

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.—
(Sheathes his sword.)
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 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;
 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,
 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,

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,
 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;
 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!

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,

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,

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,

That mouldeth goblin-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!
 Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and
 shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[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!—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail,

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.
 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;

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?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is

chief enemy to the people.

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!

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.

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?

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.

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.

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

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?

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!

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.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine

honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone

already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift

them

Against the Roman state, whose course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

Alack!

You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you
slander 80
The helms o' the state, who care for you like
fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They
ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and
their storehouses crammed with grain; make
edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal
daily any wholesome act established against the
rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily
to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars
eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love
they bear us.

Men. Either you must 92
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more. 97

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you
must not think to fob off our disgrace with a
tale; but, an't please you, deliver. 100

Men. There was a time when all the body's
members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, 104
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other in-
struments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister 108
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the
belly? 112

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of
smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even
thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied 116
To the discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, 121
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps 124
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! what then? what
then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be
restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then? 128

First Cit. The former agents, if they did com-
plain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.
First Cit. You're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend; 133
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first, 137
Which you do live upon; and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood, 141
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency 145
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,—this says the belly,
mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each, 149
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you
this? 153

Men. The senators of Rome are this good
belly,
And you the mutinous members; for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly 156
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall
find

No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you
think, 160
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore-
most: 164

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale. 164

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dis-
sentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee
will flatter 173

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you, 176

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, 180
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that 184
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind, 188
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, 192
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seek-
ing?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof
they say

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! 196
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feeling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough! 202

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high 205

As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion, 208
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs:

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must
eat; 212
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,—
To break the heart of generosity, 217
And make bold power look pale,—they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms, 221

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time 225
Win upon power, and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments! 228

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscres are in
arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means
to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. 232

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Sena-
tors; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have
lately told us;

The Volscres are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't. 236

I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make 240
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is; 244
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with
t'other, 248

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O! true-bred.
First Sen. Your company to the Capitol;
where I know

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To COMINIUS.] Lead you on:
[To MARCIUS.] Follow Cominius; we must fol-
low you; 252

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!
First Sen. [To the Citizens.] Hence! to your
homes! be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volscres have much corn; take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. 257

[Exit Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS, TITUS,
and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Mar-
cius?

Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O! if he
Had borne the business.'
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is.
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
First Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20

They needs must show themselves; which in
the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.
Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think you'll find
They've not prepared for us.
Auf. O! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you! 36
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
First Sen. Farewell.
Sec. Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Rome. A Room in MARCIUS'S House.

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they set them down on two low stools and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son
were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that
absence wherein he won honour than in the
embracements of his bed where he would show
most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied
and the only son of my womb, when youth with
comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a
day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell
him an hour from her beholding, I, considering
how honour would become such a person, that
it was no better than picture-like to hang by the
wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to
let him seek danger where he was like to find
fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence
he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell
thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first
hearing he was a man-child than now in first
seeing he had proved himself a man.
Vir. But had he died in the business, madam;
how then?
Vol. Then, his good report should have been
my son; therein would have found issue. Hear
me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each
in my love alike, and none less dear than thine
and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven
die nobly for their country than one voluptu-
ously surfeit out of action. 28

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gen. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to
visit you.
Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire
myself.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning
him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody
brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvestman that's task'd to mow 40
Or all or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, 44
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. 48
[Exit Gentlewoman.]
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and an Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you. 52
Vol. Sweet madam.
Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.
Val. How do you both? you are manifest
housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A
fine spot, in good faith. How does your little
son? 58
Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good
madam.
Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear
a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster. 61
Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear
'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked
upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together:
he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw
him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he
caught it, he let it go again; and after it again;
and over and over he comes, and up again;
caught it again: or whether his fall enraged
him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and
tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammoocked it!
Vol. One on 's father's moods. 72
Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.
Vir. A crack, madam.
Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must
have you play the idle huswife with me this
afternoon. 77
Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of
doors.
Val. Not out of doors!
Vol. She shall, she shall. 80
Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not
over the threshold till my lord return from the
wars.
Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most un-
reasonably. Come; you must go visit the good
lady that lies in. 86
Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit
her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.
Vol. Why, I pray you?
Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want
love. 91

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet,
they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses'
absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come;
I would your cambric were sensible as your
finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.
Come, you shall go with us. 97
Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I
will not forth.
Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell
you excellent news of your husband. 101
Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there
came news from him last night. 104
Vir. Indeed, madam?
Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator
speak it. Thus it is: The Volsces have an army
forth; against whom Cominius the general is
gone, with one part of our Roman power: your
lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their
city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and
to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine
honour; and so, I pray, go with us. 113
Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will
obey you in every thing hereafter.
Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now she
will but disease our better mirth. 117
Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you
well then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithce,
Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go
along with us. 121
Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed I must
not. I wish you much mirth.
Val. Well then, farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have
met.
Lart. My horse to yours, no.
Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke
as yet. 4
Lart. So the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you
him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half. 8
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and
they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy
blast. 12
A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two
Senators, and Others.
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less
than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[Drums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with

rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!

[Alarum afar off.]
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Lad-

ders, ho!

The Volscs enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and
fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on,
my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce, 28
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beaten back to their
trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd 32
Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale 36
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend and charge

home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe

And make my wars on you; look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their

wives, 41
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

Another alarum. The Volscs and Romans re-
enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volscs

retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them
to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good
seconds:

'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them, 44
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates.]
First Sol. Foolhardiness! not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[MARCIUS is shut in.]
Third Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[Alarum continues.]

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

Slain, sir, doubtless. 48
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very

heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow! 52
Who, sensibly, outdares his senseless sword,

And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,
Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible 57
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the

world 60
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by
the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir!

Lart. O! 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—Corioli. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for
silver. [Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a
trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize
their hours

At a crack'd drachme! Cushions, leadenspoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with
them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To
him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take

Convenient numbers to make good the city, 12
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will

haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not; 16
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you

well:
The blood I drop is rather physical

Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell. 24

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
[Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town.

Where they shall know our mind. Away! 28
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought;
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,

We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!

Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-

countering, 8
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,

And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven, 12

And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't

since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums: 16

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscs
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel

Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [Within.] Come I too late? 24

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others, 28

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart

As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors. 32
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 pitying, threat'ning the
other; 36

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,

To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your

trenches? 40
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,

The common file—a plague! tribunes for
them!

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did
budge 44

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not

think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so? 48

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage
fought,

And did retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on

which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius, 52
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,

Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought, 56

By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you

directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;

And that you not delay the present, but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,

And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 64
Deny your asking: take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—

As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear 69

Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,

And that his country's dearer than himself; 72
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords;
take him up in their arms, and cast up
their caps.]

O! me alone? Make you a sword of me? 76
If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volscs? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:

the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows: 85
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon CORIOLI,
going with drum and trumpet towards COMINIUS
and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,
a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your
duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field, 4
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct
us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the
Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS
and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot. 4

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's
slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus, 8
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'tis not my
blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector 12
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.—

[They fight, and certain Volscies come to the
aid of AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. 16
[Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS.]

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter
from one side, COMINIUS and Romans; from
the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf,
and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine
honours,

Shall say, against their hearts, 8
'We thank the gods our Rome hath such a
soldier!

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from
the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison: 12
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have
done

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country: 17
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment 21
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech
you,— 25

In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,—before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart 28
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not.
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of
all 32

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general; 36
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius!
Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]

Mar. May these same instruments, which
you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing! 44
When steel grows soft as is the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which, without note, here's many else have
done, 49

You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted 52
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in
manacles, 57
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear 65
The addition nobly ever!

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.]

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition 72
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome 76
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner; 84
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O! well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should 88
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent: 92
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volscies.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Auf. Condition!
Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot, 4
Being a Volscie, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me, 8

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: mine emulation 12
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force—
True sword to sword—I'll potch at him some
way

Or wrath or craft may get him.
First Sol. He's the devil. 16

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My
valour's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the
city;

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that
must 28

Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I
pray you—

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it 32
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have
news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the
people, for they love not Marcius. 5

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love? 8

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry
plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a
bear. 13

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a
lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing
that I shall ask you. 16

Sic. Well, sir.

Bru. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,
that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored
with all. 21

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you? 26

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir; well. 30

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir. 37

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. O! that you could. 45

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates—alias fools—as any in Rome. 49

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 73

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

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more en-

tangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. 90

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol. 93

Men. Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 111

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation. 116

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Nay, 'tis true.

Vir. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me! 124

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 133

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland. 140

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 143

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this? 148

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he

gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 153

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

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing. 157

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [To the Tribunes.] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. [To VOLUMNIA.] Where is he wounded? 164

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body. 168

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 172

Men. Now, it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [A shout and flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: 178

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oak garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows Coriolanus. 184

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[Flourish.]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods 189

For my prosperity. [Kneels.]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,— 192

What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?

But O! thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd

home,

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

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, 197

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [To VALERIA.] O my

sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O! welcome

home; 200

And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome.

A curse begnaw at very root on 's heart 204

That is not glad to see thee! You are three

That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors! 208

We call a nettle but a nettle, and

The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [To VOLUMNIA and VALERIA.] Your hand, and yours: 212

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours. I have liv'd 216

Vol. To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy: only

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not

but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, 220

I had rather be their servant in my way

Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as

before. The Tribunes remain.]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the

bleared sights 224

Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, 228

Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,

windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing 231

In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flames

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames

Commit the war of white and damask in

Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother 237

As if that whatsoever god who leads him

Were slyly crept into his human powers,

And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden 240

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his

honours

From where he should begin and end, but will

Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort. 245

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom

we stand,