THE INVADER OF HIS COUNTRY:

OR, 

The Fatal Resentment.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By His Majesty's Servants.

By Mr. Dennis.

LONDON:

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To His Grace

THOMAS,
Duke of Newcastle,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

Take the Liberty to Dedicate to Your Grace The Invader of his Country, which is the Coriolanus of Shakespear alter'd by me. And I have presum'd to do this without asking Your Leave, because this is a Dedication of an extraordinary Nature, and an Application to Your Grace for Justice, in a Cause that is determinable by Your Grace alone, by vertue of Your Office; as all Causes of the like Nature, ever since I could
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could remember, have been decided in the last Appeal by Your GRACE's Predecessors.

My LORD, Coriolanus throws himself at Your GRACE’s Feet, in order to obtain Justice of You, after having received as injurious Treatment from the petulant Deportment of two or three Insolent Players, as ever he formerly did at Rome from the Brutal Rage of the Rabble. He has been banish’d from our Theatre by the one, thro’ a mistaken Greediness of Gain, as the other formerly expell’d him from Rome thro’ a groundless Jealousy of Power.

My LORD, when I tell the World that Coriolanus has been unjustly banish’d from our Theatre by two or three Insolent Players, I am sure all those will be apt to believe me, who will reflect with Indignation and Disdain, that that Roman is not the first Nobleman whom they have audaciously dar’d to exclude from thence. And I hope this provoking Reflection will oblige Your GRACE to vindicate Your own just Right, and the Crown’s undoubted Prerogative.

If the Concern which I have in this Cause were the only thing in Question, I should make a Conscience of giving Your GRACE any Trouble about it. But, my LORD, ’tis a Cause of far more extensive and more important Consequence. ’Tis the noble Cause of Your Country, in which Your GRACE has been so Active and so Successful, and in which this Play was alter’d; ’tis the Cause of Dramatick Poetry, the Cause of the British Muses, and of all those whom They vouchsafe to inspire. ’Tis Your GRACE who is to determine whether these shall Flourish for the future, and do Honour to Great Britain, and consequently to augment, in some measure; the
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the Interest and Power of Your Country; or whether the best Professors of the noblest Art, and the Art itself, must die. 'Tis Your Grace who is to determine, whether Gentlemen who have great Capacities, who have had the most generous Education, who have all their Lives had the best and the noblest Designs for the Service of their Country, and the Instruction of Mankind, shall have their worthy Labours supported and render'd effectual to the great Ends for which they intended them; or whether they must all be sacrific'd to two or three Insolent Actors, who have no Capacity, who have had no Education, who have not the least Concern for their Country, who have nothing in their Heads or in their Hearts but low Thoughts, and fordid Designs; and yet at the same time have so much Pride, and so much insupportable Insolence, as to dare to fly in the Face of the greatest Persons in England.

I will now lay the Matter of Fact before Your Grace, by which I believe you will very easily discern, that there was a Conspiracy from the beginning, between the three Members of this separate Ministry, as they are pleas'd to call themselves, for the Destruction of this Play. They were engaged to Act it the last Winter by their Words Solemnly given, and the acting of it then had been most reasonable, when the Nation was in the uneasy Expectation of a Double Invasion from Sweden on the North, and from Spain on the West of England. Instead of keeping their Words with me; they Postpon'd a Play, that was writ in the Cause of their Country, in the Cause of their Sovereign,

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whi
whose Servants as well as Subjects they call themselves, for the most Absurd and Insipid Trifles that ever came upon any Stage. They began the Winter with preaching up Adultery to the Town by the Mouth of a Dramatick Priest: They ended it much after the rate at which they began it, by teaching Ladies how they may Cuckold their Husbands without the Apprehension of a Discovery; as if any Licence, or any Patent, would bear these People out in Debauching the People, or as if such a Practice were not sufficient to disannul any Patent. My Lord, in the beginning of this Winter they began to rehearse the Play, after they had dispos’d some of the Comick Parts to Persons who were wholly unfit for them; and maim’d two of the principal Tragick Scenes to that Degree, that I could hardly know them. After about five Weeks Rehearsal, the tenth of November was fix’d for the Acting the Play. I could not prevail with them to put it off for a Week longer, notwithstanding it was most apparently their Interest more than mine; because there was a daily Expectation of the KING’s Arrival. My Lord, when the Tenth of November came, these three Religious Persons were, to the wonder of all that heard of it, attack’d with Scruples of Conscience: They were inform’d that it was the Third Day of a Young Author at the other House; and it would be Cruel, it would be Barbarous to have my First Day upon the other’s Third. Thus did these good-natur’d Gentlemen take an occasion from a pretended Tenderness to exercise a real Barbarity. My Lord, I was very easily prevail’d
vail'd with to put off the Play; but little thought, at the same time, that they design'd to put it off for a Day only. I was very much surpriz'd when I found by the Bills, that the Play was to be Acted the very next Day, and that consequently Friday was to be my Third Day: Now, My Lord, Friday is not only the very worst Day of the Week for an Audience, but this was that particular Friday, when a Hundred Persons who design'd to be there, were either gone to meet the KING, or preparing here in Town to do that Duty, which was expected from them at His Arrival.

Thus, My Lord, did these good, human, tender-hearted Managers take an occasion to exercife a real Barbarity upon their old Acquaintance, to whom they and their Stage are more oblig'd than to any Writer in England, from a pretended Tenderness to one who is a meer Stranger to them, and from whose Success they could expect nothing but the lessening of their Gain. My Lord, the Play was Acted on Wednesday the 11th to an Audience of near a Hundred Pound, for so much they own'd to me. It was favourably received by the Audience. There did some Malice appear twice, but it was immediately drown'd by the utmost Clamours of Applause. On Thursday the Play was Acted again to an Audience of between Fifty and Threescore Pounds. And on Friday to an Audience of between Sixty and Seventy Pounds. Considering the Disadvantages under which we lay, here were fair hopes for the future. And on Friday, after the Play was done, these tender-hearted Managers caus'd another to be given out, to the Astonishment of
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the Audience, the Disappointment of those who had reserv'd themselves for the Sixth Day, and the Retrenching three parts in four of my Profits; and this contrary to an Ancient Rule, which has been always observ'd till now by those who have at any time had the Government of a Playhouse, and that is, never to give over a new Play which is favourably received by an Audience as long as it brings Charges. And, My LORD, nothing can be more reasonable and equitable than the Observation of this Rule. For since the Poet ventures his Interest in his Play, which is sometimes his All, and his Reputation into the bargain, which is his Hope of future Gain, can any thing be more just, than that the Masters or Managers of a Play-house should venture their Gain upon a probable prospect of future Profit, the losses of which for two or three Nights they will hardly feel, rather than by laying down a Play abruptly, absolutely ruin the Author, who perhaps has done his part to please.

Now, my LORD, I appeal to Your Grace, if here was not a fair Prospect of Success for the future: The Play had been acted three Nights together, to a Hundred, to Sixty, and to Seventy Pound. The Play was receiv'd the first Night with Applause: The KING, and the Court, and the Parliament, were all coming to Town. But notwithstanding all our reasonable Expectation, the Managers gave out another Play, insolently declaring, that no Play was worth their Acting any longer than it brings a Hundred Pound. Now, my LORD, they cannot but know that several Plays which have been but indifferent, follow'd the first Days, have afterwards
WARDS come to be admir'd Plays, and to bring crowded Audiences. The best Play which can be writ by an Author who has not a Cabal, will hardly bring a Hundred Pound upon the second and fourth Nights; and the worst that can be writ by a Poetaster who has a Cabal, may do a great deal more. As long as the publick Taste is so vitiated as it is at present, bad Plays are like to be more crowded than good ones. So that, by their own Declaration, as long as these Persons have the Management of the Play-house, there can be no Improvement of the publick Taste; good Writers are sure to be discourag'd, and the Art of the Drama, in a little time, is certain to be lost; and the Art of Writing is sure to be followed by the Art of Acting. For great Actors are not to be made but by Original Parts; and as 'tis an eternal general Rule, that a Copy has neither the free Spirit nor easy Grace of an Original, so the Copy of a Copy is still more faint, and the several succeeding Copies grow weaker still the further they descend from the Original, till all Life and all Resemblance comes at last to be lost. But if any one happens to object to him, that when a young Man who has a Talent for Acting comes to Act a Part of which he has seen neither the Copying nor Original Actor, that Part is to him an Original one. To him I answer, that most of our Poets having had either the Address or the Weakness, I leave it to Your Grace to determine which, to write to the Manners and the Talents of some particular Actors, it seems to me to be absolutely impossible, with Submission to Your Grace's Judgment, that any Actor can become an admirable Original, by Playing a Part which was writ
DE D I C A T I O N.

writ and design'd for another Man's particular Talent.

Thus have I laid before Your Grace the Reasons why the Conduct of the present Managers must destroy the very Species of Dramatick Poets and Players. And these Reasons, which I hope are clear in themselves, are confirm'd by infallible Experience: It being evident from Fact, that all our principal Dramatick Poets and Players have been form'd while our Theatres were under the Lord Chamberlain's Regulation; and that both Writing and Acting have gradually fall'n off, since the Players have pretended to exclude him from his Jurisdiction over them. And, my Lord, 'tis a melancholy thing to consider, that there is not at present in Great Britain one promising Genius, or promising Actor, growing up for the Stage.

As every Branch of Poetry in England must fall with the Dramatick, there being here no constant visible Encouragement for Poets, but what is deriv'd from the Stage, I appeal to Your Grace, whether it is worth while, to turn Poetry, which is the noblest, and perhaps the only Original Branch of the British Learning, out of the Nation, only to advance the Lucre of three Actors.

Thus, My Lord, have I laid this Cause before Your Grace; not without flattering my self, that I have fully made it appear to You, that I have been us'd with extreme Injustice by the Managers of the Play-house. Before this Play came upon the Stage, it had the Approbation of some of the very best Judges in England, who are so, and are universally acknowledg'd to be so, and who are too exalt-
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ted both by their High Stations, and the Greatness of their Minds, to say a thing to me, which they did not think. I have had this Play long enough by me to form as true and as sure a Judgment of it my self, as any one can do, who understands Poetical Matters no better than my self. And as a Man who is oppreßt is allow'd to speak Truth in his own behalf, I humbly conceive, that nothing comparably to it has been produced at the Theatre in Drury-Lane, since these People had the Management of it, not excepting Mr. Cibber's Heroick Daughter, who, for ought I know, may be more Heroick than the Daughter of Corneille; but there is this remarkable Difference between them, that Corneille's is Beautiful and Spiritual, and Mr. Cibber's Ugly and Insipid.

My LORD, I humbly beg Your Grace's Pardon, for speaking these few Words in my own behalf, which I do not absolutely despair of obtaining, when I consider that Cibber has lately employed thirty Pages in his own fulsom Commendation.

My LORD, the Mention of this Player naturally brings me to another thing which Your Grace is now to determine; and that is, whether this is not only mine, but the Cause of Dramatick Poetry it self, of all the Writers, and of all the Lovers of it: I hope I have made it appear, that all these join with me in this Petition to Your Grace for a Redress of intolerable Grievances, which none but the KING and Your Grace can Redress; that we who have scorn'd to be Slaves to our Princes, may be no longer subject to the ridiculous Tyranny of our own
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own wretched Creatures, our own Tools and Instruments; that They may no longer set up for Judges in their own Cause, which Englishmen would never allow to their Kings; that They may no longer usurp a Government, which they have neither Capacity, nor Equity, nor Authority to support, and of which Your Grace is the Lawful Monarch. How glorious will it be for Your Grace to Protect and Preserve so noble an Art, and the only reasonable publick Diversion that ever was yet invented! And how much will it endear Your Grace's Name and Memory to all the Writers and Lovers of Dramatick Poetry, both present and to come! My Lord, as all those Persons will be highly pleased with an Alteration in the Management of the Stage, they certainly expect it from Your Grace's Beneficence, from Your Love to Your Country, from Your Knowledge and Love of Letters, and from the Greatness of Your Mind. I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

John Dennis.
PROLOGUE,
Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

THE Tragedy we represent to Day
Is but a Grafting upon Shakspur's Play,
In whose Original we may descry,
Where Master-strokes in wild Confusion lie,
Here brought to as much Order as we can
Reduce those Beauties upon Shakspur's Plan;
And from his Plan we dar'd not to depart,
Least Nature should be lost in Quest of Art:
And Art had been attain'd with too much Cost,
Had Shakspur's Beauties in the Search been lost.
As Philomel, whom Heavn and Phoebus teach,
Has Notes which Birds, that Man instructs, ne'er reach.
"So Shakspur, Fancy's sweetest Child,
Warbles his Native Wood-Notes wild." Milton.

While ev'ry Note takes the rapt Heroe's Heart,
And ev'ry Note's victorious over Art,
Then what is ours, to Night, excuse for Shakspur's Part.
You chiefly, who are truly Britons nam'd,
Whose Breasts are with your Country's Love inflam'd,
Whose martial Toils as long as Time shall live,
Whose Conquests Credit to old Fables give:
Conquests which more renown'd by Age shall grow,
To which ev'n late Posterity shall owe
The noblest History the World can show;
You in our just Defence must sure engage,
And shield us from the Storms of Factional Rage.
In the same Cause in which each Champion fights,
In the same noble Cause our daring Poet writes.
For as when Britain's Rebel Sons of late
Combin'd with Foreign Foes to invade the State,
She to your Valour and your Conduct owes,
That she subdued and cru'd her nom'rous Foes:
We shew, to Night, such Treasons to prevent,
That their Guilt's follow'd by their Punishment.
That Heavn's the Guardian of our Rightful Cause,
And watches o'er our Sov'reign and our Laws.

EPILOGUE
EPILOGUE,

Written by the Author, and intended to be Spoken.

NOW, Sirs, we wait to know if the same Doom
Attends our Heroe here that did at Rome.
By Noise and Uproar he was driven from thence,
While Merit was a poor and weak Defence:
But let him not by those be banish'd hence.
If he was banish'd thence, 'twas against Right,
And done by the mad Rabbles beastly Spight;
If the same Spight his Merit here attends,
Perhaps too here he'll find the chosen few his Friends.
But if these Friends prove weak in his Defence,
And Shakespeare must be driven hence;
As when he formerly was banish'd Rome,
He led the Volscians on to urge its Doom;
So now he Swears, in his impetuous Rage,
Jack-Puddings, Eunuchs, Tumblers shall engage;
To damn the Muses, and destroy the Stage.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Epilogue which follows was writ by Mr. Cibber, and spoke by Mrs. Oldfield. I never could get a sight of it before it was spoke, and when it was spoke, I heard it at such a distance from Mrs. Oldfield, that I heard it very imperfectly. When I came to read it, I found it to be a wretched Medley of Impudence and Nonense. As I saw he had made exceeding bold with me, so I found, that like a very honest Gentleman, he had betray'd the Truth respos'd in him, and endeavour'd to give the Audience an ill impression of the Play. At the latter end of the Epilogue, there is an appearance of Loyalty, which sav'd the whole from the Fates which had otherwise attended it. But 'tis as easy for Mr. Cibber at this time of Day to make a Bounce with his Loyalty, as 'tis for a Bully at Sea, who had lain hid in the hold all the time of the Fight, to come up and swagger upon the Deck after the Danger is over. I would fain hear of some Proof that he gave of his Zeal for the Protestant Succession, before the King's Accession to the Crown, or some Proof which he has given since by any Action which was not to get him Money, and bring the Court to his Play. I am perfectly satisfied that any Author who brings a Play to Drury-Lane, must, if 'tis a good one, be sacrificed to the Jealousie of this fine Writer, unless he has either a powerful Cabal, or unless he will flatter Mr. Robert Wkes, and make him believe that he is an excellent Tragedian; which would be as Ridiculous and as absurd, as it would be to Compliment a Fellow in a Fart upon his walking on the High Rope, who is only a Tumbler; or as it would be to compliment Mr. Cibber upon his Masterpieces in Tragedies, Poets, and the Heroick Daughters, which are as full of Nonse and Folly as Shipwrecks are Epilogue, and are full of Shift, awkward, Selected Stuff, and Lines that make as hideous a Noise, as if they were composed in an Incontinent Wheel-Elephant.

To end as I began with the Epilogue, if any Reader can tell me the meaning of some Lines in it, eris mi a magnus Apollo.
EPILOGUE, Written by Mr. CIBBER,  
Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Of late, most Authors, when their Plays are done,  
Contrive to send us praising Women on;  
As if our Wife Haranguing could not fail  
To appease the Critick, as when under Sail  
Ships throw an empty Barrel to a Whale.  
But hold—don’t thus Affront us?—

That Criticks are like Whales, so far’s but Civil,  
But that a Woman is a Barrel——O! the Devil!  
O bo! Now at his senseless Wit I partly guess!  
Barrels, he thinks, may well our Forms express;  
He means, we’re like for Sound, and Hoops, and Hollowness:  
Sweethly concluding it of course must follow,  
The Part of Woman most desir’d, her Heart, is hollow.  
And pray, what’s Man then, so return his Jeff?  
Why, when a Woman’s well provok’d, a Beast;  
For on their wise Heads, we can clap Horns at least.  
Barrels! A saucy Puppy! senseless Rogue!  
‘Gad, I’ve a mind to Damm his Epilogue!  
His Play I need not——no; poor wretched Elf!  
That Matter’s Rug! He’s done that Jobb himself.  
He has preach’d Morals to wild English Brains,  
In stupid Hopes, you’ll thank him for his Pains.  
Whoer from Tragic Scenes Success would see,  
Should give your various Taftes Variety;  
Instead of Camps and War, Lovers, and Grotts,  
To swell the Fair with Sighs and—— pretty Thoughts.  
(Tho’ Criticks must be pleas’d,) he as feasted them with Faults,  
Or that his Fancy might no Taste eschate,  
Have treated Rakes of Pleasure with a Rape,  
Or, to secure him Friends, shewn other Sights;  
For Whiggs, affected Liberty, and Rights;  
Or a Defensick King——for Jacobites.  
And then, when things were brought to the last Confusion,  
Have shewn, what base Men might make their Ufe on,  
What here, all Parties join’d in once——a Revolution.  
This could not fail——Nay, some still keep such Father,  
They’d the One so well, they want Another!  
Why here, for half a Crown, you might have see  
What Madness ‘twere to live such Days again.  
Had he shewn Laws infringing’d, or let you see  
The Sweats of Reclining Tyranny,  
Or lasth those Wretches, who, while free, complain  
They’re robb’d of their Hereditary Chain,  
And Fins for Kings——fit only on the Stage to Reign,  
You that adore ‘em then might here enjoy ‘em,  
Whist! Men with Hearts, like Beasts of Prey amoy ‘em!  
To show them hence, let Free-born Souls endeavour  
That BRUNSWICK’s Line may give us KINGS for Ever.
Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Caius Martius Coriolanus, Mr. Booth.
Ausidius, Mr. Mills.
Menenius, Mr. Corey.
Cominius, Mr. Thurmond.
Sicinius, Two Tribunes Mr. W. Wilks.
Brutus, of the People. Mr. Walker.
Lucius Cluentius, Mr. Roman, Sen.
Titus Largius, Mr. Williams.
Ædile, Mr. Oates.
1st Citizen, Mr. Bickerstaff.
2d Citizen Of Coriolanus's Mr. Penkethman.
3d Citizen, Party. Mr. Johnson
4th Citizen, Mr. Miller.
1st Citizen, Of Sempronius’s Mr. Norris.
2d Citizen, Party. Mr. Cross.
1st Servant, Mr. Penkethman.
2d Servant, To Ausidius, Mr. Norris.
3d Servant, Mr. Miller.

WOMEN.

Volumnia, Mother to Coriolanus, Mrs. Porter.
Virgilia, Wife to Coriolanus, Mrs. Thurmond.

Senators of Rome, and Antium; Citizens, Soldiers,
Ladies and Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly
in the Territories of the Volscians.
THE

Invader of his Country:

or,

The Fatal Resentment.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Alarm; and after it enter Cominius and three Tribunes of the Legions.

COMINIUS.

HALT! give the Word.

1 Trib. Halt!

2 Trib. Halt!

3 Trib. At length they make a Stand.

Com. Lightning confound them! had they shewn in Battel

But half the Fury of this headlong Flight,

The Victory had past Dispute been ours.

With what resolute Eagernefs they ran,

And with what Slaughter curs'd Auscius follow'd!

Who now stands low'ring upon yonder Brow,

And threatens, like a Storm, to pour upon us.

What
The Invader of his Country: Or,

What Force, what Spirit have we to receive him?
O Death to all my Hope of Fame and Conquest!
We shall be routed shamefully, entirely:
Rome for two hundred Years has been victorious,
And never lost a Battel till this Hour.
O cruel Gods! that thus have chose Cominius
To give th' Example of ignoble Flight.

1 Trib. My Lord, one Comfort is remaining yet;
Methought that in the Intervals of Fight,
I now and then distinctly heard th' Assaults
Of those our Friends that lye before Corioli.

2 Trib. I heard them plainly, and their shouts of
Triumph,
Which Southern Gults convey'd and snatch'd by turns
from us.

Com. Ye Gods, who have determin'd Rome shall rise
By War, to be the Mistress of the Universe,
O give them sudden Victory, and bring them
With all their Forces, and their Heroe Marcius,
To turn the Fortune of the Field and Rome.

1 Trib. Who comes there?

2 Trib. Stand!

3 Trib. Give the word!

Enter Lucius Cluentius.

L. Cluent. Mars and Quirinus!

1 Trib. Lucius Cluentius from Corioli.

Com. Tribune, thy News! what Fortune have our
Friends?

How fares the Hope of Rome, the noble Marcius?

1 Trib. Well, as I hope, but that the Gods best know.

Com. Ha! What doft thou mean?

Answer, in what condition didst thou leave him?

L. Cluent. Cover'd with Fame, and crown'd with
Victory,
And warmly he pursu'd the flying Volscians.

Com. Thou mistak'st:
The Volscians, to which Marcius stands oppos'd
With Titus Largius, are within Corioli.

L. Cluent-
The Fatal Resentment.

L. Cluent. Yes, but this Morning, at the break of Day,
With all their Force they made a desperate Sally,
And beat our bravest Romans to their Trenches:
Till rallied and led up by noble Marcus,
They seem'd to take new Life, new Fire from Him,
And breath'd, and look'd, and fought once more like
Romans.
Then we turn'd Chafers who before were hunted,
And quickly made the Volscians seek for Shelter
Amidst their Wives and Children.

Com. O would to all the Gods that thou would'st end
As nobly thou begin'st!

L. Cluent. Marcus, still foremost in the chase of Glory,
Hung like Destruction on their broken Rear,
And made a dreadful Slaughter of their Flyers;
Up to their Gates, expanded to receive them,
Swift as consuming Lightning he pursu'd them,
Still blustering, as he follow'd, when, curs'd Moment!—

Com. And fatal Pause! Go on, for I'm prepar'd
To hear the worst of Fate.

L. Cluent. O wonderful, but oh disastrous Valour!
Marcus, transported by his matchless Fire,
Enteres the Town impetuous with the Volscians;
And while our fiercest Romans flockt and paus'd,
Struck and astonish'd at the wondrous Action,
With Horror and Confusion I beheld
The masy Gates returning on their Hinges,
And Marcus shut among ten thousand Foes,
And left alone expos'd to all their Fury.

Com. O noble Roman!
Marcus is slain, the Hope of Rome is gone;
For thou wouldst die, I know, a thousand Deaths,
Before thou wouldst be Captive to the Volscians.
Tho' thou speak'st Truth, methinks thou speak'st not
How long is't since this fatal Action happen'd? [well.

L. Cluent. Above an Hour, my Lord.

Com. Corioli is distant but a Mile,
And hither we distinctly heard their Drums;

B {2} How
How couldst thou in a Mile confound an Hour,
And bring thy News so late?

L. Cluent. Spies of the Volsci
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or four Miles about; or else, my Lord,
I had in less than half the time been here.

Com. Hie thee to Rome, and let the Senate know this;
And tell them I my self have been repuls'd,
And that each moment I'm in expectation
Of being once more attack'd by fierce Aufidius.

[Exit Cluent.

Enter a fourth Tribune.

4 Trib. My Lord, Aufidius leads his Volscians down
Into the Plain, and seems resolv'd t' attack us.

Com. Are all the Soldiers ready to receive them?

4 Trib. Their Hands are ready, but their Hearts are

Com. Then all, I fear, is lost.

[weak.

Farwel, O Rome, and thou, O Life, farewel!
For I will ne'er return Inglorious home;
And know, O Rome, that he who for thee Dies,
Does more than he who Conquers. Ha! who's yonder,
That looks as he were fle'ad all o'er? O Gods!
That Figure and that Stamp I've seen before,
And nobly painted thus with Hostile Blood.
'Tis sure the Ghost of Marcus come from Hell,
To be reveng'd of the perfidious Volscians.

Marc. [Within.] Come I too late?

Com. By Immortal Jove 'tis he! he lives, he lives:
The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,
More than I know the Sound of Marcus' Voice,
From every meaner Man's.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Come I too late?

Com. Yes, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Marc. Oh let me clasp thee!
In Arms as sound as when I woo'd, in Heart
Jocund as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
The Fatal Resentment.

Com. What Wonder, or what God has brought thee hither?
Lucius Cluentius brought the fatal News
But now, that thou wert shut within Corioli.
Marc. You heard the Truth.
Com. What God, propitious to the Fate of Rome,
Wrought thy Deliverance so very soon,
So very unexpectedly?
Marc. I want both Time and Breath t'inform you now.
Com. Thou Flower of Warriors, how fares Titus Largius?
Marc. As the Man fares who does the work of Fate,
Condemning some to Death, and some to Exile;
Ransoming some, some pitying, threatening others:
Holding Corioli in the Name of Rome,
E'en like a fawning Greyhound in the Leash,
To let them slip at pleasure.
But see he comes himself t'inform you further.

Enter Largius.

Com. More Wonders! welcome, Titus; thou art come
Most unexpected, in a lucky Hour.
Larg. Oh General! see there the noble Steed,
For we are but the bare Caparison.
Oh I have Miracles to entertain thee,
Transcending all Belief, surpassing all Example.
Behold that Wonderful, that Godlike Man,
Who when he was enclos'd among ten thousand,
Drove them, like some Divinity, before him;
Infusing mortal Terrors thro' their Souls:
Then to our Romans open'd wide their Gates,
And let in mighty Ruin on them all.
Com. Thou Heroe of the Age, and God of War,
With Wonder I survey thee.
Marc. No more, I do beseech you.
My Mother has a Right t'extoll her Blood;
Yet when she praises me, she always grieves me:
This is a time for Action, not for Talk.
Hast thou brought any Succours to us, Titus?
Larg. All but a few who stay to guard the Town, 
For one short Hour or two. 
For if we win the Field, the Town is ours; 
But losing that, we lose of course the other.

Marci. Where lies the Enemy? Are we Lords of the 
If not, why, General, cease we till we are so? [Field? 
Com. Marcius, we have to disadvantage fought, 
And now expect to be attack'd again. 
Marci. The Men half vanquish'd are, who are attack'd; 
Let us march up to them without delay, 
And be ourselves th' Attackers. 
How lies their Battle? Know you on what Side 
They have plac'd their Men of Trust?

Com. As near as I can guess, my Noble Marcius, 
They who compose their Center are the Veterans, 
On whom they most rely, commanded by 
Tullus Aufidius, their successful General

Marci. A fortunate and formidable Leader. 
Were there a Man on Earth whom I cou'd envy, 
It should be this Aufidius; 
And were I any thing but what I am, 
I then could wish that I were only he. 

Com. You have fought together. [other, 
Marci. Were half this Globe in Conflict with the 
And he upon my Party, I'd revolt 
That I might combat him; he is a Lyon, 
Whom I am proud to hunt; therefore beseech you, 
By all the Battles we have fought together, 
By all the Blood we have together shed, 
And by the solemn Vows which we have made 
To let no Time dissolve our bond of Friendship; 
I beg you that you would directly let me 
Against this fierce Aufidius and his Antiats; 
And that without the least delay we march, 
Filling the Air with Swords and Darts advanc'd, 
And make ev'n this the great deciding Hour. 

Com. Tho' I could wish 
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And healing Balm infus'd into your Wounds,
Yet dare I ne'er deny what Marcius asks:
Then let the Soldiers strait surround this Tent,
And take your choice of those who are most fit,
To imitate thy great and bright Example.

Marci. They are most proper who are the most willing,
If there be such, which were a Crime to doubt;
Who love this noble Paint with which I'm dy'd;
If here are any who are less afraid
Of dangers to their Persons, than their Names,
If any think brave Death outweighs bad Life,
And that his Country's dearer than himself,
Let all who find these noble Dispositions
Advance their Swords, to shew their Resolutions,
Such are my Friends, my Brethren and my Countrymen,
And only such are fit to follow Marcius.

[They all shout and flourish their Swords.

1st Sold. Lead on, brave Marcius, thee we follow all
To Death or Victory.

All. To Death or Victory we follow all.

Com. Was ever such a sudden wondrous Change?
They look, they move, they breath with other Souls,
And more than mortal Fury. [Shout again.

* Marci. Ay, in that Shout the Volscian Army fell;
Yes, my brave Friends, ye have already conquer'd,
I see it in your Eyes, I hear it in your Voices.
Come on, and I, as Time does Fate, will lead you
To Slaughter and unbounded Devastation.

All. To Death or Victory lead on, brave Marcius. [Exe.

[Alarm as in Battle.

Enter Marcius and Ausfidius at several Doors.

Marci. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promise-breaker.

Aus. We hate alike.

Not Africk owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy; fix thy Foot.

Marci. Let the first Starter dye the other's Slave;
And after that most ignominious Death,
May the Gods doom him to eternal Torments.

_Aufid. If I fly, Marcius, hoot me like a Hare._

_Marci. Tullus Aufidius, know, within these three
Alone in your Corioli I fought, [Hours
Alone in your Corioli I vanquish'd.
Where walking like the Substitute of Jove,
I with this single Arm dealt Fate amongst them.
Believ'st thou 'tis my Blood with which I'm mark'd?
No: 'tis thy dearest Friends, and thy Relations.
Now rouse thy Faculties to great Revenge,
And scour them to the utmost height of Fury.

_Aufid. Think'st thou, when I behold thy hated Face,
want to be provok'd by Words to kill thee?
Thou say'st, I see upon thy painted Skin
The Blood of my dear Friends, and my Relations:
Thou Fool, what's that to t'other flabb'D Sight,
When in thy haughty and insulting Eyes
I see thy boast'd Triumphs o'er Aufidius.
Yes, that's the Sight that works my Rage to Madness,
And in me kindles such a raging Fever,
That if 'tis not extinguish'd by thy Blood
I'll quench it with my own.

_Marci. Then take thy Wish,
Have at thy Life, and all the Volscian Pow'r.

[Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to
the Aid of Aufidius; Marcius fights till they are
driven in breathless.

_Auf. to his Men. Stand from between us, oh, stand
I charge you.
Stand off, ye Scandals to the Fame of Tullus!
Base and officious Cowards, how did you dare
To think that I, engaged against one Roman,
Could stand in need of you?

[Fleurish, Alarm. A Retreat is sounded
Enter at one Door Cominius with the Romans, at an-
other Door Marcius. The Soldiers proclaim the Vi-
Cry of Cominius.

_Corr. Enough, my kind Companions of the War,
You
The Fatal Resentment.

You force me to usurp another's Right,
For there's the Heroe to whom all is due:
'Tis he who sav'd your Persons, sav'd your Names,
And did immortal Honour to your Country;
Who rais'd Cominius to eternal Fame,
Ev'n from the brink of everlasting Infamy.
Oh Caius, Caius, I am lost in Wonder;
For I this Day have seen thee do such things,
Such more than mortal things, that should it thou now
Hear with deliberate Calmness what before
Thou didst with godlike Fury, much I question
Whether thou wouldst not flatter at the Relation,
And doubt the Truth of thy own History.

Marc'c. Enough, enough, my General, and too much.
I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. But base Forgetfulness might make them angry,
And black Ingratitude might make them feeter.
However, Marc'c, so far thou art right,
That Talk is but a barren Recompence
For thy unequall'd Merit.
Therefore I'll say no more, 'till I report it
Where Senators shall mingle Tears with Smiles,
Where great Patricians that are used to Victory
Shall flart, and shrug, and lift their Eyes to Heaven;
Where Matrons shall grow pale at the Relation,
Trembling with pleasure intermix'd with horror;
Yet greedy still, devour the wondrous Tale:
Where the dull Tribunes, and the rank Plebeians,
That have so long malign'd thy growing Glory,
Shall say, against their Hearts, we thank the Gods,
Our Rome hath such a Soldier. Yet this Victory
Thou gain'dst, when thou wert wearied more than half
By conquering with thy single Arm Corioli.

Marc'c. Nay, General ——

Com. Proceed we now to something more than Talk.
Then be it known to all the World that Marc'c
By Merit wears the Laurel of this Victory;

And
The Invader of his Country: Or,

And for a lasting Token of this Conquest,
My Noble Steed known to the Camp I give him,
With all his rich Caparison; from hence,
For what he did within Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the Host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus, Hail!
All. All hail, Coriolanus!

Marci. I will go wash, and when my Face is fair,
You shall perceive whether I blush or not.

Com. Besides, of all the Horses, all the Treasure,
Whereof we have taken store in Field and City,
We render you the Tenth, to be chose out
Before the common Distribution's made.

Marci. I thank you, General: but of all your Gifts
Your Steed and Noble Sirname I accept,
Which setting my old Honours still before me,
Shall gloriously excite my Soul to new ones.
But absolutely I refuse the rest,
And stand upon my common part with those
Who have been bare Spectators of the Victory.

Com. Now, my Companions of the War, prepare
To march our conquering Legions back to Rome!
You, Caius Marcius, must remain with me.

[Exeunt all but Comin and Coriol.

Com. Now we must back to Rome, Coriolanus,
Where all will now give way to Joy and Transport,
T' unruily Joy, and to tumultuous Transport,
And there will be nor time, nor place for Council;
A word then to thy darling Interest now:
When we're at Rome, I know th' assembled Senate
At my Proposal will design thee Consul,
Be not thou wanting to thy own advancement.

Cor. And how should I be wanting?

Com. As, Caius, thou art Brave beyond Example,
Thy Soul's posleft of ev'ry peaceful Virtue,
Temperate, chaste, observant of the Laws,
With an Integrity like that of Jove,
Above the Pow'r of Fortune or of Fate; Yet
The Fatal Resentment.

Yet thy one Blemish will all this disgrace.
Cor. Name it, my Lord.
Com. Thou hast a Soul too haughty and severe
For one who lives in a Free State, a State
That's so much founded on Equality.
You have been too harsh, and have provok'd the People.
Cor. I hate the People.
Com. Then give me leave to tell you, you're ungrateful;
For to this very People, whom you hate,
You more than half your matchless Conquests owe,
And more than half your Glory.
Cor. Owe them to them!
Com. To them, by whose Assistance you have conquer'd,
And in the Camp you cherish and esteem them.
Cor. Because they pay a blind Obedience here,
And ne'er dispute the Will of their Superiors;
At Rome they insolently aim at Pow'r,
And to controul the Nobles and the Senate,
And therefore there I hate them.
Com. The Discipline of War requires unbounded Sway,
But Peace restrains aspiring Pow'r by Law:
And when at Rome the People curb the Senate,
'Tis when th' ambitious Race of our Patricians
Seem aiming at that Tyranny themselves,
For which they expell'd the proud and cruel Tarquin.
Cherish the People when at Rome henceforward,
As here on Volscian Land you fight for them.
Cor. Is it for them I fight? Is it for them
I lose my dearest Blood?
Com. Is it not in thy Country's Cause thou fight'st?
Cor. Most certainly.
Com. And are the Walls or Fields thy Country then?
Cor. No; the Patricians, and the noble Senate.
Com. A narrow Country, of a poor Extent,
Not the tenth part so large as was our Rome,
When 'twas first founded by our Martial Romulus.
Thy Country is the People.
Cor. When they're but nam'd, they shock my very
Com.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Com. And dost thou think thy Nature different then From that of this so despicable People? Know, what they are thy Ancestors have been, And what thou art will their Descendants be. Alas, we're all compounded of one Stuff: The Gods, who made us, no such difference see, Between Patricians and th' ignoble Vulgar? But hark! the Trumpet calls; we must to Rome; And as we march, let's in our Minds revolve, That this brave People, whom so much thou hat'lt, Are de sist'd by the Gods to rule the Universe. By them our Rome shall to the Stars arise: Whom the Gods favour, let not Man despise.

The End of the First ACT.
ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia.

Vol. FIE, my Virgilia, leave these doleful Murmurs:
Dreams are but idle Vapours without Meaning.

Virg. Ay, but for five successive Nights this Vision
At dead of Night has visit'd my Slumbers;
For five successive Nights I've seen my Lord
Supriz'd, surrouned, murder'd by the Volscians.

Vol. The meer Delusions of your Melancholy.
But, after all, suppose Prefage divine
Did by these Visions break your restles Slumbers,
Should they perfwade you to throw off the Roman,
And to appear dejected and desponding!
This is just counter to the Gods Design,
Why shou'd at any time divine Prediction
Descend, t' inform us of our future Fate?
Is it, that by foreseeing we can shun
Th' Eternal Dictates of Almighty Will?
Or, that the Powers take barbarous Delight,
To plague the Minds of miserable Mortals,
By vain Fore-knowledge of avoidles Ills?
No sure; 'tis that our Souls without surprife
May be prepared to meet the worst of Fate,
That we secure may view its ghastful Terrors,
Stem with undaunted Breaths a Flood of Evils,
And may, in short, behave our selves like Romans,
And like the darling Offspring of the Gods.

Virg.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Virg. You are the awful Parent of my Marcius: Do you not love your Son?

Vol. Yes, with a Love, as tender, and as true, As softest Mothers love their darling Children: For which of them can show a Son like Marcius To justify her Fondness? Such a Son
As my luxuriant, wanton Fancy form'd, Such as my boldest, warmest Wishes pray'd for; Exactly such a one the Gods have sent me. Yet such a Child, and such an only Child, So cherish'd, so belov'd, (for all true Love Is always regulated by th' Advantage Of the beloved Object, not its own;) E're yet the Down his tender Cheek adorn'd, While Youthful Beauty drew all Eyes upon him, When, tho' a King should beg a live-long Day, Some Mothers would not part with him an Hour; I, knowing Indolent, Inglorious Men To be but Pictures, the dead Furniture Of Houses that are Noble, that 'tis Glory That ends what we begin, and makes the Man; Convinc'd of this, to a cruel War I sent him, Where he thro' Manly Dangers hunted Fame, And Brow-bound with the Oak came back to Rome. I tell thee, Daughter, my Heart sprung not more When first I heard there was a Man-child born, Than when my Boy first prov'd himself a Man.

Virg. But can you think of his untimely Death, And not feel Horror at the dreadful Thought?

Vol. No; at that Thought great Nature takes th' Alarm;

Yes, at that Thought, those very piercing Terrors, Those shadd'wing Horrors, which torment your Breast, Begin to swell and tyrannize in mine, But fraught with Roman Spirit I subdue them; And still remain the Mistress of my Soul. My Comfort is, that if my Marcius dies, The noble Services he does for Rome,
And his Eternal Fame, shall be my Offspring.

_Virg._ I have a doleful, and a boding Heart.

_Vol._ I an auspicious, and a frightly one,
And rather think that mine’s inspir’d from Heaven.
Methinks I hither hear your Husband’s Drums:
I see, I see him pluck _Ausidius_ down;
While all the routed _Volscians_ fly amain,
As _Hunters_ from the roaring Lion fly,
And leave their General to my _Marcius_’ Rage.
And thus methinks I see him Stamp, and thus.
I hear him to our _Romans_ cry aloud,
Come on, ye Cowards; ye were got in Fear,
Tho’ ye were born in _Rome_: his Bloody Brow
With Iron Hand then wiping, on he goes,
Like to a Harvest Man, that’s task’d to mow
Or all, or lose his Hire.

_Virg._ His Bloody Brow! Oh Heavens!

_Vol._ Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man,
Than gilded Trophies, and triumphant Chariots.
The Breasts of _Hecuba_ appear’d not lovelier,
When in her charming Bloom she suckled _Hector_;
Than _Hector’s_ Forehead, when it spouted Blood,
In the contention against stern _Achilles._

_Virg._ Heavn’ guard my Lord from fell _Ausidius’_ Rage.

_Vol._ He’ll beat _Ausidius’_ Head below his Heel,
And tread upon his Neck. _Alas, Virgilia!_
What makes the Blood come mantling o’er thy Face,
And then departing leave a Death-like Pale?
Why is thy Eye thus fix’d? What mean these Starts,
And these convulsive Tremblings?

_Virg._ ’Tis he himself! it can be none but he.
That Godlike Form belongs to none but _Marcius._
Protect me, and support me, all ye Powers.

_Enter Cominius, Coriolanus, and Menenius._

_Cor._ The Powers make me their Substitute for that;
’Tis I’ll protect thee, and support thee now.
Come to my Heart, to which thou art more dear,

Than
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Than the Life-Blood that warms it.

[Cominius entertains Volumnia.

Virg. Excess of Bliss, which I can never bear,
The mighty Joy, so sudden, so impetuous,
Consumes my Spirits, and devours my Life
What Power has given thee to my eager Arms?
What God has snatched thee from the Jaws of Fate,
And hither sent thee on the Wings of Love,
To stop my Hand, and cheer my dying Eyes?

Cor. The God of War, the God of Victory,
At the request of Love’s propitious Goddess.

Virg. Of Victory? This is too much, ye Gods!
O fierce Convulsions of transporting Joy!
But see, the noblest Mother of the World
Remains too long neglected.

Cor. I knew not till this Moment she was here,
So much my Eyes and every busy Power
Of my rapt Soul were taken up with thee.

Vol. [to Com.] Now pour ten Thousand Blessings
on him, Gods!
These are unparalleled, unheard-of Wonders?

Com. This is not half the Truth.

Men. Conquest and Glory evermore like this.
Attend the Godlike Man!

Vol. O Joy, that lifts Volumnia to the Skies,
And places her among the deathless Gods!

Cor. Pardon, that I’ve so long delay’d my Knee;
For you, I know, have knelt to all the Gods
For my Prosperity.

[Vol. O Marcius, Marcius, O my Son, my Son,
Thou wondrous Prop of a declining State,
Support of Rome, and Glory of thy Race!
Thy joyful Mother’s Ornament and Honour,
My worthy Marcius, my Coriolanus!
O rise, thou Turner of Despair to Victory,
Rise, thou sole glorious Conqueror of Corioli.

Cor. What, my Friend too? My good Menenius
here?

Men.
**Men.** Now the Gods crown thee!
'Tis Forty Years since last my Eyes were moist,
But all my Mother comes into them now:
Now welcome, welcome, yes, ten thousand Welcomes!
A Curfe begin ev'n at his very Heart,
Who is not glad to see thee.

*Enter Messeneger.*

**Meff.** My Lord, your Colleague and th' assembled Senate
Desire your Presence.

**Com.** I come;
And, **Marcius,** you without delay must follow.
**Cor.** I will. [*Exit Comin.*

**Volum.** Now all that ever my luxuriant Fancy Invented, to indulge my fondest Wishes,
Is truly come to pass; there wants but one thing;
You must be Conful now, **Coriolanus.**
**Cor.** Yes, if I can be so, without becoming The Creature of the despicable Rabble.

**Men.** Come to the Capitol; you are expected.

[*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*

**Vol.** Now where's the dreadful Vifion of the Night?
**Marcius** has been surrounded by the **Volscians**;
But singly, solely has o'ercome them all.
He with his single Arm subdu'd **Corioli**;
Then swift as Lightning joyn'd our routed Army:
And rallied them to Conquest and to Glory.
He was the very Soul of their vaft Body,
Was all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Where-e'er he went, before him Fortune flew,
And certain Fate attended on his March,
And Victory upon his dreadful Plume
Sate perch'd, and clapt her joyful Eagle's Wings:
Three times our **Marcius** singled out **Auffidius,**
And thrice the **Volscian** sunk beneath his Thunder,
And bent his Knee, as 'twere in Adoration

*Virg. Ye Gods!*
These are transporting, and amazing things!

[C]

**Volum.**
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Volum. Hark! how the People shout! Come, let
go gaze
Upon his unpremeditated Triumph. [Ex

SCENE II. The Capitol.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus, two Tribunes of the People

Brut. 'Tis true, the Death of Tarquin gave a loose
To this outrageous Pride of the Patricians,
Which till that Hour had been restrain'd thro' Fear;
Left the vex'd People should recall their Monarch;
And rather chuse one Tyrant than Three hundred.

Sicin. And yet this Marcia, now Coriolanus,
In Pride and Insolence out-does them all.

Brut. When we were chosen Tribunes, you remem-
ber
His Opposition, and his proud Deportment;
And when the People pin'd in the late Dearth,
'Twas he withstood the giving them Relief,
By dealing them Corn gratis.

Sicin. His new Exploits will scarce abate his Pride,
Nor his new lofty Title.

Brut. No, nor this mad Reception of the People.
How in tumultuous Crowds they throng to see him,
And view their deadliest Foe with Lovers Eyes!
Blear'd Sights are spectacled to see him pass,
And halting Crutches learn Activity;
And crying Babes into Convulsions fall,
While prattling Nurses chat of none but him:
The Kitchen Malkin pins her richest Buckram
About her reachy Neck, and up she climbs,
And clings like Ivy to the Walls, to eye him.
Stalls, Windows, Bulks are smother'd up and choak'd,
The Leads of Houses fill'd, and Ridges hords
With variable Complexions, all agreeing
In Earnestness to see him; cloister'd Flamens,
That shun the Eyes of Men, and leave Society,
To be quite swallow'd up in Contemplation,
Now labouring cleave the waving Crowd, and puff
To win a vulgar Station; our veil'd Dames
Commit the War of white and fine Carnation
In their nice lovely Cheeks, to be devour'd
By Phœbus' burning Kisses; such a Rage,
And such an universal Eagerness,
As if that whatsoever God who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human Powers,
And gave him graceful Poffure.

Sic. The Senate is resolv'd to chuse him Consul.
Brut. And the mad People will confirm that Choice.
Sic. Then our Authority is at an end.
Brut. And with it Liberty.
Sic. Our Comfort is,
That he wants Temper to support these Honours;
And all that Pride, with which he threatens the State,
Will, like an Engine manag'd without Skill,
Recoil upon himself.

Brut. That is indeed a comfort.
Sic. And doubt not, but the giddy changing Vulgar,
Whose Rights are in our keeping, will forget,
With the least Cause, the Glare of these Achievements;
Which Cause that he will give, I no more doubt,
Than his Presumption and his Infolence.

Brut. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' Roman Forum, ne'er put on,
The candid Vesture of Humility.
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To the vile People, beg their stinking Breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Brut. It was his word.
Oh, he would miss it, rather than obtain it;
But by the Suit of the Nobility,
And of the Gentry to him.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Sic. And may his evil Genius prompt him still
To hold that Purpose, and to execute it.

Brut. You may depend upon it, that he will.
Sic. It shall be like our Wishes then, Destruction to
him.

Brut. He or our Office must find sure Destruction:
Therefore we must infuse to the People,
With what malignant Hatred he has vex'd them;
That to his Power he would have made them Mules;
Silenc'd their Pleaders, overturn'd their Freedoms:
Contemning them as Animals, as Beasts,
Incable of Human Thought or Action;
And to be us'd like Camels in the War,
Who have their Provender for bearing Burdens,
And Blows for sinking under them.

Shout. Enter Citizen.

What's the matter?

Cit. The conquering Coriolanus comes this way:
I have seen the Deaf Men throng to see him walk,
The Blind to hear him speak; Matrons flung Gloves,
Virgins their Handkerchiefs and Silken Scarfs
Upon him as he pass'd, the Nobles bended
As to Jove's Statue, and the Commons made
A show'r and thunder with their Caps and Shouts,
Such as I never heard before.

Brut. The Senate is broke up; see, Caius Marcius,
And with him comes Cominius, and Menenius.
Let us begone. [Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus, Cominius, and Menenius.

Com. The Senate have with wonder heard thy Deeds,
And have with one consent, for thy great Services,
Resolved to make thee Conful.
Anon you must bepeak the Peoples Voice.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that Custom, for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my Wounds sake, to give their Suffrages:
From this be pleas'd that I may be excepted.

Com.
The Fatal Resentment.

Comm. Know, Sir, the Peoples Voices are their Rights, Nor will they bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. He shall not put them to it.

Go, pray Sir, and adapt you to the Custom, And take, as all your Predecessors have done, The Honour with the Form.

Cor. It is a Part which I shall blush in acting; And what might well be taken from the People. To brag unto them, Thus I did, and thus; Shew them th’ unaking Scars which I shou’d hide, As if I had receiv’d them for the Hire Of their Breath only.

Men. Come, come, no more; you must resolve to do it: So to our Noble Consul we wish Joy, And all access of Honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Roman Forum.

Enter several of Coriolanus his Party.

1 Cit. Come, come, Is there no false Brother among us? Are you all resolv’d to vote for Coriolanus?

All. All, all.

2 Cit. If he does require our Voices, we ought not to deny him.

3 Cit. We may, Sir, if we will.

4 Cit. We have a Power in our selves to do it; but ’tis a Power that we have no Power to do. For if he shew us his Wounds, and tell us his Deeds, we are to put our Tongues into these Wounds, and speak for them. So if he tell us his noble Deeds, we are like-wise to tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the Multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a Monster of the Multitude.
of the which we being Members, should bring our selves to be monstrous Members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: For when we stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 Cit. We have been call'd so by many, not that our Heads are some Brown, some Black, some Auburn, and some Bald, but that our Wits are so diversely colour'd. And truly I think, that if all our Wits were to go out of one Skull, they would fly East, West, North, and South, and to every part of the Compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which Way do you judge my Wit would fly?

3 Cit. Thy Wit will not so soon out as another's, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a Blockhead. Yet if it were once out, it would neither fly, nor run, nor walk, nor no creep: It would directly tend to its center of Gravity, and sink plumb down, with as much alacrity as a Millstone.

Enter several of Sempronius his Party.

All Sem. A Sempronius! A Sempronius!

All Cor. A Coriolanus! A Coriolanus!

All Sem. No Purse-proud Patrician! no Contemner of the People.

All Cor. No Cuckold-making Patrician! no Denier of his own Hand.

1 Sem. Why, who denied his own Hand?

2 Cor. Why Sempronius, Sempronius.

2 Sem. Why here's an impudent Slander, my Masters, when all the World knows that he can neither write nor read; by the same token that he and I had the same Education.

2 Cor. A rare Fellow for a Conful truly!

[All Coriolanus's Party laugh.

2 Sem. Ay marry is he, and to be valued for his natural parts. His Father saw, that he had such prodigious parts, that it would be in vain to teach him any
any thing. He found he never would have occasion for any Man's Wit but his own; and so, my Masters, a Sempronius, a Sempronius!

1 Cor. No Box and Dice Man! No Hap-Hazarder!

[All C. laugh and flout.

Look you, Sirs, we will not choose a Man for Consul, who will be sure to make Chance his Deputy-Governor. He who has ruin'd his own Estate by Hazard, is hardly like to secure ours by Conduct.

[All C. laugh.

And so I say no Sempronius.

2 Semp. No Subverter of the Peoples Liberties, no Coriolanus.

1 Cor. Yes, Coriolanus is like to subvert our Liberties, because he is the only Man who has kept out young Tarquin; and Sempronius is like to secure these Liberties, because he has been all along in a Plot for the bringing him in. And in what manner for the bringing him in? Why wielding in his unconditional Arm a Spunge instead of a Scepter, with which, when the Boy is dispos'd to be frolicksome, he may run about in Moon-light and rub out Milk-scores.

All Cor. Ha, ha, ha! Liberty and Property! Liberty and Property! no Sempronius, no Spunger.

1 Semp. Hark you, me, Sanga! Here you bawl out Liberty and Property! You owe me fifty Sefterces.

1 Cor. Well, Sir! Well, Sir!

1 Semp. And if you don't either vote for Sempronius, or pay me immediately, I will forthwith take both your Chattels and your Carcase into Salva Cusodia; and there's Liberty and Property for you, you Dog.

All Semp. Ha, ha, ha.

All Cor. What, does he threaten? Knock him down! knock him down!

1 Semp. Nay then,—The Temples of our Gods, the Temples of our Gods are in danger!

All Semp. The Temples of our Gods, the Temples of our Gods are in danger!
Cor. Very fine! This Sempronius is a blessed Person indeed! He Games, he Cheats, he Swears, he Drinks, he Drabs; and yet whenever this Scoundrel is out of Place, all things are upon the brink of Ruin forsooth, our Temples are about to be turn'd Topsy-turvy, and the Gods to stand upon their Heads; as if nothing but profligate Vice could be the firm Support of Religion, or that the Gods were too weak to defend themselves without such Bully Backs to their Seconds.

Semp. Religion is like to come into mighty Repute indeed, when Fellows are about to come into play, who are so proud and so fawcy that they scorn to pull off their Hats to the Gods.

Cor. You lie, you Rogue, you lie, there are no such coming into play. Our Gods are like to be finely help'd up, by Sempronius's bringing young Tarquin in. Sempronius and he have been travelling, with a murrain to them; they have been in Egypt together, and now we must exchange our own for Egyptian Gods; Apollo must give Place to a Leek, Mercury to an Onion, and Love himself to a Clove of Garlick. Blessed Gods are these Egyptian Divinities! which they who worship devour; and which have so strong an Influence on their Votaries, that while a Man has his Gods in his Guts, he is unfit to breath in human Society.

All Cor. No Sempronius! No God-Eater!

Cor. Look you, my Masters, don't let these People tell Sempronius, that we did not shew our Breeding to them; give them a general Huzza at parting, and each of them in particular a lusty thwack o'er the Shoulders.

All Cor. Huzza!

Cor. But here comes Coriolanus, and in the Gown of Humility: Let us observe his Behaviour a little.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Men. Come, come for shame; it will be thought mere Arrogance,
T' expect the very Customs of your Country
The Fatal Resentment.

Should truckle to your Merit, and refuse
To do what all our noblest Romans have done.

Cor. What must I say, Sir?
A plague upon it, I can never bring
My Tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir, my Wounds,
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 all the Gods! You must not speak of that:
You must desire they would think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang them!
Rather forget me, as they have done Virtue,
And every thing that's worthy.

Men. Come, come; pray speak to them in handsome
manner, and marr not your own Fortune. I must
leave you.

[Exit.

1 Cit. Now let us passing one by one salute him,
And be saluted by him, and desired
To give our Voices.
And now a Wager on the handsom'est Bow.

Cor. O love, what part am I about to play!
Here comes the beastly Crew, all Beasts alike,
Yet each a different Brute; now for their Bows,
Which will be different in them as their Looks,
Their Leers, their Sneers, their Goggles and Grimaces.
Shocking Respect! Civility offensive!
Ridiculous variety of Awkwardness!

[The Citizens pass by Coriolanus, each making a
singular awkward Bow, and a different ridi-
culous Grimace.

Cor. You know the cause of my standing here?
Your Voice?

2 Cit. 'Tis yours noble Sir.
Cor. And yours?

3 Cit. Ay, ay, Sir.
Cor. And yours?

4 Cit. Were it as big as Stentor's, it were yours, Sir.
Cor. And yours?

5 Cit.
Cor. And yours?

9 Cit. Mine, Sir, I must be paid for.

Cor. Your Price?

9 Cit. To ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, pray let me have it.

9 Cit. You have Wounds to shew.

Cor. Which shall be yours in private, Your Voice, Sir? What say you?

9 Cit. Oh! Dear Sir, you have it freely.

Cor. Rare Voices! Sweet Voices! Delicate Voices!

I have your Alms. Adieu!

2 Cit. But this is something odd.

3 Cit. Foolish enough, Neighbour!

4 Cit. Very whimsical, by Jupiter!

5 Cit. Were it to do again —! But 'tis no Matter

Come let's withdraw a little, and make room for more.

Cor. Here comes a single Voice, and by his Mien

A Tooth-Drawer, or Corn-Cutter at the best.

Death! Must I beg of him too?

1 Cit. I have not flouted, and observed for nothing.

He has flouted all my Companions, and I suppose I am
to expect the like usage in my turn; which to prevent
by Hercules, I'll try to mortify this haughty, doughty
Hercule.

Cor. You know what I come for, Sir.

1 Cit. O Gemini! Not I, by Hercules, Sir!

I know nothing of the Matter, Sir.

Cor. How! Not know my Business?

1 Cit. Have you Business with me, Sir? Pray what
may your Name be?

Cit.
Cor. My Name, Sirrah?

1 Cit. Nay, don't be angry, don't be angry, Sir. Some People are not willing to tell their Names. There may be Reasons, Reasons for that. But pray, Sir, what Country-man are you? When I know your Country, perhaps I may know what you come for. Are you an Etrurian, a Campanian, or a Volscian?

Cor. A Volscian, you Raskal?

1 Cit. Ay, Sir, so I say, Sir, a Volscian; if you are a Volscian, look you, you come for Cure. You have received some Contusions, from some Roman Bastinado's, and so having heard of my Fame, do you see, for a most skilful Operator. There's no more to be said, I'll do your Business, Friend, I will, by Hercules.

Cor. By Jove, you Raskal, I'll do yours.

1 Cit. Help! Help! Murder! Murder!

What a Lagerhead was I,

[Cit runs, Cor. follows beating him.

For setting my notable Head-piece Against the Great Toe of this Brawner!

[Exit 1 Cit. Enter two others.

Cor. Here come more Voices. Sirs, your Voices, Voices.

10 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your Country.

11 Cit. You have received many Wounds for it.

Cor. I will not feal your Knowledge with the sight of them. I will make much of your Voices, and to trouble you no farther.


Cor. Most sweet Voices. Here are more of them. Your Voices? For your Voices I have fought, watched for your Voices, for your Voices, bear of Wounds two Dozen and odd; Battles thrice six I have seen or heard of. For your Voices have done many things, some more, some less. Your Voices! Indeed I would be Consul.

9 Cit. And he shall be Consul. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest Man's Voice.

10 Cit. Therefore let him be Consul. The Gods give him Joy, and make him good Friend to the People.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

All. Amen, Amen! God save thee, noble Consul.
Cor. Worthy Voices! Sweet Voices! Delicate Voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood 'tis appointed time, and now the Tribunes
Endue you with the People's Voice, it follows
That you, invested in th'o-fficial Marks,
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sici. The Custom of Request you have discharg'd,
The People do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, t' approve the Choice they have made.

Cor. Where? At the Senate-house?

Sici. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these Garments?

Sici. You may, Sir.

Cor. I'll do't without delay; and when once more
I know my self, I'll meet th'assembled Senate.

Men. I'll keep you Company. Will you along?

Brut. We here expect the People. [Exe. Cor. Men.

Sici. Fare you well.

He has it now; and by his Looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's Heart.

Brut. With a proud Heart he wore his humble Weeds.
Will you dismiss the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Masters! have you chose this Man?

2 Cit. He has our Voices, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods he may deserve your Loves.

2 Cit. Amen, Sir: In my poor unworthy Judgment
He mock'd us, when be begg'd our Voices.

3 Cit. Yes, certainly, he flouted us downright.

4 Cit. No, 'tis his way of Speech; he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one among us, save your self, but says
He us'd us scornfully: He should have shewn us
His Marks of Merit, and his Wounds receiv'd
In fighting for his Country.

Sici,
Sir. Why, did he not?
All. No, no, no Man saw them.
3 Cit. He said he had Wounds
Which he wou'd shew in private.
And with his Hand, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he; aged Custom
But by your Voices will not to permit me;
Your Voices therefore: When we granted that,
He said, I thank you for your Voices, thank you
For your most sweet Voices, your most delicate Voices;
Your most worthy Voices; now you have left your
Voices,
You may take ev'ry thing else that belongs to you
Out of my sight. Was not this mockery?
Brut. Did you perceive,
He did solicithe in frank Contempt,
When he did want your Loves; and do you think
That his Contempt will not be grinding to you
When he hath Power to crush? Why had your Bodies
No Souls among you? Or had you Tongues to cry
Against the Rule and Dictate of your Reason?
Sir. Have you so oft e'er now deny'd the Asker,
And now on him who did not ask, but mock'd,
Behold'd your flighted Voices?
3 Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
2 Cit. And will deny him;
I'll have five hundred Voices of that sound.
1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their Friends to help
them.
Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those Friends
They have chosen a Consul, that will from them take
Their Liberties, and make their Voices vile
As those of Dogs, that are as often beat
For Barking, as they are for that purpose kept.
Sir. Assemble all, and on a safer Judgment
Revoke your ignorant choice; enforce his Pride;
And his inveterate Hatred, and forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed.

How
The Invader of his Country: Or,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you, while your Zeal,
Dazzled and blinded by his glaring Service,
Did not discern his Infolent Deportment,
Which he most giblyngly, ungravely fashion'd,
According to th' invenom'd Hate he bears you.

Brut. But lay the fault of that on us your Tribunes;
Say, that we labour'd to remove all Scandals
That lay betwixt the Consulship and him.

Sic. Yes, say you chose him more by our Command,
Than by the Dictates of your own Affections:
And presently, when you have got your numbers
Together, to the Capitol repair.

All. We will so; almost all repent their choice.
Away, away, away. [Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Ay, now the Winds are up, and the Waves roar,
And we the Rabble wisely have enrag'd,
To be reveng'd of this Coriolanus;
Whom we must ruine, or our selves be lost.
This proud Patrician threatens our new-born Pow'r,
Which either yet we must retain, or die.
So much we have enrag'd the haughty Senate,
By heading that Sedition of the People,
Which forc'd the Fathers to create us Tribunes;
And Tribunes we must be, or must be nothing.

Sic. Then let us to the Capitol;
There let us to the best advantage guide
This Madness of the roaring Multitude,
And calm our selves; let's rule the Storm we have rais'd,
Calm as the Ruler of the raging Main,
Incensing his mad Billows to devour
Some bold Blasphem'er who defies his Pow'r.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT
ACT III. SCENE I.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Largius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new Head.

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

Cor. So then the Volscians stand but as at first, Ready, when Time shall prompt them, to make Inroad Upon us once again.

Com. Lord Consul, they are worn and harass'd so, That we shall hardly, in our Age, behold Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Larg. On Safeguard he came to me; and did curse Most bitterly the Volscians, who so vilely Yielded the Town. He is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Larg. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? What?

Larg. 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, So he might only be proclaim'd your Vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Larg. At Antium.

Cor. I would I had a Cause to seek him there, T'oppose his Hatred fully: Welcome home.

Enter
Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

See where the Tribunes of the People come,
The many-headed Monsters common Tongues;
Whom I despise and hate, because the Wretches
Would raise their puny and their upstart Power
Above what we, the Nobles, ought to bear.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha, what say’st thou?

*Brut.* It will be dangerous to go on, no further.

*Cor.* What is the Cause of this so sudden Change?

*Men.* Ay, what uncommon Accident has happen’d?

*Com.* Has he not pass’d the Nobles and the Commons?

*Brut.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Thou Wretch, Despite o’erwhelm thee.

What should the People do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their Obedience fails,
And grows rebellious to the greater Bench.
When not what’s fit, but what must be was Law,
Then were they cho sen. In a better Hour
Let what is fit, pronounce it must be fit,
And trample on their Power.

*Brut.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a Traytor, and shall answer
As Traytors do.

*Brut.* The Ediles, ho. Let him be apprehended.

†Enter an Edile.

*Sic.* Go call the People, in whose Name, my self
Arrest thee as a traytorous Innovator,
A public Foe to Rome. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thy Answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old Goat.

*All Sen.* We all will be his Sureties.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy Bones
Out of thy Garments.

*Sic.* Help, help, my Fellow-Citizens.

†Enter a Rabble with the Ediles.

*Men.* On both sides more Respect.

*Sic.* Here’s he who would deprive you of your Power.

*Brut.*
The Fatal Resentment.

Brut. Sieze him, Ædiles.
All Pleb. Down with him! down with him!
2 Sen. Weapons! Weapons! Weapons!

[They all buske about Cor.

Men. Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens, what ho!
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens!
Now what will follow next? I am out of Breath,
And want the Power to speak, and they to hear.
Confusion has already taken place,
And Ruin, its Attendant, must ensue.
Patience, ye Tribunes of th' unruly People;
And thou, Coriolanus, too have Patience.
Speak to the People, good Sicinius, speak.

Sic. Hear me, People. Peace.
All Pleb. Let's hear our Tribune. Peace. speak. speak;
Sic. You are about to lose your Liberties;
Marcius, by force, will seize upon your Rights,
This very Marcius whom you nam'd for Conful.

Men. For shame, Sicinius;
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sic. The City! What's the City but the People?
Pleb. 'Tis true, the People are the City.

Brut. By the Consent of all we were establish'd
The People's Magistrates.
Pleb. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That, that's the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof down to the deep Foundation,
And bury all its Order, and its Beauty
In heaps and piles of Ruin.
Sic. This deserves Death.

Brut. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
In all the People's Name, in whose just Power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present Death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him,
Bear him to the Tarpeian Rock, from whence
Into Destruction cast him.

Brut. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cor. No; I'll die here. [Draws.

There are among you who have seen me fighting,
Now come and try the power of this Right Hand.

Men. Down with that Sword. Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Brut. Lay Hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius, help; ye who are Noble, help,
Both old and young.

All Peop. Down with him! down with him!
[The Tribunes, Ædiles, and People are beaten in.

Men. Go, get you to your House, begone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. I pray be gone.
Cor. Stand fast, we have as many Friends as Foes.
Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The Gods forbid.

I pr'ythee, noble Friend, home to thy House;
Leave us to cure this Cause.

Com. Besides,
'Tis a Mistake to think our Friends are equal:
So far from that, 'tis Odds so disproportion'd
That Numbers cannot reach it. Come away,
For Manhood is call'd Foolery, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence
Before the Rout returns? whose Rage grows mad
As interrupted Waters, which o'erwhelm
What they before supported. Come away.

[Execunt Com. and Cor

1 Sen. This Man has marr'd his Fortune.

Men. His Nature is too noble for the World.
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Nor for his Thunder voice; his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breast forges, that his Tongue must vent.
And being angry, he forgets that e'er
He heard the Name of Death. [Noise with

Het
Here's goodly Work.

I Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tyber.

What, with a Vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this Viper, that would lay the City
Depopulate and bare; that he might then
Be all in all himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian Rock
With rigorous Hands. He has resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further Tryal,
Than the Severity of the publick Power
Which he so much contemns.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good People,
I might be heard, I then would speak one Word,
The which can be no further detrimental
Than so much loss of Time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then,

For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous Traytor; for to banish him
Were to prolong our Danger, and to keep him
Were certain Death; therefore 'tis decreed,
This very Night he dies.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose Gratitude
Towards her deserving Children is enroll'd
In Jove's own Book, like an unnatural Dam,
Should now devour her own.

Brut. We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his House, and pluck him thence;
Left this Infection of Malignant Nature
Spread its contagious Poyson.

Men. Hear me but one word more.

This Tyger-footed Rage, when it shall find
The Harm of thoughtles Swiftness, will too late
Tye leaden Pounds to its Heels; proceed by Proces,
Left Parties, as he is belov'd, break out,

D 2 And
The Invader of his Country: Or,

And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brut. Were that the Case indeed——

Sic. Can you demur then?

Have we not had a Taste of his Obedience?

Our Aediles fruit, our selves resists? Come.

Men. Consider this; he has been bred to War,
Since he could draw a Sword, and is ill school’d
In boulted Language: Meal and Bran together
He throws without Distinction. Give me leave,
And peaceably I’ll undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful Form,
Even at his utmost Peril.

Noble Tribunes,
This is the human Way, the other Course
Will prove too bloody, and the End of it
Unknown to the Beginning.

Sic. Be you, Menenius, then the People’s Officer.

Masters, lay down your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Forum, 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. [ come,
Let me desire your Company. [ to Senators. ] He must
Or what is worse will follow.

Sen. Come, pray let’s to him. [Ext.

SCENE II. The House of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus and Senators.

Cor. Let them set Death in its worst Shape before me,
Upon the Wheel, or at wild Horses Heels,
Or pile ten Hills on the Tarpeian Rock,
That the vast Precipice might stretch below

Th
The Fatal Resentment.

The very Beam of Sight, yet should they find
That I am still unalter'd.

Enter Volumnia.

Sen. A Roman Spirit!

Cor. I wonder that my Mother
Does not approve of this my just proceeding:
She who was wont to call them Wooden Vessels,
Things that were bought and sold for wretched Groats,
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.

Enter Menenius with Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
You must return and mend it. [thing too rough;

Sen. There's no Remedy,
Unles, by your Refusal, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be advis'd;
I have a Heart as much resolv'd as yours,
But yet a Brain that teaches me to use
My Anger to advantage.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the Tribunes.

Cor. Well! What then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. To them? I cannot do it to the Gods.

Must I then do it to them?

Enter Cominius.

Com. I from the Forum come, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You make your Party strong, or else secure yourself
By Calmness or by Absence; all's in Uproar.

Men. Only fair Speech will do it.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he can bend his Mind to't,

Vol. He must, he will.

Prythce now say you will, and go about it.

Cor.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Cor. Must I go worship then this monstrous Idol?
Must my base Tongue give to my noble Heart
A Lie that it must bear? Well, I will do it!
And yet were but my sngle Life at stake,
They first to Dust should grind this Mould of Marcius,
And throw it in the Air. Now to the Forum;
You have put me to a most unnatural Part,
Which I shall play most awkwardly.

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

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet Son, as thou hast said
My Praises made thee first a valiant Soldier,
To have my Praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do it.
And thou, my Nature, and my generous Mind,
Now leave me for a while: Instead of these,
Some Harlot's wanton Soul inform my Body;
My martial Voice, that like a Trumpet, once,
Was wont to rouze up Valour in our Soldiers,
Grow soft and and melting as the warbling Flute,
Small as an Eunuch's Pipe, or Virgin's Voice,
That lulls asleep a Babe: The Smiles of Knaves
Entrench my honest Cheeks, and may my Eyes
Grow Imitators of the false Hyena:
A Beggar's canting Tone possests my Tongue;
And my arm'd Knee, that never bow'd before,
But to the Gods and you, now bend, like his
Who has receiv'd, or who expects an Alms.
Confusion! Must I do this! No, I will not:
Left I should cease to honour my own Truth;
And by my Body's Action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then,
Whether is greater Condescension, mine
To beg of thee, or thine to ask of them?
Let universal Ruin seize on all,
I laugh at Death, with as large Heart as thou.
Do as thou list! Thy Bravery was mine,
The Fatal Resentment.

Thou suck’dst it from me, but thy Pride’s thy own.

Cor. Come, come, you shall be satisfied.
Mother, I am going to the Roman Forum,
Where I will cheat the Rabble of their Loves,
Decoy their Hearts, and cogg their very Souls from ’em:
Come home the very Minion of the Crowd,
The Darling of each dirty vile Mechanic.
Just now I go, and Constul I’ll return,
Or never trust my Tongue to flatter more.

Vol. Do as you list. [Exit.

Com. Come, come, the Tribunes wait you. Pray prepare
To answer mildly, for they’re arm’d, I hear,
With Accusations stronger than their former.

Cor. The Word is Mildly. Pray now lead the Way;
Let them accuse me by Invention, I
Will answer in mine Honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly: Be it then mildly. [Exit.

Enter Sicinus and Brutus.

Bru. In this part charge him home; that he affects
A Regal Power: If he evade us there,
Then urge him with his Hatred to the People,
And that the Spoil got from the Antiats
Was ne’er distributed —— What, will he come?

Enter Ædile.

Æd. He’s coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favour’d him.

Sic. Have you a Catalogue
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, they’re ready.

Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And when they hear our positive Decree

D 4 Pronounce’d
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Pronounced by virtue of their Right, then let them
Confirm it by unanimous Consent,
Insisting on their own Original Power.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Sic. When they have begun,
Let them not cease, but with a Dinn confus'd
Inforce th' immediate Execution,
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Bid them be strong, and ready for this Hint,
When we shall chance to give it.

Bru. Go about it.
Provoke him fright to rage. He has been us'd
Ever to conquer, has been still impatient
Of Contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his Heart; and that is there, which we
Expect should break his Neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ye great and tutelary Gods of Rome,
Keep Rome in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supply'd with worthy Men: Plant Love among you,
Adorn our Temples with the Pomp of Peace,
And from our Streets drive horrid War away.

Æd. Amen, Amen.

Men. A Noble Wish.

Æd. Enter the Ædile, and the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. Lift to your Tribunes, give attentive Audience.

Peace, I say.

Cor. First hear me speak.


Cor. What is the Reason,
That being pass'd for Consul, with full Voice,
I'm so dishonour'd; that the very Hour
You take it off again?
The Fatal Resentment.

Sir. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then, 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all limited and lawful Power,
And to establish lawless, boundless Sway,
For which you are a Traytor to the People.
Cor. How, Traytor!
Men. Nay, temperately: your Promise.
Cor. The Fires of lowest Hell confound the People!
Call me their Traytor, thou injurious Tribune!
Within thy Eyes sat twenty thousand Deaths,
As many Millions in thy threatning Hands,
Both Numbers doubled in thy Lying Tongue,
Still would I dare to tell thee, with a Voice
As free as I invoke the Gods, thou ly'th.
Sic. Hear him, ye Romans.
All. To the Rock with him.
Sic. Silence.

We need not lay new Matter to his Charge.
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Law with Force, and here defying.
Those whose unquestionable Power must try him,
This Criminal, this Capital Offence,
Deferves th' extremest Death.

Bru. But since he has serv'd well for Rome——
Cor. What, do you prate of Service?
Bru. I talk of that, who know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the Promise that you made your Mother?
Com. Pray know——
Cor. I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian Death,
Vagabond Exile, fleing, starving, lingering
But with a Grain a Day, I would not buy
Their Mercy at the Price of one fair Word;
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To have it for Good-Morrow.

Sic.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from Time to Time,
Annoy'd, oppress'd the People, seeking means
To overturn their Power; and now at last
Given hostile Strokes, not only in the Presence
Of dreaded Justice, but upon its Ministers;
We, in the People's Name, and People's Power,
Even from this Instant banish him our City,
Ne'er to re-enter Rome, but on the Pain
Of being thrown headlong from the Rock Tarpeian,
And in the People's Name, and People's Power,
We here once more pronounce it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away;
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common Friends
Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak.
Sic. Speak, what?
Bru. 'Tis now too late; th' Offender has been sen-
tenc'd,
And he is banish'd as a Foe to Rome,
And to the Roman People; and it shall be so.

All. It shall be, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of Curs, whose Breath I
hate,
As the contagious Reek of rotten Fens;
Whole Loves I prize, as the dead Carcasses
Of Men unbury'd, which corrupt the Air;
I from Coriolanus banish you,
And here remain with your Uncertainty.
Let ev'ry feeble Rumour shake your Hearts;
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes,
Fan you into Despair; have till the Power
To banish your Defenders, till at length,
Your Ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Delivers you most despicable Captives,
To Foes that shall without a Blow subdue you,
And therefore scorn your City and your selves.

For
The Fatal Resentment.

For me, thus, thus, I turn my Back upon you,
And make a better World where’er I go.

Sic. Masters, go home; the Ædiles shall attend him,
And see him forth the Gates. [Ex. Tribunes and People
Cor. But here comes Company will try my Firmness;
From these my parting will not be so easy.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia.

Com. We must not be at this sad Interview;
We’ll meet you at the Gates.

Cor. There I’ll expect you.

Men. Till then farewell. [Ex. Com. and Men.

Vol. O Marcius, Marcius, whither art thou going?

Cor. Nay, Mother,

Where is your Ancient Courage? You were wont
To say they were Extremes that try’d Mens Spirits;
That common Chances common Men could bear.
Where are the noble Precepts that you taught me?
Those Precepts that could make invincible
The Heart that learnt them.

Vol. Now may the red right Hand of Jove confound
All Trades in Rome, and all Employments perish.

Cor. What, what, what!
When I am wanted, I shall be belov’d.

Nay, Mother,
Refuse that Spirit that was wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of Hercules,
Six of his Labours you’d have done, and say’d
Your Husband so much Toil. I need not tell you,
’Tis fond to wait inevitable Strokes,
As ’tis to laugh at them. Mother, Farewell.

Vol. Farewell my Son; I leave thee to Virgilia,
She has most need of Comfort. [Exit.

Cor. And thou, my dear Virgilia—

Virg. Never bid me farewell, I ne’er will leave thee;
But where thou goest, thy faithful Mate will follow.

Cor. Alas, thou talk’st of things impossible.
Can’st thou endure the hardships I must suffer?

Virg.
Virg. 'Tis parting, parting, is the dreadful hardship; I can bear any thing if thou art with me, Without thee nothing.——
Alas, he hears This cold and unconcern'd!
Look, if he sheds one pitying Tear at parting! See, if he casts one tender mournful Look, Or throws one Sigh from his obdurate Heart.

Cor. Is it for me, before my insulting Foes, To shew my Grief by Tears, to mourn like Women? Or Men like Women: They who make me grieve Shall feel, not see, my Sorrow; they shall feel The greatness of my Grief in my Revenge.
By all that's binding upon Earth, or awful in the Skies, I will revenge thy Grief, and mine, Virgilia. Then temperate thy Sorrow, left the Wretches In thee, my dearer Part, insult o'er me.

Virg. Have I the Power to moderate my Sorrow? Can human Nature part with all its Happiness, And never once complain?

Cor. Imitate me, compose, at least, thy Outside, Suppress thy Sighs, tho' all within's unquiet.

Virg. As soon the Soul may from the Body part Without a Groan, as I can from my Marcius.
Ah, how can I resolve to part for ever?
For ever, Marcius, has a fearful Sound.

Cor. Then think'st thou that I take my Eternal leave?

Virg. Thou know'st that to return is certain Death.

Cor. Yes, Death and Vengeance to th' accursed Tribunes.
Before yon Planet has renew'd its Orb, I that depart from hence an empty Cloud, Fraught with Destructive Thunder will return, And break upon them with avoidless Ruin.

Virg. Yet my sad Heart with doleful Beatings tells me
We part for ever.

Cor. No; e'er yon Moon repoints her blunted Horns,
I will chaste my Foes, and comfort thee.

_Virg._ But whither art thou going?
_Cor._ Where I can find Revenge.

_Virg._ Shall I not hear from thee?
_Cor._ Yes, if my Actions answer to my Thoughts,
The Universe shall hear from me.

_Virg._ I shall be dead of Grief e'er thou return'st.
_Cor._ My Mother soon will teach thee nobler Passions,
And tell thee, that my Wife should mourn like Jove's,
With Grief that meditates Revenge.
Now for one parting Kiss, one last Embrace.

_Virg._ The last! Thou kill'st me, _Marcius_.
_Cor._ Now all the Gods protect thee.

_Virg._ When thou desert'st me ev'ry God forsakes me,
_Cor._ Adieu!

In quest of great Revenge thy Lover flies.

_Virg._ Support me, Virgins, for _Virgilia_ dies. [_Exe._

_The End of the Third ACT._
ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Antium.

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A Goodly City is this Antium; City!
'Tis I that made thy Widows; many an Heir
Of these fair Edifices, by my Hand
Has groaning bit the Ground. Then know me not,
Left that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with Stones
In puny Battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. And you.
Cor. Direct me, Sir, where great Aufidius lies.
Is he in Antium?
Cit. This very Night he holds a solemn Council,
And, at his House, he feasts our Prime Nobility.
Cor. Which is his House, Sir?
Cit. This here before you.
Cor. Thank you, Sir; farewell. [Ex. Cit.

O World, thy slippery Turns! Friends now fall sworn;
Who in two Breasts now seem to wear one Heart,
Whose very Souls seem Twins, which Fate has blended
Inseparably, shall within this Hour,
On a Dissention of a Doit, break out
To bitterst Enmity. So fellst Foes,
Whose Passions and whose Plots have broke their Sleep,
T' attempt each other's Ruin; by some Chance,
Some Trick, not worth a Drachma, shall grow Friends
And intermix their Offspring. Who e'er thought
To
To see the Hour when I should court Aufidius,
To be reveng'd upon ungrateful Rome? [Exit.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.

1 Serv. Come, come, come, what Service is here?
Hey, where are you all? Drunk before the Guests, by this Light!

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly House, and splendid Entertainment;
But I appear not an invited Guest.

1 Serv. What would you have, Friend? Whence are you?
Here's no room for paltry Companions. Come to the Door, march, march.

Cor. Just such a Welcome Coriolanus ought
t'expect from Volscians.

Enter 2 Servant.

2 Serv. Heyday, who have we here? This, by his Garb and Mien, should be one of those Creatures whom they call a Hanger-on, a Spunger, or Smell-Feast. Whence do you come, Friend? Pray, how far have you nos'd this Supper in the Wind?

1 Serv. This Fellow, I'll warrant, as naturally smells a Supper while 'tis a dressing, as a fagacious Hog spies the Wind as 'tis coming. Has the Porter his Eyes in his Head, that he gives Entrance to such Companions? Go, get you out, go.

Cor. Away. [Strikes him.

2 Serv. Away! Get you away.

Cor. Vanish, thou Phantom, vanish. [Kicks him.

2 Serv. I am so horribly frighted, that I really don't know whether I have been kick'd or no.

1 Serv. As certainly as I have been cuff'd, Tony. We may be Evidences one for another, and sufficient Damages we may recover. I would not part with my Cuff for five Sesterces.

2 Sen. I would not give him my Kick again for ten. But here comes Mark, we'll bring him into this Bus'ness as sure as the Day.

Enter
The Invader of his Country: Or,
Enter 3d Servant.

3 Serv. What Fellow's this?
1 Serv. Hark, in your Ear, Mark; here is a poor Creature almost famish'd; the smell of this Supper has attracted the Wretch, as Loadstone does the Iron. Now, my Master's Orders you know are very strict, that none but the Guests, and their Servants, should enter. This Fellow must be got out, d'you see; and be got out without roughness he cannot; we have tried gentle Means already. Now Roughness, my Friend Tony and I have not the Hearts to use, 'tis such a meek, humble, good-natur'd Creature.

3 Serv. A Couple of Milk-Sops; let me alone.
1 Serv. Well, well, we leave you.
2 Serv. To be kick'd, Tony.

1 Serv. And cuff'd, Pompey: A Man ought, you know, to share his Fortune with his Friend. Let us step behind this Skreen, and wait the Event.

3 Serv. Hey, you Fellow.

Cor. Ha!

3 Serv. Ay, Fellow; so I say, Sir; you Fellow, you that stare as if you were a star-gazing. What, a murrain, are we about to tell Fortunes here? I'll tell you your Fortune with a Vengeance. Do you know, my dear Friend, that somebody under this Roof will be kick'd immediately? Ay, so I say, kick'd, my dear Friend; kick'd for his Impudence and his Impertinence, for intruding where he had nought to do, and for provoking his Better's? Do you know this, my dear Friend?

Cor. Serve with thy Trencher, hence. [Kicks him.

1st and 2d Servants appear and laugh.

1 Serv. Mark has it as well as we.

2 Serv. A true Fortune-teller, by Jove.

1 Serv. Do you know, my dear Friend, that some Body under this Roof will be kick'd immediately?

2 Serv. Kick'd, for his Impudence and his Impertinence; do you know this, my dear Friend?
The Fatal Resentment.

3 Ser. Ah Vengeance seize you both.—Sir, you're a most worthy, most deserving Person, and if I can do you any Service—

Cor. I want your Master, Sirrah.

3 Ser. Sir, step but into the next Room, and have a Moment's Patience till the Guests have supped, and I'll go up to him. Be pleas'd to walk this way, Sir. 

[Exit Coriol.

Scene draws and discovers Aufidius and the Senators at Table.

1 Lord. Be not so hasty, Tullus; stay to Night.

Auf. After your Lordships leave me, not an Hour;
The Troops are, by my Orders, march'd already,
And our Success depends on our Dispatch.
For we may likely take in several Towns
Before that Rome's provided to resist us:
Whose wisest Senators have been deceiv'd,
By trusting to our late dissembled yielding;
And so disbanding haltingly their Troops,
While we maintain'd, and even augmented ours,
Have naked and defenceless left their Frontiers.

2 Lord. My Lords, if my Intelligence proves true,
There is a further and a stronger Reason
Why Tullus should set forth without delay:
For now the Senate and the Roman People
Highly against each other are incensed:
The Tribunes have Impeach'd, and mean to Try,
For Capital Offences, Caius Marcius,
Rome's brave Defender, and our mortal Foe.

Auf. Then, if we march while this Difficult's warm,
We bear down all before us like a Deluge;
For Caius Marcius was the only Roman,
Who, when his Country had no Army ready,
Could raise one by his Breath alone, as Jove
First made the World, by laying Let it be.
You may remember when in the late Dearth,
The People, mutinying, refus'd the Service,
He, in a Morning, muster'd up his Friends,
The Invader of his Country: Or,
And made a terrible Incursion on us,
Which ruin’d half our Territory.

3 Lord. Aüfidius, thou commend’st him like a Friend.
Aüf. Life hates not Death so much as I do Marcius,
Yet I’ll do Justice to the Worth I hate
Even when his Country had an Army rais’d,
What was that Army when-e’er he was absent?
He was the Soul of all their warlike Enterprises.
Was it their Army that reduc’d Corioli?
No; ’twas the conqu’ring Arm of Marcius only;
Who, by that wondrous Action, lost his Name,
And found a nobler, with Immortal Glory.
Who beat the Troops which I in Person led?;
Was it Cominius, Rome’s Commander? No.
I drove Cominius and his Troops before me,
As Whirlwinds drive the Dust;
In Skill, in Stratagem, in Facts of Arms,
Their bravest Romans I surpris’d and foil’d,
Till Marcius came against me, like a God,
By Force divine o’er-pow’ring human Nature
Conquest attended him where-e’er he came,
And Fortune follow’d him as Fate does Jove.
Where-e’er he came, Skill, Valour, Stratagem,
All in a Moment were constrain’d to yield,
Or by their Perseverance shew’d their Impotence,
And grew ridiculous.

1 Lord. Perhaps the Tribunes may to Death pursue him.
Aüf. No, that, my Lords, they neither can nor dare,
For the Patricians are too fast his Friends:
But they eternally may disoblige him;
Which if they do, O then that we could gain him.

2 Lord. I’d give, methinks, a third of my whole
Fortune,
To see him here in Antium as a Friend.

3 Lord. That fight would be most welcome to us all.

1 Lord. To all most welcome, but most wonderful.
Aüf. Twelve times in single Combat I have try’d him,
And twelve times shamefully have from him fled.

For
For which tho' to the Death I ought to hate him,
Yet always shall my private Passions yield
To what's my Country's universal Good.

Enter i Servant and Coriolanus at a Distance; the
other two Servants appear at the Door.

i Serv. Sir, Sir, Sir. [Pulling Aufidius.
Auf. What would the Fool have?

i Serv. The Fool has earnest Business, Sir, as Fools
now-a-Days generally have; here's an odd sort of a Fel-
low that is resolv'd to speak with you, whether you
will or no.

Auf. What's his Business?

i Serv. I know not; I believe a Wager.

Auf. Sirrah, what Wager?

i Serv. I believe he has laid that he will kick your
Family round. All but your Honour have had it al-
ready.

Auf. Sirrah, because as you're a Fool I sometimes
Have given you privilege to prate, you think
Your beastly Tongue has a perpetual Licence.
Where is this Fellow?
My Lords, I beg your Pardon for a Moment.

[Comes to the front of the Stage.

Whence com'st thou, and what would'st thou? What's
thy Name?

Cor. Doft thou not know me, Tullus?

Auf. No: thy Name.

Cor. A Name unmusical to Volscian Ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Can'st thou not speak it?

Cor. Methinks thy Guardian Genius should inform
thee;

Nature her self should, rouzing, take th' alarm,
And thy pure Blood, which I've so often shed,
Should swiftly to thy panting Heart retire,
And whisper there what mortal Foe is here.

Auf. Now by the God of War there breaths but one
Man

E 2

Who
The Invader of his Country: Or,
Who dares to talk, or dares to look like thee.
How haft thou dar'd to appear thus here alone?
Think'st thou to carry Antium like Coriolis,
That thou art here unseconed, unguarded?
Cor. 'Tis Rome, not Antium, that I come to carry.
Auf. What say'st thou?
Cor. Would'st thou revenge thy Country, or thy self?
If 'tis thy self thou would'st revenge, here strike,
Ungrateful Rome will thank thee for the Blow.
Auf. Ye Gods, what's this I hear!
Cor. But if thou would'st revenge thy Country's Wrongs,
Behold me here, no common Friend to Antium,
No vulgar foe to Rome; for I will fight
Against my canker'd Country, with the Spleen
Of the Infernal Furies.
Auf. What has it done? what caus'd this wondrous Change?
Cor. Tullus, thou see'st me here a banish'd Man.
Auf. Banish'd! Is't possible!
Cor. Hoop'd out of Rome by vile accursed Slaves,
Permitted by our daftard Nobles, who
Have all forsaken me: For which may Fortune,
And every Guardian God of Rome forfake them.
Tullus, I come to make a noble Barter with thee;
Give me Revenge, I'll give thee Victory.
Auf. O Marcus, Marcus,
Each word thou haft spoke has weeded from my Heart
A Root of ancient Envy. If that Jupiter
Should from yon glittering Firmament, in Thunder
Speak things Divine, I'd not believe 'em more
Than thee, all noble Marcus. Let me twine
My Arms about that Body, against which
My shiver'd Spear a hundred times has broke,
And scarr'd the Moon with Splinters. Here I embrace
The Anvil of my Sword, and here contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
As ever in ambitious Strength I did

Contend
The Fatal Resentment.

Contend against thy Valour. Know, thou Hero,
I lov'd the Maid I married, never Man
Sigh'd truer Breath; but, that I see thee here,
Thou noble Soul, more ravishes my Heart,
Than when I fir'd my wedded Mistress saw
Pass blushing, o'er my Threshold to my Bed.
Thou art arriv'd, thou Thunderbolt of War,
Even in the dreadful Crips of Rome's Fate.
Even now our Troops are marching, and I purpos'd
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
Or lose my Arm for't. Thou hast worrifed me
Twelve several Times, and I have nightly since
Dream'd of Encounters 'twixt thy self and me.
We have been down together, in my Sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, sifting each other's Throats,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no Quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou thence art banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring War
Into the Bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold Deluge mark our Way with Ruin.
Let me present you to our Friendly Senators,
Who now to take their leaves of me are here.

Cor. You bless me, Gods! [They go to the Table.

Auf. My Lords, what you have wish'd so oft in vain,
But what we thought no God would dare to promise,
Fortune and Time have of themselves effected.
Behold the noble Caius Marcius here,

All Sen. Ha, Caius Marcius here! [All rise.

Auf. Banish'd from Rome by his ungrateful Country.

1 Sen. Ha, banish'd!

2 Sen. Immortal Jupiter!

3 Sen. What Miracle is this!

4 Sen. Let us bow down before the Godlike Man.

1 Sen. Welcome to Antium; yes, a thousand Welcomes.

E 3

4 Sen.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

4 Sen. With you, the Tutelary Gods of Rome,
Are come to dwell among us.

3 Sen. When your ungrateful Country banish'd you
It pass'd a fatal Sentence on it self.

1 Sen. Rome in that Moment fell from all its Glory
2 Sen. Now, in its turn, our Volscian State will
rise.

4 Sen. You come to Reign, and to Command a-
mong us.

And, if you would revenge your barbarous Wrongs
On your ungrateful Country, we have Troops
That march against it now, and good Aufidius
Is proud to share with you his high Commission

Auf. Most proud of such a Partner.

Cor. My Lords, you overwhelm me with your Kind-
neis .

But my bold Hand, not Tongue, shall shew my Gra-
titude.

Auf. For me, I must away within an Hour,
Marcius may take a Night's Repose, and follow.

Cor. Behind you Marcius will not stay a moment
Repose but feeds my inward Agitation,
While Vengeance preys upon my burning Entrails ;
But Motion that will halten are Revenge
Will give me Ease of Mind.

By the Reception which I meet with here,
And by the Usage which I found at Rome,
Who would not take this Antium for the City
For which I all my Life had fought and conquer'd,
And Rome the hostile Country, of whose Native,
I, from a Boy, had made perpetual Slaughter.

Enter a Centurion

Cent. Where is the General?

Auf. What are thy Tydings? Say.

Cent. The Troops that march'd this Evening, have
already,
Without Resistance, pass'd the Roman Frontiers,
And mark'd their way with Blood and Devastation.

The
The Roman Territory's in a Flame,
With which the Welkin glows; th' impartial Sword
Spareth neither Age nor Sex, Degree nor Order,
But makes promissious Slaughter of our Foes.
Confusion and Dismay seize all who escape,
And all to their wall'd Towns for Refuge fly,
And all those Towns send Post to Rome for Succour.
Suffetius, your Lieutenant, begs, by me,
That you would haste to joyn th' impatient Troops,
And take th' Advantage of their eager Fire,
And of the Foe's surprize.

Auf. To Horie without delay. Now, noble Marcius,
E'er thrice the Sun his flaming Course renews,
Capricious Rome shall curse the fatal Hour
That e'er she dar'd to banish her Defender.

Cor. I wait on you.

Auf. My Lords, we take our leaves.
May Fortune be propitious to your Lordships.

All Sen. Glory and Victory attend Aufidius,
And thee, most noble Marcius.

Auf. Sirrah, do you attend me to the Gate,
That you may take my Orders as I go. [Exeunt.

1 Serv. Here's an Alteration!

2 Serv. By Jove, I thought to have cudgell'd him; and yet my Mind gave me his Cloaths made a false Report of him.

1 Serv. What an Arm he has! He turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, as one would set up a Top.

2 Serv. And what a Foot he has! Well, I have had fiv'n hundred Kicks, but never had such a Kick before! He mounted me like a Foot-Ball.

1 Serv. Well, this Frolicke began with my Master. This Carius Marcius has been us'd to Cudgel him. So that we Servants have had an Honourable Beating.

2 Serv. What do you say! Us'd to Cudgel the General!
The Invader of his Country: Or,

1 Serv. Well Saucebox! What if I did say Cudgel the General? Did not the General say so himself? Pray what did he do before Corioli? Did not he Scotch him and Notch him like a Certonedo? Gad, if our General had not shewn the wrong side of himself, he might have broil’d and eaten him too.

Enter third Servant.

3 Serv. Oh Slaves! I can tell you News, News you Rascals.


3 Serv. Well! I would not be a Roman of all Nations under the Sun, I had as lief be a condemn’d Perfon.

1 and 2 Serv. Ay! Why so?

3 Serv. Why this Offspring of Hector will carry my Master directly to Rome, and lug the Porter of Rome Gates by the Ears. He will mow down all before him. Rome will soon come into my Master’s Hands. The Romans will be all turn’d out of their Places, and we who are Scoundrels now shall immediately become great Men.

1 Serv. What, we Footmen become great Men?

3 Serv. Why, what if we are Footmen, Puppy? How many Footmen, since I can remember, have I known preferr’d? Or Fellows worse than Footmen? Do not we see every Day a proud Splenetick Puppy lolling backwards in a Gilt Chariot; when all the Town remembers, that twenty Years ago they saw him ride behind it? I tell you, we shall be all great Men.

1 and 2 Serv. Ay, ay, we shall be all three very great Men.

3 Serv. But now do you know how to behave your selves, you Rascals, when you come to be great!

1 Serv. Not I, by Jupiter.

2 Serv. Nor I, by Hercules.

3 Serv. Then observe, and take Example by me. When I come to be a great Man, I will have but half my Memory, and no Ears at all in my Head.

1 Serv.
The Fatal Resentment.

1 Serv. And why but half your Memory?
2 Serv. I will remember to mawl my Enemies, and forget to do good to my Friends.
3 Serv. But why no Ears in your Head?
3 Serv. I will have them remov'd a little nearer to my Pockets.
1 Serv. Whither must that be?
3 Serv. Why, to the Palms of my Hands, you Scoundrel! He who speaks to me, speaks to me here. [Pointing to his Hand.]
He who speaks to any other part of me, is an impertinent Fellow, and talks to the Deaf.
1 Serv. But how will you pass your Time, when you come to be great?
3 Serv. Why, as that sort of great Men does who with great Fortunes have little Understandings, and low Thoughts in high Stations. All the Morning I will be doing nothing, in secret and in State. And while I am doing nothing gravely and mysteriously, I will be as inacceffible, and as uncomatable, as if I were Wisdom or Honesty.
2 Serv. But how will you pass your Afternoons?
3 Serv. Why, just as I pass my Mornings; in doing nothing; only I will see a Friend or two.
1 Serv. What, Wits, Virtuosi, Politicians I warrant you.
3 Serv. No: Fools, you Puppy. Folly in Brocade shall be my Companion, and Merit in Rags shall be my Door-keeper. But, to pin the Basket, as soon as I come to be great, I will use the State as a Sharper does his Bubble, I will flatter it and cajole it egregiously, express flaming Zeal for its Service, talk of nothing but Public Spirit, and the Love of my Country; but at the same time I will cheat my dear Country most damnably, yet rail most vehemently at any one who has it in his Power to cheat it more than myself. If I can but fill my own Coffers, I care not one Farthing if my dear
The Invader of his Country: Or,
dear Country is five hundred Millions in Debt, and
Bankrupt past recovery.

1 Serv. Oh rare Mark, he has not liv’d twenty
Years in the Service of great Men for nothing.

2 Serv. Mark has had his Eyes and his Ears open.

1 Serv. He will certainly be a very great Man.

3 Serv. Why Sirrah! I am a greater Man than you
may imagine already. I am Factotum and Major-Domo,
and Viceroy in my Master’s Absence. Look here is the
Key of the Wine Cellar, Sirrah! Come, I’ll begin my
Reign with an Act of Grace, carry you two down into
my Kingdom of Darkness, pierce a fresh Hog’s Head, and
thereby depriving you of your little Understandings,
absolutely gain your Affections. [Exit.

SCENE ROME.

Enter the two Tribunes and Menedius.

Bru. Then you hear nothing from him?
Men. No, I hear nothing;
His Mother and his Wife hear nothing from him.

Bru. In War this Marcus was a worthy Officer,
But insolent in Peace, o’ercome with Pride;
Ambitious even beyond Imagination,
And doating on himself.

Sic. And aiming at perpetual Sovereignty.

Men. Had Caius Marcus aim’d at Sovereignty
He would have been more popular.
For the Patrician who enslaves this People
Must do it by themselves.

Sic. We should, by this, have felt his Tyranny,
To all our Sorrows, had he gone for a Confidant.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and easy still without him.

Enter an Aside.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave, whom we have thrown in Prison,
Reports, the Volscians, with two several Powers,
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest Malice of the War
Destroy what lies before them

Bru. Go see this Rumourer whipt for his bold Lie.
The Volscians, whom so lately we reducd,
Have not the Heart to break with us.

Enter Messenger.

Meff. The Fathers, in great Earnestness, are going
All to the Senate House; some News is come
That turns their Countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this Slave.

Whip him before the People’s Eyes, for daring
Thus to disturb the Town by his Invention.

Meff. But, worthy Sir,
The Slave’s Report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver’d.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meff. Sir, 'tis by many Mouths deliver’d freely,
How probably I cannot tell, that Marcus,
Join’d with Aufidius, marches against Rome,
And vows Revenge as ample as between
The youngest and the oldest of our Romans.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais’d only, that the weaker sort may with
Good Marcus home again.

Sic. The very Trick on’t.

Men. This is improbable, and highly so;
He and Aufidius are no more compatible
Than the two Branches of a Contradiction.

Enter second Messenger.

2 Meff. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by Ca’us Marcus,
Associated with fell Aufidius, ages
Upon our Territories, and already
Have mark’d their way with Fire, and Blood, and Ruin.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh! you have made rare Work!

Men.
Men. What News, what News?
Com. Yes, you have helpt to ravish your own Daughters!

To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.
Men. What is the News, what is the News, Cominius?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians——
Com. If Marcius should be join'd——

Why he's their God, he leads them like a Being
Made by some nobler Artift than meer Nature,
That forms Man perfecter, and shapes him better.
And under him they march with no less Confidence,
Than Heroes when commanded by a God.

Men. Oh! you have made good Work!
Com. He'll shake your Rome about your Ears.

Men. As Hercules the Pillars which he rais'd.

You have made fair Work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. As sure as you'll look pale, and tremble too,
Before you find it other; all the Regions
With cheerfulness revolt, they who resist
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fools. And who can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find something in him,
Tho' you so much contempt'd him.

Men. We are all undone, unless the Godlike Man

Have Mercy equal to forgiving Gods.
Com. And who shall dare to ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame, the People
Deserve such Pity of him as the Wolf.

Does of the Shepherd: Which of his best Friends
Has not deferted him, and seem'd his Enemy?

Men. True! Were he putting to my House the Brand
Which should consume it, I have not the Face
To say, I beg you cease. You have made fair Hands:

You and your Crafts—Ven, you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought

A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of Help,
The Fatal Resentment.

Trib. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him.
But yet, like timorous Beasts, and daftard Nobles,
Submitted basely to your Noisy Clutters,
And passively beheld him hooted from our Walls.

Com. But they, I fear, who thus could hoot him out,
Will roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second Name of Men, obeys his Nod,
As if he were his Subaltern: Despair
Is all the Strength, Defence and Policy
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Clutters!
And is Aufidius with him! You are they
That made the Air unwholsome, when you cast
Your flinking greasy Caps in nauseous hooting
At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a Hair upon a Soldier's Head
Which will not prove a Scorpion.
As many Coxcombs as you threw up Caps,
He'll tumble down, and pay you for your Voices.
Nay, 'tis no Matter.
If he could burn us all into one Coal,
We have deserv'd to be consum'd together.

All Cit. Faith, we hear fearful News.

1 Cit. For my own part,
When I said Banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I. And, to say the Truth, so did
very many of us; nay, indeed, all of us.

All Cit. Ay, all of us.

Com. All of you say so! How came he banish'd then?

1 Cit. What we did, we did for the best; and tho' we consented to his Banishment, yet was it against our
Wills.

Com. Against your Wills! You goodly things, you
Who urg'd you on to such a fatal Injury?

1 Cit. Why e'en our worthy Tribunes.

Com.
The Invader of his Country. Or,

Com. Why then your worthy Tribunes are the Persons
Who have laid waste the Roman Territory,
Have brought their Country to the brink of Ruin,
Have to the Temples of our Gods set Fire,
Have fix'd the murthering Knife to all your Throats,
And, to the Arms of leud Licentious Russians,
Have given your Wives and Daughters. So farewell.

1 Cit. O terrible!
Com. Come on, Menenius, let us to the Capitol.

[Exe. Com and Men.

2 Cit. Have our Tribunes done all this?
3 Cit. The Furies break their Necks for it.
4 Cit. What need we trouble the damn'd Neighbours,
for what we can do ourselves. We are the Furies.

All Cit. Ay, we are the Furies, we are the Furies.
To the Rock, to the Rock with them.

Bru. How!

Sic. What do I hear?

4 Cit. The Punishment they design'd for Coriolanus,
let them feel themselves.

All Cit. To the Rock, to the Rock with them.

Bru. Hear me, my Masters.

1 Cit. No, no, you have prated us into Mischief
enough already, a Plague o'your Rhetorical Throats
for it.

Sic. Can you refuse to hear us then, my Masters?

2 Cit. No, by all Means, but you shall take a gentle
leap first.

4 Cit. We shall see what a delicate Speech you'll
make when your Neck's broke.

All Cit. To the Rock, to the Rock, away with 'em.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Aufidius and four Tribunes.

AUF. Never was such a Torrent of Success.
Where-e'er we march we mark our Way with Ruin.

1 Trib. The Roman Territories are so alter'd,
So chang'd from what they were with the wild waste,
The very Natives wilder'd, lose their way;
And the Possessors of the Fertile Soil
Behold their own, and see no it require it.

2 Trib. Beholding too the Romans, we require them.
Where are those Spirits that appear'd intrepid?
Those Spirits at whose sight our Volsian Troops
So often have turn'd pale with shivering Terror.

AUF. The Soul of Caius Marcius was the Spirit
Invigorating all; now he has left them,
The whole vast Body is become a Lump
Of lifeless and half animated Clay.

3 Trib. At least in Rome it self we thought to have found
Some firmness; even there, on our approach,
Confusion and wild Uproar seem to lord it,
And even the Brave despair, while Peasants fly
To them for shelter, they forfake their Walls,
And wanting Firmness to expect their Fate,
Come out to meet it here.

4 Trib. Their very Priests rely on Heaven no more,
No more fall prostrate before Mars or Jove;
But leaving all their Temples unattended,
The Invader of his Country: Or,

In full Procession bow the Knee to Marcius;
As if that Marcius were the only God
On whom, for their Deliverance, they depend.

Auf. Their Priests are fearful, superstitious Fools,
And proud or humble, always in excess.
But even their Heroes, and their Sages come;
Cominius and Menenius have been here, [Marcius:
The Fellow-Conqueror one, and both the Friends of
Both bow'd their Knees, and both employ'd their Prayers,
Both cry'd for Mercy, and both cry'd in vain.

4 Trib. Menenius, by the moving Tale he told,
Of what his Country suffer'd, melted all;
But Marcius still remain'd unmov'd, inflexible.

Auf. Tribune, you must mistake, for I observ'd him
Look under with his Eyes, while he with Pain
Restrain'd the Moiture strugling to get free:
And much I question how he will sustain
This next and last Effort which Rome prepares.

3 Trib. What may that be?

Auf. A tender Train of mournful Ladies, with them
His Mother, and his Wife, and little Children,
Kneeling and holding up their Hands for Mercy.
Intelligence, on which I may depend,
Imports as much. If he at last relents——

1 Trib. If he relents, he dies.

2 Trib. If he relents, this Dagger's in his Heart.

3 Trib. And mine.

4 Trib. And mine.

Auf. Away. 'Tis true, if he relents he dies,
But shall not safely be oppreis'd by odds.
I, in so just Cause, alone suffice.

4 Trib. You! will you set your Life against a Traytor's,
And to blind Fortune trust your Country's Cause?
Suppose he kills you?

Auf. If he kills me, know
Audiatus will fall worthy of himself,
And of the Glory of his great Forefathers.
Yet for the sake of Antium, I'll take care

Not
The Fatal Resentment.

Not to fall unrevenge'd. But see, he comes:
I must receive him. To my Tent repair,
And there expect my coming.

_All._ We will. [Exit._

_Enter Coriolanus._

_Aus._ Now, noble _Marcius_, what is to be done?

_Cor._ We will before the Walls of _Rome_, to-Morrow,
Set down our Host. My Partner in this Action,
You must acquaint the _Volscian_ Lords how plainly
In all this matter I have born my self.

_Aus._ You have regarded them alone, have stopt
Your Ears against the general Suit of _Rome_;
Refus'd all private Whispers, even with those
Who thought themselves secure of you.

_Cor._ This last old Man,
Who with a broken Heart went back to _Rome_,
Lov'd me above the Measure of a Father;
Nay, deify'd me rather. Their last Refuge
Was to send him, for whose old Love I have,
Tho' I to him appear'd inexorable,
Offer'd the first Conditions they refus'd,
And cannot now, accept to grace him only,
Who thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded to. _Fresh Embassies and Suits_,
Nor from the State, nor private Friends, hereafter
Will I lend Ear to. _Ha_, what _Shout_ is that? [Shout.
Shall I be tempted to infringe my _Vow_
The Moment that I make it? _No_, I will not.

_Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, Y. Marcius, with other Ladies and Attendants._

_Aus._ _Marcius_, see here a mournful moving _Train._

_Cor._ _Ha_, _Gods_! a mournful moving _Train_ indeed!
My Wife comes foremost, then the honour'd Mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and, in her Hand,
The Grand-Child to her _Blood_. But my _Resentment_
All Bond and Privilege and Nature breaks,
And lets dull _Obstinacy_ now be _Virtue._

_F_  

_Aus._
The Invader of his Country: Or,

AUF. Ay, Marcius, bear this great, this utmost Tryal,
And thou hast reach'd the Top of Mortal Glory.
I leave you.

COR. Nay, Tullus, you must stay and see —

AUF. Excuse me;
Such Entertainments want no Standers-by,
And your Integrity to me's unquestion'd.
I leave you to receive them. [Exit.

COR. What is that Curt'ly worth? Or those Dove's Eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not Of stronger Earth than others. O for a Kiss!
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge.
Now, by the jealous Queen of Love, that Kiss I carry'd from my Love, and my true Lip Hath ever since preserv'd it like a Virgin.
But oh, ye Gods, while fondly thus I talk,
See the most noble Mother of the World Stands unsaluted; sink my Knee in Earth,
Of my deep Duty more Impression shew Than that of common Sons.

Vol. Have you forgot this Lady?

COR. The noble Siter of Poplicola,
The Moon of Rome, chaste as the Icicle That's crul'd by the Frost from purest Snow,
And hangs upon the Temple of Diana

Vol. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th' Interpretation of full Time May shew like all your self.

COR. The God of Soldiers,
With the Consent of supreme love, inform Thy Thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove To Shame invulnerable, and shew in Battel Like a great Sea Mark, standing ev'ry Flaw, And savor those that eye thee

Vol. Ev'n he, your Wife, Valeria, and my self, And all this Train of roble Roman Ladies, Are Suitors to you.
The Fatal Resentment.

Cor. For any thing, except ungrateful Rome.
Vol. Rome, tho' ungrateful, is your Country still.
Cor. No; Rome, that cast me out, disown'd her Offspring;
And doubly I disown th' ungrateful City,
And Volscian Antium is my Country now:
'Tis Antium feeds, distinguishes, adores me,
Whereas Rome threw me out with basest Contumely.
Vol. I never knew the Rabble yet was Rome;
Yet ev'n the Rabble have reveng'd thy Cause,
Have thrown their Tribunes from the Rock Tarpeian,
And voted thy Repeal.

Cor. For that I thank my Volscians, and not them;
And I will laugh at their vile Fears, and use them
As my most deadly Foes; nay, my Revenge
Shall reach the very Walls that now protect them;
Yes, I'll destroy the very Walls that shelter them.

Vol. 'Tis a wild Vengeance,
That like an Earthquake, or a general Deluge,
Sweeps good and bad in a promiscuous Ruin:
Our noble Senators are all your Friends.

Cor. No Coward ever can be term'd a Friend,
A Coward loves himself too well to be a Friend;
And 'twas the abject Fear of the base Senate
That sacrifíc'd me to the Rabble's Rage;
For which, to Volscian Swords, and Volscian Fire,
I'll sacrificè their City and themselves.

Vol. Dar'ft thou say this on this high Eminence,
From which thou now behold'ft afflicted Rome,
Survey'ft the awful Temples of our Gods,
That above all of Capitoline Jove?
Methinks I hear him from his sacred Hill
Speaking in Thunder thus; Have I decreed
That Rome should be my great Viceregent here,
Should terminate its Empire with those bounds
That terminate the World; have I decreed this!
And Marcus, thou, dar'ft thou attempt its Ruin?
And as he utters this in dreadful Tone,

F 2 Methinks
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Methinks I see him o'er his sacred Temple,
Lifting above the Clouds his awful Head,
And rolling in his Red Right Hand the Thunder.

Cor. That Rome should be the Mistress of the Universe,
By Sovereign Justice ne'er could be decreed;
That Revelation's but a pious Fraud,
Invented first by Rome's ambitious Chiefs,
To sanctify their hourly Usurpations,
And make Injustice wear Religion's Mask.

Vol. Oh impious!

Cor. The Wills of Gods eternal are, like them;
And nought by Gods to Men can be reveal'd
That contradicts their great Original Will,
That contradicts great Nature's sacred Laws,
Those sacred Laws of just, and right, and fit,
Which the informing Breath of Jove at first
Infus'd into our new-created Souls.

Vol. Yet still the Temples of our Gods are there,
Those Gods to whom thou hast so often sacrific'd,
The Gods of thy Fore-fathers. Canst thou see them,
And impiously dar'st purpose to destroy them?

Cor. 'Tis true, indeed,
There are the Temples, but their Gods are Here:
Their Gods abandon'd Rome, when Marcius left it;
And above all, the God they most adore,
Great Mars, the Father of their boasted Founder,
With me he went t' inhabit Volscian Land,
With me he marches all the toilsome Day,
With me he all the watchful Night encamps;
See where he marks his Way with Fire and Blood,
'To scourge th' ungrateful Romans!

Vol. What hast thou said? Thy Voice has Daggers,

Marcius,
And thou a cruel unrelenting Soul.
Ten thousand Widows, and as many Orphans
Already has thy dreadful Vengeance made;
Destroy'd their Substance all with Hostile Fire,
And now they wander helpless, friendless, comfortless,

And
The Fatal Resentment.

And fill the Air with Cries and Lamentations,
Enough to pierce the Hearts of Gods and Men.

Cor. Thanks to their Tribunes, and their noble Senate.

Vol. From hence thou seest the Temples of our Gods:
Oh could thy Eyes but pierce the sacred Walls,
And shew thee the wild Horror that's within,
The dismal sight would break thy cruel Heart.
Prostrate before each unrelenting God,
Thou wouldn't behold old venerable Age,
And helpless Infancy, and holy Matrons,
And Virgins wither'd in their Bloom with Sorrow;
All fainting, swooning, dying with the fear
Of what may fall to-morrow.

Virg. Oh Gods, his Eyes their Firmness still maintain,
And we are lost for ever.

Vol. Yet hast thou made thy Mother and thy Wife
More wretched than the miserablest Roman;
As thou'rt the Cause of all this Desolation,
A Cause that we can neither hate nor curse,
Nor pray for thy Defeat; the rest can pray,
And they who cannot pray, yet dare to hope,
And they who dare not hope, yet dare to wish,
And still are happy in th' extremest Line.
But we can neither pray, nor hope, nor wish;
What can we wish for? for our Country's Triumph?
That is, alas, to wish for thy Destruction:
Or for thy Victory? Oh that's our Country's Ruin!

Cor. I cannot, must not any longer hear you.

Vol. A little more, and I have done for ever:
Th' Ingratitude of Rome provokes thy Wrath
To such a height, that nought but its Destruction
Can satisfy thy thirst of dire Revenge;
And yet was e'er Ingratitude like thine?

Cor. Ingratitude? To whom?

Vol. To whom, but me? to me, who gave thee Life,
By whom thou cam'st into the World a Roman,
Who took peculiar care t' instruct thy Childhood,
T' instruct thy Youth in every generous Art;

F 3

Who
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Who form'd thy growing Limbs to Martial Strength,
And steel'd thy Breast with Fortitude Divine,
Contempt of Danger, and contempt of Death,
Inflamm'd thy Breast with thy dear Country's Love,
Love of great Actions and eternal Fame;
And who distinguish'd thee from other Romans,
As much as they're distinguish'd by the Gods
From all th' inferior Nations who surround them
Now in requital of these matchless Benefits,
Ungrateful Marcius murders me.

Cor. What means my Mother?

Vol. And can't thou ask? and art thou then to know
That 'tis the Maxim of each Roman Matron,
That when she can no longer live with Honour,
Great Love aloud calls out to her to die.
And can I longer live with Honour? No;
If thou go'st on with thy curs'd Enterprize,
Death or eternal Intamy's my choice.
For I must either live to see my Country
In its last Pangs, and hear its dying Groans,
While thou, my Child, art the detested Cause,
The Subject of its frightful Imprecations;
Or live to see thee dragg'd thro' Roman Streets,
A dreadful Spectacle to Gods and Men,
And doom'd to die the most accursed Death
Of Traytors and of Parricides
Therefore thou either must desist, or kill me;
This very moment thou must kill me, Marcius;
Here, here's the Dagger, but thou giv'lt the Blow;
Yes, thou must pass o'er Her who gave thee Life,
Before thou stir'st one Step t'affault thy Country.

Cor. What would, at last, my Mother have me do?
Must I be banish'd by the Polscians too?
But justly banish'd, banish'd as a Traytor?
Must I betray my Benefactors then?
Must I betray th' important Trust repos'd in me?
And so become the Out-cast of all Nations?
The Fatal Resentment.

Vol. I would not have thee do a shameful thing,
But love thy Glory equal with my Life;
No; reconcile the jarring Nations only.

Cor. That's to betray them: They resolve on Con-
quest,
And will be satisfy'd with nought but Empire,
At least with Restitution of the Lands
The Romans so unjustly have usurp'd from them;
That was the Treaty which Menenius sign'd,
And which Rome afterwards refus'd to ratify.

If without that Condition I desist,
How can I e'er behold Aufidius more?
Or with what Eyes regard the Volscian Lords?
Or from the Volscian People what expect
But Infamy and Ruin? [more,

Virg. The Gods forbid, thou e'er should'st see them
No: Rome, repenting of its barb'rous Usage,
Has with one Voice repeal'd its cruel Sentence.
To Rome with me thou surely shalt return.

Cor. And how can I behold afflicted Rome,
Or how can Rome behold me?
Me, who have laid its Territories waste,
Destroy'd its Cities with consuming Fire,
And made ten thousand of its bleeding Sons
Feel my remorseless Sword's devouring Edge.
If I was banish'd when I fought and conquer'd for
them,
What can I now expect but certain Death
From its tumultuous, feeble, faithless Tribunes?
Not only my Revenge, my Preservation
Requires that Rome should fall. Can you desire
Your Son should die to fave his mortal Foes?
No: Perish, perish this ungrateful City!

Vol. Dye then, Volumnia: But, before I die,
Thus, thus the Mother falls at the Son's Feet,
Not to ask any Pity for her self,
But Mercy, Mercy, for her sinking Country.
Down, Ladies, down.
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Cor. Oh, the confusion of my tortur'd Soul!
Vol. Pronounce Rome safe, or I am fall'n for ever.
Oh, rise, my Mother; you and Rome have conquer'd;
But your unhappy Son's for ever lost.
Hoa! Who waits there?
Give Orders that the Troops return to wards Antium,
And tell Ausidius I expect him here.
The Troops march back towards Antium, where must I go?

Virg. Once more with us to Rome thou shalt return.
Thy Apprehensions to the Winds deliver.
Our Romans will regard thee as a God,
For shewing Mercy to thy bleeding Country,
After such mortal Provocations giv'n
By black Ingratitude, and base Injustice.

Vol. Thou hast done a Godlike Deed, and suprem Jove,
And ev'ry God who sees it, will reward it.

Virg. Thou'lt rais'd up a whole miserable People,
All in a moment, from Despair to Rapture.
Vol. Oh, the transporting Joy that we shall meet
At our Return in ev'ry Voice and Eye!

Virg. Our greatest Conquerors were ne'er receiv'd
With half the Joy, with half the Acclamations!

Vol. Then what must our tempestuous Raptures be!
Oh, we are happy as the Deathless Gods!
Nor shall our Triumph be confin'd to Rome,
Or the short Time we live.

Virg. No: o'er the Universe its Fame shall spread.
Vol. Nations unborn, and Languages inform'd
Shall tell the blissful Tale, and bless the Actors.
Yes, with Immortal Bliss, Immortal Fame——

Virg. And everlasting Love we shall be crown'd.
Blest with the long Possession of my Marcius,
I ne'er till Death will part with him again.

Cor. Here cease your Transports. See, Ausidius comes:

Please
The Fatal Resentment.

Please to retire to yonder Tent a while,
For I must take a long but fair Adieu. [Ex. Women.
Enter Aufidius.

Tullus Aufidius. Ha!
Why dost thou greet me with this alter'd Countenance,
This silent Wonder in thy wrathful Eyes?

Auf. Just now a Slave brought Orders to the Troops
That they should backward turn their March to Antium;
And impudently said he came from you.

Cor. 'Tis true, I sent him.

Auf. Then, Caius Marius, you have done much
Wrong
To me, and all the Volscians.

Cor. O Tullus, Tullus, hadst thou but been by
To hear the piercing things that mov'd my Soul,
Thou would'st have sworn they might engage even
Love
To change his high Decrees.

Auf. Your Mother and your Wife we know have
done this.

Cor. The noblest Mother, and the tender'est Wife!

Auf. Yes, they are dear Relations, I confess,
And 'tis for them you set at Scorn the Gods,
By whom so solemnly you swore.

Cor. Unlawful Oaths are in themselves invalid.
And is it lawful to destroy my Country?

Auf. No, not your Country, but your mortal Foes;
And to the Romans, by their barb'rous Usage,
You said were grown: You said, and spoke the Truth;
And this is but a poor and mean Evasion,
And you must answer 't to th' Avenging Gods,
By whom you swore with bitter Imprecations.

Cor. Then I will answer it; let that suffice;
And to the Gods alone I'll be accountable.

Auf. Yes, I dare trust them, soon they will revenge
The Wrong that's done to their Almighty Powers:
But you must answer your Offence to me.

Cor. To you!
The Invader of his Country: Or,

Auf. To me, ungrateful Man.

Who took you in, with open Arms, but I,
A supplicating Exil and a Vagabond,
Fallen below Pity, nay below Contempt?
Who gave his Honour to the Volscan Lords,
That you inviolably should be theirs?
And rais'd you up to more than former Glory,
And even to envied Greatness, to the Power
Of taking a Revenge as ample as thy Wish?
Now what's the great Return you make for this?

Cor. Such a Return as none but I could make;
Such a Return as, not ten Days ago,
Would have been Phrensy in the proudest Volscan
To hope, or to expect.
I infused Spirit thro' your abject Troops,
Gave them a Tast of Deathless Victory,
First shew'd them that the Romans can be conquer'd:
Compell'd my Countrymen to sue for Peace,
And sign an ignominious Treaty with you;
The same Conditions which Memenius brought;
Shameful for them, but glorious to your Troops,
And advantageous to the Volscan State.

Auf. Name not the faithless Treaty, that condemns you;

For to what serves it, but to give Rome Breath
To recollect her self, and pour Revenge
Into the very Heart of Volscan Land?
Doing no more, thou hast done less than nothing,
But rankled and envenom'd more a Foe
Too much provok'd by cursed Pride before.

Cor. How selfish Men flatter under public Zeal
To their base Ends! Before this Peace was granted
Thou wert not satisfy'd, but to thy Followers
Thou breath'dst, in Corners, fullen Discontent.
Then I went on too fast, and too precipitate,
And left whole Fortresses and Towns behind me,
With an Intention to betray the Volscians,
By cutting off their Intercourse with Antium.
'Tis not too little, but too much Success,
The Fatal Resentment.

That thus provokes the great Anfidius' Envy.
Auf: Envy a Traytor and a Parricide!
Cor. Thou say'st that I have Obligations to thee;
To them thou wert that thou speak'st this, and liv'st.
Yes, take thy Life; Love gave it thee at first,
I give it now; and now I owe thee nothing.

Auf. My Life from you! First have it in your Power.
Cor. Thou know'st, Anfidius, 'tis much harder for me
To say I'll kill thee, than to strike the Blow.
Twelve times, thou know'st, when I advanc'd my Sword
The Deftinies advanc'd their fatal Sheers,
And nought but ignominious Flight could save thee.

Auf. And canst thou think thou art the Man thou wer't,

When thou retain'dst thy Honour and thy Virtue?
Cor. Both Gods and Men, with one Consent, proclaim
That Marcius is the Man he always was;
His Honour and his Virtue still the same:
And therefore the Immortal Powers affit me,
And Fortune is my Friend and my Confed'rate,
And whatsoever Side I chuse, for that declares.
'Tis I that made my soaring Country stoop,
That never stoop'd before; and when they su'd
For Peace, to me they supplicating su'd,
And took no Notice of the Great Anfidius.
Now try the Voices of thy Countrymen,
I gave them Orders to march back to Antium,
See then if thou can'st lead them on to Rome.

Auf. Too well I am convinc'd thou hast seduc'd,
By cursed Flattery, and by shameful Arts,
My Followers, my Soldiers, and my Friends.

Cor. 'Tis likely I should stoop to flatter Volscians,
Who ne'er could bow my Nature to Compliance
Even with my Country's mean and abject Cultoms.
'Twas my Authority alone seduc'd them,
Authority from Deathless Actions drawn,
And from my Triumphs o'er their baffled Leader.

Auf.
AUF. Oh, they must needs admire the wondrous Man,
Who for some certain Drops of Women's Rheum,
That are as cheap as Lies, betray'd and fold
The Labour of their Noble Enterprize,
Their Interest, and their Glory. [Nature,
Cor. Thus far I've struggling curb'd my impatient
But on thy Life no more; for, by great Mars——
AUF. Name not the God, thou Boy of Tears.
Cor. Nay then——
AUF. Upon this Spot retract thy injurious Order,
Or thou shalt seal it with thy Blood, or mine.
Cor. Then take thy Wish.
This Boy, that, like an Eagle in a Dove-Court,
Flutter'd a thousand Volscian in Corioli,
And did it without Second or Assistance,
Thus sends their mighty Chief to rail in Hell.

[ Fight. Auffid. falls.
AUF. O Martius! thou hast conquer'd; and Auffidius
Is now but Dust; but, with my flowing Blood,
My Frantic Passion cools; forgive me, Martius,
That I thus far provok'd thy noble Nature:
And I, to merit thy Forgiveness, tell thee
That thou, like me, art in the Shades of Death,
And soon wilt follow me, unless thou — Oh! [Dies.
Cor. Hail! and eternally Farewell, brave Tullus!
But what's the Caution Death thus interrupted?
Thou soon shalt follow me, unless thou — what?
Oh! here's the Explication of th' Enigma.
Enter three of the Tribunes, with their Swords drawn.
1 Trib. Where is our General?
Cor. There.
1 Trib. What Wretch's Hand has done this cursed Deed?
Cor. A Wretch whose Hand's incur'd to Volscian Blood.
Then love thy self, and vanish. Go, be gone,
Provoke him not.
1 Trib. Provoke the Villain!
I come not only to provoke but kill him. Cor.
The Fatal Resentment.

Cor. If thou hast Power to kill him, he'll engage
To own that he's a Villain. This to try. [Kills him.
So, for all thee I still am very Honest.

2 Trib. Our fourth Man either loyters, or betrays us.
Let us strike home, and let us strike together.
We will revenge our General and our Friend.
What, do you recoil?

Cor. Yes, like a Martial Engine, to advance
With certain Execution. Lie thou there.
[Kills the second. Women shriek behind the Scenes.

Enter fourth Tribune.

Vol. and Vir. Behind, Oh, look behind.

Cor. The Women see and shriek. I must dispatch.
These two are Victims to my just Resentment,
Fall thou a Sacrifice to Tullus' Ghost
[Kills the 3d Trib. and the 4th runs him thro' the Back.

4 Trib. Now falls the Sacrifice which most will please
him. [Loud Shriek.

Cor. No, treacherous Villain, I have Life remaining
To send thee to the under World before me,
And thou shalt be the Lacquey of my Fate.
Fly, Dog, and tell Aufidius that I come. [Falls.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

Vol. Alas, my Son, my Son!

Vir. My dearest Lord!

Ah, Gods, the Blood runs streammg from his Wound!
He bleeds to Death! and is no Succour nigh?
Haffe, fly for help.

Cor. All Help is vain, for we must part, Virgilia.

Vir. No, we must not; there's not a God in Heaven
So cruel to decree me quite so wretched.

Cor. My Blood and Life are at the lowest Ebb.

Vir. Ah, now I see a Sight that will distract me,
And dread the utmost Malice of my Fate;
For the first time my Marcius now turns pale.


Cor. Mother, farewell. Nay, if you weep! —

Vol. 'Tis I have only Caused, 'tis I have done this.

Thy
Thy filial Piety has been thy Fate;
And I have kill’d my Son.
Cor. You have sav’d your Country.
Vol. What’s my Country now,
To me a Widow, helpless, childless, comfortless?
Cor. My everlasting Fame be now your Son,
And your own Deathless Glory be your Husband.
Where-ever Roman Annals shall be read,
The Godlike Action you have done this Day
To endless Ages will transmit your Name,
And all the Good eternally will bless you.
Be it your Care to comfort poor Virgilia.
Vir. Is this the Happines that I expected?
Now first I hop’d to have thee mine entirely,
Inseparably mine, and now we part,
For ever part. And must we? No, we will not,
For when thou go’st Virgilia will not stay.
Cor. Virgilia, let me die as I have liv’d,
And, like a Roman, view the Tyrant Death,
With Scorn, as I have always done in Battle.
Thy Grief alone can make him formidable,
One parting Kiss; a long, a long Farewell. [Dies.
Vir. He’s gone, he’s gone, and I no more must see
him!
No more must dwell upon his charming Tongue,
And hang on his enchanting Lips no more.
And thou prophetic Vision of the Night,
And ye the dire Forbodings of my Soul,
All, all is come to pafs. See here he lies:
Ay, here he lies, surpriz’d, surrouned, murther’d.
Vol. Yet in his Fall he still is Coriolanus,
Himself alone a Conqueror o’er Numbers;
Himself the dread Revenger of his Murther.
But the just Gods require an ampler Vengeance,
For their lov’d Heroe’s Death. Even now the Years
Come crouding on, for so the Gods inspire me,
When Rome shall all the Land around poffefs,
And even the Name of Volscian be no more. [Shout.
Enter
Enter Cominius, Menenius and Attendants.

My Lords Cominius and Menenius here!

Com. We came with fresh Instructions from the Senate,
And larger Offers still of shameful Peace,
But find the Volscians fled in wild Confusion,
And panic Fright, for to our Hinds inform us,
Upon what wondrous Accident they know not.

Vol. See there the Cauè;
See where their mighty Chief, Aufidius, lies.

Men. And, Oh! see Marcus pale in Blood beside him.

Com. What provok’d Death to make this dismal Havock!

Vol. That Question must redouble all my Griefs:
I was the fatal, I the only Cauè.

Com. You?

Vol. I, on my Son, prevail’d at length for Mercy;
Which caus’d Aufidius Rage, and all their Fates.

Com. O Death! thou hast a coffily Conquest made,
And wafted all at once, like foolish Spendthrifts,
The Soil that would have brought thee many a plenteous Harvest.

Tho’ Marcus fill’d his Country with Confusion,
Which still lies struggling in Convulsive Pangs,
He shall not pass unsprais’d nor un lamented:
For ’twas thy Fate in Death, as in thy Life,
To be thy Country’s Champion and Deliverer.

In solemn, slow Procession let us march,
And bear the sad Remains of him to Rome,
Where pompous Rites of Funeral shall be paid them.
Where, Ladies, you who have thus nobly fav’d Your Country, shall receive immortal Honours.
But they who thro’ Ambition, or Revenge,
Or impious Int’reft, join with foreign Foes,
T’ invade or to betray their Native Country,
Shall find, like Coriolanus, soon or late,
From their perfidious Foreign Friends their Fate.

F I N I S.