

The Tragedie of Coriolanus from Mr. William Shakespeares

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

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

1. Citizen.

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All.

Speake, speake.

1. Cit.

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

All.

Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. Cit.

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

All.

We know't, we know't.

1. Cit.

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

All.

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

2. Cit.

One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit.

We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-
cians good: what Authority surfets one, would releuee
vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it
were wholesome, wee might guesse they releued vs hu-
manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse
that afflicts vs, the object 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.

2. Cit.

Would you proceede especially against *Caius*
Martius.

All.

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

2. Cit.

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

1. Cit.

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

All.

Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Cit.

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

2. Cit.

What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac-
count a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co-
uetous.

1. Cit.

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.

All.

Come, come.

1. Cit.

Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. Cit.

Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath al
wayes lou'd the people

1. Cit.

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

Men.

What work's my Countrimen in hand?

Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2. Cit.

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

Menen.

Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest
Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2. Cit.

We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men.

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

2. Cit.

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

Menen.

Either you must
Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you

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

2 Citizen.

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

Men.

There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine
aaI'th[Page 2]The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
I'th midd'st a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments
Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2. Cit.

Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men.

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

2. Cit.

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

Men.

What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2. Cit.

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

Men.

Well, what then?

2. Cit.

The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men.

I will tell you,
If you'l bestow a small (of what you haue little)

Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.

2. Cit.

Y'are long about it

Men.

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

2. Cit.

I sir, well, well.

Men.

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

2. Cit.

It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men.

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

2. Cit.

I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men.

For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:
Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius*

Mar.

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

2. Cit.

We haue euer your good word.

Mar.

He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curre,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes,
Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these seuerall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men.

For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say
The Citie is well stor'd.

Mar.

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

Menen.

Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?

Mar.

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

That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds
They vented their Complaininges, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen.

What is graunted them?

Mar.

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

Menen.

This is strange.

Mar.

Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess.

Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar.

Heere: what's the matter?

Mes.

The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar.

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

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

1. Sen.

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

Mar.

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

Com.

You haue fought together?

Mar.

Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eaes, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen.

Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to these Warres.

Com.

It is your former promise.

Mar.

Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

Tit.

No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere stay behinde this Businesse.

Men.

Oh true-bred.

Sen.

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

Tit.

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

Com.

Noble *Martius*.

Sen.

Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar.

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

Exeunt.

Citizens steale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.

Sicin.

Was euer man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Bru.

He has no equall.

Sicin.

When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Bru.

Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicin.

Nay, but his taunts.

Bru.

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

Sicin.

Bemocke the modest Moone.

Bru.

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

Sicin.

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

Bru.

Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.

Sicin.

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

Bru.

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

Sicin.

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

Bru.

Let's along.
Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. Sen.

So, your opinion is *Aufidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf.

Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)

And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. Sen.

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

Auf.

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

2. Sen.

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

Auf.

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

All.

The Gods assist you.

Auf.

And keepe your Honors safe.

1. Sen.

Farewell

2. Sen.

Farewell.

All.

Farewell.

Exeunt. omnes.

aa2Enter

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

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

Volum.

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

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent.

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

Virg.

Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volum.

Indeed you shall not:

Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:

See him plucke Auffidius downe by th'haire:

(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him:

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

Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare

Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow

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

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

Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg.

His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum.

Away you Foole; it more becomes a man

Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier

Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Vir.

Heuens blesse my Lord from fell *Auffidius*

Vol.

Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,

And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val.

My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol.

Sweet Madam.

Vir.

I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val.

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

Vir.

I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol.

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

Val.

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

Vol.

One on's Fathers moods.

Val.

Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg.

A Cracke Madam.

Val.

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

Virg.

No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Val.

Not out of doores?

Volum.

She shall, she shall.

Virg.

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

Val.

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

Virg.

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

Volum.

Why I pray you.

Vlug.

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

Val.

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

Vir.

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

Val.

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

Virg.

Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val.

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

Vir.

Indeed Madam.

Val.

In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it.
Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, against (whō)whom
Cominius the Generall is gone, with one part of our Ro-
mane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down
before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt preuai-
ling, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine
Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg.

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

Vol.

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

Valeria.

In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnesse out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil.

No

At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val.

Well, then farewell.

Exeunt. Ladies.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

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

Martius.

Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar.

My horse to yours, no.

Mar.

'Tis done.

Lart.

Agreed.

Mar.

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Mar.

Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess.

They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lart.

So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart.

Ile buy him of you.

Lart.

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

Mar.

How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess.

Within this mile and halfe.

Mar.

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

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

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat.

No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,
That's lesser then a little:

Drum a farre off.

Hearke, our Drummes

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

Alarum farre off.

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

Mart.

Oh they are at it.

Lart.

Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar.

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

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar.

All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then seene, and one infect another
Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,
That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'll stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

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

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

Enter the Gati.

1. Sol.

Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. Sol.

Nor I

1. Sol.

See they haue shut him in.

Alarum continues

All.

To th'pot I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius

Tit.

What is become of *Martius*?

All.

Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

1. Sol.

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

Lar.

Oh Noble Fellow!

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

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol.

Looke Sir.

Lar.

O 'tis *Martius*.

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

They fight, and all enter the City.

[Act 1, Scene 5]

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

1. Rom.

This will I carry to *Rome*.

2. Rom.

And I this.

3. Rom.

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

exeunt.

Alarum continues still a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar.

See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours />
At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spooones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him

There is the man of my soules hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste
To helpe *Cominius*

Lar.

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

Mar.

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

Lar.

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

Mar.

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

Lar.

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

[Act 1, Scene 6]

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com.

Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
(off,
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke
By Interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

The Cittizens of Corioles haue yssued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:
aa3I saw [\[Page 6\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.

Com.

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

Mes.

Above an houre, my Lord.

Com.

'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?

Mes.

Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, else had I sir
Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com.

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

Mar.

Come I too late?

Com.

The Shepherd knowes not Thunder (frō) from a Taber,
More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.

Martius.

Come I too late?

Com.

I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.

Mart.

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

Com.

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

Mar.

As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com.

Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar.

Let him alone,

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

Com.

But how preuail'd you?

Mar.

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

Com.

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

Mar.

How lies their Battell? Know you on (w^h)which side
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com.

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

Mar.

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

Com.

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

Mar.

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

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

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:

If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com.

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

Exeunt

[Act 1, Scene 7]

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

Lar.

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

Lieu.

Feare not our care Sir.

Lart.

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

[Act 1, Scene 8]

Alarum, as in Battaille.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at seuerall doores.

Mar.

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

Auffid.

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

Mar.

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

Auf.

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

Mar.

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

Auf.

Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.
*Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde
of Auffi. Martius fights til they be druen in breathles.*
Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.

[\[Page 7\]](#)

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

[Act 1, Scene 9]

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

Com.

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

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius.

Oh Generall:

Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld□

Martius.

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

Com.

You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:

'Twere a 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 prayes vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius.

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

Com.

Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselues with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyse.

Martius.

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

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

Mar.

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

Com.

Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martins*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,

With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?
Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes.

Marcus Caius Coriolanus

Martius.

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

Com.

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

Lartius.

I shall, my Lord.

Martius.

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

Com.

Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius.

I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To giue my poore Host freedome.

Com.

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

Lartius.

Martius, his Name.

Martius.

By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com.

Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 10]

*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? five times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
As [\[Page 8\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol.

He's the diuell.

Auf.

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

Soul.

Will not you go?

Auf.

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

Soul.

I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

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

Men.

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

Bru.

Good or bad?

Men.

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

Sicin.

Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men.

Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin.

The Lambe.

Men.

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

Bru.

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

Men.

Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe.

You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske
you.

Both.

Well sir.

Men.

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

Bru.

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

Sicin.

Especially in Pride.

Bru.

And topping all others in boasting.

Men.

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

Both.

Why? how are we censur'd?

Men.

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

Both.

Well, well sir, well.

Men.

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

Brut.

We do it not alone, sir.

Men.

I know you can doe very little alone, for your
helpes are many, or else your actions would growe 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 Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you
could.

Both.

What then sir?

Men.

Why then you should discouer a brace of vn-
meriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles)
as any in Rome.

Sicin.

Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men.

I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and
one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of 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 conuerses more with the But-
tocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning.
What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call
you *Licurgusses*;) if the drinke you giue me, touch my 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 graue men, yet they lye deadly,
that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map
of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well e-
nough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectui-
ties gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well e-
nough too.

Bru.

Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen.

You know neither mee, your selues, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and
legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in
hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forset-
seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a

second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collike, you make faces like Mummers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru.

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

Men.

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

Bru. and Scic. Aside.

Enter

[\[Page 9\]](#)

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

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* approaches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen.

Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum.

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

Menen.

Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. Ladies.

Nay, 'tis true.

Volum.

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

Menen.

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

Virgil.

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

Menen.

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

Virgil.

Oh no, no, no.

Volum.

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

Menen.

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

Volum.

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

Menen.

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

Volum.

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

Menen.

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

Volum.

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

Valer.

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

Menen.

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

Virgil.

The Gods graunt them true.

Volum.

True? pow waw.

Mene.

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

Volum.

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

Mene.

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

Volum.

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

Mene.

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

A shewt, and flourish.

Volum.

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

A Sennet. Trumpets sound.

*Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: be
tweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken
Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herald.*

Herauld.

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

All.

Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol.

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

Com.

Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol.

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

Kneeles.

Volum.

Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,

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

Corio.

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

Mene.

Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com.

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

Volum.

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

Mene.

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

Com.

Euer right.

Cor.

Menenius, euer, euer.

Herauld.

Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor.

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

Volum.

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

Cor.

Know, good Mother,

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

Com.

On, to the Capitall.

Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt. in State, as before.

Enter

[\[Page 10\]](#)

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius

Bru.

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

Scicin.

On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.

Brutus.

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

Scicin.

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

Brutus.

In that there's comfort.

Scici.

Doubt not,

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

Brutus.

I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Consull, neuer would he
Apppeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put

The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths.

Scicin.

'Tis right.

Brutus.

It was his word:

Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Scicin.

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

Brutus.

'Tis most like he will.

Scicin.

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

Brutus.

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

Scicin.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus.

What's the matter?

Mess.

You are sent for to the Capitoll:

'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consull:

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

Brutus.

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

Scicini.

Haue with you.

Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

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

1. Off.

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

2. Off.

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

1. Off.

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

2. Off.

'Faith, there hath beene many great men that
haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there
be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore:
so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon
no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neyther to
care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true
knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his No
ble carelesnesse 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 neyther
good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater
deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing
vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now
to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the Peo
ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their loue.

2. Off.

Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey,
and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who
hauing beene supple and courteous to the People, 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 Iniurie: to report otherwise,
were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke
reprooffe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. Off.

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

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

Menen.

Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
To [\[Page 11\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Consull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen.

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

Scicin.

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

Brutus.

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

Menen.

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

Brutus.

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

Menen.

He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.
Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat.

Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer shame to heare

What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol.

Your Honors pardon:

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

Brutus.

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

Coriol.

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

Menen.

Pray now sit downe.

Corio.

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

Exit Coriolanus

Menen.

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

Com.

I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poy's'd. At sixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins* selfe he met,
And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seuentene 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 stricke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood
To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen.

Worthy man.

Senat.

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

Com.

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

Menen.

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

Senat.

Call *Coriolanus*.

Off.

He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen.

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

Corio.

I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices.

Menen.

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

Corio.

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

Scicin.

Sir, the People must haue their Voyces,

Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen.

Put them not too't:

Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio.

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

Brutus.

Marke you that.

Corio.

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

Menen.

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

Senat. To

[\[Page 12\]](#)

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Senat.

To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru.

You see how he intends to vse the people.

Scicin.

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

Bru.

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

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter seuen or eight Citizens.

1. Cit.

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

2. Cit.

We may Sir if we will.

3. Cit.

We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is
a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our ton

gues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selues to be monstrous members.

1. Cit.

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

3. Cit.

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

2. Cit.

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

3. Cit.

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

2 Cit.

Why that way?

3 Cit.

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

2 Cit.

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

3 Cit.

Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaiour: 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.

All.

Content, content.

Men.

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

Corio.

What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noise of our owne Drummes.

Menen.

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

Coriol.

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

Men.

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

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio.

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

3 Cit.

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

Corio.

Mine owne desert.

2 Cit.

Your owne desert.

Corio.

I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit.

How not your owne desire?

Corio.

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

3 Cit.

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

Corio.

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

1 Cit.

The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio.

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

2 Cit.

You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio.

A match Sir, there's in all two worthie 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 deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull.

2.

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

1.

You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol.

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

Both.

The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol.

Most sweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to sterue,
Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.
Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere
Their [\[Page 13\]](#)The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

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

1. Cit.

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

2. Cit.

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

All.

Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull.

Corio.

Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene.

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

Corio.

Is this done?

Scicin.

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

Corio.

Where? at the Senate-house?

Scicin.

There, *Coriolanus*.

Corio.

May I change these Garments?

Scicin.

You may, Sir.

Cori.

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

Mene.

Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut.

We stay here for the People.

Scicin.

Fare you well.

Exeunt. Coriol. and Mene.

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

Brut.

With a prowde heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici.

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

1. Cit.

He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut.

We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

2. Cit.

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

3. Cit.

Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.

1. Cit.

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

2. Cit.

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

Scicin.

Why so he did, I am sure.

All.

No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. Cit.

Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorne,
I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin.

Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,

To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut.

Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie seruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin.

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

Brut.

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

Scicin.

Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3. Cit.

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

2. Cit.

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

1. Cit.

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

Brut.

Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce

Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.

Scici.

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

Brut.

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

Scici.

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

bb*Brut.* I,

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Brut.

I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicin.

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

Brut.

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

All.

We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut.

Let them goe on:

This Mutinie were better put in hazard,

Then stay past doubt, for greater:

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage

With their refusall, both obserue and answer

The vantage of his anger.

Scicin.

Toth'Capitoll, come:

We will be there before the streame o'th' People:

And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,

Which we haue goaded on-ward.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

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

Corio.

Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.

Latius.

He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter Composition.

Corio.

So then the Volces stand but as at first,

Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade

Vpon's againe.

Com.

They are worne (Lord Consull) so,

That we shall hardly in our ages see

Their Banners waue againe.

Corio.

Saw you *Auffidius*?

Latius.

On safegard he came to me, and did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vildly

Yielded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio.

Spoke he of me?

Latius.

He did, my Lord.

Corio.

How? what?

Latius.

How often he had met you Sword to Sword:

That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated

Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes

To hopelesse restitution, so he might

Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio.

At Antium liues he?

Latius.

At Antium.

Corio.

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

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

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

Scicin.

Passe no further.

Cor.

Hah? what is that?

Brut.

It will be dangerous to goe on—No further.

Corio.

What makes this change?

Menen.

The matter?

Com.

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

Brut.

Cominius, no.

Corio.

Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat.

Tribunes giue way, he shall toth'Market place.

Brut.

The People are incens'd against him.

Scicin.

Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio.

Are these your Heard?

Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their touns? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Mene.

Be calme, be calme.

Corio.

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

Brut.

Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,

Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio.

Why this was knowne before.

Brut.

Not to them all.

Corio.

Haue you inform'd them sithence?

Brut.

How? I informe them?

Com.

You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut.

Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio.

Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds

Let me deserue so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin.

You shew too much of that,

For which the People stirre: if you will passe

To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,

Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,

Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mene.

Let's be calme.

Com.

The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring

Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*

Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely

I'th'plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio.

Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,

And I will speak't againe.

Mene.

Not now, not now.

Senat.

Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio.

Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:

For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,

Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,

And therein behold themselues: I say againe,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate

The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,

Which we our selues haue plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd,

By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,

Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that

Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Mene.

Well, no more.

Senat.

No more words, we beseech you.

Corio.

How? no more?

As [\[Page 15\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru.

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

Sicin.

'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene.

What, what? His Choller?

Cor.

Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Sicin.

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

Corio.

Shall remaine?

Heare you this Triton of the *Minnowes*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com.

'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor.

Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hydra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,

Neither Supream; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.

Com.

Well, on to'th'Market place.

Corio.

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

Mene.

Well, well, no more of that.

Cor.

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

Bru.

Why shall the people giue
One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio.

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

Mene.

Come enough.

Bru.

Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio.

No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit

Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not [...]icke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.

Bru.

Has said enough.

Sicin.

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

Corio.

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

Bru.

Manifest Treason.

Sicin.

This a Consull? No.

Enter an Aedile.

Bru.

The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Sicin.

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

Corio.

Hence old Goat.

All.

Wee'l Surety him.

Com.

Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio.

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

Sicin.

Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Mene.

On both sides more respect.

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.

All.

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

Mene.

What is about to be? I am out of Breath,

Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes

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

Bb2Sicin.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Scici.

Heare me, People peace.

All.

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

speake.

Scici.

You are at point to lose your Liberties:

Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,

Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.

Mene.

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

quench.

Sena.

To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici.

What is the Citie, but the People?

All.

True, the People are the Citie.

Brut.

By the consent of all, we were establish'd the

Peoples Magistrates.

All.

You so remaine.

Mene.

And so are like to doe.

Com.

Note: Conventionally this speech is given to Coriolanus.

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

Scici.

This deserues Death.

Brut.

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

Scici.

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

Brut.

Ædiles seize him.

All Ple.

Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene.

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

Ædiles.

Peace, peace.

Mene.

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

Brut.

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

Corio. drawes his Sword.

Corio.

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

Mene.

Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.

Brut.

Lay hands vpon him.

Mene.

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

All.

Downe with him, downe with him.

Exeunt.

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

Mene.

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

2. Sena.

Get you gone.

Com.

Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene.

Shall it be put to that?

Sena.

The Gods forbid:

I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leaue vs to cure this Cause.

Mene.

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

Corio.

Note: Conventionally this speech is given to Cominius.

Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene.

I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calued i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.

Corio.

On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene.

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

Com.

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

Mene.

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

Com.

Nay, come away.

*Exeunt Coriolanus and
Cominius.*

Patri.

This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene.

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

A Noise within.

Here's goodly worke.

Patri.

I would they were a bed.

Mene.

I would they were in Tyber.

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

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin.

Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himself

Mene.

You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin.

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

1 Cit.

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

All.

He shall sure ont.

Mene.

Sir, sir.

Sicin.

Peace.

Me.

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

Sicin.

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

Mene.

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

Sicin.

Consull? what Consull?

Mene.

The Consull *Coriolanus*.

Bru.

He Consull.

All.

No, no, no, no, no.

Mene.

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

Sic.

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

Menen.

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

Sicin.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Sicin.

He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene.

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

Sicin.

This is cleane kamme.

Brut.

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

Menen.

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

Bru.

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

Menen.

One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find

The harme of vnscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,
Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut.

If it were so?

Sicin.

What do ye talke?

Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?

Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.

Mene.

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

1. Sen.

Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course

Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,

Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sic.

Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:

Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Bru.

Go not home.

Sic.

Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:

Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede

In our first way.

Menen.

Ile bring him to you.

Let me desire your company: he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

Sena.

Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

[Act 3, Scene 2]

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio.

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

Enter Volumnia.

Noble.

You do the Nobler.

Corio.

I muse my Mother

Do's not approue me further, who was wont

To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created

To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads

In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,

Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me

False to my Nature? Rather say, I play

The man I am.

Volum.

Oh sir, sir, sir,

I would haue had you put your power well on

Before you had worne it out.

Corio.

Let go.

Vol.

You might haue beene enough the man you are,

With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin

The things of your dispositions, if

You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd

Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio.

Let them hang.

Volum.

I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men.

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

Sen.

There's no remedy,

Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie

Cleaue in the midd'st, and perish.

Volum.

Pray be counsail'd;

I haue a heart as little apt as yours,

But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger

To better vantage.

Mene.

Well said, Noble woman:

Before he should thus stoope to'th'heart, but that

The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Physicke

For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,

Which I can scarcely beare.

Corio.

What must I do?

Mene.

Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corio.

Well, what then? what then?

Mene.

Repent, what you haue spoke.

Corio.

For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doo't to them?

Volum.

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

Corio.

Tush, tush.

Mene.

A good demand.

Volum.

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

Corio.

Why force you this?

Volum.

Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this
Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruine.

Menen.

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

Volum.

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

Menen.

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

Volum.

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

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com.

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

Menen.

Onely faire speech.

Com.

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

Volum.

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

Corio.

Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of Martius, they to dust should grinde it,

And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com.

Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

Do your will.

Exit Volumnia

Com.

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

Corio.

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

Menen.

I, but mildely.

Corio.

Well mildely be it then, Mildely.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru.

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

Enter an Edile.

Edile.

Hee's comming.

Bru.

How accompanied?

Edile.

With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.

Sicin.

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

Edile.

I haue: 'tis ready.

Sicin.

Haue you collected them by Tribes?

Edile.

I haue.

Sicin.

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

Edile.

I shall informe them.

Bru.

And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution

Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edi.

Very well.

Sicin.

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

Bru.

Go about it,
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks
What's [\[Page 19\]](#)The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin.

Well, heere he comes.

Mene.

Calmely, I do beseech you.

Corio.

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

1 Sen.

Amen, Amen.

Mene.

A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin.

Draw neere ye people.

Edile.

List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.

Corio.

First heare me speake.

Both Tri.

Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio.

Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sicin.

I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults

As shall be prou'd vpon you.

Corio.

I am Content.

Mene.

Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

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

Corio.

Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.

Mene.

Consider further:

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

Com.

Well, well, no more.

Corio.

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

Sicin.

Answer to vs.

Corio.

Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin.

We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio.

How? Traytor?

Mene.

Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio.

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

Sicin.

Marke you this people?

All.

To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.

Sicin.

Peace:

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

Bru.

But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.

Corio.

What do you prate of Seruice.

Brut.

I talke of that, that know it.

Corio.

You?

Mene.

Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com.

Know, I pray you.

Corio.

Ile know no further:

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicin.

For that he ha's

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

All.

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

Com.

Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin.

He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com.

Let me speake:

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

Sicin.

We know your drift. Speake what?

Bru.

There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.

All.

It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio.

You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruatiue 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

[\[Page 20\]](#)

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Edile.

The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All.

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

Sicin.

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

All.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

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

Corio.

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

Virg.

Oh heuens! O heuens!

Corio.

Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol.

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

Corio.

What, what, what:

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

Volum.

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

Corio.

O the Gods!

Com.

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

Corio.

Fare ye well:

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

Menen.

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

Corio.

Giue me thy hand, come.

Exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 2]

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

Sicin.

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

Brut.

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

Sicin.

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

Brut.

Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin.

Let's not meet her.

Brut.

Why?

Sicin.

They say she's mad.

Brut.

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

Volum.

Oh y'are well met:

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

Menen.

Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum.

If that I could for weeping, you should heare,

Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg.

You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my Husband.

Sicin.

Are you mankinde?

Volum.

I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,

Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship

To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome

Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin.

Oh blessed Heauens!

Volum.

Moe Noble blowes, then euer (y^e)thou wise words.

And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:

Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne

Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,

His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin.

What then?

Virg.

When then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity

Volum.

Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen.

Come, come, peace.

Sicin.

I would he had continued to his Country

As he began, and not vnknit himselfe

The Noble knot he made.

Bru.

I would he had.

Volum.

I would he had? 'Twas thou incenst the rable.

Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,

As I can of those Mysteries which heauen

Will not haue earth to know.

Brut.

Pray let's go.

Volum.

Now pray sir get you gone.

You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:

As farre as doth the Capitoll excede

The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This [\[Page 21\]](#) 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.

Mene.

You haue told them home,

And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.

Volum.

Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,

And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,

Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come, come, come.

Exeunt

Mene.

Fie, fie, fie.

Exit.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom.

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

Volce.

It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom.

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

Volce.

Nicanor: no.

Rom.

The same sir.

Volce.

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

Rom.

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

Vol.

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

Rom.

The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that
they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the peo
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.

Vol.

Coriolanus Banisht?

Rom.

Banish'd sir.

Vol.

You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni*
canor.

Rom.

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

Volce.

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

Rom.

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

Vol.

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

Rom.

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

Volce.

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

Rom.

Well, let vs go together.

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 4]

*Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Dis
guisd, and muffled.*

Corio.

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

Enter a Citizen.

Cit.

And you.

Corio.

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

Cit.

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

Corio.

Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit.

This heere before you.

Corio.

Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

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

Exit.

[Act 4, Scene 5]

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser.

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

Enter another Seruingman.

2 Ser.

Where's Catus: my (M.)Master calls for him: *Catus.*

Exit

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio.

A goodly House:

The Feast smells well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Seruingman.

1 Ser.

What would you haue Friend? whence are you?

Here's no place for you: pray go to the doore?

Exit.

Corio.

I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in be
ing *Coriolanus.*

Enter second Seruant.

2 Ser.

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

Corio.

Away.

2 Ser.

Away? Get you away.

Corio.

Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser.

Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3

What Fellowes this?

1

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

3

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

Corio.

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

3

What are you?

Corio.

A Gentleman.

3

A maru'llous poore one.

Corio.

True, so I am.

3

Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other station, [\[Page 22\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus. tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.

Corio.

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

Pushes him away from him.

3

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

2

And I shall.

Exit second Seruingman.

3

Where dwel'st thou?

Corio.

Vnder the Canopy.

3

Vnder the Canopy?

Corio.

I.

3

Where's that?

Corio.

I'th City of Kites and crowes.

3

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

Corio.

No, I serue not thy Master.

3

How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio.

I, tis an honeste seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher: Hence.

Beats him away

Enter Aufidius with the Seruingman.

Auf.

Where is this Fellow?

2

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

Auf.

Whence com'st thou? What wouldst (y^e)thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio.

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

Auf.

What is thy name?

Corio.

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

Auf.

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

Corio.

Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst (y^e) thou me yet?

Auf.

I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio.

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

My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse
It be to do thee seruice.

Auf.

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

Corio.

You blesse me Gods.

Auf.

Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1

Heere's a strange alteration?

2

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

1

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

2

Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing
in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell [\[Page 23\]](#)The Tragedie of
Coriolanus. tell how to tearme it.

1

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

2

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

1

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

2

Who my Master?

1

Nay, it's no matter for that.

2

Worth six on him.

1

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

2

Fai [...]h looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for
the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1

I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3

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

Both.

What, what, what? Let's partake.

3

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

Both.

Wherefore? Wherefore?

3

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

1

Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3

I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al
wayes good enough for him

2

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

1

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

2

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

1

But more of thy Newes.

3

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

2

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

3

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

1

Directitude? What's that?

3

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

1

But when goes this forward:

3

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

2

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

1

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

2

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

1

I, and it makes men hate one another.

3

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

Both.

In, in, in, in.

Exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 6]

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin.

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

Enter Menenius.

Bru.

We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin.

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

Mene.

Haile to you both.

Sicin.

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

Mene.

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

Sicin.

Where is he, heare you?

Mene.

Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All.

The Gods preserue you both.

Sicin.

Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru.

Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1

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

Sicin.

Liue, and thriue.

Bru.

Farewell kinde Neighbours:

We wisht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All.

Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri.

Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens

Sicin.

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

Bru.

Caius Martius was

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

Sicin.

And affecting one sole Throne, without (assistāce)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.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile.

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

Mene.

'Tis *Auffidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment,
Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,
And [\[Page 24\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
And durst not once peepe out.

Sicin.

Come, what talke you of *Martius*.

Bru.

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

Mene.

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

Sicin.

Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru.

Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

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

Sicin.

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

Mes.

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

Sicin.

What more fearefull?

Mes.

It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,

And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'st and oldest thing.

Sicin.

This is most likely.

Bru.

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

Sicin.

The very tricke on't.

Mene.

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

Enter Messenger.

Mes.

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

Enter Cominius.

Com.

Oh you haue made good worke.

Mene.

What newes? What newes?

Com.

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

Mene.

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

Com.

Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.

Mene.

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

Com.

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

Mene.

You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlicke-eaters.

Com.

Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.

Mene.

As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:

You haue made faire worke.

Brut.

But is this true sir?

Com.

I, and you'l looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions

Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists

Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,

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

Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene.

We are all vndone, vnlesse

The Noble man haue mercy.

Com.

Who shall aske it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people

Deserue such pittie of him, as the Wolfe

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

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

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

And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me.

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

That should consume it, I haue not the face

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

You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

Com.

You haue brought

A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer

S'incapable of helpe.

Tri.

Say not, we brought it.

Mene.

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

But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,

Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote

Him out o'th'Citty.

Com.

But I feare

They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Affidius*,

The second name of men, obeyes his points

As if he were his Officer: Desperation,

Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene.

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

Omnes.

Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.

1 Cit.

for mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pittie.

2

And so did I.

3

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

Com.

Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene.

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

Com.

Oh I, what else?

Exeunt both.

Sicin.

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

1. Cit.

[\[Page 25\]](#)

The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1 Cit.

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

2 Cit.

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

Exit Cit.

Bru.

I do not like this Newes.

Sicin.

Nor I.

Bru.

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

Sicin.

Pray let's go.

Exeunt Tribunes.

[Act 4, Scene 7]

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf.

Do they still flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu.

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

Auf.

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

Lieu.

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

Auf.

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

Lieu.

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

Auf.

All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians loue him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it

By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was
 A Noble seruant to them, but he could not
 Carry his Honors [euen]: whether 'was Pride
 Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints
 The happy man; whether detect of iudgement,
 To faile in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
 Not to be other then one thing, not moouing
 From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace
 Euen with the same austerity and garbe,
 As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
 (As he hath spices of them all) not all,
 For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
 To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,
 Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
 And power vnto it selfe most commendable,
 Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire
 T'extoll what it hath done.
 One fire 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.
exeunt

Actus Quintus.
 [Act 5, Scene 1]

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

Menen.

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

Com.

He would not seeme to know me.

Menen.

Do you heare?

Com.

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

Menen.

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

Com.

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

Menen.

Very well, could he say lesse.

Com.

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

Menen.

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

Sicin.

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

Mene.

No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin.

Pray you go to him.

Mene.

What should I do?

Bru.

Onely make triall what your Loue can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene.

Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,
As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin.

Yet your good will
Must haue that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well

Mene.

Ile vndertak't:

I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,

And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.
ccHee[Page 26]The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft
These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue supplier Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

Bru.

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

Mene.

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

Exit.

Com.

Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin.

Not.

Com.

I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pittie. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solícite 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 or Guard.

1. Wat.

Stay: whence are you.

2. Wat.

Stand, and go backe.

Me.

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

1

From whence?

Mene.

From Rome.

1

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

2

You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speake with *Coriolanus*

Mene.

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

1

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

Mene.

I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparell'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 subtile ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe.

1

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

Men.

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

2

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

Mene.

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

1

You are a Roman, are you?

Mene.

I am as thy Generall is.

1

Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your

daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeue and pardon.

Mene.

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

1

Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene.

I meane thy Generall.

1

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

Mene.

Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio.

What's the matter?

Mene.

Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall
perceiue, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in houely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old
Father *Menenius* 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 accesse to thee.

Corio.

Away

Mene.

How? Away?

Corio.

Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcan breasts. That we haue beene familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather
Then pittie: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee speake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auffid.

You keepe a constant temper.

Exeunt

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1

Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2

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

1

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

2

What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

Menen.

I neither care for th'world, nor your General:
for such things as you. I can scarce thinke ther's any, y'are
so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it not [\[Page 27\]](#) 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

1

A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2

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

Exit Watch.

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio.

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

Auf.

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

Corio.

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

Shout within

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

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

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin

Virgil.

My Lord and Husband.

Corio.

These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg.

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

Corio.

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

Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio.

That's my braue Boy.

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

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

Corio.

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

Volum.

Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose
The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,
cc2And [\[Page 28\]](#) The Tragedie of Coriolanus.
And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg.

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

Boy.

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

Corio.

Not of a womans tendernesse to be,

Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I haue sate too long.

Volum.

Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either side
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fūe straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul
That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague Thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him with our knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother:

His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a litle
Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio.

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

Auf.

I was mou'd withall.

Corio.

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

Auf.

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

Corio.

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

[Act 5, Scene 4]

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene.

See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner
(stone?)

Sicin.

Why what of that?

Mene.

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

Sicin.

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

Mene.

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

Sicin.

He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene.

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

Sicin.

Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene.

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

Sicin.

The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mes.

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

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin.

What's the Newes?

Mess.

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

Sicin.

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

Mes.

As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:
Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.
The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.

A shout within

Mene.

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

Sicin.

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

Mess.

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

Sicin.

They are neere the City.

Mes.

Almost at point to enter.

Sicin.

Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy.

Exeunt.

[Act 5, Scene 5]

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

Sena.

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

Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All.

Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

[Act 5, Scene 6]

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf.

Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
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
poyson'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 deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf.

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

3. Con.

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

Auf.

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

3. Consp.

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

Auf.

That I would haue spoke of:

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

1. Con.

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

Auf.

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

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

1. Con.

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

2. Con.

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

3. Con.

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

Auf.

Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords.

You are most welcome home.

Auff.

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

All.

We haue.

1. Lord.

And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuies, answering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.
cc3Auf.

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The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Auf.

He approaches, you shall heare him.

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

Corio.

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

Auf.

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

Corio.

Traitor? How now?

Auf.

I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio.

Martius?

Auf.

I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'st thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting

Counsaille a'th'warre: But at his Nurses teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio.

Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf.

Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio.

Ha?

Aufid.

No more.

Corio.

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

1 Lord.

Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio.

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

Auf.

Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholly Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp.

Let him dye for't.

All People.

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

2 Lord.

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

Corio.

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

Auf.

Insolent Villaine.

All Consp.

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

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

Lords.

Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf.

My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1. Lord.

O *Tullus*.

2. Lord.

Thou hast done a deed, whereat

Valour will weepe.

3. Lord.

Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,

Put vp your Swords.

Auf.

My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage

Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger

Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce

That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours

To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer

My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure

Your heauiest Censure.

1. Lord.

Beare from hence his body,

And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded

As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald

Did follow to his Vrne.

2. Lord.

His owne impatience,

Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:

Let's make the Best of it.

Auf.

My Rage is gone,

And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him vp:

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

Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:

Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee

Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,

Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,

Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.

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

FINIS.