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<funder>
  <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
  Crowdfunding</funder>
  The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.</funder>
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  <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
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<authority>
Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services

Address:
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Osney Mead
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Availability:
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Source Description:

Author:
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Title:
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.

Title:
Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

Title:
First Folio

Publisher:
William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

Date:
1623
8 November 1623 (entered)

Shelfmark:
Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

ESTC Citation No:
S111228

ALEPH System No:
015592789

Citations:
ESTC, S111228
Greg, III, p. 1109-12
Pforzheimer, 905
STC (2nd ed.), 22273
Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a
First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p. 30


<width unit="mm">323</width>
</dimensions>
</support>
</foliation>
<p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
</foliation>
</collation>
<p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1 [πB³], ²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ χgg⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ 1.2 [para.]-2[para.])⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶ gg² Gg⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ χg⁶ h-v⁶ x⁴ 2y-3b⁶.</p>
<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
<p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
</condition>

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

</condition>
</supportDesc>
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</p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.
Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>

"Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit: London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl title="Third Folio"><title>Third Folio</title><date when="1664">1664</date></bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.

Digital facsimile images available at: http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/
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Second Lord 2 Lord. 2. Lord.

Second Senator 2 Sen. 2. Sen. 2 Sena.

Second Servant 2 Ser. 2. Ser.

Second Conspirator 2 Con. 2. Con.

Second Officer 2. Off. 2 Off.

Second Roman 2. Rom. 2 Rom.


Second Watchman 2. Wat. 2 Wat.

Third Citizen 3 Cit. 3
3. Cit.

Third Conspirator

Third Consp.

Third Lord

Third Roman

All Conspirators

All Lords

All People

All Citizens

Third Servingman

Tullus Aufidius, general of the Vulscians

Both Tribunes
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  <persName type="standard">Both</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Boy.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Corio.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Coriol.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Gent.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-cor-her"/>
Herald

Herauld.

Titus Lartius, general against the Volscians

Lar.

Lart.

Latius.

Tit.

Titus Lartius.

Lieutenant, to Aufidius

Lieu.

Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus

Me.

Men.

Mene.

Menen.

Messenger

Mes.

Mess.

Nobleman

Noble.

Officer

Off.

Patrician

Patri.

Patrician

Patri.

Roman

Rom.

Sicinius Velutus, tribune of the people

Scici.
Scicin.
Sic.
Sicin.

Senator
Sen.
Sena.
Senat.

Soldier
Sol.
Soul.
Sould.

Tribune
Tri.

Valeria, friend to Virgilia
Valer.
Valeria.

Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus
Virg.
Virgil.
Vlug.

2. Ladies.

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus
Vol.
Volum.
Volsce.

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

B Efore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

Resolu'd, resolu'd.

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

We know't, we know't.

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

Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away.

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

Would you proceede especially against Caius Martius.

Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com-

Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee-ing proud.

Nay, but speak not maliciously.

I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end: though soft conscien'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his virtue.
What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac-count a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co-uetous.

If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusa-tions he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition. Showts within.

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

Come, come.

Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath lou'd the people.

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

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

Our busines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which this
now wee'1 shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue strong breaths,
they shal know we haue strong arms too.</p>
</sp>

Menen.</speaker> Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?</l>
</sp>

2. Cit.</speaker>
<p>We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.</p>
</sp>

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

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

Menen.</speaker> Either you must
Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But since it serues my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.
Well, Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke
To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliuer.

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

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

Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabricke, if that they
Men. What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

Who is the sinke a th'body.

Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th'body.

I will tell you,
If you'l bestow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.

Y'are long about it

Note me this good Friend;
Your most graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered,
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at first
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'seate o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this says the Belly) marke me.

I sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receive the Flowre of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you too't?

It was an answer, how apply you this?

The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Councils, and their Cares; disgest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:
Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.

The one side must have baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius

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

I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?
We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Cures,?

That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:

Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,

Then is the coale of fire vp upon the Ice,

Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,

And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes,

Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are

A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that

Which would encrease his euill. He that depends

Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,

And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?

With euery Minute you do change a Minde,

And call him Noble, that was now your Ha
tate:

Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,

That in these seuerall places of the Citie,

You cry against the Noble Senate, who

(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else

Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say

The Citie is well stor'd.

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:

For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you, What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissolu'd: Hang em; They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouverbes

That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate

That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not

Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds

They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd

And a petition granted them, a strange one,

To breake the heart of generosity,

And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns a'th Moone,

Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms

Of their owne choice. One's Iunius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The rabble should haue first vnroo'st the City

Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time

Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames

For Insurrections arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius?
Heere: what's the matter?

The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.

I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

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

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

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

Then worthy Martius' tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
Attend vpon <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> to these Warres.<l>
</l>

<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>It is your former promise.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Sir it is,</l>
  <l>And I am constant: <hi rend="italic">Titus Lucius</hi>, thou</l>
  <l>Shalt see me once more strike at <hi rend="italic">Tullus</hi> face.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
  <l>No <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi>,</l>
  <l>Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,</l>
  <l>Ere stay behinde this Businesse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Oh true-bred.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know</l>
  <l>Our greatest Friends attend vs.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
  <l>Lead you on: Follow <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>, we must followe</l>
  <l>you, right worthy your Priority.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Noble <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
  <p>Hence to your homes, be gone.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Nay let them follow.</l>
  <l>The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,</l>
  <l>To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,</l>
  <l>Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.</l>
</sp>
Citizens steale away. Manet.

Sicin. &amp; Brutus.

Sicin.

&lt;sp who="#F-cor-sic"&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-cor-bru"&gt;
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&lt;sp who="#F-cor-sic"&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-cor-bru"&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-cor-sic"&gt;

Was euer man so proud as is this Martius?

Bru.

He has no equall.

When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Nay, but his taunts.

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

Bemocke the modest Moone.

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

Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vn-der Cominius?

Fame, at the which he aymes,

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

Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe To th'utmost of a man, and giddy censure Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he Had borne the businesse.

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

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

To Martius shall be Honors, though In ought he merit not.

So, your opinion is Auffidius, That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes, and know how we proceede.

More then his singularity, he goes Vpon this present Action.

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

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolius.

So, your opinion is Auffidius, That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes, And know how we proceede.
Is it not yours?  
What euer haue bin thought one in this State  
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome  
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone  
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke  
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;  
They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne  
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,  
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,

Cominius, Martius your old Enemy  
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three leade on this Preparation  
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.

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

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

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

O doubt not that,  
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already.
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we, and Caius Martius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike till one can do no more.

All.
The Gods assist you.

Auf.
And keep your Honours safe.

1. Sen.

2. Sen.

All.
Farewell.

Exeunt. omnes.
way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had pro-ued himselfe a man.

Virg.

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

Volum.

Then his good report should haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me pro-fesse sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Gentlewoman.

Indeed you shall not: Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke Auffidius downe by th'haire: (As children from a Beare) the Voices shunning him:

Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,

Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow

With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes

Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe

Or all, or loose his hyre.

who = “#F-cor-vir”

Virg. <speaker rend="italic">His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood.</p>

Volum. <speaker rend="italic">Away you Foole; it more becomes a man</speaker>

Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>

When she did suckle <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, look'd not louelier

Then <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. <hi rend="italic">Contenning</hi>, tell <hi rend="italic">Valeria</hi>

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Heauens blesse my Lord from fell <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>

Hee'l beat <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> head below his knee,

And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.<p>

Val. <speaker rend="italic">My Ladies both good day to you.</p>

Vol. <speaker rend="italic">Sweet Madam.</p>

Vir. <speaker rend="italic">I am glad to see your Ladyship.</p>
Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-kee-pers. What are you sowing here? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

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

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

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wens-day halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd counsel-tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and o-uer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.
No (good Madam) I will not out of doores.

Val.

Not out of doores?

Volum.

She shall, she shall.

Volum.

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

Virg.

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

Vlug.

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

Val.

You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yearne she spun in Vlisses absence, did but fill Athica full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.
No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not goorth.

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

Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

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

Indeed Madam.

In earnest it's true; I heard a Senator speake it. Thus it is: the Volcies have an Army forth, against Cominius: the Generall is gone, with one part of our Ro-man power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their Citye. They nothing doubt, preuai-ling, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter.
In troth I thinke she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.
Prythee Virgilia turne thy solemnesse out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Who vir

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

Who cor val

Val.
Well, then farewell.

Who cor cor

Exeunt. Ladies.

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

Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.
My horse to yours, no.
Tis done.
Agreed.
Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker><p>They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
<speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker><p>So, the good Horse is mine.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker><p>Ile buy him of you.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
<speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
<l>No, Ile nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will</l>
<l>For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker><p>How farre off lie these Armies?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker><p>Within this mile and halfe.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Then shall we heare their Larum, &amp; they Ours.</l>
<l>Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,</l>
<l>That we with smoaking swords may march from hence</l>
<l>To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.</l></sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on <lb/>the Walles of Corialus.</stage>

<hi rend="italic">Tullus Auffidious</hi>, is he within your Walles?</hi>

<sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Senat.</speaker>
<l>No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,</l>
<l>That's lesser then a little;</l>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Drum a farre off.</stage>
<l>Heare, our Drummes</l>
<l>Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles</l>
<l>Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,</l>
<l>Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,</l>
<l>They'le open of themselues. Harke you, farre off</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum farre off.</stage>
<l>There is <hi rend="italic">Auffidious</hi>. List what worke he
makes</l>
<l>Among'st your clouen Army.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker>
<p>Oh they are at it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
<speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
<l>Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Army of the Volces.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.</l>
<l>Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight</l>
<l>With hearts more proofe then Shields.</l>
<l>Aduance braue <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>,!</l>
<l>They do disdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,</l>
<l>which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows</l>
<l>He that retires, Ile take him for a <hi rend="italic">Volce</hi>,</l>
<l>And he shall feele mine edge.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius Cursing.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>All the contagion of the South, light on you,</l>
<l>You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues</l>
<l>Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd</l>
<l>Farther then scene, and one infect another</l>
<l>Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese</l>
<l>That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run</l>
<l>From Slaves, that Apes would beate; <hi rend="italic">Pluto</hi></l>
<l>and Hell,</l>
<l>All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale</l>
<l>With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,</l>
<l>Or by the fires of hauen, Ile leaue the Foe,</l>
<l>And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on</l>
<l>If you'll stand fast, wee'll beate them to their Wiues,</l>
<l>As they vs to our Trenches followes.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Another Alarum, and</stage>

Martius followes them to <lb>gates, and is shut in.</lb>
<l>So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,</l>
<l>Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,</l>
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

1. Sol.

See they haue shut him in.

1. Sol.

See they haue shut him in.

1. Sol.

To th'pot I warrant him.

All.

To answer all the City.

Lar.

Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his senselesse Sword.

And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left Martius.

A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art

Weare not so rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier

Euen to Calues wish, not fierce and terrible

Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and

The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

Looke Sir.

O 'tis Martius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus

Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,

Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste

To helpe Cominius

who

Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,

Thy exercise hath bin too violent,

For a second course of Fight.

who

Sir, praise me not:

My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:

The blood I drop, is rather Physicall

Then dangerous to me: To Affidious thus, I

will appear

( and fight.

who

Now the faire Goddesse Fortune,

Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes

Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:

Prosperity be thy Page.

Thy Friend no lesse,

Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Thou worthiest Mar

Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,

Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,

Where they shall know our minde. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.
Breath you my friends, weel fought, we are come. Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, nor cowardly in retir: Beleeue me Sirs, we shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke by interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard the charges of our friends. The Roman Gods, lead their successes, as we wish our owne, that both our powers, with smiling fronts encountring, may giue you thankfull sacrifice. Thy newes?

Enter a Messenger.

The citizens of Corioles haue yssued, and giuen to lartius and to martius battle: aa3

I saw our party to their trenches driuen, and then I came away.

Though thou speakest truth, me thinkes thou speakest not well. How long is't since?

Aboue an houre, my Lord.

'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes. How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre, and bring thy newes so late?

Spies of the volces held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele three or foure miles about, else had I sir half an houre since brought my report.
Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder, that doth appear as he were Flead? O Gods, he has the stamp of Martius, and I have before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder from a Taber, more than I know the sound of Martius Tongue from every meaner man.

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

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees: condemning some to death, and some to exile; ransoming him, or pittying, threatening th' other; holding Corioles in the name of Rome; even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash.
To let him slip at will.

Where is that Slaue which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

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

But how preuail'd you?

Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke: Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a' th Field? If not, why cease you till you are so?

Martius, we haue at disaduantage fought, and did retyre to win our purpose.

How lies their Battell? Know you on which side they haue plac'd their men of trust?

As I guesse Martius, their Bands i' th Vaward are the Antients of their best trust: O're them Auffidious, their very heart of Hope.

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

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

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

They all shout and waue their swords, take
him vp in their Armes, and cast vp their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great Auffidious?

A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

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

Exeunt

Lart. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties.

Lart. As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch.

Lart. Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue.

Lart. For a short holding, if we loose the Field,

Lart. We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:

Lart. Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs.

Exit

Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at seueral doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee.

Auffid. We hate alike:

Mar. Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre:

More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

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

If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld

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

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

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

Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselues with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyse.
Martius, <lb/>cast vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius <lb/>and Lartius stand bare.<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, <lb/>May these same Instruments, which you prophane,<lb/>Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall<b cb n="2">}/</b><lb/>I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be<b}/</b><lb/>Made all of false-fac'd soothing:<lb/>When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,<lb/>Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres:<lb/>No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd<b cb n="2">}/</b><lb/>My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,<lb/>Which without note, here's many else haue done,<lb/>You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,<lb/>As if I lou'd my little should be dieted<b}/</b><lb/>In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.<lb/></stage><br/><sp who="#F-cor-cor"><speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker><lb/>Too modest are you:<lb/>More cruell to your good report, then gratefull<b}/</b><lb/>To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,<lb/>If'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you<b}/</b><lb/>Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,<lb/>Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,<lb/>As to vs, to all the World, That<b rend="italic">Caius Martius</b><hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?<lb/></sp><sp who="#F-cor-com"><speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker><lb/>Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,<lb/>My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,<lb/>With all his trim belonging; and from this time,<lb/>For what he did before<b rend="italic">Corioles</b>, call him,<lb/>With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,<lb/></sp><stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish. Trumpets sound,
and Drums.</stage>

<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>
  <hi rend="italic">Marcus Caius Coriolanus</hi>
</p>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
  <l>I will goe wash:</l>
  <l>And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue</l>
  <l>Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thanke you,</l>
  <l>I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times</l>
  <l>To vnder-crest your good Addition,</l>
  <l>To th'fairenesse of my power.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>So, to our Tent:</l>
  <l>Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write</l>
  <l>To Rome of our successe: you</l>
  <l>Must to</l>
  <l>The best, with whom we may articulate,</l>
  <l>For their owne good, and ours.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lartius.</speaker>
  <p>I shall, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
  <l>The Gods begin to mocke me:</l>
  <l>I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,</l>
  <l>Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
  <l>I sometime lay here in</l>
  <l>At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,</l>
  <l>He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:</l>
  <l>But then</l>
  <l>And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you</l>
  <l>To giue my poore Host freedome.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-com"/>
Com. Oh well begg'd:

Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should

Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him,

Titus. 

Lartius. 

Martius, his Name. 

Martius. 

By Iupiter forgot:

I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:

Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:

The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time

It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

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

Auffi. 

The Towne is ta'ne. 

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

Auffid. Condition? I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,

Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition?

What good Condition can a Treatie finde

I'th'part that is at mercy? Martius?

I haue fought with thee; so offfen hast thou beat me:

And would'st doe so, I think, should we encounter

As

As

As

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

He's the diuell.

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

At the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.

I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.
Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the
people, Sicinius &amp; Brutus.

The Agurer tells me, we shall have Newes to night.

Good or bad?

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

Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

The Lambe.

I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble

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

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

In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you not in abundance?

Bru.

He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withal.

Sicin.

Especially in Pride.

Bru.

And topping all others in boasting.

Men.

This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censur'd heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both.

Why? how are we censur'd?

Men.

Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both.

Well, well sir, well.

Men.

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

Brut.

We do it not alone, sir.
I know you can do very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe won-drous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make

but an Interior suruey of your good selues. Oh that you could. What then sir?

What then sir? as any in Rome.

Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

I am knowne to be a humorous Patritian, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alay-ing Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauou-ring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vpon, to triuiall motion: One, that converues more with the

But tocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning.

I think, I vter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Licurgusses,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Pa-lat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your sylla-bles. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this
Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough. What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forset seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collike, you make faces like Mum-mers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones. for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though per-aduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hang-men. Godden to your Worships, more of
your conversation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. Aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

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

Volum. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius: for the loue of Iuno let's goe.

Menen. Ha? Martius comming home?

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

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me? Iuno, let's goe.

2. Ladies.

Nay, 'tis true.

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

Volum. Nay, 'tis true.

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

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

A Letter for me?
Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

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

Oh no, no, no.

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

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

On's Browes: Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Auffidius got off.

Ha's he disciplin'd Auffidius soundly?

Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Auffidius got off. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I
would not have been so fidious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold

that's in them. Is the Senate possesst of this?

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

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

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

The Gods graunt them true.

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

People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiued in the repulse of Tarquin seuen hurts ith' Body.
Hee had, before this last Expedition, twenty-five Wounds upon him.

Now it's twenty seven; every gash was an Enemy's Graue.

These are the Vshers of Martius:

Before him, hee carrieth Noise;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:

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

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

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.
Looke, Sir, your Mother.

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

Kneeles.

Nay, my good Souldier, vp:

And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd,

What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

My gracious silence, hayle:

Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare,

Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,

And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Now the Gods Crowne thee.

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

I know not where to turne.

I am light, and heauie; welcome:

That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
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Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.
Enter Brutus and Scininius

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

Scinin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.

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

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

As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him, Were slyly crept into his humane powers, And gaue him gracefull posture.

On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.

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

Scinin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors, From where he should begin, and end, but will Lose those he ha...
Doubt not, The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget With the least cause, these his new Honors, Which that he will giue them, make I as little question, As he is proud to doo't.

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

'Tis right. I wish no better, then haue him hold that pur-pose, and to put it in execution.

'Tis most like he will. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

What's the matter?

You are sent for to the Capitoll: 'Tis thought, that Martius shall be Consull:

I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him, And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloues, Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers, Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles ben ded as to Ioues Statue, and the Commons made A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts: I neuer saw the like.

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

Haue with you.

A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts: I neuer saw the like.

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

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?

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

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

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

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them nether good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the malice and displeasure of the Peo-ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their loue.
Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who hauing beene supple and courteous to the People, Bon-netted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Injurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke reprofe from every Eare that heard it.

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

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

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

1. Sen.
Speake, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make vs thinke: Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th'People, We doe request your kindest eares: and after To yeeld what passes here.

Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke Rather our states defectiue for requitall,

Rather our states defectiue for requitall, Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th'People,

Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th'People, Your louing motion toward the common Body,

Your louing motion toward the common Body, To yeeld what passes here.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow:

He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow:

Nay, keepe your place.

Nay, keepe your place.

Sit Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Sit Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

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

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

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft, When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words. You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,

Menen. Pray now sit downe.

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

Exit Coriolanus

Mastors of the People, Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter? That's thousand to one go od one, when you now see He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,

Then on es ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Cominius

I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be vtt'r'd feebly: it is held, That Valour is the chiefest Vertue, And most dignifies the hauer: if it be, The man I speake of, cannot in the Worlds Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,

When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought

Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator, Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid An o're-pret Roman, and i'th'Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: <hi rend="italic">Tarquins</hi> selfe he met,

And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,

When he might act the Woman in the Scene,

He prou'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed

Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entered thus, he waxed like a Sea,

And in the brunt of seuenteene Battailes since,

He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,

Before, and in Corioles, let me say

I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,

And by his rare example made the Coward

Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before

A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,

And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,

Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:

He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion

Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred

The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted

With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,

And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke

Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,

When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce

His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit

Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere

A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd

Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood

To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen. <sp rend="italic">Worthy man.</sp>

Senat. <sp rend="italic">He cannot but with measure fit the Honors</sp>

Com. <sp rend="italic">Our spoyles he kickt at,</sp>

And look'd vpon things precious, as they were

The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse

Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds

With doing them, and is content

To spend the time, to end it.
Menen.

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

Senat.

Call Corio. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People. I doe beseech you, Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage: Please you that I may passe this doing. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces, Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie. Menen. Put them not too't: Pray you goe fit you to the Custome, And take to you, as your Predecessors haue, Your Honor with your forme. I doe beseech you, Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage: Please you that I may passe this doing.

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

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

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

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus shew them th' unaking Skarres, which I should hide, as if I had receiu'd them for the hyre of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not stand upon't: we recommend to you Tribunes of the People, and to our Noble Consul wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

To Coriolanus come all Ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

You see how he intends to use the people.

Scicin. May they perceive's intent: he will require them as if he did contemne what he requested, should be in them to giue.

Scicin. Come, we'll informe them of our proceedings here on th' Market place, I know they do attend vs.
Enter seven or eight Citizens.

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

2. Cit. We may Sir if we will.

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

1. Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will serve: for once we stood vp about the Corne, 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 browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly Coulor'd; and truly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a' th Compass.

2. Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.
Nay your wit will not so soon out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wagg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.</p> <p>Why that way?</p> <p>To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.</p> <p>You are never without your trickes, you may, you may.</p> <p>Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.</p> <p>Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall go by him.</p> <p>Content, content.</p> <p>Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne The worthiest men haue

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

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

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

Exit Enter three of the Citizens. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Coriol. Mine owne desert. 

2 Cit. Your owne desert.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.
Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

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

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

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

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.

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

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

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

3 Cit. But this is something odde.

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

Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol.

Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I haue heere the Customarie Gowne.

1.

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

Coriol.

Your Ænigma.

1.

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

Coriol.

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

2.

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

1.

You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey.

2.

You haue receyued many wounds for your Coun­trey.
Coriol.

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

Both.

The gods give you joy, Sir heartily.

Most sweet voices:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue,

Then crave the higher, which first we do deserve.

Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.

What Custome wills in all things, should we do't?

The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept,

And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,

For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,

Let the high Office and the Honor go

To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,

The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voices.

Your Voices? for your Voices I haue fought,

Watch for your Voices: for your Voices, beare

Of Wounds, two dozen odd: Battailes thrice six

I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voices,

Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:

Your Voices? Indeed I would be Consull.

Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honest mans Voice.

Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue him joy, and make him good friend
to the People.
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
<p>Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-corn" rend="italic">
<p>Worthy Voyces.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-corn-men" rend="italic">
<p>You haue stood your Limitation:</p>
<p>And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,</p>
<p>Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inuested,</p>
<p>You anon doe meet the Senate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-cor" rend="italic">
<p>Is this done?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-sic" rend="italic">
<p>The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:</p>
<p>The People doe admit you, and are summon'd</p>
<p>To meet anon, vpon your approbation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-cor" rend="italic">
<p>Where? at the Senate‑house?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-sic" rend="italic">
<p>There, <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-cor" rend="italic">
<p>May I change these Garments?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-sic" rend="italic">
<p>You may, Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-cor" rend="italic">
<p>That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,</p>
<p>Repayre toth' Senate‑house.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-corn-men" rend="italic">
<p>Mene.</p>
</sp>
I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Fare you well.

Enter the Plebeians.

How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

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

Certainly, he flowted vs downe-right.

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

Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but says.

His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey.
Scicin. Why so he did, I am sure.

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

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

And with his Hat, thus waiving it in scorne, I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome, But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you. Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that, Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces, I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't? Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse, To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him, As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,

But was a pettie seruant to the State, He was your Enemie, euer spake again your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriuing A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State, If he should still malignantly remaine Fast Foe toth' Plebeij, your Voyces might Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,

That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature Would thinke vpoun you, for your Voyces, And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue, Standing your friendly Lord.

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

Did you perceiue,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry

He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' Martians: from whence came
That Ancus Martius, Numaes Daughters Sonne:

Who after great Hostilius here was King,
Of the same House Publius and were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend

Oh, I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
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One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemie; and revoke
Your suddaine approbation.

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

We will so: almost all repent in their election.

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

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

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus,

Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.
Corio.

Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.
Latius.

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

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

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

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

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

Saw you Auffidius?

On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

How? what?

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

At Antium liues he?
Latius.

At Antium.

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

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

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

Pass no further.

Hah? what is that?

It will be dangerous to goe on—No further.

What makes this change?

The matter?

Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Cominius, no.
<speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>  
<p>Tribunes giue way, he shall toth'Market place.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<p>The People are incens'd against him.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-sic">  
<speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>  
<p>Stop, or all will fall in broyle.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>  
<p>Are these your Heard?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-men">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>  
<p>Be calme, be calme.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>  
<p>It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<p>Call't not a Plot:</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>  
<p>Why this was knowne before.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<p>Not to them all.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="F-cor-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>  
<p>Haue you inform'd them sithence?</p>
Brut. How? I informe them?

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds

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

Mene. Not now, not now.
<p>Not in this heat, Sir, now.</p>

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

<cb n="1"/>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>
<p>As for my Country, I haue shed my blood, Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought The very way to catch them.</p>

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

<p>Twere well we let the people know't.</p>

<p>What, what? His Choller?</p>
Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

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

Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the Minoues?

'Twas from the Cannon.

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

Well, on to'th'Market place.
Who ever gave that Counsell, to give forth? The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd. Sometime in Greece.

Well, well, no more of that.

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

Why shall the people give One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Ile give my Reasons, More worthier than their Voyces. They know the Corne.

More recompence, resting well assur'd.

They ne're did service for't; being prest to'th'Warre,

Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,

They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service.

Did not deserve Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,

There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd

Most Valour spoke not for them. Th'Accusation

Which they haue often made against the Senate,

All cause vnborne, could never be the Natiue

Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?

How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest

The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words, We did request it,

We are the greater pole, and in true feare

They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase

The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time

Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in

The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and humane,

Seale what I end withall. This double worship,

Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other,

Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom,

CANNOT conclude, but by the yea and no,

OF general Ignorance, it must omit,

Real necessities, and give way the while,

To unstable slightness. Purpose so barred, it followes,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,

You that will be lesser fearful, than discreet,

That love the fundamental part of State,

More than you doubt the change on't: That preferre,

A noble life, before a long, and wish,

That's sure of death without it: at once pluck out,

The multitudinous tongue, let them not,

The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor,

Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State,

Of that Integrity which should become't,

Not having the power to do the good it would,

For th'il which dost contend.

Has said enough.

Sicin. He's spoken like a traitor, and shall answer,

As traitors do.

Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:

What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience failest,

To the greater bench, in a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour.
Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th'dust.

Bru.
Manifest Treason.

This a Consull? No.

Enter an Ædile.

The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended.

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

Hence old Goat.

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

Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the
Ædiles.
Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him Ædiles

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons: They all bustle about

Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

To'th'people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinius

Bb2 The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

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

Scici.
You are at point to lose your Liberties:

Martius would haue all from you; Martius, Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.

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

To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

What is the Citie, but the People?

True, the People are the Citie.

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

You so remaine.

And so are like to doe.

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

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

Ædiles seize him.
All Ple.
Yeeld Martius, yeeld.

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

No, Ile die here:
There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,
Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.
Mene.<p>Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.</p>

Brut.<p>Lay hands vpon him.</p>

Mene.<p>Helpe Martius, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.</p>

All.<p>Downe with him, downe with him.</p>

Exeunt.<p>In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.</p>

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

2. Sena.<p>Get you gone.</p>

Com.<p>Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.</p>

Mene.<p>Shall it be put to that?</p>

Sena.<p>The Gods forbid: I prythee noble friend, home to thy House, Leave vs to cure this Cause.</p>

Mene.<p>For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.</p>
Conventionally this speech is given to Cominius.

**Corio.**

Come Sir, along with vs.

**Mene.**

I would they were Barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,

Though calued i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll:

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

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

But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,

And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands

Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,

Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend

Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare

What they are vs'd to beare.

Pray you be gone:

Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request

With those that haue but little: this must be patcht

With Cloth of any Colour.

Nay, come away.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

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

His nature is too noble for the World:

He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,

Or Ioue, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's Mouth:

What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,

And being angry, does forget that euer He heard the Name of Death.

A Noise within.

Here's goodly worke.

I would they were a bed.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Where is this Viper, that would depopulate the city, and be every man himself

You worthy Tribunes.

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

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

He shall sure ont.
Mene. 

Sir, sir.

Sicin. 

Peace.

Me.

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

Sicin. 

Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe To make this rescue?

Mene. 

Heere me speake? As I do kno The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. 

Consull? what Consull?

The Consull Coriolanus.

Bru. 

He Consull.

All. 

No, no, no, no, no.

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

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

who "#F-cor-men"

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

Sicin.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

who "#F-cor-sic"

He's a Disease that must be cut away.

who "#F-cor-men"

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

who "#F-cor-sic"

He's a Disease that must be cut away.

who "#F-cor-men"

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

This is cleane kamme.

who "#F-cor-bru"

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

who "#F-cor-men"

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

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

Menen.

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

If it were so?
Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.

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

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

Noble Menenius, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home. Sic.
Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not Martius, wee'l proceede.
In our first way.
Ile bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Pray you let's to him.
Exeunt Omnes.

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

Enter Volumnia.
You do the Nobler.
You do the Nobler.

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

Oh sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on before you had worn it out.

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

Let them hang.
I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.
Come, come, you have bin too rough, somthing too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

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

Pray be counsail'd; I have a heart as little apt as yours.
But yet a braine, that leades my use of Anger.
To better vantage.
Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely beare.

Returne to th'Tribunes.

What must I do?

You are too absolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose,
That they combine not there?

Tush, tush.

A good demand.

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

Why force you this?
Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruine.

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

I prythee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the eares, waiving thy head.
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
As thou hast power and person.

Menen.

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

Volum.

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

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

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

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

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

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

Onely faire speech.

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

Com.

Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
<accent rend="italic">Pray be content:</accent>
<accent rend="italic">Mother, I am going to the Market place:</accent>
<accent rend="italic">Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,</accent>
<accent rend="italic">Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd</accent>
<accent rend="italic">Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:</accent>
<accent rend="italic">Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,</accent>
<accent rend="italic">I'th way of Flattery further.</accent>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <p>Do your will.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Volumnia</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <accent rend="italic">Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self</accent>
  <accent rend="italic">To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd</accent>
  <accent rend="italic">With Accusations, as I heare more strong</accent>
  <accent rend="italic">Then are vpon you yet.</accent>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <accent rend="italic">The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,</accent>
  <accent rend="italic">Let them accuse me by inuention: I</accent>
  <accent rend="italic">Will answer in mine Honor.</accent>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <accent rend="italic">I, but mildly.</accent>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <accent rend="italic">Well mildly be it then, Mildely.</accent>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sicinius and Brutus.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <accent rend="italic">In this point charge him home, that he affects</accent>
    <accent rend="italic">Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,</accent>
    <accent rend="italic">Inforce him with his enuy to the people,</accent>
    <accent rend="italic">And that the Spoile got on the</accent>
    <hi rend="italic">Antiats</hi>
</sp>
<accent rend="italic">Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?</accent>
Enter an Edile.

Hee's comming.

How accompanied?

With old Menenius, and those Senators

That alwayes fauour'd him.

Haue you a Catalogue Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th Pole?

I haue: 'tis ready.

Haue you collected them by Tribes?

I haue.

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

I shall informe them.

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

Very well.

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

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

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius,
and Cominius, with others.

Well, heere he comes.
Calmely, I do beseech you.

Mene.

I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th' honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with <choice>

<abbr> y</abbr>
<expan>the</expan>
</choice> shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

Amen, Amen.

A Noble wish.

Amen, Amen.

Mene.

Drew neere ye people.

First heare me speake.

Well, say: Peace hoe.

I am Content.

Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

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

Corio.

Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue Laughter onely.

Corio.

Consider further:

That when he speakes not like a Citizen,

You finde him like a Soldier: do not take

His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:

But as I say, such as become a Soldier,

Rather then enuy you.

Com.

Well, well, no more.

Corio.

What is the matter,

That being past for Consull with full voyce:

I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre

You take it off againe.

Sicin.

Answer to vs.

Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take

From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde

Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,

For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio.

How? Traytor?

Mene.

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

Marke you this people?
To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.
What do you prate of Seruice.
You?
Is this the promise that you made your mother.
Know, I pray you.

I know no further: Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger But with a graine a day, I would not buy Their mercie, at the price of one faire word, To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

For that he ha's (As much as in him lies) from time to time Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes To plucke away their power: as now at last, Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence Of dreaded Justice, but on the Ministers That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people, And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee In perill of precipitation From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name, I say it shall bee so.

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

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

Sicin.
We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru.
There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.
All.
It shall be so, it shall be so.
Corio.
You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake you hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feele,
Making but reseruation of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

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

Edile.
The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

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

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

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

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

Oh heauens! Oh heauens!

Nay, I prythee woman.
Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Vol. What, what, what:
I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
Six of his Labours youl'd haue done, and sau'd:
Your Husband so much swet. Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
I do well yet. Thou old and true

My first sonne, Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius

With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That starts i'th'way before thee.

My first sonne, Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole

O the Gods!
Ith'absence of the renter.

Fare ye well: Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but ou with thee.
Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.

Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

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

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

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

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

Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Let's not meet her.

They say she's mad.

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

Oh y'are well met:

Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.

Peace, peace, be not so loud.

If that I could for weeping, you should heare,

You shall stay too: I would I had the power

You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my Husband.

Are you mankinde?

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

Sicin.
Oh blessed Heauens!

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

What then?

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

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

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

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.

As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne
This

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

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

Exit Tribunes.

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.

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

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

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

Fie, fie, fie.

Exit.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

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

It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

The same sir.

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

There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrecti-ons: The people, the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.
Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not, so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com vpon them, in the heate of their diuision.

For the Nobles receyue so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the ple, 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.

You will be welcome with this intelligence Ni-canon.

The day serues well for them now. I haue heard it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullus Aufidius being now in no request of his coun-trey.

appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his coun-

He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You
haue ended my Business, and I will merrily accompany you home.\</p>

<p></p>

<p>\[<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.\</speaker>
<p>I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most \[\text{strange things}\] tending to the good of \[\text{their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?}\]\</p>

<p>\[<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Vol.\</speaker>
<p>A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their \[\text{charges}\] distinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, \[\text{and to be on foot at an houres warning.}\]\</p>

<p>\[<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.\</speaker>
<p>I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am \[\text{the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So \[\text{sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.}\]\</p>

<p>\[<sp who="#F-cor-vol">
<speaker rend="italic">Volce.\</speaker>
<p>You take my part from me sir, I haue the most \[\text{cause to be glad of yours.}\]\</p>

<p>\[<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.\</speaker>
<p>Well, let vs go together.\</p>

<p>\[<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.\</stage>\]

<p>\[<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguised, and muffled.\</div>\]

<p>\[<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.\</speaker>
<p>A goodly City is this \[\text{Antium. Citty,}\]\</p>

<p>\[<l>\text{Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre}\</l>\]

<p>\[<l>\text{Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres}\</l>\]

<p>\[<l>\text{Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,}\</l>\]

<p>\[<l>\text{Least that thy Wuyes with Spits, and Boyes with stones}\</l>\]

<p>\[<l>\text{In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.}\]\</p>
Enter a Citizen.

And you.

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

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

Which is his house, beseech you?

This heere before you.

Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

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

Exit.

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.
Wine, Wine, Wine: What service is here? I thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

Where's Cotus: my M. calls for him: Cotus.

Exit.

Enter the first Seruant.

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

Exit.

I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus.

Enter second Seruant.

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

Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

What Fellowes this?

A strange one as euer I loo k'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.

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

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

What are you?

A Gentleman.

A maru'llous poore one.

True, so I am.

Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta-
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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

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

Pushes him away from him.

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

And I shall.

Exit second Servuingman.

Where dwel'st thou?

Where's that?

I'th City of Kites and crowes.

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

No, I serve not thy Master.

How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

I, tis an honester service, then to meddle with thy mistress: Hence.

Beats him away. Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Where is this Fellow? What wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speakest not? Speake man: What's thy name?

If not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.
A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares, And harsh in sound to thine.

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

Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst thou me yet? I know thee not? Thy Name?

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

Auf.
Oh Martius; Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
And say 'tis true; I'de not beleue them more
Then thee allNoble Martius. Let me
twine
Mine armes about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,
Unbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy
Martius
Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,

And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands

Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,

Who am prepar'd against your Territories,

Though not for Rome it selfe.

You blesse me Gods.

Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue

The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take

Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st

Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies

Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,

Let me commend thee first, to those that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,

And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,

Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Strengh alteration?

What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his

finger and his thumbe, as one

would set vp a Top.

Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He

had sir, a

kind of face me thought, I cannot
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

tell how to tearme it.

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

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

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

Who my Master?

Nay, it's no matter for that.

Worth six on him.

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

I, and for an assault too.

the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.
Enter the third Seruingman.

Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

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

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

And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and

liue be a condemn'd man.
eaten him too.

But more of thy Newes.

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

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

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

Directitude? What's that?

But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.
But when goes this forward:

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

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

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

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

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

In, in, in, in.

Exeunt.
Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin.

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

Enter Menenius.

Menenius.

'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir.

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

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

Where is he, heare you? Nay I heare nothing.
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All.
The Gods preserue you both.

Sicin.
Gooden our Neighbours.

Sicin.
Liue, and thrive.

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

All.
Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri.
Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens

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

Bru.

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

Sicin.

And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance.

Mene.

I thinke not so.

Sicin.

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

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

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

Mene.
'Tis Auffidius, Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,
Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-shell'd, when Martius stood for Rome.

And durst not once peepe out.
Come, what talke you of Martius.

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

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

Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Yes worthy Sir, The Slaues report is seconded, and more More fearfull is deliuer'd.

What more fearefull?
It is spoke freely out of many mouths, How probable I do not know, that Martius, Ioyn'd with Auffidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene the yong'st and oldest thing. This is most likely. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish Good Martius home againe. The very tricke on't. This is vnlikely, He, and Auffidius can no more attone Then violent'st Contrariety. Enter Messenger. Enter Cominius. Oh you haue made good worke. What newes? What newes?

Enter Cominius.
You haue holp to rauish your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.

What's the newes? What's the newes?

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

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

Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.
As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
But is this true sir?

I, and you'll look pale.

Before you finde it other. All the Regions.

Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists?

Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,

And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?

Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

We are all undone, vnlesse

The Noble man haue mercy.

Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people

Deserue such pitty of him, as the Wolfe

Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they

Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen

As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,

And therein shew'd like Enemies.

'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand

That should consume it, I haue not the face

To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,

You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

You haue brought

A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was never

S'incapable of helpe.

Say not, we brought it.

How? Was't we? We lou'd him,

But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,

Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote

Him out o'th'Citty.
<sp who="#F-cor-com">Com.</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">Mene.</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">Omnes.</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">1 Cit.</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">2</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">3</sp>

But I feare, They'l roare him in againe. Tullus Affidius

The second name of men, obyes his points. As if he were his Officer: Desperation, That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Heere come the Clusters. And is Auffidius with him? You are they. That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast. Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting. At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming, And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head. Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes. As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe. And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter, If he could burne vs all into one coale, We haue deseru'd it.

 Faith, we heare fearfull Newes. 

for mine owne part, When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty. And did I. And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very ma-ny of vs, that we did did for the best, and though wee willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.

Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

You haue made good worke. You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Exeunt Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf.

Do they still flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu.

I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir,

Euen by your owne.

I cannot helpe it now,

Vnlesse by usng meanes I lame the foote Of our designe. He beares himselfe more prouldeir,

Euen to my person, then I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature

In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse

What cannot be amended.

Yet I wis Sir,

(I meane for your particular) you had not

Joyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne

The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.

I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure

When he shall come to his account, he knowes not

What I can vrge against him, although it seemes

And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparaunt

To th'vulgar eye, that he beare all things fairely:

And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,

Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheue as soone

As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone

That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,

When ere we come to our account.

Lieu.

I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure

When he shall come to his account, he knowes not

What I can vrge against him, although it seemes

And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparaunt

To th'vulgar eye, that he beare all things fairely:

And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,

Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheue as soone

As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone

That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,

When ere we come to our account.
Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf.

All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians loue him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'll be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was
A Noble seruant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors //eeuen//: whether 'was Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints
The happy man; whether detect of judgement,
To faile in the disposing of those chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not moouing
From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace
Euen with the same austerity and garbe,
As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,
Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
And power vnto it selfe most commendable,
Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire
T'extoll what it hath done.

One fire d//es out one fire; one Naile, one Naile//: Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.
Come let's away: when Caius Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

<=Actus Quintus.>=
<scene rend="notPresent"></scene>
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen.

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

He would not seeme to know me.

Do you heare?

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

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

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

Menen.

A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.
Very well, could he say lesse.

I offered to awaken his regard.

For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was.

He could not stay to picke them, in a pile.

Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly.

For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt.

And still to nose th'offence.

I offered to awaken his regard.

For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was.

He could not stay to picke them, in a pile.

Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly.

For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt.

And still to nose th'offence.

I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,

And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,

You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt.

Aboe the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde

In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not

Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you

Would be your Countries Pledger, your good tongue

More then the instant Armie we can make

Might stop our Countryman.

No: Ile not meddle.

Pray you go to him.

What should I do?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot,
With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?
Yet your good will
Must haue that thankes from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well

Ile vndertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good Cominius

Hee was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft
These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

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

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

Exit.

Hee'l neuer heare him.
Not.
"I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him, Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions: So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother, And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence, And with our faire intreaties hast them on,

Exeunt

[Act 5, Scene 2]
Enter Menenius to the Watch

Stay: whence are you.

Stand, and go backe.

You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave, I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus.

You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall will no more heare from thence.
You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speake with Coriolanus

My name hath touch't your eares: it is Menenius.

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

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

Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
As you haue uttered words in your owne, you should not passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to liue chastly. Therefore go backe.

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

Howsoever you haue bin his Lier, as you say you haue, I am
one that telling
true vnder him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="F-cor-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <p>Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not speake with him,
till after dinner.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="F-cor-wat.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>You are a Roman, are you?</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2" />
<sp who="F-cor-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <p>I am as thy Generall is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="F-cor-wat.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue push't out your
gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance,
given your enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginnall Palms of your daughters, or with the
palsied intercession of such a de-cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in,
with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome,
and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworn you
out of reparue and pardon.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="F-cor-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <l>Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,</l>
   <l>He would use me with estimation.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-cor-wat.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
   <p>Come, my Captaine knowes you not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="F-cor-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <p>I meane thy Generall.</p>
</sp>
My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vt most of your hauing, backe.

Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

What's the matter?

Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceiue, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my Son, guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely Synod about thy particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old Father do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing assured none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with sighes: and coniure thee to par-don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denied my acces to thee.
Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Your cares against your suites, are stronger then
Though for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. Another word
I will not heare thee speake. This man
You keepe a constant temper.
'Tis a spell you see of much power:
Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your
backe?
Do you thinke I haue to swoond?
I neither care for th'world, nor your General: for such things as you. I can scarce thinke ther's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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

Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

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

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

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

Shout within

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

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

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchild to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and privilege of Nature brake;
Let it be Virtuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, \\

My Lord and Husband.
These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that forgive our Romanes. O a kiss
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge!
Now by the jealous Queene of Heauen, that kiss
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, 
Kneels
Of thy deep duty, more impression shew
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum.

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

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Volum.

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

Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

The Noble Sister of Publicola;
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Iseicle
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hanges on Dians Temple: Deere Valeria.

This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your selfe.

Corio.

The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of suprreme Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue
to shame unvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing euery flaw,
And sauing those that eye thee.
Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

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

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

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

Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment

And state of Bodies would bewray what life

We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,

How more vnfortunate then all liuung women

Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should

Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,

Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow,

Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose
The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,
And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

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

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

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

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poisonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we have shewed: the Romanes,
This we received, and each in either side
Give the All-hail to thee, and cry be Blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Wars uncertain: but this certain,
That if you conquer Rome, the benefit
Which you shall thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To the ensuing Age, abhor'd. Speak to me Son:
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To tear with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Bolt
That should but rive an Oak. Why dost not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to his Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one in the Stocks. Thou hast never in thy life,
Shew'd thy dear Mother any civility,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Wars: and safely home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's unjust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague Thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladies: let us shame him with our knees
To his sur-name Coriolanus longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in Corioles, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue us our dispatch:
I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a litle

Holds her by the hand silent.

Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio.

O Mother, Mother!

What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleue it: Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:

Auffidius</hi>, though I cannot make true Warres,

Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>,

Were you in my steed, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>?

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

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

Sicin. Why what of that?

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

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

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

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse of his face, sourres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he
moues like an Engine, and the ground shrinke before his
Trea-ding.

He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his
hum

is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done, is
finisht with his bidding. He wants

nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

He shall bring

from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

we banish'd him,

we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they

vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

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

Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home They'll give him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Enter another Messenger. Sicin.
What's the Newes?

Who = "#F-cor-mes"

Mess.

Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue turnover preuayl'd.
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Martius
gone:

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the Tarquins.

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

As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:
Trumpets, Hoboyes, altogether.

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

A shout within

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

Sound still with the Shouts.

First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulnesse.
This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia.

Drums beate,
Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

They are near the City.

Almost at point to enter.

We'll meet them, and help the joy.

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

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

Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drums & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

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

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction.

Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poison'd, and with his Charity slaine.

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

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

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

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

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

That I would haue spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,

Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,

In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose

Out of my Files, his project, to accomplish

My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements

In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame

Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride

To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last

I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and

He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if

I had bin Mercenary.

So he did my Lord:

The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,

When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd

For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

There was it:

For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him,

At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are

As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour

Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,

And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

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

Your Natuie Towne you enter'd like a Poste,

And had no welcomes home, but he returnes

Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

And patient Fooles,

Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare

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

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

You are most welcome home.

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

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

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and
Colours. The Commoners being with him.
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:</l>
  <l>No more infected with my Countries loue</l>
  <l>Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting</l>
  <l>Vnder your great Command. You are to know;</l>
  <l>That prosperously I haue attempted, and</l>
  <l>With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to</l>
  <l>The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home</l>
  <l>Doth more then counterpoize a full third part</l>
  <l>The charges of the Action. We haue made peace</l>
  <l>With no lesse Honor to the <hi rend="italic">Antiates</hi></l>
  <l>Then shame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer</l>
  <l>Subscrib'd by'th'Consuls, and Patricians,</l>
  <l>We haue compounded on.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>Read it not Noble Lords,</l>
  <l>But tell the Traitor in the highest degree</l>
  <l>He hath abus'd your Powers.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Traitor? How now?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <p>I Traitor, <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>:</p>
  <l>Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name</l>
  <l>You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiously</l>
  <l>He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp</l>
  <l>For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:</l>
  <l>I say your City to his Wife and Mother,</l>
  <l>Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like</l>
</sp>
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting

Counsaile a' th' warre: But at his Nurses teares

He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,

That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Hear'st thou Mars?

Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Ha?

No more.

Peace both, and heare me speake.

Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,

Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:

If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,

That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in Corioles.

Alone I did it, Boy.
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholie Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't.

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

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His last offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand
Auffidius
And trouble not the peace.
Corio. O that I had him, with six
Auffidiusses, or
His Tribe, to use my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villaine.

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

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

O Tullus.

2. Lord.

Thou hast done a deed, whereat Valour will weep.

3. Lord.

Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet.

Auf.

My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage) Prouok'd by him, you cannot the great danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoyce

That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours

To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver

My selfe your loyal Servant, or endure

Your heaviest Censure.

1. Lord.

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

2. Lord.

His owne impatience, Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame:

Let's make the Best of it.

Auf.

My Rage is gone, And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him vp.

Helpe three a'th'cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.

Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:

Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,

Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,

Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.

Exeunt bearing the Body of
Martius. A
dead March <lb/>Sounded.</stage>
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