THE INGRATITUDE OF A Common-Wealth: Or, the FALL of Laius Martius Loriolanus.

As IT IS ACTED AT THE Theatre - Royal. By N. Tate.

---Honorate si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget Armis.
Hor.
TO The Right Honourable CHARL'S Lord Herbert, Eldest Son to the Marquess of Worcester, &c.

My Lord,

YOur Lordship's favour for Learning in General, has encourag'd me to begg your Patronage of the follow|ing Sheets, which contain a remarkable piece of Ro|man History, though form'd into Play. I have yet ano|ther Plea for Pardon, since I impose not on your Lordship's Protection a work meerly of my own Compiling; having in this Adventure Launcht out in Shakespeare's Bottom. Much of what is offered here, is Fruit that grew in the Richness of his Soil; and what ever the Superstructure prove, it was my good fortune to build upon a Rock. Upon a clofe view of this Story, there appear'd in some Passages, no small Resemblance with the busie Faction of our own time. And I confess, I chose rather to set the Parallel nearer to Sight, than to throw it off at further Distance. Yet there are none that can apply any Part (as Satyr) on themselves, whose Designs and Practises are not of the same Cast. What offence to any good Subject in Stygmatizing on the Stage, those Troublers of the State, [illeg.] that out of private Interest or Mallice, Seduce the Multitude to Ingratitude, against Persons that are not only plac't in Rightful Power above them; but also the Heroes and Defenders of their Country.

Where is the harm of le[...]ting the People see what Miseries Common Wealths have been involv'd in, by a blind Compliance with their popular Misleaders: Nor may it be altogether amiss, to give these Projecters themselves, examples how wretched their de|pendence is on the uncertain Crowd. Faction is a Monster that of|ten makes the slaughter 'twas designed for; and as often turns its fury on those that hatcht it. The Moral therefore of these Scenes being to Recommend Submission and Adherence to Establishd Lawful Power, which in a word, is Loyalty; They have so far a na|tural Claim to your Lordship's Acceptance: This Virtue seeming In|heritance in Your Lordship, and deriv'd from your Ancestours with Your Blood. We cannot cast an Eye on the sufferings of His late Majesty, but we find in broad Letters, the Allegiance and Serv|ices of Your Lordship's most honourable Grand-Father, who stopt at no Expence of Blood or Fortunes on His behalf; nor was Pro|vidence wanting to Crown his Singular worth with a Signal Glory.

When Civil Discord thro' the Realm had Reign'd,
And English Swords with English Blood were Stain'd,
When out of Zeal Religion was expell'd,
And Men for Conscience 'gainst their Prince Rebell'd,
The Best of Princes---When the Pow'r Divine,
(On Purposes too deep for Reason's Line)
Gave Rebell-Arms Success, and seem'd to bring
Distress at once upon our Saint and King.
Not Jesse's Son seem'd better form'd to Reign,
Nor were his Worthy's of a Nobler Strein!
But what Relief can bravest Valour lend,
When Heroes, not with Foes, but Fate Contend?
The Age's Crimes for no less Curse did Call,
And 'tis Decreed the Royal Cause must Fall!
Of Conquest thus by Destiny Bereft,
Our blasted War has yet one Garland Left.
Alone the Foes united Strength to Fight,
And Strike the last Fam'd Blow for Royal Right.
This Honour to the Noble Worcester Fell,
Who, always Brave, Himself did now Excel,
His Friends, his Troops, his [Note: Ragland Castle (the Ma[...] quess of Worcester's Seat the last Garrison held out for the KING. ] House, his Cittadel!
Here, tho' reduc'd to last Extrems He Lies,
His cheerful Cannon still the Foe Defies;
The more Distres't, the more his Virtue Shines,
His Courage Rising as his Strength Declines:
Oft from Unequal Force he Guards his Walls,
Oft in fierce Sallyes on the Leaguer Falls.
Thus while Expir'd the other Members Lye,
Worc'ster Stirs Last the Heart of Loyalty.

Pardon my Lord this Start, for the Subject is scarce to be thought on without Transport. Nor has the same Fidelity to the Crown been wanting to compleat the Character of the present Mar|quess of Worcester; whose Eminent Virtues have rendred him an Ornament both of our Court and Age. What Expectations then the World conceives of Your Lordship is easily imagin'd, and what Instances of Noblest Qualifications Your Lordship has already given, the World needs no Information: Besides the Goodness of Your Lordship's Temper, and the Justice of your Principles; your Acquain|tance with Books, and Judgment in Affairs, so far transcend Your Years, as would secure me from Flattery, though I should Launch into a Panegyrick. But I come to beg Protection, not to give Praise; My greatest Ambition being to Subscribe my Self,

Your Lordships most Obedient humble Servant, N. Tate.
PROLOGUE

Written by Sir George Raynsford.

OUr Author do's with modesty submit,
To all the Loyal Criticks of the Pit;
Not to the Wit-dissenters of the Age,
Who in a Civil War do still Engage,
The antient fundamental Laws o'th' Stage:
Such who have common Places got, by stealth,
From the Sedition of Wits Common-Wealth.
From Kings presented, They may well detract,
Who will not suffer Kings Themselves to Act.

Yet he presumes we may be safe to Day,
Since Shakespear gave Foundation to the Play:
'Tis Alter'd---and his sacred Ghost appeas'd;
I wish you All as easily were Pleas'd:
He only ventures to make Gold from Oar,
And turn to Money, what lay dead before.

But now I spy Tyrannick Judges here;
What pitty 'tis so Fair, and so Severe!
Fine Lady Criticks---on whose fragrant Breath,
Depends the Plays long Life, or sudden Death.
From them the Poet must receive his Doom,
Just as Affairs succeed with them at Home:
We hope the Paraquit and Squirrel's well,
Else we are Damn'd to th' very Pit of Hell.
Sir John is kind---and nothing goes Amiss,
Else we shall have a scurvy Night of this!
If we shou'd here present a Husband, cross,
And the Revenge neglected by his Spouse,
'Twere Death in us---nay some of 'em wou'd Rage,
Because he's not made Cuckold on the Stage:
But who shall be that happy Undertaker,
Since each wou'd strive to be that Cuckold-maker?

THE PERSONS.

Aius Martius Coriolanus, Cominius, [Consul. 
Menenius, A blunt old Souldier, and Friend to Coriolanus.
Brutus, Scinlus, Two Tribunes of the People, Factious, and Enemies to Coriolanus. 
Tullus Ausidius, 
[General of the Volsces. 
Nigridius, A Villain; discarded by Caius Martius, and receiv'd by Ausidius.
Volumnia, [Mother to Caius Martius. 
Virgilia, [His Wife. 
Young Martius, [His Child. 
...aleria, An affected, talkative, fantastical Lady. 
Citizens, Senators, Souldiers, Messengers, Servants.

SCENE, The Citties of Rome and Corioles.

1

The Ingratitude OF A Common-Wealth.

ACT THE FIRST.
Scene, The City Rome.

Enter A Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Slaves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Cit.
BEfore we Proceed any further, hear me Speak.
All.
Speak, speak.
1 Cit.
Let me hear Silence then: And shall I speak all your Minds before you take the Trouble to think what you would have?

All.
Speak, speak.
1 Cit.
You are all Resolv'd rather to Dye than Starve.
All.
Resolv'd, resolv'd.
1 Cit.
First you know Caius Martius is Chief Enemy to the People.

All.
We know't, we know't.
1 Cit.
Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own Price.
Is't a Verdict?
All.
He's Dead, he's dead.
2 Cit.
One Word good Citizens.
1 Cit.
Good Citizens; we are Accounted poor Citizens, the Pa|tricians 2 good: what Surfeits them, wou'd Relieve us: Let'um feel our Swords, that take away the Use of our Knives; not that I mean any Harm Neighbours; for the Gods know I speak this in Hunger for Bread, and not in Thirst for Revenge.
2 Cit.
Wou'd we Proceed only against Cains Martins?
1 Cit.
Against him only, together with all the Rest.
2 Cit.
Consider what Services he has done for his Country.
1 Cit.
We have paid him with our Thanks for't; but he is Proud, and hates the Commonalty; we'll Pay him for that

Shout here

too: You say he did Famously to Please his Country; I say he did it to Please his Mother, as great a Hector as him|self. What Shouts are these? Why? There now is the Blessing of good Example. The other side o'th' City is Risen too: Come, let's make Hast, or they'll Run away with the Capitol before we overtake 'em.

All.
Away, away, away.

Enter Menenius.

1 Cit.
Soft, Who comes here? Oh! 'tis Menenius Agrippa, one that Loves the People, and alwayes Imploy'd me to Work for him.

2 Cit.
Well, He's indifferent Honest.
Men.
What Work's in Hand my Country men? where go you with those Staves and Clubs? The Matter, speak I beseech you?

1 Cit.
Our Business is not unknown to the Senate, they might have smelt us this Fortnight; they say, poor Suiters
have strong Breaths, they shall find we have strong Arms too.

Men.
Why Masters, my good Friends, my honest Neighbours,
Will you undo your selves?

1 Cit.
Nay, if that be all, we are undone already.

Men.
I tell you Friends, the good Patricians have
For all your Wants, most charitable Care:
But for this Dearth, the Gods (not They) have made it:
You are Transported by your Misery,
To Slander those that Care for you like Fathers.

1 Cit.
Care for us? Yes, by shutting up the Store-Houses, and suffering us to Famish: If the Wars Eat us not up, they will; 3 and there's the Care they bear for us.

Men.
Now must you, or Confess your selves Malicious;
Or be Accus'd of Folly: Shall I tell you
A pretty Tale? It may be, you have heard it,
But since it serves the present Purpose---

1 Cit.
Well, we'll hear it Sir; but think not to fob us off with a Tale: but an't please you Deliver.

Men.
There was a Time---

2 Cit.
Good, There was a Time; a very good Beginning: all your good Stories begin with, There was a Time.

Men.
When all the Body's Members
Rebell'd against the Belly, and Accus'd it
For being Unactive, Idle, never bearing
Like Labour with the Rest, whilst th’ other Parts
Did See, and Hear, Devise, Instruct, Walk, Feel,
Yet this dull Gulph gorg’d all the Food; to which
The Belly Answer’d---

1 Cit.
Well, What said the Belly?

Men.
Why Sir? I tell you with a kind of Smile:
For look you, I may make the Belly Smile,
As well as Speak: It Tauntingly reply’d
To the Discontented Members, the Mutinous Parts.

1 Cit.
Well, What was its Answer?

2. Cit.
He had best see to’t, that it be a good One.

Men.
Patience good Friends,
Your most grave Belly was Deliberate,
Not Rash like his Accusers: and thus Answer’d,
True is it my incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I do first Receive the general Food
You Live upon, and ’tis most fit;
Because I am the Store-House and the Shop
Of the whole Body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the Rivers of your Blood,
Ev’n to the Heart, and every Nerve and Vein,
From me receive their Strength; though all at once;
Pray Mark me Sirs---

All.
Well Sir, we do.

Men.
Though all at once (sayes he) cannot
4 See what I do Deliver out to Each;
Yet I can make up my Account, that all
Do Back from me, receive the Flower of All,
And leave me but the Bran: What say you to’t?
All.
Nay Sir, What say You to't? Come.

Men.
The Senator’s of Rome are this good Belly,
And you the Factious parts; Digest things rightly,
Touching the Common-Weal, and you shall find,
No publick Benefit which you receive,
But it Proceeds from them, not from your felves:
What do you think of this? And what think you?
You the great Toe of this Assembly?

1 Cit.
I the great Toe! Why the great Toe?

Men.
For that being one o'th' Lowest, Basest, Poorest;
Of this most Wise Rebellion thou goest Fore-most:
Thou Rascal, that art worst in Blood, the Ring-leader:
But make you ready your stiff Bats and Clubs.
Rome, and her Rats are at the point of Battle.
Hail Noble Martius.

Enter Caius Martius.

Mart.
What is the Matter you Dissentious Rogues,
You Scabs, Bred from the Itch of your own Opinion?

1 Cit.
I, wee had ever your good Word.

Mart.
He that will give good Words to thee will Flatter
Beneath a Bawd; What would you have you Curs?
That like not Peace nor War; the one Affrights you,
The other makes you Factious: he that Trusts you;
Where he shou'd find you Lions, finds you Hares;
You are Vertues Contrary; who deserves Greatness,
Deserves your Hate; and your Affections are
A Sick-mans Appetite, which desires that most,
That wou'd increase his Evil; who Depends
Upon your Favours, Swims with Finns of Lead:
With ev'ry Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate;
Him Vile, that was your Garland: What's the Matter,
5 That in these several Places of the City,
You Cry against the Noble Senate, who
Under the Gods keep you in Awe; who else
Like Beasts of Prey, wou'd Feed on one another.
What's their seeking?

Men.
For Corn at their own Rates, with which they say,
The City is well Stor'd.

Mart.
They say! Hang 'em;
They'll sit by th' Fire, and take on 'em to know
What's done i'th' Capitol: They say there's Grain enough;
Wou'd the Nobility lay aside their Patience,
And let me use my Sword, I'd make a Quarry
With Thousands of these Quarter'd Slaves, as high
As their own Capitol.

Men.
Nay, these are almost throughly persuad'd;
For though abundantly they lack Discretion,
Yet they are passing Cowardly; but I pray you,
What sayes the other Troop?

Mart.
Burn 'em, the Herd are Scatter'd;
They said they were a Hungry, Sigh'd forth Proverbs,
That Hunger broke Stone-Walls, that Dogs must Eat,
That Meat was made for Mouths, that the Gods sent not
Corn for the Rich Men only; with these Shreds
They Vented their Complaints; which being Answered,
And a Petition Granted them, A strange one
To break the Heart of Pow'r: they threw their Caps up;
As they wou'd Hang 'em on the Horns o' th' Moon.

Men.
What's Granted 'em?
Mart.
Four Tribunes (to Defend their vulgar Wisdomes)
Of their own Choosing; Brutus, Comicius, Sicinius, Bethellsus:
The Rabble shou'd have first Unroof the City,
'Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Confound the Senate: Get you Home you Fragments.

Enter Decius.

Dec.
Most Noble Martius,
The Senate makes you here next Substitute
To our General Cominius, in the Place
6 Of Lartius, for the present Wars
Against the Volsces.

Men.
A Charge that you have Sigh'd for;
Yet still you seem Disturb'd.

Mart.
My Task is with their City, whilst Cominius
Engages their Field-Forces.

Men.
What of that?

Mart.
Tullus Aufidius, there is to be found,
My Rival once, still most inveterate Foe:
Were half to half the World Engag'd, and He
Upon my Party, I'd Revolt, to make
My Wars only with him: He is a Lyon
That I am Proud to Hunt: Menenius, Thou
Shalt see me once more Strike at Tullus Face.
What, Art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

Men.
No Caius Martius,
I'll Lean upon one Crutch, and Fight with to'ther,
'Ere Lag behind this Business.

Mart.
One Word my Fellow-Citizens.

1 Cit.
No good I warrant it.

Mart.
You shall have Corn enough, on Martius Word you shall.

1 Cit.
Why? Look you there now, I alwayes said we were Mistaken in this Man.

All.
A Martius, a Martius, &c.

1 Cit.
As how, most Noble Martius?

Mart.
Lartius is Dead, and I'm Employ'd by the Senate
To Storm the Volsces Citty; there is Store
Of Richest Grain: Follow me, All is yours.

[Here the Citizens Steal away severally.

See now, if these vile Rats dare go to know
The Enemies Garners: Here comes Two of their Tribunes.
Let us Bequeath 'em this Infected Ground.
Come, let's to Horse.

Men.
Will you not Home first, and take short Leave
Of your Dear Wife, and Honour'd Mother?

Mart.
My Charge is speedy, Womens Farewel's Tedious:
Stay thou Menenius to perform for me
That Office; I'll away upon the Spur,
7 And Reach my Troops'ere the Sun Wash his Steeds.

[Exit.

Men.
The Gods Preserve you.
As they go off, the Tribunes, Scicinius, and Brutus meet them, they pass by (Disdaining) each other.

Sic.
Was ever Man so Proud as is this Martius?
Bru.
He has no Equal.
Sic.
When we were Chosen Tribunes for the People, What Indignation Sparkled from his Eyes?
Bru.
Success i'th' present Wars, will swell his Spirits, Above his Mothers Haughtiness, which he Retains, as she had Nurs'd him with her Blood.
Sic.
Hark, hark! The Peoples Murmurs are not ceast, Tho much they Build on their New Tribunes Pow'r. Come, let us hasten to Apply our Selves, And Work upon their Fury e're it Cools.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Palace.

Enter Volumnia and Virginia.

Vol.
Prethee Vergilia spare those feeble Tears, Which I must Blame in any that belongs To Caius Martius, tho his Tender Babe, That had no other Language; Learn of me That blest the Absence, gave my Lord his Honour, More than the calm Peace, that gave me his Love.
This Martius, this thy Lov'd, Lamented Husband,
When of my Widdow'd Years, the only Son;
When Tender-Body'd, and so Fresh a Bloom
Adorn'd his Cheek, as drew and sixt all Eyes,
When at a Kings Entreaty, the Fond Mother,
Not Half an Hour wou'd Sell him from her Sight;
I Weighing then, how Honour wou'd become
So promising an Excellence, dismist him,
8 To seek out Danger, where he might find Fame.
To a Cruel War I sent him, where he Flest
His Youthful Sword; and to my Arms return'd,
Laden with bloody Bays: I tell thee Daughter,
I sprung not with more Joy, to find my Pains,
Had to the World Restor'd his Father's Image:
Then first to find him, March his Fathers Fame.

Virg.
But had he Dy'd in the Adventure?

Vol.
Then---
His Glory shou'd have been my Darling Son:
Now by Minerva, had the Indulgent Gods
Blest me with Twenty Sons, as much Belov'd
As my brave Martius; I had rather Lose them All
In Chase of Glory, and their Country's Cause,
Than One, i'th' Surfeit of voluptuous Peace.

Virg.
Excuse my Tenderness, that Wishes still
For Peace and Martius: What's this Monster Country,
That must be Fed with my Dear Martius Blood?
If this Unnatural Mother still must prey
On her own Off-spring, let her take her Rabble;
The Vermin-Crowd my Martius so Abhors.*

Enter A Servant.

Serv.
Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to Visit you.
Virg.
Let me Retire from her Impertinence;
A heavier Burden than the Grief I bear.

Vol.
Not now Virginia, she'll divert you: Oh!
Methinks I hither Hear thy Husbands Drum;
See him Dismount Aufidius; all the Volsces
Wide Shunning him, as Children from a Tyger:
Methinks I see him Frown, and hear him Call,
Come on ye Cowards; you were got in Fear,
Tho you were Born in Rome: His bloody Brow---

Virg.
His bloody Brow? The Gods Defend!---No Blood.

Vol.
Away Fond Girl; it more becomes a Man,
Then Gold his Arms; the Breasts of Hecula,
When she gave Suck to Hector, looke't not Lovelier,
9 Than Hectors Forehead, when besmeard with Blood.
Go, Bring Valeria in.

Virg.
Heavens Bless my Lord from fierce Aufidius.

Vol.
No more such Folly,
He'll Strike Aufidius Head below his Knee,
And Tread upon his Neck.

Enter Valeria, Gawdly and Fantastically Drest, follow'd by Six or Seven Pages.

Val.
Morrow Ladies, good Morrow.

Vol.
I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val.
Your Ladyships most Eternal---Well, you are the most manif[est House-keepers! Come, you do your Beauties wrong, the Suburra wrong, the Forum wrong, the Cirque, the whole Youth of Rome.
Vol.
We leave that Triumph Madam to your Sovereign Charms.

Val.
And do I look Sovereignly Madam? Indeed I think my Enemies will Grant me That; but I bear not upon't: I am Ambitious only of the Graces of the Mind, the Intellectuals, and despise those vain Allurements of Dress and Face---but do I look Sovereignly Madam?

Vol.
Most Irresistably!

Val.
And what my Dear, Eternally in Tears?

[To Virgilia.

Come, I must have you Read Philosophy; better Live in Apathy, as the Stoicks say, then have such tender Sense of Things:---pray Madam, what do's your Ladyship think of the Stoicks.

[To Vol.

Vol.
As of the Noblest Sect.

Val.
Come, I must have you Forth with me: I have some Nineteen Visits to make, and all of 'em old Debts upon my Honour: Well, I'II Swear there's an intollerable deal of Patience requir'd to common Civility: Because an impertinent Lady comes and teazes me three Hours at my House to Day, therefore I must go to be teazed three more at her House to Morrow; I Swear 'tis most Unreasonable. How I wish my self at Athens again! We had no such Doings at Athens; no idle Chat of Tires and Fans, but of Secrets in Nature, and stiff Points of Philosophy---but Rome at Rome; Come, come away.

Virg.
By no means Madam, I'll not out of Doors.

Val.
O you Confine your self most Unreasonably; your Thoughts now are with your Lord at Corioles; trouble not your self, I shall give 10 you Intelligence of his Affairs; I have it always an Hour before the Senate: Well, Intelligence is a fine thing! It costs me the Gods know what in Forreign Correspondence from Sicily, Sardinia, Rhetia, Aquitain, Crete, Cyprus, Lydia, Ephesus, Dalmatia, Thrace, Pontus; the Hetrusci make no
Motion, but by my Advice: Nay, our own General Cominius, is glad to keep Touch with me: Not an Officer of Note in the Camp, but sends me News or Love. Come hither Page—look Madam, pray Madam observe, this is my last Days Post, and the lightest Pacquet has come this two Months; Fye, fye, up with'em, I am ashamed on't.

Vol.
But do's your Ladyship Answer all These?

Val.

Some of 'em I never peruse, and those are your Gallantry Epistles: I know all those Hands with half an Eye; there's Titus Decius, Cajus Proculus, Marcus Flavius, Publius Cotta; Albinus, Sesinna, Graculus, Phocus, Linus, Tucca, Rufus, Faesula; with a Legion more, that are All unseal'd in the Fire! I Swear I am a cruel Creature! But 'tis my Way Madam.

Virg.
Eternal Torturer!—By your Leave Madam.

Val.

Nay, I am just upon the Wing too; my Chair there, What? No Attendance in this World? Well, of all things in Nature, I love Dispatch; and yet I Swear I cou'd stay with your Ladyships Eternally—but your Ladyships will Excuse me upon Business; not but that I'd leave any Thing for your Ladyships Company---your Ladyships will par|don my Hast, for I Swear I am in Hast most inordinately.

Exit.

SCENE III.

Coriolanus and Decius before the Walls of Corioles.

Mart.
How far off Lye these Armies?

Dec.
Scarce half a League.

Mart.
Then we shall hear their Larum, and they ours.
Now Fire-Ey'd Mars make us but quick in Work,
That we with reeking Swords may March from hence
To Help our Fielded Friends; Come Blow the Blast.

A Parley, the Senators Appear on the Walls.

*Tullus Aufidius,* Is he within the Walls?

**11 Sen.**
No, nor a Man that Fears you less than he.
Hark how our Drums call forth our Youths; our Gates
With yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with Rushes;
They'll open of themselves: Heark, to the Field,
There is *Aufidius*; list what Work he makes
Amongst your broken Army.

**Mart.**
Oh they are at it!
Their Noise be our Instruction; Ladders hoe!
They Fear us not, but Issue from their City.
Now Plant your Shields before your Hearts, and Fight
With Hearts more Proof than Shields. Advance brave *Decius,*
They Disdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me Sweat with Rage: Come on my Fellows,
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volsc,*
And he shall Feel my Sword.

*Alarum; The Romans beat back to their Trenches, Re-enter Mar|tius Cursing.*

All the Contagion of the *South* light on you,
You shames of *Rome,* now *Botches, Boyls,* and *Plagues*
Crust you all o're, that you may be Abhor'd,
Further than seen; you Souls of Daws and Geese,
That bear the Shapes of Men; how have you run
From Slaves, that *Apes wou'd beat,* *Pluto* and *Hell?*
All hurt behind, Backs red, and Faces pale,
Mend, and Charge Home,
Or by the Fires of Heav'n, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you; look to't; come on.

[Alarum agen.]

So, now the Gates are Open, now prove good Seconds,
'Tis for the Followers Fortune, not the Flyers:
Mark me, and do the like.

[Martius, with a few follows them to the Gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol.
Fool hardiness? not I.
2 Sol.
Nor I.
1 Sol.
See, they, they have shut 'em in.
All.
To th' Pot, I warrant 'em.

Alarum continues, Re-enter Martius with his Party, as having Forc't their Way through the Citty; his Followers with Spoils.

12 1 Rom.
This will I Carry to Rome.
2 Rom.
And I This.
3 Rom.
A Murrain on't, I took This for Silver.
Mart.
See here these Pismires, that do Prize their Labours
At a crack'd Drachma, Cush'ons, Leaden Spoons;
Old Scraps of Iron, Doublets, thatHangmen wou'd
Bury with those that Wore 'em; these vile Slaves,
E're yet the Fight be done, Pack up; down with them,
And Heark what Noise the General makes; let's to Him,
There is the Man of my Souls Hate, Aufidius
Peircing our Romans; Valiant Decius, take
Convenient Numbers to make Good the Citty,
Whilst I with those that have the Spirit, will Hast
To Help Comminius.

Dec.
You Bleed apace My Lord;
Your Exercise has been too Violent,
For a Second Course of Fight.

Mart.
Sir, Praise me not;
My Work has yet not Warm'd me; Fare you well:
The Blood I Drop, is rather Physical,
Than Dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
Will I Appear, and Dare him to my Sword.

[Exit. Severally.

SCENE Changes to a Camp or Field, an Alarum.

Cominius and Aufidius, are seen Engaging each Other, with their Parties: Cominius is Beaten off; Martius with his Souldiers Enters Hastily on the other Side.

Mart.
Turn, turn Aufidius, this Way lies your Game:
I'll Fight with None but Thee; for I do Hate Thee
Worse, than a Promise breaker.

Auf.
No Hate lost;
Not Africk Breeds a Serpent I Abhor,
More than thy Fame and Thee: Here fix thy Foot.

Mart.
Let the first Starter Dye the other's Slave,
And the Gods Toom him after.
Auf.
If I Fly Martius, holoo me like a Hare.

13 Mart.
Within these three Hours Tullus,
I Fought within the Walls of your Corioles,
And made what Work I Pleas'd; 'tis not my Blood,
Thou see'st me Smear'd with, 'tis thy Dearest Kindred's.
Take That to Work thy Fury to the Height;
For I wou'd have thee Warm.

Auf.
Vert Thou the Hector
That was the VVhip of thy feign'd Progeny,
Thou shou'dst not Pass this Munite.

Alarum: They Fight off; after which, a Retreat Sounded: Re-enter Martius and Cominius, at several Doors.

Com.
Come to my Arms most Noble Martius,
If I shou'd tell thee o're this thy days VVork,
Thou'llt not believe thy Deeds; but I'll Report 'em,
VVhere Senators shall mingle Smiles with Tears;
VVhere Ladies shall Express a fearful Joy:
VVhere the Dull Tribunes that do Hate thy Honours,
Shall Cry against their Hearts, we Thank the Gods,
That Rome has such a Souldier.

Mart.
Beseech ye Sir no more:
My Mother that has Privileedge to Extol
Her Blood; when She do's Praise me, Grieves me.

Com.
You shall not be the Grave of your Deserts;
For Rome must know the Value of Her Own:
'Twere a Concealment worse than Sacriledge.
Therefore, before our Army you must Hear me.

Mart.
I have some VVounds upon me, and they Smart,
To Hear themselves Remembred.
Com.  
Of all the fiery Steeds, and goodliest Treasure,  
VVe have taken from the Citty and the Field,  
VVe Offer you the Tenth, to be tane forth,  
Before the Common Distribution;  
Choose for thy self.  
Mart.  
I Thank my General,  
But cannot make my Heart Consent, to take  
A Bribe to pay my Sword; I do Refuse it,  
And stand upon my common Share, with Those  
That Joyn'd with me in Fight.  

14 A Flowrish, All Wave their Swords, and Cry Martius, Martius.

May these same Instruments which you Profane,  
Never Sound more; when Drums and Trumpets shall  
I' th' Field turn Flatterers, then let Courts be Honest:  
No more I say.  
Com.  
You are Unjust to your own Merits Martius,  
And we must see 'em Righted; be it therefore known  
To all the World, that Caius Martius  
Wears this War's Garland; and in Token of it,  
My Warlike Steed (known to the Camp) I give Him,  
With all his Golden Trappings; and henceforth,  
For what He did before Corioles, call Him,  
With all th' Applause of our Victorious Camp,  
Caius Martius Coriolanus.  

Trumpets, Drums, and Shouts again.

Mart  
I will go Wash, and then you shall Perceive,  
Whether I Blush or no.  
Com.  
So to our Tent,
Where 'ere we do Repose us, we will Write
To Rome of our Success; you Attalus
Must to Corioles back with our Commands.

Mart.
The Gods begin to Mock me, I
That now Refus'd most Princely Gifts, am Bound
To Beg of my Lord General.

Com.
Speak and Take.

Mart.
I sometime Lay here in Corioles.
At a poor Old Mans House, he us'd me Kindly;
I'th' Fight I saw him Pris'ner, he Cry'd to me:
But then Ausidius was within my View,
And Rage o're came my Pitty: I Beseech you
To give my poor Ost Freedom.

Com.
Noble still:
Were he the Butcher of my Son, he shou'd
Be Free, as is the Wind.

Cor.
I'll Find him out.
Now let us Sacrifice to th' Gods, and Pray
For many Rival Days, to This on Rome;
Then Yield our Pious Rites, to our Slain Friends;
That done, to gen'ral Mirth our Legions Sound,
Our Labour'd Brows with Bays, and Myrtle Crown'd,
And make with Genial Wine, our empty'd Veins Abound.

[Exeunt.

ACT the Second.
FLOURISH.

Enter Coriolanus in Triumph, met by the Nobility and Commons of Rome.

Cor.
NO more of This, it does Offend my Ears;  
No More I Pray.

Com.
Look Sir, your Wife and Honoured Mother.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia.

Cor.
Oh Madam! By the Event I know you have  
Petition'd All the Gods on my Behalf;  
And next the Gods, I pay you thus my Duty.

Vol.
Nay my good Souldier Rise,  
My Valiant Caius, Worthy Coriolanus;  
Not Thee this Pomp, but Thou Adorn'st thy Tryumph:  
What now Virgilia?

Cor.
Oh my tender Dove!  
My gentle Silence hail; What Means this Dew?  
Wou'dst thou have Laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd Home,  
That Weep'st to see me Tryumph: Ah! My Love,  
Such Eyes the Widdows in Corioles Wear,  
And Mothers that Lack Sons.

Virg.
Ah my Dear Lord, What Means that Dismal Scarf?  
My Joy lies folded There!

Vol.
I know not where to Turn;  
Oh! Wellcome General, most Wellcome All:
16 Now from this Starry Seat, *Quirinus* Smiles.

**Men.**
Ten Thousand Wellcomes; wellcome All:
A Curse begin at very Roots on's Heart,
That is not Glad to See you; yet have we
Some base Repiners at this Joy; No matter,
We call a Nettle but a Nettle, and
The Faults of Fools but Folly.

**Cor.**
The same *Menenius* ever.

**Com.**
Blunt and Honest, Lead.

**Cor.**
Your Hand and Yours:
Yet 'ere in our own House, I shade my Head,
The good *Patricians* must be Waited on;
I had rather be Their Servant in my Way,
Than Rule with them in Theirs.

**Com.**
On to the Capitol.

*[Exeunt.*

*Manent Tribunes.*

**Bru.**
All Tongues speak of Him, and the feeble Sights
Are Spectacled to see Him: Pratling Nurses,
Into a Rupture let their Infants Cry,
Chatting of Him; the dowdy Maukin pins
Her Lockrum on, and clambers Walls to View him:
Stalls, Gall'ries, Windows, All are Smother'd up,
Leads Fill'd, and Ridges Hors'd: The Reverend *Falmens*
Amongst the Crowd, Press for a Vulgar Station,
As at the Approach of some Descended *God*,
He cannot Temperat'ly bear his Honours;
But will himself Destroy what he has VVon.
Sic.
There Rests our Hope,
Doubt not the Commoners, for whom we stand,
Upon their antient Malice will forget,
On the least Cause, his most Applauded Service.

Bru.
I heard him Swear, were he to Stand for Consul,
He never wou'd Appear i'th' Market place,
In the vile Garment of Humility;
And shewing (as the Custom is) his VVounds
To th' People, nor wou'd Beg their stinking Breaths.

17 Sic.
It was his Word:
I Wish no Better, than to have him hold
That Purpose.

Bru.
We must Suggest to th' People, in what Hatred
He still has Held 'em: That to his Pow'r, he wou'd
Have made 'em Mules, and Silenc't Us, their Pletters;
That he Esteems no better of 'em, than
As Cammels of the War, that have their Provender
For bearing Burdens, Blows for Sinking under 'em.

Sic.
This (as you say) Suggested
At some Time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall Fret the People, which will surely happen,
If he be put upon't; and That's as easy,
As to set Dogs at Sheep; he bears the Fire
To kindle their dry Stubble, and the Blaze
Shall Darken him for Ever.

Bru.
His Pow'r, or Ours, must Sleep: Away to the Capitol.

[Exeunt.

Scene Opening, shews the Senate sitting in the Capitol; Coriolanus in a White Robe, as Candidate for the Consulship.
1 Sen.
Sit Coriolanus, never Blush to Hear
What You have Nobly done.

Cor.
Your Honours Pardon,
I had rather have my Wounds to Heal again,
Than Hear say, how I got 'em.

Bru.
I Hope my Lord, my Words have not Displac't you.

Cor.
No Sir; yet oft,
When Blows have made me stay, I have Fled from Words:
You did not Flatter me;
Therefore cou'd not Displease me; but Your People,
I Love 'em as they Weigh---

[Exit.

Com.
The Deeds of Coriolanus, Honour'd Fathers,
Shou'd not be Feebly spoke; and Breath wou'd Fail me
To tell the Half: If Valour be with Romans,
The Chiefest Virtue, Martius has no Equal:
When Tarquin first made Head; at Sixteen Years,
18 He Fought for Rome's Dear Freedom, and Bestri'd
An'ore prest Roman, in the Consul's Sight;
Slew Three Opposers, Tarquin's self Encounter'd,
And Struck Him on his Knee; in that Days Toil,
When He might Act a Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd Best Man o'th' Field; and for his Service,
Was Crown'd before the Camp: Grown up to Strength,
The Matchless Youth, prov'd yet more Wondrous Man;
And in the Brunt of Seventeen Battels since
Monopoliz'd the Garland; for this last,
Before, and in, Coriories:
I cannot Speak him Home; He stopt the Flyers,
And by his Rare Example made the Coward,
   Turn Terrour into Sport; his Sword, Death's Stamp,
   Where it did Fall, it took from Face to Foot:
He was a Thing of Blood; almost alone
He Forc't Corioles, came Aidless off,
And Leading, Waiting Death, from Town to Camp:
He Gave no Respight to his Panting Brest,
Till we cou'd Call both Field and City Ours.

1 Sen.
   We Yield him Worthy of the Consulship:
   Summon Him in.
Com.
   Be pleas'd to Hear
   What yet Exceeds all this; Our Spoils He Slighted,
   And Look't on the Seiz'd Treasures, as they were
The common Muck o'th' World; he Covets less,
   Than Misery it self wou'd give, Rewards
His Deeds with doing 'em, Accounts 'em only
   As Pledges of more Services to come.
1 Sen.
   Summon Him in.

Enter Coriolanus

Men.
The Senate Coriolanus are well Pleas'd
To make Thee Consul.
Cor.
I owe 'em still my Life and Services.
Men.
It now Remains, that you Bespeak the People.
Cor.
I do Beseech your Honours
19 Let me o're-Leap that Custom, for I cannot
   Put on the Gown, stand Publick, and Entreat 'em
For my Wounds sake, to give their Suffrages;
Please you that I may pass this Ceremony.
Bru.
The Custom may in no wise be infring'd.

Sic.
The Peoples Liberties Depend upon't,
And no particular must be Dispenc't with.

Men.
We do Solicit from your Spleens no Favour,
Put 'em not to't, my Lord, but stoop to th' Custom,
And take t' you, as your Predecessors have,
This Dear-bought Honour, with the usual Forms.

Cor.
It is a Part, that I shall Blush in Acting;
Methinks the People well might spare this Method;
Better Constraining to do it.

Sic.
Mark you That?

Cor.
To Brag to 'em, that I did Thus and Thus,
Shew 'em unaking Scars, which I shou'd Hide,
As if I had Receiv'd 'em for the Hire
Of their vile Breath!

Men.
Pray do not stand upon't.

1 Sen.
_Tribunes_ by You, we Recommend to the People,
Our Noble Choice, and to our worthy Consul,
We Wish all Joy and Honour. Call the _Lictors_,
And Bid the _Fasces_ move.

_Exeunt._

Sic.
You see how he intends to Treat the Commons.

Bru.
May they perceive's Intent; He'll Beg of 'em,
As if he did Contemn, what he Requested,
And Scom the Givers.
**Sic.**  
We'll Inform 'em so;  
Let's Hasten to the *Forum*, where I know,  
They Wait Us with Impatience.  

*[Exeunt.*

**SCENE the Street.**

*Enter the Citizens in vast Number.*

1 Cit.

Well Neighbours, for once (if he Require our Voices) we ought not to Deny him.

20 2 Cit.

We may Sir, if we will.

1 Cit.

I Grant you, we have a Pow'r in our selves to do it; but it is such a Power, as we have no Power to do: For if he shew us his Wounds, we are likewise to shew our Feeling of those Wounds; so if he tells us his Noble Deeds, we must also tell him our Noble Acceptance of 'em: Ingratitude is Monstrous, and for the Multitude to be Ingrateful, were to make a Monster of the Multitude, of which, we being Members, shou'd bring our selves to be Monstrous Members.

2 Cit.

Right; so, when we stood up once about the Corn, he himself stuck not to Call us the Many-headed Multitude.

1 Cit.

We have been call'd so of Many. Well, we are All Re|solv'd (the greater Part of Us) to give him our Voices. If
he Lov'd the People, there never was a Worthier Man; therefore, he shall have your Voices?

All.  
All, all, all,

1 Cit.  
But look you, to my Knowledge he Hates the People,  
And therefore you All Deny him your Voices?

All.  
All, all, all, &c.

Enter Coriolanus, in the Robe of Humility, Menenius with him.

1 Cit.  
Look, here he comes in the Robe of Humility: Mark his Behaviour; Observe me Neighbours, we are not to Advance altogether; but to come to him where he stands, by One's, by Two's, and by Three's; then is he to make his Request by Particulars, wherein every one of us has a single Honour, in giving Him our own Voices, with our own Tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll shew you the Trick on't.

All.  
Content, content.

Men.  
Oh! Sir, you are not Right in this, you know  
The Worthyest Men have don't.

Cor.  
What must I say? I pray Sir? Plague upon't,  
I cannot bring my Tongue to such Tune:  
Look Sir, my Wounds  
I got 'em in my Countrys Service, when  
Some [illeg.] Certain of your Brethren Roar'd, and Ran  
From the Noise of our own Drums.

21 Men.  
O Gods! You must not speak of this,  
You must Desire 'em Sir, to Think upon you.

Cor.  
Think on me? Hang 'em,
I wou'd they wou'd Forget me, like their Pray'rs.

**Men.**
You will Marr All; I'll leave you;
Beseech you speak to 'em in the Mildest manner.

**Cor.**
Hell! Bid 'em Wash their Faces,
And keep their Teeth Clean: so, here comes a Brace;
You know the Cause Sir of my standing here.

**1 Cit.**
We do Sir; therefore Desire you tell us what brought you hither.

**Cor.**
My own Desert.

**2 Cit.**
*Your* own Desert!

**Cor.**
But not my own Desire.

**3 Cit.**
*How!* Not your own Desire.

**Cor.**
No Sir,
It never yet was my Desire to Trouble
The Poor with Begging.

**1 Cit.**
You must think Sir, if we give you any thing, it is in
Hope to Gain by you.

**Cor.**
Well, Then your Price o'th' Consulship?

**1 Cit.**
The Price is, to Ask it Kindly.

**Cor.**
Then Kind Sir, let me have it, I have Wounds to shew,
Which shall be yours in Private: Your good Voice Sir,
What say You?

**2 Cit.**
You have it Worthy Sir.
**Cor.**
A Match Sir; so, There's in All, two Worthy Voices
Begg'd; I have your Alms, Adieu.

    Enter Two more.

**Cor.**
Pray now, If it may stand with the Tune of your good
Voices, that I may be Consul? I have here the Customary
Gown.

**3 Cit.**
You have Deserv'd Nobly of your Country, and you have not Deserv'd Nobly.

**Cor.**
Your Enigma?

**3 Cit.**
You have been a Scourge to Her Enemies, and a Rod 22 to Her Friends: You Hate the People.

**Cor.**
You shou'd Account me the more Virtuous for't,
That I have not been Common in my Love.
Therefore let me be Consul.

**4 Cit.**
Well, We Hope to find you our Friend yet; and therefore give you our Voices.

**Cor.**
Agreed Sir, better 'tis to Dye, to Starve,
Than Beg the Hire, for which we first did Serve:
This Imposition is by Custom laid;
Must Custom then in All things be Obey'd?
The Dust on Antique Time, wou'd lye Unswept,
And Mountains Errour, be too highly Heapt
For Truth t' ore-peer; rather than Fool it so,
Let the High Office, and the Honour go
To one cou'd bear This---yet am I half through.
Here come more Judges.

Two more come forward.

Your Voices; for your Voices have I Fought;
Watch't for your Voices; for your Voices bear,
Of Wounds Two Dozen Odd: have for your Voices
Done many Things, some more, some less;
Your Voices then: Indeed I wou'd be Consul.

5 Cit.
The Truth is, You have Behav'd your self, as I shou'd have done in the same Place; and therefore you shall have my Voice, as I wou'd Expect it my self.

6 Cit.
Heav'n Bless our Noble Consul.

[Exeunt.

Cor.
Precious Voters.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men.
You have stood your Limitation, and the Tribunes
Endue you with the Peoples Choice.
It now remains, that in Robes of Honour,
You Wait upon the Senate.

Cor.
Is this done?

Sic.
The Custom of Request you have Discharg'd;
23 The People do Admit you, and are Summon'd
To Meet Anon upon your Approbation.

Cor.  
Where? at the Senate House.

Bru.  
There Coriolanus.

Cor.  
Then I may Shift these Garments?

Sic.  
You may Sir.

Cor.  
Good, then I'll Know my self again,  
And hast to the Capitol.

Men.  
I'll bear you Company; will you along.

Sic.  
We stay here to Dismiss the People.

[Ex. Cor. Men.

He has it now, and by his Looks, Methinks  
'Tis Warm at's Heart.

Bru.  
With a Proud Heart, He Wore his humble Weeds:  
Will you Dismiss the Crow'd.

Enter the Plebeians.

Sic.  
How now my Masters, have you Chose this Man.

1 Cit.  
He has our Voices Sir.

Bru.  
We Pray the Gods He may Deserve your Kindness.

1 Cit.  
The Gods, and We, are Agreed about that Matter already:  
You say He's Proud. I say He call'd me Sir, and Carry'd himself  
Like a most Civil Gentleman.
To my Thinking, he Flouted us down-right.

It is his kind of Speech, he has a Scurvy handsome Way with him, that's the Truth on't.

He shew'd You too, his Marks of Merit, Wounds Receiv'd for's Country.

He did so; I remember All, as well as the Wart on my Nose.

No, no, no Man saw 'em.

Right, now I Remember better, I saw never a One of 'em: The Gods send he have Any, I say: he said he Wounds for us, I think some Eight or Ten Douzen; and Waving his Hand thus in Scorn, I wou'd be Consul, says he, and Custom will not let me, but by your Voices; I have need at present of your Voices; therefore let me have your Voices: which when we Granted, I Thank you for'em (quoth he) and now you have left your Voices, I have no fur|ther 24 with you. And he's the dullest Rogue in Rome, that cou'd not find This to be meer Mockery.

Why then were you so Stupid not to see't; Or seeing it, so Senseless to Approve Him?

Cou'd you not have told him, As we had Taught you; That when he had no Pow'r, But was a petty Servant to the State: He was your Enemy, and ever spoke against The Liberties and Charters, that you bear I' th' Common-wealth: and being now Arriv'd To a Place of Pow'r and Sway, if he shou'd still Maligna'ntly Remain your Foe; Your Voices wou'd be Curses to your selves.
I, so I told 'em, but their Hearts were as Hard as their Forehead.

**Bru.**
Thus to have said, as you were Fore-instructed,
Had Touch't his Spirit, and Try'd his Inclination:
Had either Forc't from him a gracious Promise,
Which you might afterwards have Held him to,
Or else it wou'd have Gall'd his surly Nature:
And to such angry Mood Enrag'd him, that
You might have took Advantage of his Passion,
And pass'd him Unelected.

**1 Cit.**
I Told 'em that too. Well, He's not Confirm'd, and we may Deny him yet.

**2 Cit.**
And will Deny him:
I have Five Hundred Voters of that Sound.

**1 Cit.**
I, Twice Five Hundred, with their Friends to Back'em.

**Bru.**
Get you Hence Instantly, and tell those Friends,
They have Chose a Consul that will take from 'em Their Liberties; make 'em of no more Voice Than Dogs, that often are for Barking beaten, Yet only Kept to Bark.

**Sic.**
Assemble therefore on a safer Judgement,
And All Revoke your Ignorant Election;
Enforce his Pride to shew his Hate; Forget not With what Contempt he Wore the Custom'd Robe:
And Lastly, Lay the Fault on us your Tribunes.

**25 Bru.**
I, Spare us not,
Say any thing whereby you may Revoke your suddain Choice;
And then, as soon as you have Drawn your Number, Repair to the Capitol.

**All.**
We will so.
1 Cit.
And rather then Fail, we'll Swear every Man of us, we never gave him our Consent. Away, away.

[Exeunt.

Bru.
Let 'em go on;
This Mutiny were better put in Hazzard,
Than Run a greater, and more certain Mischief:
If (as he surely will) he fall in Rage
With their Refusal, we'll be close at Hand,
To watch th' Advantage his blind Fury yeilds;
And from his own Spleen, work a Snare to Hold him.

[Exeunt.

ACT the Third.

Coriolanus in the Consuls Robes, Cominius, Menenius, with the No|bles; Met by the Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, and the Ple|belians.

Sic.
BAck, pass no further.
Cor.
Ha! What's That?
Bru.
It will be Dangerous to go on; no Further.
Cor.
What makes this Change?
Com.
Has he not past the Nobles, and the Commons?
Bru.
Cominius, No.
Cor.
Have I had Childrens Voices?
Men.
Tribunes give way.
Sic.
The People are incens'd against him.
Cor.
Are these your Herd?
Must these have Voices? That can yield 'em now,
And straight Disclaim their Tongues! What are your Offices?
You are their Mouths, Why Rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not set 'em On?
Men.
Be Calm, be calm.
Cor.
It is a purpos'd business, a meer Plot
26 To Curb the Pow'r of the Nobility:
Bear it, and Live with such as cannot Rule,
And never will be Rul'd.
Bru.
Call't not a Plot;
The People say you Mock't 'em, and of late,
When Corn was giv'n 'em Gratia, you Repin'd.
Cor.
Was not this known before.
Sic.
Not to 'em All.
Cor.
Have you Inform'd 'em since? Fire! Plagues! This Practice
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this Usage; I must tell you Friends,
In Suff'ring this, we Nourish 'gainst the Senate
Sedition and Rebellion; thus They are Thank't
For what they have, giv'n to Beggars.
Sic.
You speak o'th People, as you were a God
To Punish, not a Man of their Infirmity.

**Bru.**
It were most fit we let the People know't.

**Men.**
What, what? 'Tis but his Choller.

**Cor.**
Choller.
Were I as Patient as the Midnight Sleep,
By Jove 'twou'd be my Mind.

**Sic.**
It is a Mind that shall retain it's Venome,
Not Poyson any Further.

**Cor.**
Shall Retain;
Hear you this Triton of the Minews, mark you
His absolute Shall?

**Com.**
Well; On to th' Market-Place.

**Cor.**
Whoever gave that Councel, to give out
The Corn o'th' Store-House Gratis, Fed Sedition,
And the State's Ruin.

**Bru.**
Why shou'd the People give
One that speaks thus their Voice.

**Cor.**
I'll give my Reasons,
More Worthy than their Voices: Prest to th' War,
They wou'd not pass their Gates; this kind of Service
Did not deserve Corn Gratis; being i'th' War,
Their only Valour was in Mutiny,
In Faction only Bold; Nobles pluck out at once,
The Multitudinous Tongue, nor let 'em lick
The Sweet that is their Poyson.

27 **Sic.**
He has said enough.
Bru.
He has spoken like a Traytor, and shall Answer
As Traytors do.

Cor.
Misereant, Despight o'rewhelm thee;
What shou'd the People do with these Bald Tribunes,
That make 'em fail their Duty to the Bench?
Let what is fit take Place, and Throw their Pow'r to th' Dust.

Bru.
Manifest Treason!
The Ediles Hoa! Let him be Apprehended.

Cor.
Away old Goat.

All.
We'll be his Surety.

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

Sic.
Help Citizens.

Men.
On both sides more Respect.

Bru.
Here's He wou'd take Away your Liberties.

All.
Down with him, down with him.

Cor.
Hark how the whole Kennel Eccho to the Cry
Of this old Brace of Curs! A Poaching pair
Of Vermine, Fed by the Prey, that others Toil for;
Spawn of Sedition, and the Spawners of it.

Bru.
Whom means the Lunatick?

Cor.
You, Faction-Mongers,
That wear your formal Beards, and Plotting Heads,
By the Valour of the Men you Persecute;
Canting Caballers, that in smoaky Cells,
Amongst Crop-ear'd Mechanicks, wast the Night
In Villanous Harrangues against the State.
There may *Your Worship’s* Pride be seen t’ embrace
A smutty Tinker, and in extasy
Of Treason, shake a Cobler be th’ Wax’t Thumb.

**Sic.**
Or let Us stand to Our Authority,
Or let Us lose it; We do here Pronounce
Upon the Peoples Pow'r, this *Martius*
Worthy of present Death.

**Bru.**
Therefore lay Hold on him,
Bear him to th’ *Tarpeian Rock*, from whence,
Into Destruction cast him: Ediles Seize him.

**Cor.**
No, I'll Dye here;
There's some among you have beheld me Fight:
Come, Try upon your Selves.

28 **All.**
Down with him.

*The Nobles draw their Swords.*

**Men.**
Help *Martius*, Help.

*The Tribunes, the Ediles, and People, are Beat off.*

**Com.**
Stand fast, We have as many Friends as Enemies.

**Cor.**
Oh! wou’d ’t were put to That!

**Men.**
The God’s forbid;
Beseech you Noble Sir, Home to your House,
Leave Us to Cure this Breach.
Com.
Come Sir, I will along with you.

Cor.
On fair Ground, I wou'd beat a Legion of 'em.

Com.
But now 'tis Odds beyond Arithmetick;
Will you from hence before the Tags return?

Men.
Pray you be gone;
I'll try whether my old Wit be in Request,
With those that have but little.

Com.
Nay, Come away.

[Exit. Coriolanus, and Cominius.]

Men.
Oh! He has Mar'd his Fortune;
He wou'd not Flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Nor Jove for his Pow'r to Thunder.

Sen.
I wou'd they were a Bed.

[Shout of the Citizens within.]

Men.
I wou'd they were i'th' Tiber.

Re-enter Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Rabble.

Sic.
Where is this Viper?
That wou'd Depopulate the City, and
Be every Man himself?

Bru.
He has resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further Tryal.

1 Cit.

We'll give him to Understand, that our Noble Tribunes, are the Peoples Mouths, and we their Hands.

Men.
Sir, Sir,---

Sic.
Menenius, you have help't
To make this Rescue.

Men.
Hear me Speak,
As I do know the Consuls Worthyness,
So I can name his Faults.

Bru.
What Consul?

Men.
The Consul Coriolanus.

All.
No, no, no, he's no Consul.

Men.
If by the Tribunes leave, and yours good Citizens,
I may be Heard---

29 Sic.
Speak briefly then,
For know, We have Decreed his certain Death,
He Dies to Night.

Men.
Now the Good Gods forbid.

Bru.
He's a Disease that must be Cut away.

Men.
O! He's a Limb that has but a Disease,
Mortal to Cut it off, to Cure it easy:
What has he done to Rome, that's Worthy Death;
Most of his Blood is for his Country Shed,
And what is left, to lose it by his Country--
Sic.
Wide from the Business:
When he did Love his Country, It Honour'd Him.

Bru.
Therefore we'll hear no more:
Pursue him to his House, and pluck him thence,
Lest his Infection being of Catching nature,
Spread further.

Men.
Yet one word more: Beseech ye proceed by Process,
Lest Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And Sack Great Rome with Romans.

Sic.
If it were so?---

Bru.
What do you Talk,
Have we not had a Tast of his Obedience;
Our Ediles Struck, our Selves Resisted? Come---

Men.
Consider Sirs, He has been Bred in Wars
Since he could Draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In soothing Language; Meal and Bran together,
He Throws without Distinction; give me leave,
I'll go to him, and bring him t' you in Peace,
Where he shall Answer by a lawful Form
Upon his utmost Peril.

Senat.
Noble Tribunes,
It is the Worthier way, the other Course
will prove too Bloody, and the End of it,
Unknown to the Beginning.

Bru.
Menenius, then be you the Peoples Officer.
Masters lay down your Weapons.

Sic.
Go not Home.

Bru.
Meet at the Forum, we'll Attend you there,
Where, if you bring not Martius, we'll proceed
In our first Way.

[Exit. Tribunes and People.]

30 Men.
I'll 'gage my Life upon't,
Let me desire your Company, we must bring Him,
Or Worse will follow.

[Exit.

Enter Volumnia, met by Valeria, passing by in a Chair.

Val.
Hold, hold, set me down---I Swear Madam, I had almost oversee my good Fortune, and past by your Ladyship.

Vol.
Your Ladyships most humble Servant.

Val.
And upon my Honour, Madam, my Hast is so Violent, and Affairs so Important, that nothing, but the Sight of your Ladyship, shou'd have Stop me: Well, I hear my Lord Coriolanus continues Obstinate; I Love an Obstinate Man most inordinately! Do's your Ladyship know, Madam, that I am the greatest Rabble-Hater of my Sex? I think 'em the common Nuisance of the World; there's no Thought, no Science, no Eloquence, no Breeding amongst 'em; and therefore your Ladyship must know, They are my Aversion: For, as to all these Particulars, and to every one of 'em, the Envy of the World must Grant---and your Ladyship knows, the World is most Malicious---I say, the Envy of the World must Grant---O Jupiter! What was, I saying, Madam?

Vol.
I Beg your Ladyships Pardon, that---

Val.
Then Madam, there's such Mistery in my Dress! the Wits see Poetry in it, the Souldiers Spirit and Courage,
the Mathematicians de|scribe the Spheres in't, and your Geographers, the Terra Incognita: [...]d yet your Ladyship sees 'tis as plain as Nature; no Trim, no Orna|ment: There's my Lady Galatea, such a fantastical, fulsome Figure, all Curls and Feathers! And besides Madam, she's such an Eternal Talker! Her Tongue's the perpetual Motion, and she affects such hard Words, such an obdurate Phrase, that she exposes her self a publick Lu|dibry to the Universe.

Vol.
Nay, now Valeria---

[Here one of the Pages Whisper Valeria.

Val.

How's that? Titus Decius, Cajus Proculus, Marcus Flavius, Publius Cotta; All to Wait on me since I came Forth? Are they not all Banish't Men? Have I not Refus'd, incontinently, to see 'em these three Days together; nay, though they came upon State Affairs: O the Impudence of Man-kind! I Swear, a Lady had need look to her Circumstances! Well, I'll to Athens agen, incontinently! Boy, tell 'em I shall return at Six precisely---I Swear, Madam, this Love's my A|version of all things in the World; and yet for the speculative part, I presume, I understand it most Unmeasurably: Trust me, I cou'd Write the Art of Love.

Vol.
Think you so Madam?

Val.

As thus; Sometimes to seem, inordinately, Jealous of them; sometimes to make them, inordinately, Jealous of mee: to seem Merry when I am Sad; Sad when I am Merry; to Rail at the Dress that be|comes me best, and Swear I put it on in Contradiction to Them.

Vol.
Indeed Madam?

Val.

O Jupiter! How insensibly the Time runs, whilst your Lady|ship is Discouraging; I cou'd hear your Ladyship Discourse all Day---but this Business is the most uncivil Thing---but your Ladyship, and I, shall take a Time: Your Ladyship will excuse my Hast; for I Swear, I am in Hast most inordinately.

[Exit.

Enter to Volumnia, Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, with the Rest of the Nobles.
**Cor.**
Let 'em pull All upon my Head, present me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horses Heels;
Or Pile Ten Hills on the *Tarpejan Rock*:
Thus will I bear my self, nor bate a Grain
Of my firm Temper.

**Vol.**
Come, be Milder.

**Cor.**
From whence this Change? For Madam, You were wont
To call the Slaves, Things made to sit Bare-headed
In the Assembly, and to Yawn and Wonder,
When any One of my high Rank stood up
To speak of Peace or War.
Why do You Wish me Milder? wou'd You have me
False to my Nature; rather say, I Play
The Man I am.

**Vol.**
*O* Coriolanus!
I wou'd have had you put your Pow'r well on,
'Ere you had Worn it out.

**Men.**
Come, You have been too Rough;
You must Return and Mend it:
There's no Remedy,
Unless You'll see the City laid in Ashes.

**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*. 
Vol.
You are too Absolute,
32 If it be Honour in Your Wars, to seem
The Thing You are not, for Your Countreys Good:
Why is it less in Peace, when the whole State
Is set at equal Hazzard? This feign'd Compliance
No more Dishonours You, than to Take in
A Town with gentle Words, that sets you else
At Chance, and is at best the Price of Blood;
I wou'd Dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes, and my Friends were both at Stake;
I speak the Voice of All, and am in This,
Your Wife, Your Son, the Senators, and Nobles;
And in a Word, the Life, and Fate of Rome.

Men.
O most Divinely Urg'd.

Vol.
I Pray go to 'em
With mild Behaviour; for in such a Business,
Action is Eloquence; and the Eyes o'th' Vulgar,
More Learned than their Ears: Or say to 'em,
Thou art their Souldier, and being Bred in Battles,
Have not the Soft way, which you do Confess,
Were fit for Thee to Use, as Them to Claim.

Men.
This but Perform'd, i'th' manner, she has spoke,
Their Hearts are Yours; nay, You shall have their Knees.

Enter Cominius.

Com.
I've been i'th' Market Place, and Sir 'tis necessary
You make Strong Party to Defend your Self,
Or with fair Language Calm 'em; All's on Fire.

Vol.
He Must, and Will.

Cor.
Well, I Comply,
Yet were there but this single Frame to Lose;
This Mould of Martius, They to Dust shou'd Grind it,
And Throw't against the Wind, to th' Market-place.
You have put me to a Part, that I shall ne're
Discharge to the Life.

Com.
Come, come, we'll Prompt You.

Cor.
Away my Disposition, and possess me,
Some Ev'nuchs Spirit; and the Virgin Voice,
That Lulls the Babe Asleep;---I will not do't,
Lest I desist to Honour my own Truth;
And by my Bodies Action, Teach my Mind,
A most inherent Baseness.

33 Vol.
At thy Choice then:
To beg of Thee, is more below my Honour,
Than Thou of them: I stand prepar'd for Death,
With Heart as fix as Thine: Destruction come,
And let Rome's Founder, and the groaning Spirits
Of all Her Guardians Dead,
Affright the Elements to see their City,
With Her own Hands let all Her Vital's Blood:
The Care of Heav'n, and Fate expire in Flames,
Whilst with a dreadful Joy Her Foes look on;
And with insulting Smiles Aufidius cries,
Corioles Ruins sped him with one Name,
Rome give him now Another.

Cor.
Oh my Mother!
Forgive my stubborn Frame! Look, I am going;
Chide me no more: Oh! You shall see me play
The very Mountebank; Return belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome: I'll return Conful,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th' way of Flattery further.
Vol.
Do your Will.

[Exit.

Com.
The Tribunes do Attend you, Arm your self
To Answer Mildly; for they are prepar'd
With grievous Accusations. See, they are come
To seek us out.

Cor.
Let 'em Accuse me by Invention, I
Will Answer in my Honour.

Men.
I, but Mildly.

Cor.
Well, Mildly be it then, Mildly.

Enter Tribunes and Rabble.

Sic.
Draw near my Fellow Citizens.

Edile.
List to your Tribunes: Peace.

Cor.
First hear me speak.

Both Trib.
Well, say---Peace hoa!

Cor.
Shall I be Charg'd no further, than this present?
Must all determine here?

Bru.
You must Submit to the Peoples Voices,
Allow their Officers, be content to suffer
Such lawful Censure for your Faults, as shall
Be prov'd upon you.

34 Cor.
I am Content.

Men.
Lo, Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

Cor.
What is the Matter,
That being past for Consul with full Voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very Hour
You take it off agen?

Sic.
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 Office, strove to wind your self
Into a Pow'r Tyrannical;
For which, you are a Traytor to the People.

Cor.
How? Traytor!

Men.
Nay, patiently: your Promise.

Cor.
The Fires i'th' lowest Hell, fold in their People,
Call me their Traytor: Thou injurious Tribune,
Were Legions by thee, I wou'd say, thou Ly'st,
With Voice as free as I do Pray the Gods.

Bru.
Mark you this; People.

All.
To the Rock, to the Rock with him.

Sic.
We need not put new Matter to his Charge;
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak;
Beating your Officers, Cursing your Selves,
Opposing Law with Blows; and last, defying
The Pow'r that was to Try him: this deserves
The extreamest Death.
Bru.  
But since he has Serv'd well for Rome---

Cor.  
What, do you talk of Service?

Bru.  
I speak of it that know it.

Cor.  
You?

Men.  
Is this the Promise that you made?

Cor.  
Vex me no more:
Let 'em pronounce the steep Tarpeian Death,  
Vagabond Exile, Fleaing; doom'd to Linger:
But with a Grain a Day, I wou'd not buy  
Their Mercy at the Price of one fair Word.

Sic.  
I say, his Service to the State being weigh'd,  
With hostile Practices committed since:  
[...]th' Name o'th' People, and the Tribunes Pow'r,  
We Banish him for ever from our Citty;  
35 In pain of Death from the Tarpeian Rock,  
No more to enter through the Gates of Rome:  
I'th Peoples Name, I say, it shall be so.

All.  
It shall be so, it shall be so; Away with him, He's a banish'd Man, Out with him.

Com.  
Hear me my Masters, and my common Friends.

Sic.  
He's Sentenc'd; no more Hearing. He is Banish't,  
As Enemy to the People, and his Country.

All.  
'Tis so, 'tis so; it shall be so, &c.

Cor.  
You common Cry of Curs, whose Breath I hate,
More than the rotten Fens, whose Love I prize,
As the Dead Carcasses of unburied Men,
That do corrupt my Air. I Banish you:
Remain you here with curst Uncertainty;
Let every feeble Rumour shake your Hearts,
Have still the Pow'r to Banish your Defenders,
Till you are left a Prey to some vile Nation,
That Won you without Blows; Poyson each other;
Devour each other; Commerce cease amongst you;
Rob one another: nothing you can Steal,
but Thieves do lose it: Whirlwinds sack your Town,
And Citizens, and Citty, make one Rubbish.
Thus with the Gods, I turn my Back upon you;
And swift Confusion swallow you.

[Exit. with his Friends.

Sic.
There went the Peoples Enemy.

They All Shout, and throw up their Caps.

Go see him out at Gates, and follow him,
As he has follow'd you; with all Despight,
Give him diserv'd Vexation: Let a Guard
Attend vs through the Citty.

All.

Ay, ay, let's see him out at Gates: the Gods preserve our noble Tribunes; Away, away.

[Exit.

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

Cor.
Come, leave your Fears, a brief Farewell, and Part:
The Beast with many Heads Butts me away:
Nay Mother, Where is now your wonted Courage?
You have been us'd to say, Extremities
Were the Distinguishers of Noble Spirits;
That common Changes, common Men cou'd bear;
36 That when the Sea was Calm, the slightest Boats,
Cou'd with the Proudest, cut the smooth fac't Floud;
That Strength and Management was for the Storm:
Thus you were wont to Arm me, with such precepts,
As made invincible the Heart that learn't 'em.

**Vol.**
The spotted Pestilence strike every Street,
And purple Slaughter triumph through the Citty;
Death block up every Door, and Graves be wanting;
The noisy Trades be husht, and Traffick cease;
Assemblies be no more: *Owls, Ravens, Vultures*,
With Nests obscene, their desolate Buildings fill,
And Beasts of Prey their antient Seats regain.

**Cor.**
No more, the Life of *Rome*’s not worth this Mourning;
I shall be Lov'd, when I am lack’t---nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you’d have Born, and Sav’d
Your Husband so much Sweat.

**Vol.**
My first-born Son,
I call the *Gods* to Witness for my Temper,
That hitherto thy Dangers were my Joy,
Whilst for the Service of thy Country born;
But now thou hast no Country to Defend,
I feel the Womans Tenderness return;
The Mothers Fondness, and her panting Fears.

**Virg.**
My injur’d Lord, What Course wilt thou persue,
Expos’d to more Distress, and threatning Dangers,
Than ever yet befel a Banish’t Man:
From her Confederate, Citties, *Rome* Excludes thee;
And in *Rome*'s Service, thou hast made all others,
Thy Foes implacable?

**Cor.**
The Gods that Warn me from these Seats, Choose for me.
Where is my little Life? Pray let me see him,
Leave him a hasty Blessing, and Away.

*Young Martius brought in; Coriolanus take him in his Arms.*

Oh! How I Grutch ingrateful *Rome* this Treasure!
Make much of him *Virgilia*, I shall live
To Train him up in War, and he shall Choose
Some Country to Defend, and make his own:
My Absence in some Part he shall Supply;
37 And with his innocent Pratling, chide thy Sights,
When thou shalt Wake, and Miss me from thy Bed.

**Boy,**
Sir, Shall not I go with you? my Grand-Mother has
Promis'd me a Sword.

**Cor.**
My pretty Life, I'll Visit thee again;
Take, take him hence, he raises in my Breast
A Tenderness that's most Unseasonable:
And Loathness to Depart---take him away.

**Boy,**
Then in truly Sir, I'll learn to Ride,
And come to you.

**Cor.**
Away, the little Thief has stole my Temper,
And fill'd my Eye lids with unmanly Dew:
Once more Farewell to All.

**Men.**
Permit us Sir,
To Wait you to the Citty Gates, so far
The Cruelty o'th' People do's Allow.

**Cor.**
By *Jove*, and Fire-Ey'd *Mars*, not one Step further:
This Race of Pilgrimage is all my own.
I know not what presage has struck my Breast;
But Oh! Methinks I see Destruction teem,
And waiting for my Absence, to Discharge
The battering Storm on this perfidious Citty:
So when the murmering Wind, from out his Nest,
Jove's Royal Bird to the open Region calls;
Aloft he Mounts, and then the Tempest Falls.

[Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE, The City of Corioles.

Enter Coriolanus, Disguis'd in mean Habit.

Cor.
A Goodly Citty this Corioles! Citty,
'Twas I that did Transform thy Joyful Wives,
To Mourning Widdows; many a Darling Heir
Of these fair Palaces, have I Cut off
38 I'th' wretched Parents sight; then know me not.
Here is Aufidious Court, I'll enter in;
Perhaps he Kills me; then he does fair Justice;
But if he give me Scope, I'll do his Country Service.

[Exit.

The Inside of the Palace; Musick Plays; Servants pass hastily over the Stage.
1 Serv.
Wine, Wine, Wine! No Ears amongst us? I think our Fellows are all Asleep.

2 Serv.
Cotus, Where's Cotus? my Master Calls for him, Cotus.

[Exit.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Cor.
A sumptuous House! The Feast smells well; but I appear not like a Guest.

1 Serv.
How now! What have we here? What wou'd you have Friend? Whence come you? here's no place for you: Pray find the way to the Door.

Cor.
I have deserv'd no better Entertainment From this Corioles.

Enter the Second Servant.

2 Serv.
Whence come you Sir? What, has the Porter no Eyes in his Head? to let such Companions in: pray get you out.

Cor.
Away.

2 Serv.
Away? get you away.

Cor.
Thou art Troublesome.
[Trips him up.

2 Serv.
Are you so brisk? Well, I'll have you order'd anon.

[Exit.

Enter Aufidius with Servants.

Auf.
Where is this Follow?

2 Serv.
Here my Lord, I had Cudgell'd him like a Dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf.
Whence com'st Thou? what wou'dst have? thy Name,
Why speak'st thou not? thy Name I say?
Cor.
A Name unmusical to Volscian Ears,
And Tullus harsh to thine.

Auf.
Speak, Who thou art?
Thou hast a grim Appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't; though they Tackle's Torn,
Thou shew'st a noble Vessel: speak thy Name.

Cor.
Prepare thy Brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?

Auf.
I know the not; speak.

39 Cor.
My name is Caius Martius, who have done
To all the Volsces; Thee particularly,
Most rueful Mischief; take, to Witness this,
My Sir-name Coriolanus: All my Dangers,
My painful Service, and expence of Blood,
Shed for my thankless Country, are requited
But with that Sir-name, only that remains;
The Peoples Envy has devour'd the Rest:
Who with insulting Breath, and infamous Shouts,
Have Chas't me from their City; now this extremity
Has brought me to thy Court; not out of hope,
(Mistake me not) to Save my Life; for if
I had fear'd Death; of all Men in the World,
I had avoided Thee: but in meer Rage,
To be Reveng'd of those my Banishers:
For I will Fight against ingrateful Rome, with all the Spleen
Of the remorsless Fiends: This I avow,
Believe me if thou wilt; if not; know Tullus,
I am of Life most weary, and present
My Throat to thee, and to thy antient Malice;
Which not to Cut, wou'd shew thee but a Fool;
Since I have ever born thee, feellest Hatred,
Drawn Tuns of Blood from thy dear Countrys Breast;
And cannot Live, but to thy Shame, unless
It be to do Thee Service.

**Auf.**
Oh Martius, Martius!
Each word thou hast spoke, has weeded from my Heart,
A Root of antient Envy: Oh! If Jupiter,
From you curl'd Clouds, shou'd Thunder forth this Story,
I'd not believe him more, than Noble Martius.
Let me embrace that Body, against which,
My pointed Lance a hundred times has splinter'd:
Thus do I clasp the Anvile of my Sword,
And here Contest as hotly with thy Love,
As e're I did in Battle with thy Valour.

**Cor.**
Why this is somewhat.

**Auf.**
Son of Mars I tell thee,
We have a Pow'r on foot, and I had purpose,
Once more to Hew thy Target to thy Glove,
Or lose this Arm for't; Thou hast beat me out
40 Twelve several times, and I have might'ly since,
Dreamt of Encounters 'twixt my self and thee;
We have been down together in my Sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, grasping each others Throats,
And walk'd half Dead with Nothing: Worthy Martius,
Had we no Quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou thence art Banish't, me wou'd Muster All,
From Twelve to Seventy Years, and pouring War
Into the Bowels of thy ingrateful Citty,
Like a swoln Flood wast All: Come, Enter with me,
And take our wondring Senators by th' Hands,
Assembled here to take their Leaves of me,
Who stand prepar'd against your Territories;
Though not for Rome it self.

Cor.
You bless me Gods.

Auf.
You here are Absolute; if you will have
The Leading of your own Revenges; take
The half of my Commission, and resolve
Whether to beat against the Gates of Rome,
Or first Afflict 'em in remoter Parts:
But come, let me present you to our Nobles,
That will confirm my words: A thousand Welcomes,
And more a Friend, than e're an Enemy:
Yet Martius that was Much.

[Exeunt.

1 Serv.
Here's a strange Alteration!

2 Serv.

By this Hand I thought to have Cudgell'd him, and yet my mind gave me, his Cloaths bely'd him.

1 Serv.
What an Arm he has? Why, he turn’d me about between a Finger and a Thumb, as a Man wou’d set up a Top.

2 Serv.

Nay, I knew by his Face there was something in him; he had Sir, a kind of Face methought---I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv.

He had so; such a looking, as it were---that, that you call your---what ’de ye call’t---well, wou’d I were Hang’d but I thought there was more in him than I cou’d Think: He is, simply, the rarest Man i’th’ World.

Enter a Third Servant.

3 Serv.

O Lads! Slaves! Well, I wou’d not be a Roman of all Nations, I had as live be a condemned Man.

1 Serv.
The Matter?

41 3 Serv.

Why, here’s he that was wont to Thwack our General---Caius Martius.

2 Serv.

How? Thwack our General.

3 Serv.

No, I do not directly say Thwack him, but he was always enough for him.

1 Serv.

Come, we are Fellows and Friends, he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

2 Serv.
He was too hard for him, indefinitely, the last Engagement; he Scotcht and Notcht him like any Carbanado.

3 Serv.

Why, he's so made on yonder within, as if he was Son and Heir to Mars; set at the upper end of the Table; no Question askt him by any of our Senators, but they stand Bald before him: My Lord himself makes a very Mistress of him. The short of the Business is, Our General is cut 'th' Middle; but the one Half of what he was Yesterday; for the other has half his Commission by the Grant of the whole Table; which by the way, has something sowr'd our Master's Countenance: The upshot of all is, that this strange Guest has Sworn to stub the Gates of Rome, and Mow All down before him.

1 Serv.

And he's as like to do't as any Man; for look you Sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies; which Friends Sir, as it were, durst not (look you Sir) shew themselves (as we say) his Friends whilst he was in Derectitude.

2 Serv.

Derectitude, What's that?

1 Serv.

Why? that is (d'ye conceive me Sir) Directitude but when they shall see his Crest up again, and the Man in Blood, they will out of their Burroughs like Conies after Rain.

2 Serv.

But when goes this forward?

3 Serv.

Why to Morrow, to Day, this Minute, you shall hear the Drum struck up this Afternoon; 'tis as it were, a part of their Feast, and to be Executed before they wipe their Lips.

2 Serv.

Why then we shall have a stirring World agen.

3 Serv.

Right; I hate this mouldy Peace; 'tis good for nothing but to rust Iron, and increase Taylors; 'tis a getter of more Bastard Children, than War's a Destroyer of 'em.
2 Serv.
Away, here comes our General with a Frown in his
Forehead, and our Termegent Controller, Nigridius with him.

3 Serv.

He is ever the Harbinger to Mischief; his former Com\mand was under Caius Martius, who entrusted him
with the Custody 42 of Corioles, which he fairly gives up to Aufidius; at a close Revenge he never fails; yet
he that Lives to see him Hang’d, may Dye before the Year's out: And there's Prophecy without Conjuring.

[Exeunt.

Enter Aufidius and Nigridius.

Nigr.
What Circe Sir, has wrought you to this Change:
By Hell I rather shou'd have thought to have seen,
Serpents with Doves embract, than this Agreement;
Call but to Mind your Mornings Wiser Thoughts:
Where is that fiery Resolution vanisht?
Have you, My Lord, forgot your Mornings Vow?
It seem'd the Voice of Fate.

Auf.
Nigridius, No,
The Accents still are fresh upon my Mind;
I Swore, and call'd the Elements to Witness,
If I, and Caius Martius met once more,
That teeming Hour, Corioles or Rome,
I[... ] him or me shou'd Perish.

Nigr.
Such a Sound,
And Utter'd, with so stem a Brow, shot Terror,
And to our View, Confest a flaming Mars;
But now (forgive me Sir) you seem reduc'd
To Less, than Man, the Shaddow of your self:
What Witchcraft drew your Mind to this Alliance
With him, whose only Genius of the World,
Had Pow'r to Vie with yours?
Auf.
He bears himself more Proudly,
Ev'n to my Person, than I thought he wou'd,
When late I did embrace him; but his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be Amended.

Nigr.
Yet I wish
You had not took this joynt Commission with him;
But either born the Action all your self,
Or left it whole to him.

Auf.
I understand Thee---
But spare to Fret a Lyon in the Toil.

Nigr.
The Palsy Senate lay their Fears aside,
And rest on his Protection as a Gods:
Your Souldiers use him as their Grace 'fore Meat;
43 Their Talk at Table, and their Thanks when done:
What Estimation shall your Foes take for you,
When you are lost, and darkn'd to your own:
Heark in what Notes the very Rabble greet him.

[Shout here.

Auf.
Death! Hell! This Infamy enflames my Brest,
Makes Emulation higher boyl than ever;
I'll sink Corioles, but I'll yet break with him;
And wreck the State, rather than want a Quarrel.

[Exeunt.

Brutus at one Door, Menenius at the other.

Bru.
We stood to't in good time---here comes Menenius;
O! He is grown of late most Courteous: Hail Sir,  
Your Coriolanus is not much Mist you see,  
But with his Friends; the Common-wealth stands still,  
And so wou'd do, were he more Angry at it.  

Men.  
Come, all is well, and might have been much better---

Bru  
Where is he, hear you?

Men.  
Nay, I hear Nothing.

Bru.  
He was a worthy Officer i'th' War;  
But Insolent, Ambitious, and Affecting  
A single Sway.  

Men.  
I think not so.

Enter Scicinius hastily, with the Rabble, crying, Gods Save our Noble Tribunes, &c.

Bru.  
The Matter Brother: Whom bring you there?  

Sic.  
This Slave, whom I am sending to Correction,  
Reports, The Volsces, with two several Pow'rs,  
Are entred on the Roman Territories;  
And wast with Sword and Fire, what lies before.  
This he Reports, set on by envious Parties,  
To Fright the Peoples Quiet.

1 Cit.  
Ay, I'll be sworn he has set me in terrible Twittering,  
My Heart beats still.

Men.  
'Tis Fierce Aufidius,  
Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,  
Thrusts forth his Horns agen, that were shut in,  
Whilst Martius stood for Rome.

Bru.
Go see the Villain Whipt.

**Men.**
First reason with him.

**Sic.**
Let him be Lasht before the Peoples Eyes.

**1 Cit.**
I, I, Whip him; such another Fright upon me, wou’d 44 make my Wife Miscarry.

*Enter another Messenger.*

**Mes.**
Hast, hast my Lords, you are sent for to the Senate,
A fearful Army led by *Caius Martius,*
Assisted by *Aufidius,* Spoys our Territories,
Consumes with Arms and Fire, what lies before 'em.

**1 Cit.**

How! *Caius Martius* comming; All Dead Men, Dead! dead! dead!

**Men.**
O you have made good work: What News my Lord?

*Enter Senator.*

**Mes.**
*Cominius,* on the Spur, is gone to meet,
And pacify the raging *Martius.*

**Men.**
'Twill be impossible.

**Mes.**
The *Senate* thinks so;
He Leads the *Volsces* like their God, a Being
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That forms Man better.

**Men.**
You have made precious work;
You, and your Apron Men, that stood so much
Upon the Voice of Occupation, and
The Breath of Garlick eaters.

**All Cit.**
Ay, we shall be Occupy'd with a Vengeance.

**Men.**
He'll shake your Rome about your Ears,
As Hercules did shake down Mellow Fruit.

**Both Trib.**
But is this true Sir?

**Sen.**
You'l dissolve to Gelly,
Before you find it otherwise; the Citties
That were Ally'd to Rome, Revolt each Minute.

**1 Cit.**
Undone, undone, we are all undone, unless the Noble
Man have Mercy.

**Sen.**
And who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame, and you
Deserve such pitty of him, as the Woolf
Do's from the Sheapherd: for his Friends, if they
Shou'd say, be good to Rome, he'll censure 'em
As Enemies to him.

**Men.**
True, were he putting to my House, the Brand
That shou'd Consume it; I cou'd not say Cease.
Your Curs here from the Citty Hooted him:
But Oh! I fear you'll Roar him in agen.

*Enter all the rest of the Citizens with a confus'd Cry, and La|mentation.*

**Sen.**
Look, here comes the whole Kennel: You are they
That made the Air unwholsome, with
The casting up your greasy Caps, and Hooting
At Coriolanus Banishment: now he's comming
To pay you for your bellowing; 'tis no matter
If he cou'd Burn us All into one Coal;
We have deserv'd it.

All.
The Gods be gracious to Us, 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; and to say Truth, so did All of Us: Well, we did, that we did, for the Best; and though we willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our Wills.

1 Cit.
I, I, I ever said we were in the Wrong.
All.
I, and so did we All.

Enter Cominius.

2 Cit.
Let me see what his Face says to us: Alack! alack, Dead, dead, dead! All dead Men.

Sen.
Welcome my Lord, What Influence had your Intercession
With enrag'd Coriolanus.

Com.Nothing: He wou'd not seem to know me.

Men.
Hear you that?
Com.
Yet once he call'd me by my Name;I urg'd our old Acquaintance, and the Drops
That we have Bled together, but in vain: Coriolanus
He wou'd not answer to; forbad all Names;  
He was a kind of Nothing; Titleless,  
Till he had forg'd him a Name o' th' Fire,  
In burning Rome.

All Cit.  
Alack! alack! &c.

Com.  
I minded him how Royal 'twas to Pardon,  
When it was least Expected; he reply'd,  
It was a forc't Submission of a State,  
To one they had abus'd, and still wou'd do so.

Men.  
Very well,

Com.  
I try'd at last to Waken his Regard,  
For his own private Friends his answer was,  
He cou'd not stay to cull 'em in a Pile  
46 Of noysome musty Chaff.

1 Cit.  
How? Chaff? What, do's he make no more of us but Chaff? And will he burn his Mother and Wife, rather than not make Tinder of us? The Gods be gracious to us.

Bru.  
Now good Menenius, if you Love your Country,  
Or Pitty Her Distress, become Her Pleader;  
Your pow'rfull Tongue may be of force to stop him,  
More than the instant Army we can Raise.

Men.  
No, I'll not meddle.

Sic.  
Pray go to him.

Men.  
What shou'd I do?  

Bru.  
Only make tryal what your Love can work  
For Rome, with Martius.
All Cit.
Kneeling Beseech you most Noble Menenius.

Men.
Well, I will under-take't, and think he'll hear me,
Though much discourag'd with Cominius Treatment;
Yet I will prove him with my ablest Speed.

1 Cit.
The Gods preserve you Sir, Commend my hearty Af|fections to him; and if it stand with his good liking, we'll hang up our Tribunes, and send him them for a Token.

Com.
He'll never hear him;
I tell you, he sits Thron'd in Gold, his Eye
All Red, as 'twou'd Burn Rome; his Injury
The Jayler to his Pitty; I kneel'd to him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise; dismist me
Thus with his speechless Hand; what he resolv'd,
He sent in Writing after me, and that
Most Fatal. Therefore curse your Crime, and Perish.

[Exit.

1 Cit.
Some comfort yet, that we have these Vipers to Carbinado; Come Neighbours, we'll see them smoak before us. Away, a|way with 'em.

Exeunt. Haling and Dragging off the Tribunes.

Scene Opening, shews Coriolanus seated in State, in a rich Pav|lion, his Guards and Souldiers with lighted Torches, as ready to set Fire on Rome; Petitioners as from the Citty offer him Pa|pers, which he scornfully throws by: At length Menenius comes forward, and speaks to him: Aufidius with Nigridius, making Remarks on 'em.

Men.
Now may the Gods in hourly Councel sit,
47 For thy Prosperity, and Love Thee,
As thy old Father Menenius do's:
O Son! my Son, What Fury sways thy Breast?
Thou art preparing Fire for us; look here,
Here's Water for the Flames:
Most hardly was I wrought to come to Thee;
But being assur'd none but my self cou'd move Thee;
I come, blown out from Rome with gales of Sighs.

Cor.
Away.

Men.
How?

Cor.
No words Friend: Mother, Wife, or Child, I know not;
I'm not my own, but servanted to others;
Mine was the Injury, but the Remission
Lies not with me, but in the Voisces Breast;
And Rome must stand to them for their Account.
That we were Friends, forgetfulness must blot,
E're lawless Pitty move: Therefore be gone,
My Ears against your Pray'rs are stronger, than
Your Gates against my Arms: Yet 'cause I Lov'd Thee,
Take this with thee; I Writ it for thy Sake,
And meant t'have sent it: Another word, Menenius,
I must not hear Thee speak: This Man, Aufidius,
Was my best Lov'd in Rome; yet thou beholdst---

Auf.
You bear a constant Temper.

Cor.
His Love to me,
Was much beyond the Kindness of a Father;
And I return'd him more than filial Duty;
Their latest Refuge was to send him to me.

Auf.
You are two Rigorous.

Nigr.
Fasten but that upon him, and you Gain
The Point we wish.
Cor.
Now plant our Fires against the Gates of Rome:
Bid all Trumpets Sound;
They shall have Musick to their flaming Citty.

As they Advance with their Lights, Enter from the other side, Volurnnia, Virgilia, and Young Martius, with the rest of the Roman Ladies all in Mourning.

Cor.
Look there, my Mother, Wife, and little Darling,
Are come to Meet our Triumph on its way,
And be Spectators of our keen Revenge,
48 On this ingrateful Town.

Virg.
My dearest Lord!

Vol.
My First-born only Son.

Cor.
Life of my Life, Fly to me? O a Kiss,
Long as my Exile, Sweet as my Revenge;
And thou my Turtle, Nest Thee in my Heart:

(To the Boy)

Forgive me Gods, that any dearest Transport,
Shou'd make my charm'd Sense, unsaluted, leave
The Noblest Mother---sink my Knee in Earth,
Of deepest Duty more Impression shew,
Than that of common Sons.

Nigr.
Observe you this?

Cor.
What means this Silence? What, these sable Weeds?
This Troop of Stars beset with darkest Night:
O Mother, Wife! Two deeply you have took
My Banishment, and I must chide your Sorrow.
This Sadness for my Absence, shou'd Dispair
Of Injurd Martius Virtue, call'd in Question,
The Justice of the Gods for my Revenge;
Virgilia speak, speak Mother; at your Feet
Behold a kneeling Conqueror: Answer to me.

Vol.
Rise Martius, up, Coriolanus rise;
Whilst with no softer Cushion than these Flints;
I Kneel to thee, and with this new Submission,
Shew Duty as mistaken all this while,
Between the Son and Parent.

Cor.
What's this? Your Knees to me?
Then let the Pibbles of the Hungry Beach,
Change Station with the Stars; the Mutinous Winds,
Snatch Mountain-Oaks, and hurl 'em at the Sun;
Let all Impossibilities have Being,
And Nature fall as Giddy with the Round.

Vol.
My Fire-Ey'd Warrior, Do you know this Lady?
Cor.
The Noble Sister of Publicola,
The Moon of Rome, Chast as the frozen Snow,
That hangs on Diana's Temple.

Vol.
And this divine Epitome of yours;
This little Martius whom full Time shall ripen
Into your perfect self.

Cor.
The God of Battles,
49 With the Consent of fav'ring Jove inspire
Thy Thoughts with Nobleness; that thou mayst prove,
The Wars proud Standard fixt in Tides of Blood;
Like a tall Sea-mark o're the dashing Waves,
And saving those that view Thee.

Vol.
Your Knee Sirrah,
Ev'n He, your Wife, these Ladies, and my Self,
Are humble Suitors---

Cor.
Oh my boding Heart!

Vol.
This Liv'ry was not for your Absence worn;
So dear we knew your safety to the Gods:
But now put on as funeral Robes, and Mourning
For our expiring Rome. O spare thy Country,
And do not Murder Nature.

Cor.
Witness for me
You conqu'ring Host, and Thou my valiant Partner;
What Tenderness and Duty I have shewn
These Ladies, whilst they did converse with me
As Wife and Mother: but since they exceed
The Bounds of Kindred, and encroach upon
Affairs of State, I as the Volsces General,
Support their Dignity, and take my Pomp;

[Ascends his Throne.

Yet Nature shall to any suit, unlock
Our yielding Ear, that do's not tend to Save
The Roman State, and Barring our Revenge;
In that particular, I shall forget
All enter-course of Blood;
Standing as Man were Author of himself,
And knew no other Kin.

Vol.
No more, no more;
You have said you will not grant us any thing,
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already---yet we'll speak.

Cor.
Aupidius, and you Volsces, mark, for we
Hear nought from Rome in private---your request:
What seeks that lovely Tempter, whose Dove's Eyes
Cou'd make the Gods forsworn---but shake not me?

**Virg.**
Think with your self my once indulgent Lord,
How more unhappy than all living Women,
Are we come hither, since thy sight, that shou'd
Make our Eyes flow with Joy, strikes Terrour through us;
Forcing the Mother, Wife, and Child, to see
The Son, the Husband, and the Father, tearing
His Countries Bowels with unnatural Rage,
Whilst frighted Destiny disowns the Deed,
And Hell is struck with Horrour.

**Vol.**
Thou debarr'st us
Ev'n of our Pray'r's to th' Gods, and to this Hour,
No Wretchedness was e're deny'd that help:
How shall we ask the Death of Rome, or thee,
Oppos'd in fatal War; and one must fall?
Most wretched Martius, thou bleed'st ev'ry way;
For know 'tis sworn betwixt thy Wife and me,
In that curst hour that Thou despoilst our Citty,
Thou tread'st upon thy Mother's Earth.

**Virg.**
And mine; and this sweet smiling Flow'r.

**Boy.**
He shall not tread on me, I'll run away till I am bigger:
But then I'll Fight.

**Cor.**
Not to be struck with Woman's tenderness,
Requires, nor Child's, nor Woman's Face to see.
I have sate too long.

[Descends.]

**Virg.**
Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our Request did tend
To Save the Romans, thereby to Destroy
The Volsces, whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As Poys'ners of your Honour: No, our suit
Is but to Reconcile 'em, that the Volsces
May say, This Mercy we have shewn the Romans;
This we receiv'd, whilst either Party gives
The Praise to Thee, and bless thy Memory,
For making this dear Peace.

Vol.
Thou know'st my Son,
Th' event of War's uncertain; but 'tis certain,
That if thou Conquer Rome, the Benefit
That thou shalt reap from thence, is such a Name,
As always shall be mention'd with a Curse:
Thy Chronicle writ thus; The Man was Noble,
But with his last performance stain'd his Glory,
And left his Rowl of Fame, but one foul Blot.
Pause, and reply to this.

51 Cor.
Why chills my Blood?
Like a dull Actor now have I forgot
My Part, and stop even to a full Disgrace:
Away Affection; break ye Bonds of Nature;
In me 'tis virtuous to be obstinate:
Bid our Drums strike.

Vol.
Speak Daughter; Boy, speak thou;
Perhaps thy childishness may move him more,
Than all our Reasons: Never was there Man,
So much to an indulgent Mother bound,
Yet all neglected. Here he sees me begging;
Say my request's unjust, and spurn me back:
But if it be not so---he turns away.
Down Ladies, let us shame him with our Knees;
He bears more service for his Countrys Foes,
Than Pitty for our Prayers: Down, and finish;
This is our last; so will we back to Rome,
And dye i'th' common Slaughter---Nay, behold
This Boy, that cannot tell what he wou'd have;
Yet Kneels, and with up lifted Hands,
Becomes a pleader for his Country too:
Remorsless still---Then give us our Dispatch;
We'll speak no more, till Rome be all on Fire.
Then joyning Curses with the Crowd, expire.

Cor.
O Mother-Goddess, dread Volumnia, turn:
What have you done? Behold the Heav'ns divide,
And Gods look down on this amazing Scene!
O Mother Goddess, Heav'n-born Advocate;
A happy Victory you've gain'd for Rome,
Though dang'rous for your Son. But let it come
Aufidius, though we press not on the War,
We'll frame convenient Peace. Now tell me Warriours,
If you were in my stand, Wou'd you have heard
A Mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf.
I was mov'd too.

Cor.
I dare be sworn you were:
What Peace you'll make, advise me; for my part,
I'll not to Rome, but back with you. Lead on,
Sound all our Trumpets---Ladies you deserve
To have a Temple built you: All Rome's Legions,
52 With their Confed'rate Arms, cou'd ne're have stood
My sworn Revenge, and turn'd this Tide of Blood.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT the Fifth.
SCENE Rome.

Enter Cominius, and the Nobles leading Volumnia, Virgilia, and young Martius, with the rest of the Ladies and Attendants, the Citizens shouting.

Com.
This Honour Ladies, might make Juno proud,

*To Vol. & Virg.*

To think whilst you receive th'Applause of Rome,
Your Martius triumphs at Corioles:
Corioles, that once has had the Honour
To make Rome tremble.

*Enter Valeria.*

Val.
Servant Ladies, your Servant; your Ladiships are most happily return'd: What misfortune had I to be indispos'd at such a season: 'Twas the most uncivil Sickness! I swear I had rather ha' Dy'd at another time! O the Arguments that I cou'd have us'd upon this occasion with my Lord Coriolanus! I cou'd have urg'd the most invincible Arguments: I wou'd have talk't Greek to him rather than fail; nay, I wou'd have taxt his Breeding in the business; flatly telling him, he was an uncivil Person to refuse me; and had never seen Athens.

Vol.
Indeed our Conquest was most difficult.

Val.

Why Madam, don't I know him? He's the dearest obstinate Man! Which I confess in a Vulgar Person, were most inordinately, unsufferable; but in him it looks so Grand, Heroick, and August, that no Aera, Catalogue, Chronicle, Register, or Annals of Time can ever---Save me Juno; what, my little Souldier here too!

[Runs to young Martius.]
Vol.
He was a silent Pleader in our Cause.

Val.
I warrant, he loves a Drum better than his Lesson; his Father's own Son: I swear Madam, I lookt on him on Wednesday last---right, 'twas Wednesday precisely, (the same time that Madam 53 Pontia told the most egregious Story of a certain Senators Daughter, which we all swore Seoresy to: pray Madam put me in mind to tell it presently) I say, I lookt at him a whole Hour together; he has such a fixt, confirm'd, severe, austere, Countenance, I warrant---I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly; and when he had catch't it, he let it go agen; then after it agen, and over and over he comes; and whether his Fall enrang'd him or no, or how 'twas, he did so set his Teeth, and tear it! O Jupiter, How he Mammockt it!

Virg.
One of his Father's Moods.

Val.
And I swear Madam, 'tis the greatest Comfort in nature to have 'em take after their Ancestors; for when they degenerate, they do as it were recede, decline, imminish; which your Ladiship knows in effect amounts to a---My Lord Cominius! Your Lordships most humble Servant, I beg your Lordships Pardon most inordinately.

Com.
Madam your Ladiship makes---

Val.
I grant you my Lord, your Friendship with him went far in the Business; pretty Madam Flavia and I, were both of that Opinion.

Com.
Your Ladiship too highly---

Val.
I hold with you there too my Lord, she's the Wittiest Creature when she's dispos'd to Talk; but she has too much of my Failing, al|ways silent in Company, which gives occasion, most inordinately, to the censorious World; insomuch, that a modest Person must incontinently, and to the outmost---though your forward Ladies by reason of a parti|cular---Oh Jupiter! What was I saying my Lord?
Com.
Ev'n what---
Val.

Your Lordship's right again; want of exercising my Tongue, oft-times confounds my Notion---

[Page Whispers her.

Page.

Your rival Servants Madam, Flavius and Proculus, wait for your Ladyships return.

[Enter a Messenger with Letters to Virgilia.

Val.

Soft---six Senators, sayst thou, staying for me at my House! Some urgent Affair; better I swear be Ignorant of State-matters than suffer this eternal Trouble: This 'tis to Learn'd and Travell'd! I say 'tis the most insipid Thing not to be Learn'd and Travell'd! I wou'd not for the World but be disturb'd at all Hours upon Affairs: My Chair there; O Jupiter, no Attendance in this World---your Lordship will excuse me on consideration---and your Ladyships: Your Lordships most humble Servant; your Servant Ladies; your most humble Servant.

Exit.

Verg.
O my boding fear!

[Shewing the Letter.

54 Amidst this general Joy begins our Sorrow;
This Mourning we put on for Rome, must now
Become the Dress of our own private sorrow.
Com.
What mean those doleful Accents?
Virg.
False Nigridius,
(Disbanded for his Villany by Martius)
Is busy for Revenge; and hourly plots
Against his precious Life: The industry
Of good Menenius sends this information;
Whilst Martius, confident in Innocence,
Is obstinately blind to all his dangers;
Though in the Walls of an offended Citty,
Whose Streets yet mourn the Slaughter he has made.

Vol.
The Gods provide us then more noble Work,
To give our Virtues, yet a brighter Ray:
Come my Virgilia; with our ablest speed,
We will betake us to Corioles.

Com.
Consider Madam, what th' event may be;
Your Aid uncertain, but your Danger sure.

Virg.
Needful Suspition, necessary Caution,
He reckons only better terms for fear;
His Life is therefore any Villains Prize:
And he that dares not face a waking Env'nuch,
May kill a sleeping Gyant.

Boy.
Shall not I go too? My Father promis'd to teach me to Fight: I wou'd fain learn; and if any body hurts him, I'll kill their Boys now; and them, when I am bigger.

Vol.
Hear'st thou Virgilia? All thy Martius Fire
Lies shrouded in this little Frame, and shall
With Time, break forth into as full a Blaze:
O we delay our Enterprize too long,
And seem ingrateful to the indulgent Pow'rs,
That have decreed our Names, the immortal Glory,
To Save Rome first, and then Coriolanus.

Com.
The Gods, whose Temples you preserv'd, protect you.

Exeunt.
Enter Aufidius, and Nigridius.

**Nigr.**
Compose this Fury, and recall your Reason.

**Auf.**
Preach Patience to the Winds, bid Tempests Sleep.
The golden Opportunity is lost,
55 And I cou'd curse my self as heartily
As ever I did Martius: O Nigridius,
I am a lazy Trifler, and unworthy
To be possest o'th' Beauty that I Love,
Or be reveng'd upon the Man I hate:
Why forc't I not my passage to his Heart?
Then pamper'd in the Banquet of his Blood,
Flown hot, as flame born Pluto, to the Rape;
And quench't the Favours in Virgilia's Arms.

**Nigr.**
Give o're this Frenzy.

**Auf.**
Now each Minute wrecks me,
With the Remembrance of my former Pangs,
Which War had almost hush't, and Blood wash't out
Her Dove-like Sorrow, when she begg'd for Rome,
(With Eyes Tear-charg'd, yet sparkling through the Dew,
Whilst charming Pitty dimpled each soft Cheek)
Call'd back the Scene of my expecting Youth
When with vain promises of Joys to come,
I wak'd the Night, and watch't the Stars away;
So was I wrapt anew i'th dazling Dream;
Believ'd her yet unwed; believ'd my self
The happy Youth design'd to Reap her Sweets;
To Lock the tender Beauty in my Arms;
Blushing, yet Granting; Trembling, and yet Embracing.
I shall go Mad with the Imagination.

**Nigr.**
Wake, wake my Lord from this fantastick Maze,
Return her Scorn upon your Rival's head,
And make at least a Mistress of Revenge:
Ev'n now he makes his Entrance at our Gates;
Presuming with a smooth and specious Tale,
To Acquit himself before the credulous People.

Enter an Officer of Aufidious Party.

Off.
Our Lords o'th' Citty, Noble Tullus,
Are met in Counsel at your Pallace, where
They crave your Presence, having Summon'd thither
Your Partner Caius Martius, to give in
Th' Account of his Proceedings in this War;
And t' Answer at his Peril all Miscarriage.

Auf.
Go, tell 'em I'll attend 'em instantly;
Deliver 'em this Paper, the Contents
56 Of what I have to Charge on Martius,
And shall make good to his Face.

[Ex. Officer.

Nigr.
Now Sir, How fares it with you?

Auf.
As with a Man by his own Alms empoysn'd.

Nigr.
You hold your last Resolve.

Auf.
I cannot tell;
We must proceed in't, as we find the People.

Nigr.
The People will remain uncertain, whilst
You stand Competitors; but eithers fall,
Leaves th' other Heir to All.

Auf.
I rais'd him, pawn'd my Honour for his Truth,
Whilst the sly Flatterer seduc'd my Friends,
Softning his Nature, never known before:
So base a Grain of *Cynick* obstinacy:
Banish't from *Rome,* I furnish't him with Pow'r;
Made him joint Partner with me, gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, took some Pride
To do my self this wrong, till at the last,
I seem'd his Follower, not his Patron.

**Nigr.**
True,
Our Army wonder'd at it, and at last,
When he had carry'd *Rome,* and that we look't
For no less Spoil, than Glory---

**Auf.**
O there's it!
For which my Sinews shall be stretch't upon him.

**Nigr.**
Your Native-Town you enter'd like a Pilgrim,
And had no welcome Home; whilst he return'd,
Tortring the Air with Noise; and patient Fools,
Whose Children he had Slaughter'd; tore their Throats,
With shouting his Applause.

**Auf.**
Wreck me no more,
His Tryumphs sleep this Day; then shalt thou see,
*Thy Tullus* Glories bloom a second Spring:
I shall be yet the Wonder of the Crowd,
When this Controller of my Fate is gone:
'Tis Odds our *Senate* doom him; but if not,
I'll have my Party planted near---thy News.

*Enter the Officer.*

**Off.**
My Lord, the Councel have perus'd your Paper,
And summon your Appearance instantly.
What will surprize you more: I met ev'n now
57 Volumnia with Virgilia, and young Martius,
Just enter'd our Corioles,
And hastily enquiring for your Palace;
Menenius at that instant passing by.

Auf.
Thou tell'st me Wonders, but I know thy Truth.
Nigridius, help me now to play this Game,
And draw at once our Net o're the whole Covey:
They have not yet seen Martius.

Off.
No,---Menenius off'ring to Conduct 'em to him,
They grew divided in their Resolutions;
Virgilia held it best to seek out you,
Presuming on her former Pow'r with you;
But what they did determine on---

Auf.
No more.
Nigridius, take our Guard along with you,
Whilst I attend the Counsell; Seize 'em All,
Before they can attain to speak with Martius;
Dispose 'em privately within our Palace;
Virgilia by her self; you know my drift:
For soon as I've secur'd my Rivals Life,
All stain'd i'th Husbands Blood, I'll Force the Wife.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE, A Palace.**

*The Lords of Corioles, as set in Counsell.*

1 Lord.
Let Justice, Lords, reward his Services,
Far as his Conduct shall be worthy found:
'Tis not unknown what Deeds he has perform'd,
Since first he had the Leading of our Pow'rs;
Molesting hourly *Romes* confed'rate Citties;
Restoring our lost Fields made rich with Blood;
Our burden'd Souldiers groan'd beneath the Spoil:
Yet---there to make a Hault in's Action,
Where most his Resolution was requir'd;
To flinch our Service at the Gates of *Rome*,
And make a Treaty where he shou'd have Storm'd;
Admits of no excuse, and I propose it
To your impartial Censures---See he comes.

*Enter Coriolanus; Aufidius on the other side.*

**Cor.**
Hail Lords, I am return'd your Souldier;
No more infected with my Countries Love,
Than when I parted hence: be pleas'd to know,
58 That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage Led your War,
Ev'n to the Gates of *Rome*; our Spoils brought home,
Ten times o're pay the Charges of the Action:
The Peace which with the *Romans* we have made,
Brings no less honour to *Corioles*,
Than shame to *Rome*. Behold their *Consul's* Hand,
With the *Patricians*, and the Seal o'th' *Senate*
To Composition, such as ne're was gain'd
By proudest Conquerour from the pettyest State:
Peruse it, and approve my Services.

**Auf.**
Ha! that again: Lords, heard you what he said?

**Cor.**
I say, I'll have my Services approv'd.

**Auf.**
Wrong not so much your Patience Lords, to Read
That fabulous Commentary, but forthwith
Give Sentence on his most apparent---

**Cor.**
Ha!
May I believe my Sense? Down swelling Heart,
Thou wert my Partner, *Tullus*; but take heed,
No more I say, and thank me for this warning.

**Auf.**
O Vanity!

**Cor.**
I say let me be Calm.

**Auf.**
Out Blast---Read not the Paper, Lords,
But tell the Traytor---

**Cor.**
Traytor!

**Auf.**
That, *Martius*.

**Cor.**
Martius?

**Auf.**
I, *Martius, Caius Martius*, Dost thou think,
I'll grace thee with thy Robbery, thy stoln Name---
Coriolanus *in Corioles*.
Most awful Lords o'th' State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your Business, and giv'n up,
(For certain drops of Dew) your Citty *Rome*;
I say your Citty to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath of Service; call'd no Councel
Of War on This; but at his Nurses Tears,
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory:
For a few Tears, sold all our Blood and Labour,
Whilst Pages blush't at him, and Men of heart,
Look't wond'ring at each other.

59 **Cor.**
Hear'st thou *Mars*!

**Auf.**
Name not the fiery God, thou Boy of Tears.

Cor.
Scorpions and Basilisks!

All
Lords. Silence on your Lives.

Cor.
Measureless Lyar, thou hast made my Heart,
Too big for what contains it: Boy? Oh Slave!
Carrion-breed, creeping Infect: Lords your Pardon;
'Tis the first time I e're was forc't to Brawl,
But your grave Judgment will consent with me,
To give this Fiend the Lye: Nay, his own Brawn,
That wears my Stripes, his Vassal Body, that
Must bear my Beatings with it to the Grave---
Cut me to pieces Volsces, Pound, Calcine me,
And throw my Dust to the Wind; yet when yo've done;
If you have Writ your Annals true, 'tis there,
There Registred to all Posterity,
That, as an Eagle in a Dove-coat, so
Was Martius Slaught'ring in Corioles.

Auf.
Dye Insolent.

Stamps with his Foot, the Conspirators Enter, and help him to wound Martius, who kills some, and hurts
Aufidius. The Lords rise, and come forward.

1 Lord.
Guards, Guards, secure 'em both.
Tread not upon him; off:
O Tullus, thou hast done a deed, at which,
Valour will Weep.

Auf.
Pray give me hearing,

[A confus'd Noise heard from abroad.

2 Lord.
Heark what Confusion storms without.

Enter Nigradius hastily.

**Nigr.**
Hast, hast my Lords, disperse to every Quarter,
Our City's up in Arms, Aufidius Legions
Oppos'd by those were led by Caius Martius.
Prepare for dreadful Battle in our Streets,
Unless your speedy presence quell their Fury.

**1 Lord.**
Disperse my Lords, each to a several Quarter,
With your best skill, to quench these threatening Flames.

[Exeunt Lords severally.

**Nigr.**
Curst chance! Why bought you your Revenge so dear?

**Auf.**
There's Blood upon thee.

60 **Nigr.**
Blood long Thirsted for.

[The Noise continues'

**Cor.**
'Tis just you Gods, to give my Death this Pomp;
'Tis fit, that when Coriolanus Dies,
Corioles shall fall their Sacrifice;
Ev'n thou my Bond-slave follow'st in the Triumph;
Hast then, and wait me to the nether World.

**Auf.**
No, I have yet a pleasant Scene to Act;
My Bliss; but Fiend, thy Hell; bring in Virgilia.

**Cor.**
Virgilia?
Auf.
Yes, she's here, here in the Palace;
Out of her Roman Virtue come to seek you,
And spy those dangers out, which you were blind to;
Thou'llt not believe thy Foe, but heark, she comes;
I charge thee Dye not yet, till thou hast seen
Our Scene of Pleasures; to thy Face I'll Force her;
Glut my last Minuits with a double Ryot;
And in Revenges Sweets and Loves, Expire.

Virgilia brought in Wounded.

In Blood? Nigridius look! Behold a sight,
Wou'd turn the Gorgon-Snakes---my Rage is gone,
And I am touch't with Sorrow---my faint Nerves
Refuse my Weight, and hasty Death invades
At ev'ry Pore---Oh Dark! dark! O, O.

[Dies.

Virg.
Betray me not thou sluggish Blood, stream faster,
I, now the stubborn Heart resigns, and takes
The proud Destroyer to her inmost Courts.

Cor.
O Heav'n!

Virg.
'Tis near, for that was Martius Voice;
My Eyes are dim; but that dear Sound agen;
O where, my dear Lord? Speak!

Cor.
If I do wake,
And that bright dismal Object be Virgilia,
Tell me what Sacrilegious Hand has stain'd,
The whitest Innocence that Heav'n e're form'd:
What Rage cou'd hurt a Gentleness like thine,
Whose tender Soul cou'd weep
O're dying Roses, and at Blossoms fall?
Tell me thou Turtle, ruffled in a Storm;
What chance seduc'd thee to these Caves of Slaughter?
What means that purple Dew upon thy Breast?

61 Virg.
My Noble Martius, 'tis a Roman Wound,
Giv'n by Virgilia's Hand, that rather chose
To sink this Vessel in a Sea of Blood,
Than suffer its chast Treasure, to become
Th' unhallowed Pyrates Prize; but Oh the Gods,
The indulgent Gods have lodg'd it in thy Bosoms!
The Port, and Harbour of eternal Calms:
O Seal with thy dear Hand these dying Eyes;
To these cold Cheeks lay thine; and to thy Breast
Take my unspotted Soul, in this last Sigh.

[Dyes.

Cor.
Make way ye Stars, a nobler Brightness comes:
Ariadne shall to thee resign her Crown;
Yet my Virgilia mount not to thy Merit,
But grace the Orb thy Martius shall attain:
My Grief talks Idlely---Cold my Love? She's gone;
And on her Cheeks a scatter'd Purple smiles,
Like streaks of Sun-shine from a setting Day:
But Oh my Heart! My Fears expire not here!
Volumnia, and my little darling Boy;
Where are they? Some kind God descend t' inform me.

Nigr.
Trouble not Heav'n for your Intelligence.

Cor.
Nigridius here? Then Heav'n indeed is distant!

Nigr.
With silent Transport, Martius, I have stood
To see thy Pangs; to have hasten'd on thy Death,
Had been too poor Revenge; remember Martius,
The Stripes, and foul disgrace thou laid'st upon me,
When once I bear Commission under thee:
Thou mad'st me pass the Fork before my Souldiers,
Discarded, Branded, Hooted from the Camp.

Cor.
I do remember thy unequall'd Villany:
Had exemplary Punishment.

Nigr.
That day
Thou drew'st this Blood from thy own Vitals, Martius:
'Tis thy young Boys, whom I this Hour have Mangled,
Gash't, Rack't, Distorted.

Cor.
O this Tale of Horrour,
Wou'd rouse the sleeping Father from his Grave!
Yet Strength forsakes me for the dear Revenge.
Well, Cerberus, How then didst thou dispose him?
Didst eat him?

62 Nigr.
Having kill'd your old Menenius,
Off'ring his feeble Vengeance, streight I threw
The Tortur'd Brat, with Limbs all broke (yet living
In quickest Sense of Pain) I say, I threw him
Into Volumnia's Arms, who still retain'd
Her Roman Temper; till with bitter Language,
And most insulting, added to her Suff'rings;
I rous'd her silent Grief, to loud Disorder;
Then left her to the Tempest of her Fury,
To Act my Part, and be her own Tormenter.

Cor.
Convultions! Feavers! blewest Pestilence!
Sleep on Virgilia, Wake not to a Story,
Whose Horrour wou'd exceed the Force of Death,
And turn thee into Stone.

Enter Volumnia Distracted, with young Martius under her Arm.
Vol.  
Soft, soft; steal but the Watch word whilst they Sleep,  
And we pass Free.

Cor.  
Furies! The Fiend spoke Truth.  
O my poor Boy! Most wretched Mother, Oh!

Vol.  
Strike, strike your Torches, bid the Stars descend!  
We wander in the Dark.  
Heark! Boreas musters up his roaring Crew;  
My Wings, and I'll among 'em; wreath my Head  
With flaming Meteors; load my Arm with Thunder;  
Which as I nimbly cut my cloudy Way,  
I'll hurl on the ingrateful Earth, and laugh  
To hear the Mortals Yelling.

Nigr.  
Mark you this?

Vol.  
I, there's th' Hesperian Dragon, I must pass him,  
Before I reach the golden Bough; there Cerberus,  
'Gorge thy curst Maw with that, and cease thy Barking;  
'Tis a delicious Morsel.

Cor.  
Earth and Heav'n!.  
Is this Volumnia? Martius awful Mother,  
And Romes Minerva.

Boy.  
Dear Sir speak to my Grand Mother,  
Perhaps she'll answer you.

Vol.  
Ha! What a merry World is this Elizium!  
See how the youthful Shepherds trip to the Pipe,  
And fat Silenus waddles in the Round.  
63 Beware thy Horns, Pan, Cupid's with their Bow-strings  
Have ty'd 'em fast to th' Tree! Ah, ha! ha! ha!  
What's that?---a Summons to me from the Gods?  
Back Mercury, and tell 'em I'll appear.
All Heav'n shall know how much I have been wrong'd:
They tore my little Martius from my Arms;
Broke all his innocent Limbs before my Face.
Indeed I never did deserve this usage;
For I was always Kind and Charitable;
For Virtue fam'd; and as I do remember,
'Twas I sav'd Rome, preserv'd ten thousand Infants,
From being Massacred like my poor Boy!
How? Juno dead! The Thunderer then is mine,
And I'll have more than Juno's priviledge:
See how the Aether smoaks, the Christaline
Falls clatt'ring down! This giddy Phaeton
Will set the World on Fire! Down with him Jove:
Wilt thou not Bolt him?---Then I'll Act thy Part,
Force from thy slothful Hand the flaming Dart;
And thus I strike my Thunder through his Heart.

Snatches a Partizan from the foremost of the Guards, and strikes Nigradius through, as she runs off.

Cor.
There struck the Gods.

Boy.
Look where my Mother sleeps, pray wake her Sir;
I have heard my Nurse speak of a dying Child,
And fancy it is now just so with me;
I fain wou'd hear my Mother bless me first.

Cor.
My pretty Innocence, she do's not sleep.

Boy.
Perhaps then I have done some Fault, makes her
Not speak to me.

Cor.
O Gods! may this be born!

Boy.
I fain wou'd clasp you too; but when I try
To lift my Arms up to your Neck,
There's something holds 'em.
Cor.  
Thy Torturers my Boy have crippled 'em,  
And gash't thy pretty Cheeks.  

Boy.  
I know you Lov'd 'em;  
But truly 'twas no fault of mine; they did it  
Because I wou'd not cry; and I have heard  
My Grand-Mother say, a Roman General's Son:  
Shou'd never cry.  

64 Cor.  
O Nature! A true Breed!  

Boy.  
'Tis grown all Dark o'th sudden, and we sink  
I know not whether; good Sir hold me fast.  

[Dies.

Cor.  
Fast as the Arms of Death: Now come my Pangs,  
The chilling Damp prevails upon my Heart.  
Thus, as th' Inhabitant of some sack't Town,  
The Flames grown near, and Foe hard pressing on,  
In hast lays hold on his most precious Store:  
Then to some peaceful Country takes his Flight:  
So, grasping in each Arm my Treasure, I  
Pleas'd with the Prize, to Deaths calm Region Fly.  

[Dies.

FINIS.
EPILOGUE

Spoken by Valeria.

What? No Attendance in this World?---make way:
Where are our noisy Bussying Criticks? They
That heard no Scene, and Yet damn all the Play!
Run down by Masques; to their old Shift they flee,
And Rail at us, for want of Repertee!
Well Gentlemen, how e're you doom to Night,
Methinks this Company's a blessed sight,
And shews the Realm's disorder coming Right.
As we Thrive, with the Publick it do's pass:
The Play-House is the Nation's Weather-Glass;
Where like to th' Quick-Silver the Audience, still
As the State goes, is found to Ebb or Fill.
Shall I Inform you one thing Gallants? We
In our Vocation with the Saints agree:
For as their Holders-forth, their Flock enchant,
So we our Audience charm with Noise and Rant:
'Tis thus we Please; and I dare take my Oath,
That Decency and Sense, wou'd Break us Both.