance, to thy boloues truth.
Now, this is no more diuision you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to thy fortune,
And the hazard of much blood,
I would dispell with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requird
I should do in Honor. I am in this
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Your Wiles, your Substance: Thee Senate, the Nobles, And you, will rather shew our general Lovers, How you can frown, then spend a fav'ring Vpon 'em, For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady, Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may flatter fo, Nor what is a dangerous pretent, but the leffe Of what is past.

Volsc. I pray thee now, my Sonne, Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And thus farre hauing stretched it (here be with them) Thy Knee buffing the Horse: for in such businesse Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned then the ears, wasting thy head, Which often thus correheating thy flour heart, Now humble as the ripest Mulberry, That will not hold the handling: or say to them, Thou art their Sollidier, and being bred in broyles, Haft not the soft way, which thou dost confesse: Were fit for thee to vie, as they do clayne, In asking their good louses, but thou wilt frame Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre, As you had powre and persom.

Menen. This but done, Even as the speakes; why their hearts were yours: For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free, As words to little purpos.


Coro. I have beene it's th'o Marketer place, and sit 'tis fit You make strong partie, or defend your selfe: By calme ne'de, or by absence: all is in anger.

Men. One hy fai speech.

Coro. I thinc't twill ease, he can thereto frame his spirit.

Volsc. He must, and will.

Prythee now say you will, and go about it.

Coro. Must I goe those them my word's of Sones? Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble Heart: A Lye, that it must beare well? I will don't: Yet were there but this single Plot, to looke This Mould of Martius, they to shift should grinde it, And throwe in the Winter. Toth' Marketer place: You have put me now to such a part, which rather I shall discharge toth' Life.

Coro. Come, come, we will prompt you.

Volsc. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said My praises made thee fist a Sollidier; so To have my prais for this, performe a part Thou hast not done before.

Coro. Well, I must do't.

A way my diff'rition, and perfette me Some Harlots spirit: My thirst of Warre be turnd, Which quire'd my Drumme into a Pipe, Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin Art'se That Babies talk-a-sleepe: The miles of Knaus Tent in my cheeks, and Schooleboys tears take vp The Glasses of my sight: A Beggar's Tongue Make motion through my Lips, and my Avar'd knees When bow'd by hopping Bracop, brand like his That hath receiv'd an Alms. I will not don't, Least I scarce to house mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde A most inherent Batinence.

Volsc. At thy choice then:

To begge of thee, it is my more di-honor,

Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let

Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, then feare

Thy dangerous Sconesse: for I mocke at death

With a bigger heart as thou. Do as thou liest,

Thy Valiantesse was mine, thou fick't it from me:

But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Coro. Pry the be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market place.

Chide me no more. Ile Mounte-banke their Louses, Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:

Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Conful.

Or never tru't to what my Tongue can do

1'th way of Flatterie further.

Volsc. Do your will.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you, arm your selfe To anwer mildly: for they are prepar'd With Accusations, as I hear more strong:

Then are you vpon you yet.

Coro. The words, Mildly. Pray you let us go,

Let them scarce make me by invention:

I will anwer in mine Honor.

Men. I, but mildly,

Coro. Well mildly be it then, Mildly.

Enter Scenius and Brutus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: Ihe cuade vs there,

Inforce him with his entry to the people,

And that the Spole get on the Autists Was ne're distribute. What, will he come?

Enter an Edict.

Edid. Hee's comming.

Brut. How accompanied?

Edid. Withold Mourners and those Senators That always faction'd him.

Scen. Have you a Catalogue Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set downe by th'

Edid. I have: 'tis ready.

(Pole)

Scen. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edid. I have.

Scen. Assemble presently the people hither: And when they hear me say, it shall be so,

I' th' right and strength a' th' Commons: he 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 'tis Truth's th' Caufe.

Edid. I shall informe them.

Brut. And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease; but with a tunne confus'd

Inforce the present Execrution

Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edid. Very well.

Scen. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint

When we shall have to giue them.

Brut. Go about it,

Put him to Choller Sfratte, he hath bent vs'd

Euer to conquer, and to have his worth

Of contradiction. Being once catt, he cannot

Be reind' againe to Temperance, then he speaks

What's
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookest
With vs to break his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicinius. Well, here he comes.

Vitellius. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Coriolanus. I, as a Hoistler, that fourth poopd piece
Will bear the Knaue by th' Volume.

Th' Honor'd Goddes.

Keep Rome in Safety, and the Churches of Justice,
Supplied with worthy men, planeouse among
Through our large Temples, with th' flames of Peace
And not our streets with Warre.


Mess. A Nobleness.

Enter the Ediles with the Plebeians.

Sicinius. Draw near ye people.

Ediles. Lift to your Tribunes. Audiences.

Peace I say.

Coriolanus. Full heart me speak.

Busby. Well, say: Peace here.

Coriolanus. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Must all determine here?

Sicinius. I do demand,
If we submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their Officers, and have consent
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

Coriolanus. I am Content.

Mess. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier: do not take
His tougher Actions for malicious founds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.

Cominius. Well, well, no more.

Coriolanus. What is the matter,
That being past for Consulfull with full voyce:
I am so disinherited, that the very House
You take it off againe.

Sicinius. Away with him.

Coriolanus. Say then: 'tis true, I enquire so.

Sicinius. We charge you, that you have contribut'd to take
From Rome all the City's Office, and to winde
Your felle into a power tyrannicall,
For which you sitt a Traitor to the people.

Coriolanus. How? Traitor?

Mess. Nay, temperately your promise.

Coriolanus. The fire from lowell hell. Fiend in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou infamous Tribune.

Within thine eyes (as twenty thousand deads
In thy hands guilt, as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers: Would say
Though lent upon thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pay the Gods.

Sicinius. Marke you this people?

Coriolanus. All. To th' Roche, to th' Roche with him.

Mess. We need not put new matter to his charge.

What you have denouncing do, and heard mine speeche.

Beating your Officers, cutting your slaces,
Oppressing Laws with strokes, and here destroying
Thine whose great power we must try him.
Even this to criminal, and in such capital kind
Defences th'eextreamest death.

Busby. But since he hath Fehler'd well for Rome.

Coriolanus. What do you prate of Service,

Busby. I call thee of that, that know it.

Coriolanus. Thou, this is the promise that you made your mother.

Cominius. Know, I pray you.

Coriolanus. He know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleasing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their merci, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can give,
To hate with sayning, Good morrow.

Sicinius. For that he hath
(A much as in him lies) from time to time
Enuit against the people; seeking means
To plucke away their power: as now at haft,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dread'd Justice, but on the Ministers
That doth dibeute it. In the name of th' people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(E'nu from th' inlant) banish him our City
In peril of precipitation
From off the Roche Tarpeian, nearer more
To enter our Rome gates. P'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee fo.

All. It shall bee fo, it shall bee fo; let him away.

He's banish'd, and it shall bee fo.

Cominius. Hear me my Matter, and my common friends.

Sicinius. He's fencum'd: No more heareing.

Cominius. Let me speake.

I have bene Consulfull, and can fiew from Rome
Her Enemies mares with me. I doe loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrave,
And crouse of my Loynes; then I would
Speake that.

Sicinius. We know your drifts. Speake what?

Busby. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.

It shall bee fo.

All. It shall bee fo, it shall bee fo.

Coriolanus. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a th rent Penes: whose Loues I praze,
As the dead Cautes of wretched men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And here remaine with you uncertaintye.

Let every treble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Hauie the power full
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feel) slayes,
Making but repudiation of your felues,
Still your owne Poes deliver you.

As most abated Captures, to some Nation
That wone you with their blowses, despiling
For you the City. Thus I trunche my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumans.

They all three, and throw up their Capes.


The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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

Coriol. Come leave your tears: a brief farewell the beest With many heads butts me away, Nay Mother, Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd To say, Extremities was the trier of spirit That common chances, Common men could breare, That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike Shew'd Matterfship in floating. Fortunes blowes, When moft stromke home, being gentle wounded, graves A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me With Precepts that would make me insipide The heart that could not them.


Volum. Now the Red Pettiote strike all Trades in Rome, And Occupations perishe.

Coriol. What, what, what, what, I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, Restore that Spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had bene the Wife of Hernies, Six of his Labours you'd have done, and faid Your Husband to much frewe, Cominius, Droope not, Adieu! Farewell my Wife, my Mother, He do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are fater then a young man's, And venomous to thine eyes. My (Sometime) General, I have seene the Sterne, and thou haft oft beheld Heart-hardning Speeches. Tell thase frend women, 'Tis fond to waite unnececeisely, As'tis to laugh at'em. My Mother, you wot well My hazards full have beene your solace, and Belene'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; thy Sonne Will er exceld the Common, or be caugh With courous batts and practice.

Volumn. My first fonne, Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius With thee awhile: Determine on some course More then a whiley exposure, to each chance That shall't be't way before thee.

Coriol. O the Gods!

Corin. He follow thee a Monetti, dense with thee Where thou thinkest, that thou mayest be his, And we of thee. So in the time thou forth, A cause for thy Repulse, we shall not send, O're the vall world, to seek a single man, And loose advantage, which doth enet coole In th'absence of the needer.

Coriol. Fure ye well; Thou hast yeares upon thee, and thou art too full Of the warres surfect, to goe zowe with one That's yet vabrus'd: bring me but out at gate, Come my sweet wife, my dereoff Mother, and My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and sile. I pray you come: While I remaine above the ground, you shall Hear from me full, and terror of me ought But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthly As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep, If I could shake off but one feuen yeares From those old armes and legges, by the good Gods Fid with thee, every foot.

Coriol. Give me thy hand, come.

Enter the two Tribunes, S Nunes, and Brutus, with the Eede.

Volumn. Bid them all home, he's gone: & we'll no further, The Nobility are vexed, whom we fea haue side In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we have shewe our powers, Let vs seeme humber after it is done, Then when it is an doing.

Volumn. Bid them home, say let our great enemy is gone, And they, and in their ancient strengthe.

Brut. Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virginia, and Menenius.

Volumn. Let's not medlether.

Brut. Why?

Volumn. They say the's mid.

Brut. They have the note of vs: keep on your way.

Volumn. Oh y'are well met, Th'Ohoored plague a 'th Gods requite your love.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

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

Sein. Are you sinnifie?

Volumn. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foolse, Was not a man my Father? Hadn't thou Poushi To banish him that frooke more blowes for Rome Then thou haft spoken words.

Sein. Oh blested Heauen!

Volumn. Mee Noble blowes, then e'en y'are wife words, And for Rome good, I tell thee what's yet goe: Nay but thou should fly too: I would my Sonne Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him, His good Sword in his hand.

Sein. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy poerity

Volumn. Baffards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does bear for Rome?

Sein. Come, come, peace.

Sein. I would he had continued to his Country As he began, and sooners bins binaile The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volumn. I would he had. Twas you incense the table, Cats that can judge as fittly of his worth, As I can of those Mysteries which heusten Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. They let's go.

Volumn. Now pray for get you gone, You haue done a bragg decree: Ere you go, hear this: As farre as doth the Captire showe The meanest house in Rome, to fare my Sonne
This Ladies Husband here; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish’d, does exceed you all.
  Brunt. Well, well, weel have you too,
  Slen. Why stay we to be bated
With one that wants her: Wise, 
  Exit Tribune.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my Curses. Could I meete "em
But once a day, it would vnlocale my heart
Of what lies heavy too.
  Ment. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause: you’ll Sup with me.
  Valens. Angers my Meate: I stopp upon my self,
And to still freeue with Feeding: Come, let’s go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, luna-like: Come, come, come,
  Exeunt
  Ment. Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.
  Exit.
  Enter a Roman, and a Voice.
  Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your
name I thinke is Adrian.
  Voice. It is so, truly I have forgot you.
  Rom. I am a Roman, and my Service lies as you
are, against ’em. Know you me yet?
  Voice. Niger is: no.
  Rom. The same sir.
  Voice. You had more Beard when I left you, but
your favour is well approv’d by your Tongue. What’s
the Newes in Rome: I have a Note from the Volean
flace to find you out there. You have well faed mee
days tournay.
  Rom. There hath beene in Rome strange Inforrmen-
tions: The people, against the Senators, Patricians,
and Nobles.
  Vel. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinkes not
so: they are in a most warlike preparation: & hope to com
upon them, in the heat of their distution
  Rem. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive to
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriaphus,
that they are in a rife apntnefe, to take al power from the
people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
the violent breaking out.
  Vel. Coriaphus Banist?
  Rem. Banish’d sir.
  Vel. You will be welcome with this intelligence Ni-
ter.
  Rem. The day ferues well for them now: I have heard
it faide, the firstt time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
shee’s faide out with her Husband. Your Noble	
Tullius	
Coriaphus well appeare in well in Warres, his great
Opporer Coriaphus being now in no reqest of his coun-
try.
  Voice. He cannot choose: I am most fortunates, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my
Banisse, and I will marry accompany you home.
  Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you moft
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good
of their Adueraries. Have you an Army ready fay you?
  Vel. A moft Royall one: The Centurions, and their
charges dishantly billetred already in’th entertain-
ment, and to be on foot at an hostilet warning.
  Rem. I am joyfull to hear of their readinesse and am
the man I thinkes, that shall sett them in present Action. So
fir, hearty well met, and most glad of your Company,
  Vel. You take my part from me sir, I have the moft
care to be glad of yours.
  Rom. Well, let us go together,
  Exeunt.
  Enter Coriaphus in mean Apparell, Dif-
gusted, and muffled.
  Cori. A goodly City is this Autunm. City,
’Tis that made my Widdowes: Many an hoynre
Of these fair Edifices for my Warres
Have I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wives with Spots, and Boyes with Flones
In puny Battall fly me. Save you sir.
  Enter a Citizen.
  Cit. And you.
  Cori. Cit. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Ant
Edifice lies: Is he in Autunm?
  Cit. He is, and feeth the Nobles of the State, at his
house this night.
  Cori. Which is his house, be fearful you?
  Cit. This beere before you.
  Cori. Thank you sir, farewell.
  Exit Citizen.
Oh world, thy slippery turnes: Friends now fast sworn,
Who double becoms service to wear out heart,
Whose Housres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are filll together: who Twin (as twere) in Love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a diffention of a Doit, break out
To bitterred Emnity : So scelleth Foes,
Whose Pfaffions, and whose Plots have broke: their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egg, shall grow dearer
And inter-loyne their pallies.
So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loyons upon
This Eueness Towne: He enter, if he flay me
He does faire Justice: if he give me way,
I do his Country Service.
  Exeunt.
  Musick playeth. Enter a Servant.
  1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine, What servittbe is heere? I
think our Fellows are offence.
  Exit Servant.
  Enter another Servant.
  2 Ser. Where’s Cuvantine Mcala for him: Cuse, 
Exit Coriaphus. Enter Coriaphus.
  Cori. A goodly Houfe;
The Feast finenes well: but I appear not like a Guest.
  Enter the first Servant.
  1 Ser. What would you have Friend? Wherence are you? 
Here’s no place for you: Pray go to the door.
  Exit Cori. I have drinck’d no better entertainment, in be-
ing Coriaphus.
  Exit second Servant.
  2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha’s the Porter his eyes in
his head, that he gies entrance to such Companions?
Pray get you out.
  Cori. Away.
  2 Ser. Away? Get you away.
  Cori. Now that’s troublesome.
  2 Ser. Are you to brant? He have you talk with anon.
  Enter 2 Servants, the 1 meets him.
  3 What Fellowes this?
  1 A strange one as ever I look’t of: 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.
  Cori. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.
  3 What are you?
  Cori. A Gentleman.
  3 A manfull poor one.
  Cori. True, so I am.
  3 Pray you poor Gentleman, take vp some other fla-

1
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Act I, Scene i

Coriol. Follow your Function, go, and batton on colde bitts, / Pluck him away from him.

Coriol. What you will not? Nythecue tell my Master what / a strange Gruit he's here.

And I shall. Exit second Servyngman.


3 Th' City of Kiesz and Crowes? What an Affie it is, / then thou dwelt'th with Dawter too?

Coriol. No, I ferue not thy Master.

3 How far? Do you meddle with my Master? Coriol. I, is an honerfree ferue, then to meddle with / thy Millir: Thou pratt'th, and pratt'th, ferue with thy trencher: Hence.

Enter Aufidius with the Servyngman. Auf. Where is this Fellow?

1 Here fir, I'd have beaten him like a dogge, but for / disturbing the Lords within.


Coriol. If Thetis not yet thou knowl'w me, and seeing / me, dost not think me for the man I am, necesseite com- / mands me name me my felle.

Auf. What is thy name?

Coriol. A name vanityfull to the Volscis cares, / And harsh in found to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apperance, and thy Face / Bears a Command in: Though thy Tackles tomne, / Thou fliw'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Coriol. Prepare thy brow to frowne knowl'w ye me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Coriol. My name is Coriolius Martius, who hath done / To thee particularlie, and to all the Voles / Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witness may / My Surnam Coriolius. The painfull Service, / The extreme Dangers, and the dropspe of Blood / Shed for my thankfull COUNTRY, are required: / But with that Surname, a good memorie / And witness of the Malices and Litelplentie / Which thou shoul'd be rememb'red, onl'y that name remains, / The Cruely and Erry of the people, / Permitted by our daifred Nobles, who / Have all forsooke me, hath desou'd the felfe; / And fnder'd me by th'voyce of Stuues to be / Hoopen out of Rome. Now this extremity, / Hath brought me to thy Hanth, not out of Hope / (Maketh me not) to fave my life: for if / I had fear'd death, of all the Men i' th'World / I woul'd have voided thee. But in mere spight / To be full quitt of tho'f my Banilfers, / Stand I before thee here: Then if thou hast / A heart of wreake in thee, that wil revenge / Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop th'othr simes / Of flame seene through thy COUNTRY, Iped thee straighter / And make my misery firmer thynowne. So we it, / That my revengefull Service may prese. / As Benefits to thee. For I will fight / Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleene / Of all the vader Friends. But if so be, / Thou dar'ft not this, and that to prove more Fortunes / That art ey'd, then in a world, I also am / Longer to live most weesse and present / My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice: / Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Poole, / Since I have ever followed thee with hate, / Drawne Tunes of Blood out of thy Countries breit, / And cannot live but to thy blame, vincible / It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh Martius, Martius. / Each word thou haft spoke, hath weed'nt from my heart / A roote of Ancient Envy, If I uppiter. / Should from yond cloud speake divine things, / And fay'st true: I'd be beleue them more / Then thee all-Noble Martius. Let me twine / Mine armes about that body, where against / My grained Aft an hundred times hath broke, / And fear'd the Moone with splinters in sheer I cleepe. / The Anuile of my Sword, and do contenst / As hotely, and as Nobly with thy Loute, / As ever in Ambitious strenge, I did / Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, / I told the Maid I married: neuer man / Sigh'd breath, but. that I see thee there / Thou Noble thing, more dances my right heart, / Then when I first my wedded Milirias saw. / Beltride my Threshold. Why, than Mars I tell thee, / We have a Power on foote: and I had porpose / Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawnve, / Or lose mine Arme for't: Thou haft beate me out / Twice the feuerall times, and I have nighly finde / Dreames of encounters with thy felle and me: / We have beene downe together in my Scepter, / Unbuckling Helme, sifting each other Thrust, / And wak'd haifde with nothing, Worthy Martius, / Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that / Thou art thence Banil'd, we would murther all / From twelve, to feuentee: and powring Ware / Into the bowels of vngrateful Rome, / Like a bold Fload o'er-bear. Oh come, go in, / And take our Friendly Senators by th'hands / Who now are here, taking their fuses of mee, / Who am prepare'd against your Territories, / Though not for Rome it selfe. / Coriol. You bleffe me Gods. / Auf. Therefore most absolut Sir, if thou wilt have / The leading of thine owne Reuenues, take / Th'one halfe of my Commission, and let downe / As beft thou art experience'd, of thine owne / Thy Countries strength and weakesse, thine owne wais / Whether so knappe against the Gates of Rome, / Or rudely vlist them in parts remote, / To fright them, ere defory. But come in, / Let me commend thee first, to thole that shall / Say yea to thy deites. A thousand welcomes, / And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy, / Yet Martius that was much. Your hands most welcome. / Exeunt enter two of the Servyngmen.

1 Heere's a strange altercation?

2 By my hand, I had thought to have stroken him with / a Cudgel, and yet my minde gave me, his clothes made / a sable report of him.

3 What an Arre he has, he turn'd me about with his / finger and his thumbes, as one would fet up a Tepp. / Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing / in him. He had sir, a kind of face me thought, I cannot
tell how to tearme it.
1. He had do, 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, he be sworne: He is simply the rarest man I' th' world.
3. I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he.
4. Who is my Master?
5. Nay, it is no matter for that.
6. Worth fix on him.
7. Nay not for neither but I take him to be the greater Souliour.
8. Fare you look you, one cannot tell how to say that for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.
9. It is, and for an afflait too.
10. Enter the third Servingman.
13. I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
line be a condamn'd man.
14. Bath. Wherefore? Wherefore?
15. Why here he's that was went to thwacke our General, Caius Martius.
16. Do you say thwacke our Generall, but he was always good enough for him.
17. Come we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say to himselfe.
18. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't before Coriolanus, he fetche him, and norcht him like a Garbindo.
19. And he had bin Cannibally given, he might have boyed and eaten him too.
20. But more of thy News.
21. Why he is so made on heere withins, as if he were Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end o'th Table: No question ask him by any of the Senatours, but they stand bale before him. Our General himselfe makes a Mithis of him, Sandhighe himselfe with his hand, and tortes vp the white of th' eyes to his Dicourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is out i'th middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other halfe of his halle, by the intraince and gravet of the whole Table. He'll goe he sayes, and tolle the Porte of Rome Gates by the ears. He will move all downe before him, and lease his passag peuld.
22. And he's as like to do, as any man I can imagine.
23. Don't, he will don't to look you stirr, he has as many friends as Enemies: which friends for as it were, durst not (lookes you stirr) fhow themselues (as we terme it) his Friends, while he's in Directiuue.
24. Directiuue? What's that?
25. But when they shall see for, his Creft vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Barnegues (like Contes after Raine) and rentell all with him.
26. But when it goes this forwards.
27. Tomorrow, so day, presently, you shall have the Drum sroke vp this aftemoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be Executed ere they wipe their lips.
28. Why then wee shall have a flaring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruff Irons, mende Tylors, and breed Balaid-makers.
29. Let me have Warre say I, it excells peace as farre as day do's night: It's brighty walking, audibly, and full of Verse. Peace, is a very Apparel, Lethargie, unkind'd, deafe, feep, infusible, a getter of more baltard Child-
dren, then warres a defroyer of men.
29. 'Tis so, and as warres in some sorte may be guide to be a Raisier, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.
30. I, and it makes men hate one another.
31. Reason, because they then leve nothe one another.
32. The Warres for my money, I hope to see Roman's as cheapes as Voluicins. They are sitting, they are rying.
33. Bath. In, in, in. Exeunt
34. Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.
35. Sicinius. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him.
36. His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Herein do we make his Friends
Butch, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselfies did suffer by't, behald
Diffentious numbers pestling streets, then see
Our Trademen finging in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.
37. Enter Memorius.
38. Memorius. We stood too in good time. Is this Memorius?
39. Sicinius. 'Tis he, 'tis he; he is grown most kind of late.
40. Halie Sir. Memor. Halie to you both.
41. Sicinius. Your Ceninicius is no more mild, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and to would do, were he more angry at it.
42. Memor. All's well, and might have bene much better, if he could have temporiz'd.
43. Sicinius. Where is he, hear he you?
44. Memor. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.
45. Enter three or four Citizens.
46. All. The Gods preferue you both.
47. Sicinius. Gooden our Neighbours,
48. Memor. Gooden to you all, goodden to you all.
49. Our felues, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both,
40. Sicinius. Lie, and thrive.
51. Memor. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wish Ceninicius had lent you as we did.
52. All. Now the Gods keepes you,
53. Bath. Farewell, farewell. Exeunt Citizens
54. Sicinius. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.
55. Memor. Caius Martius was
56. A worthy Officer: I'll Warre, but Infident.
57. Comere with Pride, Ambitious past all thinking
58. Self-looking:
59. Sicinius And affecting one sole Throne, without affilience
60. Memor. I think not so.
61. Sicinius. We shou'd by this, ro all our Lamentation,
62. If he had gone forth Confidly, found it fo.
63. Memor. The Gods have well prevenced it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.
64. Enter an Aldis.
65. Aldis. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Voles with two wellend Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepset malice of the Warre,
Defray, what lies before em.
66. Memor. 'Tis Affidius,
67. Who hearing of our martius Banishment,
68. Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were in-shall'd, when Martius stood for Rome,
And durst not once perepe out.

Stein. Come, what talks ye of Martius?

Brut. Go see this Runner what it is not, for

The Volces dare brake with vs.

Mene. Cannot be?

We haue Record, that very well it can
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reston with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Left you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Stein. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Brut. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mene. The Nobles in great earnestall are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turns their Countenances.

Stein. 'Tis this Slide:
Go whip him for the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mene. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slide is report for the seconded, and more
More fearefull is deluded.

Stein. What more fearefull?

Mene. It spake freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Martius
Loyn'd with Auffidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spactious, as betweene
The yong't and oldeft thing,

Stein. This is most like.

Brut. Rain'd onely, that the weaker fort may with
Good Martius home againe.

Stein. The very trickey on't.

Mene. This is volkely,
He, and Auffidius can no more alone
Then violent I Contrariety.

Enter Messengers.

Mene. You are fent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by Cassi Martius,
Afflicted with Auffidius, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and have already
O're-borne their way, confum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Commissaries.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.

Brut. What newes? What newes?

Com. You have hopp to raunish your owne daughters,
To melt the City Leaders vpon your pates,
To see your Wives disdoun'ed to your Noles.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Francises, whereon you ftood, confin'd
Into an Augurs boar.

Brut. Pray now, your newes:
You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If Martius should be loyn'd with Volceans,

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

Mene. You have made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that flood so much
Vpon the voice of occupation, and

The breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll 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'll take pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do limlyngly Pente, and who refits
Are mock'd for vallant Ignorance,
And perish constant Foolish: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde somthing in him.

Mene. We are all vndone, vnkle.

The Noble man haue mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people
Defence such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Does of the Shephers: for his best friens, if they
Should faie to be good to Rome, they charge'd him, even
As shope should do that had defens'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Mene. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should confumat it, I haue not the face
To fay, breeth ye cause. You have made faire hands,
You and your Craft, you have wrought faire,

Com. You have brought
A Trelumber vpon Rome, such as was never
Sincereable of helpes.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way vnto your Clutters, who did hooe
Him out of City.

Com. But I feare
They'll roare him in againe. Tullius Auffidius,
The secon' name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Mene. Here come the Clutters. And is Auffidius with him? You are they
That made the Ayse now the, when you call
Your shinking, grea Cap's in hooting.

At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Soulsdiers head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vpon will be tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue defens'd it.

Owners. Faith, we haere fearefull News.

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

2. And to did 1,

3. And to did 1: and to fay the truth, so did very ma-
ny of vs, that we did did for the beft, and though wee
willingly conveyed to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. You're goodly things, you voyces.

Mene. You have made good worke
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh I, what efe?

Excuse both.

Stein. Go Matters get you home, be not dissaid,
There are a Side, that would be glad to hane
This true, which they do feene to ferce. Go home,
And chew no signe of Fears.

1. Cit.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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

Menen. No, Ile not got ye hear what he hath said. Which was sometime his General: who loosed him In a most deere particular. He calld me Father: But what o't 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 hear Cominius speake, he keepes at home. Com. He would not tence to know me.

Menen. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled togethger. Coriolanus He would not answr too: Forbad all Names, He was a knnde of Nothing, Titleleffe, Till he had foreg'd him selfe a name at fir Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you have made good woks: A pire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheaper: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to parden When it was leffe expected. He replied It was a bare petition of a State To whom they had punifh'd.

Menen. Very well, could be heap leffe. Com. I offered to awakn his regard For's private Friends. His answr to me was He could not lay to picke them, in a pile Of onelysome muly Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave vnbunt And still to note th' offence.

Menen. Forone poore graine or two?

I am one of those this Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the muly Chaffe, and you are simle Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicini. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your syde In this so nevred, helpes, ye do not Vpbraid'd with our differe. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the infaunt Arme we can make Might flop our Countryman.

Menen. Not: He ne muddle.

Sicini. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What should I do?

Brut. Onely make shill what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards Martius.

Menen. Well, and say that Martius return mee, As Commission is return'd, wheards: what then? But as a diferentiel Friend, greefs: this With his winddrife. Say's be so?

Sicini. Yet your good will Mult hauze that thankes from Rome, after the measure As you intende well.

Menen. Ile vnderstak':

I thnk he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good Cominius, much vnbears mee.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd, The Veines vnfall'd, our blood is cold, and then We poul't upon the Morning, are vnapt To give or forgive; but when we have stuffe Thrice Pipes, and these Consuencies of our blood With Wine and Feeding, we have supper So then in our Priest-like Paths: therefore hee watch him Till he be diered to my requit, And then hee lay upon him.

But you know the very code into his kindnesse, And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith I proue him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have tooo much Of my Discharge.

Exit. 

Com. Hee in earnest hear thee, N. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye Red as twould burne Rome: and his Inury The Gauler to his pitty, I kneel'd before him, 'Twas very fainly he said: Rifer: defmit me Thus with his speechiue hand, What he would do He fent in writing after me: what he would not, Bound with an Oath to yeild to his conditions: So that all hope was vain, vnfile the Noble Mother, And of the Wife who (as hee) meant to solace him For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence, And with our faitre in tresse haft them on.

Enter Messenius to the Watch or Guard.

Watch. Stay: whence are you, Comm. Stand, and go backe. 

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well, But by your leave, I am an Officer of State, &c. &c. you speak with Coriolanus From whence? Men. From Rome. 

1. You may not passe, you must returne: our General will no more have hear from hence. 

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

Men. Good my friends, If you have heard your Generall talk of Rome, And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanke, My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius, Be it so, go backe the vertue of your name, Is heare passable.

Men. Tell thee Fellow, Thy Generall is my Lone: I have beene The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read His Name vanparolf'd, happily amplified: For I have euer verified my Friends, Of whom bee's cheere) with all the fize that verity Would without laeding suffer: Nay, sometimes, Like to a Bowlow upon a jubileeground I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise Haue (almost) flampt the Leafing. Therefore Fellow, I must haue leave to passe.

1. Patric Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you have vtered words in your owne, you should not passe hence: no, though it were as vertuous to lyse, as to live chatly. Therefore we goe backe.

Men. By these fellowes, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your General.

2. Howouer you have bin his Lier, as you say you have, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore goe backe.

Men. Hu's he don't can't thou tell? For I would not speak with him, till alter dinner.

1. You are a Roman, are you?
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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not from another: Let your General do his work. 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 Aufidius.

Cori. Who will before the walls of Rome to morrow See downe our Host. My partner in this Action, You must report to th'Volcanic Lords, how plainly I have borne this Bussifene.

Auf. Ondy their ends you have respect'd, Stopp'd your eares against the general suite of Rome: Never admitted a priuate whisper, no not with such friends That thought them fere of you.

Cori. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lode me, about the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their laste refuge Was to send him: for whose old Louse I have (Though I shew'd lowly to him) once more offer'd The first Conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more: A very little He yielded too, Feth Embassies, and Suites, Not from the State, not priuate friends hereafter Will I lend ear to. Has what shout is this? Shout within? Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will noe.

Enter Virginia, Volusia, Valeria, young Martina, with Attendants.

My wife comes forth, then the honour's mould Whereto this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand Th'Grandchild to her blood. But our affliction, All bond and priuateledge of Nature break'd: Let be Vertuous to be Obscinate.

What is that Court's worth? Or thofe Dones eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not Offsrenger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should In supplication soil'd: and my yong Boy Hath an Ape?t of interceifion, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and narrow Italy, Ile heuer Be such a Golings to obey infinite; but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Cori. These eyes are not the fame I wore in Rome. Vir. The sorrow that delites vs thus chang'd, Makes you thinkle in.

Cori. Like a dull Achor now; I have forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full Disharg. Beft of my Fiefl, Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say, For that forgive our Romanes. O a life! Long as my Exile, was I a love to my Revenge.

Now by the ialous Queen of Heauen, that kisse I carried from thee desire; and mure true Lippe Harsh Virginia's face. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leave vnlaid: Sink my kneele th'earth, Of thy deepery desire, more imprefion shew Then that of comon Sonnes.

Volus. Oh stand vp blee! Whil'l with no fofter Cusion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and unproperly Shew duty as mithken, all this while, Be twee the Childe, and Parent.

Cori. What's this? thy knees to me? To your Correct Sonne? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres; Then, let the mutinous winde Stike the proud Cedars gainst the fiery Sun: Mudring impossibility, to make What cannot be, flight worketh.

Volus. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to fame thee. Do you know this Lady?

Cori. The Noble Sifter of Publilia; The Moone of Rome: Chaffe as the Icle That's curdied by the Froth, from purest Snow, And lings on Dion's Temple: Deere Valeria.

Volus. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th'interprétation of full time, May shew like all yourself.

Cori. The God of Souldiers:

With the content of him came Ione, informe Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst prove To shame vnuulnerable, and fitch 7th Warres Like a great Sea-marke standing euery flawe, And fasting thofe that eye thee.

Volus. Your love, Sir.

Cori. That's my braye Boy, Volus. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and my selfe, Are Sutors to you.

Cori. I beseech you peace:

Or if youl'd ask, remember this before; The thing I hate forsworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denyed. Do not bid me Dismoile my Soldiers, or captivate A game, with Romans Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I seeme vnnaturall: desire not allay My Rages and Renvenges, with your colder reasons; Volus. Oh no more, no more.

You have said you will not grant vs any thing; For we have nothing elxe to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask, That if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardinesse, therefore heare vs.

Cori. Aufidius, and you Volces marke, for we? Hearre nought from Rome in priuate. Your requet?

Volus. Should we be silent and not speake, our Raiment and state of Bodies would bewray what life We haue led since thy Exile, Thinkes with thy selfe, How more unfortunatet then all living women Are we come hither, for that thy finge, which should Make our cite flye with joy, harts dance with comforts, Constrains them weep, and flake with fear and sorrow, Making the Mother, wife, and Child to fee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tear'ing His Countries Bowes out: and to poore we Thine enmities most capital; Thou barest it vs Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we? Ask how can we, for our Country pray? Where toe we are bound, togethre with thy victory: Where toe we are bound; Alack, or we must looke The Countrie our dere Nuru, or else thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must finde An evident Calamity, though we had Our with, which side should win. For neither thou Must as a Fornaine Recrues be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumpantly reade in thy Countries ruine.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And bear the Palm, for hating bruaily Hed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood : For my selfe, Sonne,
I purposse not to waste on Fortune, till
There was a certaine : I cannot perweade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then secke the end of one ; thou shalt no sooner
March to affid thy Country, then to treacle
(Truell too, thou shalt no) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world,

Firg. 1, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name living to time.

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

Corin. Not of a woman tenderneffe to be,
Requites nor Childe, nor womans face to see : I
have fate too long.

Temet. Nay, go not from vs thus ;
If ye were to, that our request did tend
To get the Romans, thereby to deftroy
The Volces whom ye ferce, ye might condemne vs
As pooyolous of your Honour. No, no, our fate
Is that you reconcile them : While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shewed : the Romans,
This we receivd, and each in either side
Gude the All-huele to thee, and cry be Blief
For making vp this peace. Thow knowl't (great Sonne)
The end of Wares ye etrate ; but this certaine,
That if thou comper Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby thrape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be doggd with Curves :
Whole Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his left Attemp, he wip'd it out.
Defroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To thinsuing Age, abhord'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fine framess of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To teare with Thanber the wide Checker s'th'Arcs,
And yeet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul.
That shoul but raise an Oake. Why doth not speake?
Think'th thou is Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speake you :
He cares not for thy weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childlikeffe will move him more
Then can our Reason. There's no man in the world
More bound to his Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one of th'Stockes, Thou hast never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any cuttefe,
When fie the poor Hen ) Fond of no seconde brood,
He's a clock d' ice to the Wares : and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requl's vniu, and
Spuerne me backe : But, if'tt be not to
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plauge thee
That thou refrain't from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away
Down Ladies let st blame him with him without knees
To his full-name Coriolanus longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Do we ran end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And omm' the Neighbours : Nay, behold's, this
Boy that cannot determine what he would have,
But kneels, and holds vp hands for fellow ship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou half to deny'd. Come, let vs go :
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother :
His Wife is in Carules, and his Childe
Like him by chance : yet gue vs our dispatch.

I am bidden untl our City be affer, & then Ile speak a little
Hold her by the hand flent,

Corin. O Mother, Mother !
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother ! Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome,
But for your Sonne, believe it : Oh believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevaile d,
If not mort mortall to him. But let it come :
Afraid, though I cannot make true Wares,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good Afraid,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A Mother leafe? or granted leffe Afraid ?
Aft. I was most withall.

Corin. I dare be sworne you were :
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mene eyes to sweat compassion. But (good Sir)
What peace you make, aduise me : For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this case, Oh Mother! Wife !
Aft. I am glad thou hast let thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee : Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a forder Fortune.

Corin. I by and by : But we will drink togeather ;
And you shall bear
A better winneffe backe then woods, whitch we
On like conditions, will have Counter-feat'd,
Come enter with vs : Ladies you delerne
To have a Temple built you : All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not have made this peace.

Enter Messuem and Steins.

Sten. See you goin' 4th Capitol, you'ert comer
Sten. Why what of that?

Mene. It be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espee-
ially his Mother, may prevaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our threats are fentenc d, and they vppon
execution.

Sten. It's possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this "Mismeet, is
grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more
then a creeping thing.

Sten. He loves his Mother dearly.

Mene. So did he euer: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, when an eighty years old horse, the cannon
of his face, fores ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Tread-
ing. He is able to pierce a Contilet with his eye : Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits 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 Heauens to Throne in.

Sten. Yes, merry, if you report him truly.

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

Sten. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. Not in such a case the Gods will not bee good
to vs. When we bandish him, we respect not them: and
he returning to breake our necks, they repelce not vs.,

Enter a Messenger.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As. Sir, if youl'd save your life, fly to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hate him vp and downe; all swearing, if The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the News? (prey'd I'd) 2008. Good News, good news, the Ladies hate The Volcians are dislodged, and Marsius gone: A merrier day did never yet give Rome, No, not the expedition of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, are thou certain this is true? It's most certain.

As. As certaine as I know the Sun is set: Where have you lurk'd that you make doubts of it? Ne're through an Arch to turst the blowtne Tide, As the reafforced through th'gates. Why harke you: Trumpets; Hoys y, Drums beat, altogether. The Trumpets, Sackbutts, Pistackers, and Fife's, Tabors, and Symbolae, and the flowing Romans, Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. A shout within Mente. This is good News. I will go meete the Ladies. This Polumna, Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patriots, A City full: Of Tribunes such as you. A sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day: This Morning, for thousandd of your throats, I'd not have given a dote. Harke, how they joy.

Sic. First, the Gods beleeve you for your tydings: Next, accept my thankefullness.

As. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks. Sic. They are nearest the City.

As. Almost at point to enter. Sic. We will meete them, and helple the joy. Except.

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

Sena. Behold our Patroness, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, fire flowr before them: Vnshoost the noise that Banished Marsius; Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother: Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A flourish with Drums and Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Asf. Go tell the Lords at'h City, I am here: Deliver them this Paper: having read it, Bid them repasse to th'Market place, where I Enre in theirs, and in the Commons ears Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse: The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends't appear before the People, hoping To purge himselfe with words, Dispatch. Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Passion.

Moft Welcome.

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

2. Con. Mott Noble Sir, If you do hold the fame intent Wherein you writ vs parties: We'll deliver you of your great danger.

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

3. Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whilst It twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either Makes the Survior heyre of all.

Asf. 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 waterd his new Plants with dewes of Flatterie, Seducing to my Friends: and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, newer knowne before, But to be rough, unsayable, and free.

3. Conf. Sir, his frowndele

When he did hand for Contall, which he left By lacke of rooming.

Asf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Hart, Present'd to my knife his Throat: I took him, Made him joyne-faunt with me: Gaue him way In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplis My belt and frethre men, serv'd his designments 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 feem'd his Follower, nor Partner: and He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if I had bin Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord: The Army marystly ar'd, and in the laff,

When he had caried Rome, and that we look'd For no left Spoile, then Glory.

Asf. There was it:

For which my finewes shall be f-report upon him, At a few drops of Women rheume, which are

As cheape as Lies; he fold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye, And He renew me in his fall. But harke.

Drummes and Trumpets sound, with great flourishes of the people.

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

2. Con. And patient Peoles, Whole children he hath flaine, their bale throats teare

With glazing him glory.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage; Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people With what he would ley, let him seale your Swords: Which we will scond, when he lies along After your way. His Tale pronounce'd, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body.

Asf. Say no more. Herecome the Lords, Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords, you are most welcome home,

Asf. I have not detenn'd it.

But worthy Lords, have you with heedle perfused What I have written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And greene to heare't: What faults he made before the laff, I think

Might have found easie Fines: but there to end Where he was to begin, and give away The benefite of our Leues, answering vs With our owne charge: making a Treate, where There was a yeelding; this admits no excufe,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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Flatter'd your Volcians in Coriolus; Alone I did it, Boy.

Aes. Why Noble Lords, Will you be put in mind of his blinde Fortune, Which was your fume, by this vnholie Braggart? Fore your owne eyes, and cares?

All Covid. Let him dye for't.

Aes. All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently: He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine Marcia, he kill'd my Father.

3 Lord. Peace beo: no outrage, peace: The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in This Orbe o'th earth; His latl offences to vs Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand Auffidum, And trouble not the peace.

Cario. O that I had him, with six Auffidisses, or more: His Tribe, to vife my lawful Sword, Aes. Infolent Villaine.

All Covid. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him, Draw buxom the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who falls, Auffidum stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold.

Aes. My Noble Maisters, hear me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullius.

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

3 Lord. Tread not upon him Maisters, all be quiet, Put vp your Swords.

Aes. My Lords, When you shall know (as in this Rage Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this mans life did owe you, you retioye That he is thus cut off. Praise it your Honours To call me to your Senate, tis deliver Your selle your loyall Servant, or endure Your heauenly Ceniture.

1 Lord. Bearer from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be regard'd As the moft Noble Cofinc, that euer Herald Did follow to his Vrne.

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

Aes. My Rage is gone, And I am brette with forrow. Take him vp: Helpes there to thefe Volcians, Ile be on; Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mowrfully: Traile your selle Pikes. Though in this City lie Hath widow'd and vnchilled many a one, Which to this house bewaile the Innyr, Yet he shall have a Noble Memory,

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

FINIS.