

But they upon their ancient malice will
Forget with the least cause these his new
honours,
Which that he'll give them, make I as little
question

As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss it
rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

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

Bru. 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 his power he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
and
Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. 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 upon 't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought
That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung
gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
Ashower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

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

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

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no
better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus
neither to care whether they love or hate him
manifests the true knowledge he has in their
disposition; and out of his noble carelessness
lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt
doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks
their hate with greater devotion than they can
render it him; and leaves nothing undone that
may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to
seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the
people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to
flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
country; and his ascent is not by such easy
degrees as those who, having been supple and
courteous to the people, bonneted, without any
further deed to have them at all into their
estimation and report; but he hath so planted
his honours in their eyes, and his actions in
their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent,
and not confess so much, were a kind of in-
grateful injury; to report otherwise, were a
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck
reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard
it.

First Off. No more of him; he is a worthy
man: make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMI-
NIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many
other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The
Senators take their places; the Tribunes take
theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscies, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting, 44
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore,
please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius: 53
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. *[To the Tribunes.]*

Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]
Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to
hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft, 76
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun

When the alarm were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. *[Exit.]*

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—
That's thousand to one good one,—when you
now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it. Proceed, Com-
inius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Corio-
lanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, 92
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove 96
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea, 104
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since

He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward 109
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's

stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off, 117
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his:

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce 120
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quick'n'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 124
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit
the honours

Which we devise him. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards 132
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear. 136

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot 141
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people 144
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have, 148
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. *[Aside to SICINIUS.]* Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide, 153

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but SICINIUS*

and BRUTUS.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the
people. 160

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will re-
quire them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

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

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will. 3

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do
it, but it is a power that we have no power to
do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his
deeds, we are to put our tongues into those
wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his
noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous,
and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to
make a monster of the multitude; of the which,
we being members, should bring ourselves to be
monstrous members. 14

First Cit. And to make us no better thought
of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us
the many-headed multitude. 18

Third Cit. We have been called so of many;
not that our heads are some brown, some black,
some abram, some bald, but that our wits are
so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all
our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
would fly east, west, north, south; and their
consent of one direct way should be at once to
all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you
judge my wit would fly? 28

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out
as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up
in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould,
sure, southward. 32

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where
being three parts melted away with rotten dews,
the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to
help to get thee a wife. 37

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks:
you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your
voices? But that's no matter, the greater part
carries it. I say, if he would incline to the
people, there was never a worthier man. 43

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS, in a gown of humility,
and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in a gown of humility:
mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all
together, but to come by him where he stands,
by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make
his requests by particulars; wherein every one
of us has a single honour, in giving him our own
voices with our own tongues: therefore follow
me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not
known 53

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

'I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my
wounds! 56

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me! the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire
them 60

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
you, 64

In wholesome manner.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit MENENIUS.*

So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here?

First Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath
brought you to't. 69

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire. 72

First Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.

First Cit. You must think, if we give you
any thing, we hope to gain by you. 77

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the
consulship? 28

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly. 80

Cor. Kindly! sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in
private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir. 84

Cor. A match, sir. There is in all two worthy
voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

First Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis
no matter. [*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the
tune of your voices that I may be consul, I
have here the customary gown. 92

Third Cit. You have deserved nobly of your
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma? 95

Third Cit. You have been a scourge to her
enemies, you have been a rod to her friends;
you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more vir-
tuous that I have not been common in my love.
I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people,
to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a con-
dition they account gentle: and since the wis-
dom of their choice is rather to have my hat
than my heart, I will practise the insinuating
nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that
is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of
some popular man, and give it bountifully to
the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be
consul. 110

Fourth Cit. We hope to find you our friend,
and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Cit. You have received many wounds
for your country. 114

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with
showing them. I will make much of your voices,
and so trouble you no further. 117

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 120

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go 129

To one that would do thus. I am half through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Here come more voices. 132

Re-enter three other Citizens.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six

I have seen and heard of; for your voices have

Done many things, some less, some more; your

voices: 137

Indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice. 140

Sixth Cit. Therefore let him be consul. The
gods give him joy, and make him good friend to

the people! 144

All. Amen, amen.

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and

the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice; remains

That, in the official marks invested, you 148

Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have dis-
charg'd:

The people do admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation. 152

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing

myself again, 156

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you

along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 160

'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose
this man? 164

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your

love.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy

notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly, 168

He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did

not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself,

but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's

country. 172

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

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

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he

could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom, 176

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: 'when we granted that,

Here was, 'I thank you for your voices, thank

you,

Your most sweet voices: now you have left

your voices 180

I have no further with you.' Was not this

mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him

As you were lesson'd, when he had no power, 185

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, ever spake against

Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving 189

A place of potency and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might 192

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and 196
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd 200
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article 204

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt 208
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you 213
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues? 216

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny
him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. Ay, twice five hundred and their
friends to piece 'em. 220

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those
friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking 224
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget
not 228

With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance, 232
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,—
No impediment between,—but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him 237
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240
That what you should, made you against the
grain

To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country, 244
How long continu'd, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king; 248
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd,—
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,— 252
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past, 257
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on; 260
And presently, when you have drawn your
number,

Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard 264
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come: 268
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMI-
NIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patri-
cians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new
head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road 5

Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius? 8
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did
course

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what? 12

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most, that he would pawn his
fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might 16
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise
them;

For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further. 24

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the
common? 28

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to
the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? 32

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm. 36

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot: 40

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandall'd the suppliants for the people, call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness. 44

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours. 48

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir; if you will pass 52

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

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm. 56

Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This
paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn! 60

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again,—
Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons: 64

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 69

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd num-
ber;

Who lack'd not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more. 73

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs 76

Coin words till they decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not 80

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, 84

By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark 88

you

His absolute 'shall?'

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. 'Shall!'

O good but most unwise patricians! why,

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer, 92

That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not

spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake 97

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians 100

If they be senators; and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the great'st

taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate,

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,' 104
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up, 108
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more
absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed 116
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn 119
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of
service 123

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusa-
tion

Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive 128
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request
it; 132

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break
ope 136

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship, 141
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no 144
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
follows

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you,— 148

You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish 152
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dis-
honour 156

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. He has said enough. 160
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes? 164

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour, 168
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The ædiles, ho! Let him be appre-
hended. 172

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in
whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat! 176
Sen. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter Ædiles, with Others, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect. 180
Sic. Here's he that would take from you all
your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!
Citizens. Down with him!—down with him!—

Sen. Weapons!—weapons!—weapons!— 184
[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS, crying*

*Tribunes!—patricians!—citizens!—What ho!—
Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!
Peace!—Peace!—Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—Peace!*

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of
breath; 188
Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tri-
bunes

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace!—

Speak, speak, speak. 192
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench. 196

First Sen. To unbuild the city and to lay all
flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,

The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain. 201

Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation, 204
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce, 208
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him! 213
Citizens. Yield, Marcus, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace! 216
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's

friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon
him, 221

And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fight-
ing: 224

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me.

Men. Down with that word! Tribunes, with-
draw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcus, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him!—down with him!
[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles,*

and the People are beat in.]
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, 229
away!

All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house; 233
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us. 236
Cor. I would they were barbarians,—as they
are,

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

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; 240
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands 245
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear 248
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away. 252

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]
First Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth: 256

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work!
Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the
vengeance! 261

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock 265

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power, 268
Which he so sets at naught.

First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir,— 272

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness, 276

So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two, The which shall turn you to no further harm Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then; For we are peremptory to dispatch

This viperous traitor. To eject him hence Were but one danger, and to keep him here Our certain death; therefore it is decreed

He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O! he's a limb that has but a disease; Mortal to cut it off; to cure it easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,— Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath

By many an ounce,—he dropp'd it for his country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,

A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry; when he did love his country

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence, Lest his infection, being of catching nature,

Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,

Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;

Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come!

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In bolted language; meal and bran together

He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him

Where he shall answer by a lawful form,— In peace,—to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course Will prove too bloody, and the end of it

Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius, Be you then as the people's officer.

Bru. Masters, lay down your weapons.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

[To the Senators.] Let me desire your company. He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in CORIOLANUS'S House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight; yet will I still

Be thus to them.

First Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vassals, things created To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance stood up

To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say I play The man I am.

Vol. O! sir, sir, sir,

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

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are

With striving less to be so: lesser had been The thwarting of your dispositions if

You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough;

You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy; Unless, by not so doing, our good city

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd.

I have a heart of mettle apt as yours, But yet a brain that leads my use of anger

To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman! Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but

that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods; Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute; Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, I' the war do grow together: grant that, and

tell me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose, That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem The same you are not,—which, for your best

ends,

You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse, That it shall hold companionship in peace

With honour, as in war, since that to both It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak

To the people; not by your own instruction, Nor by the matter which your heart prompts

you,

But with such words that are but rooted in Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all Than to take in a town 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 honour: I am in this, Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts How you can frown than spend a fawn upon

em,

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady! Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so, Not what is dangerous present, but the loss

Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand; And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with

them,

Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant

More learned than the ears,—waving 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 soldier, and being bred in broils Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess

Were fit for thee to use as they to claim, In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were

yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now, Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst

rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve if he

Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.

Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed

sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble

heart

A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't: Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,

And throw't against the wind. To the market-place!

You have put me now to such a part which never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so, To have my praise for this, perform a part

Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't: Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take

up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd

knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do't, Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

And by my body's action teach my mind

A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour 124
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list, 128
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
loves, 132
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
below'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do 136
I'll the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. *[Exit.]*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you:
arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Men. The word is 'mildly.'
Cor. Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly. 144
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates 4
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue 8
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither; 12
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so,
I'll the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,
If I say, fine, cry 'fine,'—if death, cry 'death,' 16
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this
hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it. 24

[Exit Ædile.]
Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which
looks 29
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece 32
Will bear the knave by the volume. The
honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthymen! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace, 36
And not our streets with war!

First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience; peace!
I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho! 40
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content 44
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo! citizens, he says he is content:
The war-like service he has done, consider;
think 48
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen, 52
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well; no more. 56
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice

I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us. 60
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical; 64
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the
people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free 72
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock!—to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak, 76
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this,
So criminal and in such capital kind, 80
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You!
Men. Is this the promise that you made your
mother? 84

Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 88
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,—
As much as in him lies,—from time to time 92
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-
sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers 96
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation 100
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so,—It shall be so,—Let
him away.— 104
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my com-
mon friends,—
Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 108
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would 113
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country: 116
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so,—it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men 120
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes, 124
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance,—which finds not, till it feels,—
Making but reservation of yourselves,— 128
Still your own foes,—deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back: 132
There is a world elsewhere.

*[Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]*
Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd!—he is
gone!—Hoo! hoo!

[They all shout and throw up their caps.]
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite; 137
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come,—let us see him out at
gates! come! 140
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come!
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Rome. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*
Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell:
the best

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd,
To say extremity was the trier of spirits; 4
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, 8
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—