

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul 113
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? 116

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate. 121
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of

madness. 124
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here

but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 128

For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own

eyes? 133
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, 136

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself; 140

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight 144

Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle 148

As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
loos'd; 153

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy
reliques 156

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged

well 160
In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love, 164

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
Mysword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call, 169
Constrin'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed. 173
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, 176
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ENEAS.

Ene. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy: 180
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous
lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 184

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exit TROILUS, ENEAS, and ULYSSES.
Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Dio-

med! I would croak like a raven; I would bode,
I would bode. Patroclus would give me any

thing for the intelligence of this whore: the
parrot will not do more for an almond than

he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery;
still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds

fashion. A burning devil take them! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get
you in: 4

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous

to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in

intent. 8
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter. 12

Cas. O! 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother,

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard
me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows: 16

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold. 24
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day? 29

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[Exit CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-
ness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry: 32
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy. 36
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in

you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide
me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian
falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O! 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods, 44
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,

And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from
ruth. 48

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars 52

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword

drawn, 56
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,

But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, 60
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back:

The wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself 64
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, 68

Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, 72
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam! yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father. 76

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious

girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell! dear Hector. 80
Look! how thou diest; look! how thy eye turns

pale;
Look! how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:

Hark! how Troy roars: how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours

forth! 84
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! Away! 88
Cas. Farewell. Yet, soft! Hector, I take my

leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Exit.
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-

claim.
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight;

Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at
night. 93

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand
about thee!

[Exit severally PRIAM and HECTOR.
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. 96

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor
girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of

this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there? ¹⁰⁸

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter.]
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds. ¹¹³
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other. ²⁰

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude. ²⁴
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match? ²⁸
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee: live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, ⁴
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner, ⁸
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cadius; Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; ¹²
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all. ¹⁶

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, ²⁰
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and
takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is called impossibility. ²⁹

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O! courage, courage, princes; great
Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have pour'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons, ³³
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at
it, ³⁶
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care ⁴⁰
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! *[Exit.]*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face; ⁴⁵

SCENE V]

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face,
thou traitor!
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there? ⁸

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand,
Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have
at you both! *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my
youngest brother! ¹²

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now I do see thee. Ha! have at thee,
Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud
Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use: ¹⁶
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. *[Exit.]*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man, ²⁰
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too, ²⁴
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter One in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark.

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; ²⁸
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-
midons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath:

And when I have the bloody Hector found, ⁴
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed, Hector the great must die. ⁸
[Exeunt.]

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then
THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: 'ware
horns, ho! *[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]*

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's. ¹⁶

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard
in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegi-
timate. One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the
quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment.
Farewell, bastard. *[Exit.]*
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and
death. *[Puts off his helmet, and hangs
his shield behind him.]*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set; ⁵

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darning of the sun,

To close the day up, Hector's life is done. ⁸

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man
I seek. *[HECTOR falls.]*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. ¹²

On! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'—
[A retreat sounded.]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord. ¹⁶

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have
fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.—
(Sheathes his sword.)
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; 21
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES, and Others marching. Shouts with-
 in.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
 Nest. Peace, drums!

[Within.] Achilles!
 Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
 Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by
 Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; 4
 Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along. Let one be
 sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
 If in his death the gods have us befriended, 8
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
 ended. *[Exeunt marching.]*

SCENE X.—Another Part of the Plains.

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
 field.
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! the gods forbid!
 Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's
 tail, 4
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
 field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
 speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, 8
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the
 host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so.
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; 12
 But dare all imminence that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd 16
 Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth: and, in a word, 20
 Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 25
 I'll through and through you! And, thou great-
 siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, 28
 That mouldeth goblin's swift as frenzy's thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
 side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you! 32

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and
 shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! 34

[Exit.]
 Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!
 O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despised. O traitors and bawds, how earnestly
 are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why
 should our endeavour be so loved, and the per-
 formance so loathed? what verse for it? what
 instance for it?—Let me see!— 41

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail, 44
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
 painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones. 52
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made;
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases; 56
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]

CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
 TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.
 NICANOR, a Roman.

A Citizen of Antium.
 ADRIAN, a Volscian.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
 VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
 VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
 Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
 Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants
 to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Rome and the Neighbourhood; Corioli and the Neighbourhood; Antium.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with
 staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further,
 hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die
 than to famish? 5

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is
 chief enemy to the people. 8

All. We know't, we know't.

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

All. No more talking on't; let it be done.
 Away, away! 13

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens,
 the patricians good. What authority surfeits
 on would relieve us. If they would yield us but
 the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we
 might guess they relieved us humanely; but
 they think we are too dear: the leanness that
 afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an
 inventory to particularise their abundance; our
 sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge
 this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for
 the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread,
 not in thirst for revenge. 26

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against
 Caius Marcius?

First Cit. Against him first: he's a very dog
 to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has
 done for his country? 32

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

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously. 36

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done
 famously, he did it to that end: though soft-
 conscienced men can be content to say it was
 for his country, he did it to please his mother,

and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the
 altitude of his virtue. 42

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature,
 you account a vice in him. You must in no
 way say he is covetous. 45

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren
 of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to
 tire in repetition. *[Shouts within.]* What shouts
 are these? The other side o' the city is risen:
 why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here? 52

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one
 that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would
 all the rest were so! 56

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in
 hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I
 pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to
 the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight
 what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em
 in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong
 breaths: they shall know we have strong arms
 too. 64

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine
 honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone
 already. 68

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
 Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
 Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
 Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift
 them 72

Against the Roman state, whose course will on
 The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
 Of more strong link asunder than can ever
 Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it, and 77
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

Alack!