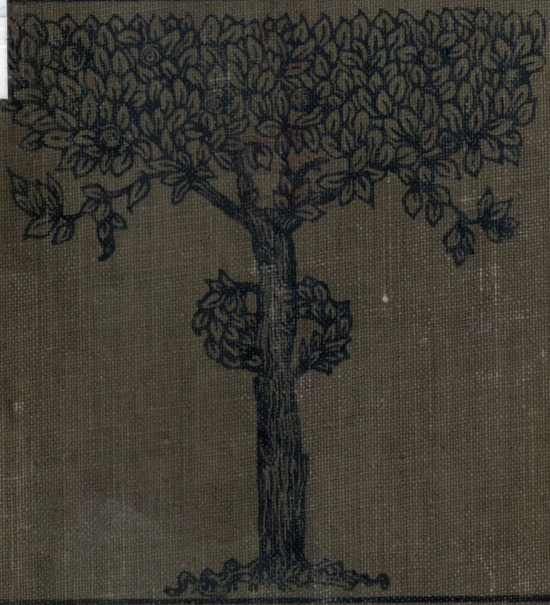
CORIOLANUS



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THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

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GENERAL PREFACE

In this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Aesthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest, which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition: the only omissions made are those that are unavoidable in an edition likely to be used by young students.

By the systematic arrangement of the introductory matter, and by close attention to typographical details, every effort has been made to provide an edition that will prove convenient in use.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

No edition of *Coriolanus* is known earlier than the First Folio of 1623 (F 1); and it is improbable that there was any such edition, for the play is one of those entered upon the Stationers' Registers by the publishers of the Folio on Nov. 8th, 1623, and stated not to have been "formerly entered to other men". In F 1 *The Tragedy of Coriolanus* was originally printed at the beginning of the tragedies and followed by *Titus Andronicus*. Afterwards *Troilus and Cressida*, which had been somehow omitted from its proper place after *Romeo and Juliet*, seems to have been inserted before it. There is some dispute as to the merits of the Folio text. Charles Knight says, "With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate". On the other hand, the Cambridge editors, who are perhaps the best authorities on such a point, say, "The text abounds with errors, due probably to the carelessness or the illegibility of the manuscript from which it was printed". I am inclined to think that the second verdict is the true one. Certainly an editor has to admit an unusual number of emendations and to rearrange an unusual number of lines in this play. The text of F 1 was practically reprinted in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685. With regard to the time at which the play was written, it is universally admitted to be comparatively late work. But there are very slight grounds on which to

The First Folio Edition (F 1) of 1623.

The probable Date of the Play: earlier than 1612.

define the date more precisely. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and Mr. A. P. Paton have argued that it must be later than 1612. But their argument rests on the assumption that Shakespeare must have used the edition of North's *Plutarch* published in that year, and as this cannot be shown to be the case, it falls to the ground.[1] The possibility, again, that something was borrowed for Menenius' fable of the belly in act i. sc. 1 from Camden's *Remaines*, published in 1605, does not help us very much. No doubt the play was later than that.[2] So, too, the "coal of fire upon the ice" of i. 1. 170 may or may not be a reminiscence of the great frost of 1607–8, when the Thames was frozen over.[3] In any case, the reminiscence was not necessarily a very recent one. Nor need we suppose with Chalmers that because there is a dearth in the play, therefore it was suggested by the dearth of 1608–9. For the dearth comes straight from the source of the play in Plutarch. Two other passages require more careful consideration. It has been suggested that the simile in iii. 2. 79,

Passages bearing on the date.

> "Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
> That will not bear the handling",

may have been due to the fact that in 1609, at the instigation of James the First, many hundred thousand young mulberries were planted in England for the purpose of breeding silkworms. This seems far-fetched. Mulberries were well-known in England at a much earlier period. They are mentioned by Spenser and in the *Herbals* of Lyte (1578) and Gerard (1597); and they are mentioned by Shakespeare himself in *Venus and Adonis*, 1103 (1593), and in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 151 (1595).[4] The second parallel is perhaps of more importance. Steevens pointed out the resemblance between the phrase "He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland" in ii. 2. 97, and that in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene or*

[1] Cf. Appendix A, *Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus*.
[2] Cf. Appendix B, *On the Fable of the Belly*.
[3] Cf. Stowe's *Annals*, ed. Howes, p 891.
[4] Cf. Ellacombe, *Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare*, s.v. Mulberries

The Silent Woman, v. 1, "Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland". Malone rather pooh-poohed the parallel on the ground that a similar phrase occurs also in Nash; but the Clarendon Press editors have pointed out that this similarity only extends to the use of the word 'lurch'. *The Silent Woman* was acted in 1609, and whether Jonson imitated Shakespeare or Shakespeare imitated Jonson, there would not be much point in the transaction unless the two plays came out within a year or so of each other. But I do not feel at all sure that there was any borrowing at all. The phrase may have been a proverbial one.

The external evidence then, such as it is, is at least consistent with the date 1608–1610. And it is to some such date that the evidence of style and metre also points. A glance at §§ 16–19 of the Essay on Metre at the close of this volume will show that, so far as metre goes, *Coriolanus* belongs to the last half-dozen of Shakespeare's plays, and that it has closer affinities with *Antony and Cleopatra* than with any other single play. A study of the proportions in which rhyme (§ 17), enjambments (§ 16 (ii)), weak endings (§ 16 (iii)), and mid-line pauses (§ 16 (iv)) occur will serve to confirm this impression. Of all these 'tests' that of weak endings is the most significant, for the introduction of these was not a gradual but a sudden change in style, which is characteristic of Shakespeare's latest period. Various resemblances in thought, as will be pointed out later on, also serve to connect *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, no less than a certain cumbrousness of overcharged style. In both these plays the chief function of the annotator is to paraphrase the closely-packed pregnant sentences. Now nearly all scholars agree in dating *Antony and Cleopatra* not long before the entry of it in the Stationers' Registers on May 20th, 1608, and if we suppose *Coriolanus* to have followed it in the course of the next year, 1607–1608, this will fit in very well with the Ben Jonson parallel.

The approximate date, 1608–1610, confirmed by Evidence of Style and Metre.

Of the early stage history of *Coriolanus* nothing is known to us. In 1682 the play was cooked up by Nahum Tate into

a version called *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth.* This was produced at the Theatre Royal, but the actors' names are not recorded. Tate's Valeria is said to have been a satire upon the clever and affected Margaret Lucas, Duchess of Newcastle. In 1719 the play was again sophisticated in *The Invader of his Country*, by John Dennis, in which Booth acted Coriolanus. Other adaptations followed, in one of which Kemble and Mrs. Siddons made a mark. A more Shakespearean text has been revived during the present century, and Kean, Macready, and Phelps have all appeared in the play. But it has not been seen in London since 1853.

Coriolanus on the Stage.

2. SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

As in the case of the other plays founded on Roman history, *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare appears to have taken all his historical material for *Coriolanus* from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Parallel Lives.* To enable the student to make the necessary comparison, I have printed the *Life of Coriolanus* in Appendix A. At the beginning of the notes to each scene I have added some remarks on the manner in which Shakespeare adapted the story he found to his hand. Roughly it may be said that he preserves Plutarch's outlines just so far as dramatic convenience allows. The plot and the main outlines of the character of Coriolanus come straight from the source. But he has added or omitted details of the former in order to ensure dramatic simplicity, and he has clothed it in the dramatic flesh and blood of imaginary scenes. And to the latter he has given a breathing vitality by innumerable subtle touches. Similarly in the secondary men and women, Menenius, Aufidius, Volumnia, Virgilia, the Tribunes, he has worked upon mere hints and suggestions of Plutarch's to create living figures. In two or three memorable scenes he has borrowed the very turns and phraseology of Plutarch's speeches. On his indebtedness to Plutarch, or

The Source: *Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus.*

Shakespeare's Use of Plutarch.

rather to North, in this respect, I may refer to some admirable remarks by Mr. George Wyndham in his introduction to the Tudor Translations reprint of the *Lives*. North's English is, indeed, as Mr. Wyndham claims for it, a grand specimen of Elizabethan prose at its best. Yet we may regret that Shakespeare yielded to the temptation of following too closely in the footsteps of even so fine a master. And if anyone doubts this, I would ask him to compare the two great speeches of act iv. sc. 5. That of Coriolanus is Shakespeare putting North into blank verse; that of Aufidius is Shakespeare unalloyed. The first is good dramatic stuff, but the second is magnificent poetry. And the same is less markedly true of the two speeches of Volumnia in act v. sc. 3.

3. CRITICAL APPRECIATION.

On the whole, it appears probable that *Coriolanus* was the last of the great Shakespearean tragedies, the ultimate fruit of that autumn of pessimistic thought, to which we owe alike the denunciations of *Lear* and *Timon* and the intolerable pathos of *Othello*. After it was written there came, quite suddenly, it would seem, a turning-point in the master's life. With the return to the peaceful meadows of Stratford, if we divine rightly, the burden of the city days fell off. A happier mood awoke. The three closing dramas, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, are filled with a sane philosophy and a deep-veined humanity; the poet's last words are of belief in an overruling power, that somewhere far-off faintly makes for good. But of this new spirit there is nothing yet in *Coriolanus*. The closest affinities of the play are with that which probably comes nearest to it in point of time, *Antony and Cleopatra*. In each alike we find the same readiness of bitter criticism, the same remorseless analysis, probing and dissecting, as with a cruel scalpel, the intimate weaknesses and basenesses of mankind. In each, ideals are shattered, heroes are discrowned and stripped of their heroism, until it is with difficulty that our sympathies,

Coriolanus the last of the Tragedies.

The Pessimism of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

so essential to the sense of tragedy, are retained. Antony and Coriolanus, though we are made to see through and through them, yet have their hold upon us to the end, not through the character of their passions, but through their sheer intensity. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we have the tragedy of sensuality. The shattered ideal is that of love. It is the picture of one who holds an empire in the hollow of his hand, but who comes to ruin through a passion that is all of the senses and the imagination, with nothing in it that is tonic, nothing bracing, nothing inspiring. It is a pendant to that first young tragedy, of lives redeemed and ennobled by love, in *Romeo and Juliet*. In *Coriolanus* the shattered ideal is that of honour. Beneath the mask of honour there lurks the subtle sin of egoism, laid bare to us, as in the Sir Willoughby Patterne of later days, by the patient and pitiless insight of the philosopher. Let us, in the light of this central idea, examine the structure of the play.

The Egoism of Honour in *Coriolanus*.

But in the first place it is necessary to remove a possible misconception. As in *Antony and Cleopatra* the environment of the action is a political one: there, the pursuit of empire; here, the struggle for municipal power between nobles and people. But here, as there, the political interest is not the primary one: it is subordinate throughout to the study of the individual soul set in the midst of it. Purely political problems, indeed, have ceased to be absorbing to Shakespeare. He has worked them out, once for all, in his English histories, and has come to his final conclusion in the picture of the true king, Henry V. They are but backgrounds now for the passions and idealisms of men. We need not suppose then, that in delineating, after Plutarch, the contests of the patricians and the plebeians of republican Rome, he is writing with any prophetic insight into the coming troubles of his own country. Indeed, the struggle for English liberties, as it slowly shaped itself in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was not primarily a struggle of democratic and aristocratic elements in the state. It resulted, no doubt, in a certain widening of popular

The tragedy Personal, not Political.

liberties, but in its origin it was less political than religious and ethical, the uprising of the wholesome English city and country life against a selfish king and a corrupt court. In judging Coriolanus, nevertheless, Shakespeare judges that familiar ideal of the "person of honour" from which the Cavalier party was destined to derive so much of its support, an ideal based on no real notion of honourable merit, but on exclusions and a false sentiment of refinement.

The Parties of Rome.

Rome then is split up into two opposed camps of patricians and plebeians. On the one side tradesmen and handicraftsmen, botchers and forset-sellers; on the other a society of nobles, wealthy and luxurious, enjoying all the privileges of a caste, occupied chiefly in war, and esteeming war the highest of all human employments. They are not altogether unworthy of their position, for they have fought for Rome, and have again and again led her forces to victory. But of late the plebeians, weary of death, forced wars, and usury, have rebelled against the old order of things, and have made good their claim to a share of political power. Certain magistrates, known as tribunes, are appointed to protect the popular rights. The majority of the patricians are willing, for the sake of peace, to accept the altered conditions and to make the best of them. They hope to surrender the appearance of power only and to keep the reality. But there is an irreconcilable minority to whom all concessions appear degrading and dishonourable. Of these the leader is Coriolanus.

The Character of Coriolanus.

Coriolanus is inheritor of the traditions of one of the proudest houses of Rome. He has been brought up by his mother to set all his ambitions upon the pursuit of honour; above all, the honour that is won on the field of battle. He is the flower of warriors. Since the expulsion of the Tarquins he has been the hope of Rome and the main-stay of her armies. When we first meet him he is the acknowledged leader of the city in battle, her protagonist, admirable for his valour and for his single-eyed pursuit of honour. Of petty self-seeking there is nothing in him. His disdain of plunder, or even of vulgar applause, is complete.

And yet, as we study his character in the clear light of the Shakespearean analysis, we find that the very root of him is a sublime egoism. Honour is a fine thing, as the reward and the sign of services to one's country and deeds well done. But for Coriolanus, honour has come to be an end in itself. "For my country" is on his lips, but at heart he thinks of his country's good only as the ladder of his own reputation. And as we shall see, it is this craving for honour, with the subtle egoism it implies, that leads to his tragedy. With such an ideal and of such an humour, Coriolanus is naturally a patrician of the patricians. He is a Tory and a gentleman to the backbone. Courteous to those whom he accepts as, at least by convention, his equals, he has nothing but a curse and a sneer for any man of the people. A humane sympathy with humanity as such is no part of his nature or of his training. The tradesmen and toilers of Rome are to him but as a multiplying spawn, fashioned of another clay from those of his ordinance. Their cowardice in battle and their unwashed hands are equally distasteful to him. Their fickleness and instability in politics move his scorn and ire. For any natural rights of theirs he cares not a jot. He is a soldier, and his notion of government is discipline when he gives the word of command. And it should be noted that it is no part of Shakespeare's scheme to exalt the character of the plebeians at the expense of the patricians. He is no democratic sentimentalist. In this play he is painting in black throughout. The people *are* dirty and greedy and changeable, and cowardly and ungrateful. Their teachers, the tribunes, are envious and conceited, and self-interested and treacherous. Nevertheless there are such things as the natural rights of citizens, even of unwashed citizens, and the political problem is not to be solved by disregarding them.

The Plebeians.

Coriolanus is the central point of the warring factions of Rome, and over against him stand the tribunes. These are the leaders of the opposed parties, and the hatred between them is mutual. And round Coriolanus the other personages of the play grou

Cominius, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Aufidius.

themselves. The dramatic unity depends upon him, and with reference to him they are all conceived. Cominius represents the moderate men of the senate, the statesmen, cautious or timid as you will, who would gladly compromise with the spirit of democracy. In closer personal relations with Coriolanus stand Volumnia and Menenius. Volumnia is the Roman matron of the stern antique type. She has brought up Coriolanus, courageously indeed but unwisely, and has lit and fostered in him that wayward ideal of honour. Of sympathy or of any ethics save those of the camp, she has taught him nothing. Yet her own patriotism is more single-hearted than his, and it is not until their wills come into conflict that Coriolanus realizes how greatly she dominates his spirit. She is the only one of the women in the play who counts for anything. Virgilia, the wife whom Coriolanus loves as well as he can love anything besides himself, has for her sole function to touch the tragedy here and there with tears. Menenius, too, has had his share in spoiling Coriolanus' character. He is a foolish, witty old noble, fond of eating and drinking, and fond of hearing himself talk, hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, including the tribunes, and pluming himself on a diplomacy which has no existence. At bottom he shares all the aristocratic prejudices, but his genial manners win him a superficial popularity. His one serious emotion is his love for Coriolanus: him he 'gods indeed' with foolish praise and still more foolish advice. The only other important element in Coriolanus' environment is his enemy, Aufidius the Volsce. In the heyday of Coriolanus' success his personal rivalry with Aufidius is a keener incentive with him than the cause of Rome: after his disgrace the brooding envy of the defeated antagonist contributes greatly to his final ruin.

Such are the *dramatis personæ*, and the course of the plot flows with remorseless necessity from their characters. It is essential to tragedy that our sympathies should be in some sense secured for the tragic hero. Tragedy springs from that conflict and clash of forces which brings about the fracture of something great, in Shakespeare

Analysis of the Plot.

generally the ruin or failure of a great human character. In order then that the catastrophe of the play may affect us tragically, we must first realize the greatness involved. The first act shows us Coriolanus, on the whole, great; a great warrior, undaunted in danger, removed high above the greed and poltroonery of common men. Flushed with victory he returns to Rome to win the applause of the whole city. Throughout the whole of this act, the weaker and dangerous elements in his character, though hinted at from time to time, are kept in the background. But now they must be brought into prominence, in order that we may see how the doom of Coriolanus' career is rooted in them. The purpose of the second act is to make clear his deficiencies—deficiency of sympathy and deficiency of self-control. These are shown in his maladroit candidature for and ultimate rejection from the consulship. He is now tangled in a web, woven more by the threads of his own nature than by the intrigues of his enemies. A crisis comes in the third act, with his banishment from Rome. During the last two acts he has almost lost our sympathy through his folly and insolence; but he bears himself with dignity in adversity, and thus our sympathy is restored, in subtle preparation for the inevitable end. But the end is not quite yet. Baffled and disgraced in Rome, the poor remains of Coriolanus' imperfect patriotism rapidly vanish. His wrath is as much against the patricians who permitted his banishment as against the plebeians who clamoured for it. But "there is a world elsewhere". He will retrieve his fortunes and re-establish his ideal of himself on a new stage. He will again be "a person of honour" in Corioles. And so in the fourth act he appears among the Volsces, and casts his all upon the generosity of Aufidius. At first his design prospers: he sees his way clear to revenge upon Rome. But he has reckoned without the laws of human nature. The past cannot be so easily set aside, and his past is bound up with Aufidius and Volumnia. The smouldering envy of Aufidius is reinforced by new jealousy, and dogs Coriolanus' footsteps. And this prepares us for the catastrophe of the fifth act. In the great third scene the old influence of Volumnia resumes

its sway over her son. His resolution is vanquished, and he returns to Corioles, knowing that it is to his death. It could only end so. Man has not two destinies; and the chance once thrown away is not offered again.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
TITUS LARTIUS, COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.
Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
NICANOR, a Roman.
ADRIAN, a Volscian.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

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

SCENE: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioles and the neighbourhood; Antium.*

TIME: Eleven days, with intervals.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

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

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

All. Speak, speak.

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

All. Resolved, resolved.

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

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

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

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

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

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

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

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

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

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

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

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

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

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

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

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

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

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

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

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

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

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

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' th' state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restra'n

the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

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

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

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebelled against the belly, thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

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

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

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

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

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body,—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you 've little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends', quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once',—
You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark me—
First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran'. What say you to 't?
First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' th' common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
First 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 go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We've ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vild that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.
Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-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 complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I'm glad on't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

First Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I any thing but what I am,
I 'ld wish me only he.
Com. You've fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears and he
Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true-bred!
First Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone.
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, can not
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Corioles. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *with* Senators *of* Corioles.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is.
[*Reads*] 'They've press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely 't is for you:
Consider of it.
First Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.
Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioles:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
First Sen. Farewell.
Sec. Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*

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

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 15

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action. 22

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria,
We're fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck.

Enter VALERIA, *with an* Usher *and* Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him a' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioles; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out a' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Before Corioles.*

Enter with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Captains *and* Soldiers. *To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators *with others on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! our drums
Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*] Hark you, far off!
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans *are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS, *cursing.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they 's t' our trenches followed.

Another alarum. *The* Volsces *fly, and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I.
[*Marcius is shut in.*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To th' pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

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

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 't is Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. *Corioles. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachme! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind: away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS, *as it were in retire, with soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we've heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioles have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

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

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

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

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar O, let me clip ye

In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They've placed their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, t' express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*
O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.
Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioles.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioles, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *other* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to th' Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle.*

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

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

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioles walls,
And made what work I pleased: 't is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

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

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' th' end admire, where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

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

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induced
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we've ta'en good and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry* 'Marcius! Marcius!' *cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for th' wars no more, I say!
For that I have not washed my nose that bled
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many else have done, you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be 't known,
As t' us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioles, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear
Th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

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

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

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 't is yours. What is it?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioles
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

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

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.
I 'm weary; yea, my memory is tired.

Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The camp of the Volsces.*

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

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I 've fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.
First Sol. He 's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.
First Sol. Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'T is south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS *with the two Tribunes of the people,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

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

Bru. Good or bad?

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

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

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

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

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

Both. Well, sir.

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

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

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

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

Both. Why, how are we censured?

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

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

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

Bru. What then, sir?

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

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

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

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

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a forset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

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

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

men of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

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

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

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

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

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

Vol. Vir. Nay, 't is true.

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

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

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

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

Vir. O, no, no, no.

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

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

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

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

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

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

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

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

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

Vir. The gods grant them true!
Vol. True! pow waw.
Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?
Vol. I' th' shoulder and i' th' left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.
Men.—One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh,—there's nine that I know.
Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.
Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.
Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *the general, and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains *and* Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioles gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother!
Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioles wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and ye're welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep
And I could laugh, I 'm light and heavy. Welcome.
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by th' faith of men,
We 've some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Herald. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And th' buildings of my fancy: only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I 'd rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rupture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens

Do press among the popular throngs and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he 'th won.
Bru. In that there 's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours, which
That he 'll give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'T is right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry 't but by th' suit o' th' gentry to him
And the desire o' th' nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'T is most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You 're sent for to th' Capitol. 'T is thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I 've seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?
Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.
First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.
Sec. Off. Faith, there hath been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their dis-

position; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

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

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

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

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them*, COMINIUS *the consul*, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take their places by themselves.* CORIOLANUS *stands*

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

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' th' people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He'th hereto prized them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give't.
Mem. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*]
Nay, keep your place.
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I'd rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I'd rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters o' th' people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He'd rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear't? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioles, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioles like a planet: now all 's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

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

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

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.
Men. It then remains
That you do speak to th' people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!
Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend t' you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and t' our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

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

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

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

Enter CORIOLANUS *in a gown of humility, with* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us

has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

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

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?
'I pray, sir',—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*]
So, here comes a brace. [*Re-enter a third Citizen.*]
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

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

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

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

First Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.

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

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

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

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

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

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

Cor. Your enigma?

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

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

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

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

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth t' o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, th' other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens *more.*

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six

I've seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

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

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All Cit. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You've stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to th' senate-house.

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

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'T is warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

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

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech: he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I 'm sure.
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he 'd wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul', says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore'. When we granted that,
Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you ve left your voices,
I have no further with you'. Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see it,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' th' body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' th' state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to th' plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sic. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Cit. I twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election; enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections, and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' th' Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,

That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, that was so surnamed,]
And nobly named so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done it—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number.
Repair to th' Capitol.
All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To th' Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' th' people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Cornets. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *all the Gentry*, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
Com. They're worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vildly
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
T' oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You're like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill of you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For th' mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' th' people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'T were well
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'T was from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall!'
O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall', being but
The horn and noise o' th' monster's, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall',
His popular 'shall', against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by th' other.
Com. Well, on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth

The corn o' th' storehouse gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to th' war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands'. Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' th' senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet.
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish

To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control't.
Bru. 'Has said enough.
Sic. 'Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' th' dust.
Bru. Manifest treason!
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to th' public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Senators, &c. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens (*Plebeians*), *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, ædiles!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying*
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'

'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay, hold, peace!'
Men. What is about to be? I 'm out of breath;
Confusion 's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To th' people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let 's hear our tribune: peace! Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you've named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. T' unbuild the city and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Æd. Peace, peace!
Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230
All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 't is a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' th' porch o' th' Capitol—
Men. Be gone; 240
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' th' best o' 'em; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone: 250
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
A Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.
First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul! what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'ld crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he'th lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Sic. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If't were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.
Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' th' wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to's utmost peril.
First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in Coriolanus's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *with* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.
A Patrician. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you'd worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'ld put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to th' tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both

It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To th' people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou 'dst rather

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

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I 've been i' th' market-place; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw 't against the wind. To th' market-place!
You 've put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to th' life.
Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.
Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do it,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I 'm going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is 'mildly'. Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be 't then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

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

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by th' poll?
Æd. I have; 't is ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so

I' th' right and strength o' th' commons', be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine'; if death, cry 'Death'.
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

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

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poor'st piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter ÆDILE, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' th' holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I 'm so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 't is true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To th' rock, to th' rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow'.
Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That doth distribute it; i' th' name o' th' people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' th' people's name,
I say it shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—
Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—
Sic. We know your drift: speak what?
Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate

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

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come; let 's see him out at gates; come, come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE .. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremities was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me

With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' th' way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou 'st years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 50
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
Th' nobility are vex'd, whom we see 've sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let 's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she 's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way. 10

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Vol. O, ye 're well met: the hoarded plague o' th' gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens?
Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'ld make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. 'I would he had!' 'T was you incensed the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You've told them home;
And, by my troth, you've cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the

man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Antium. Before Aufidius's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At 's house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seems to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.*

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus. 9

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. *The first meets him.*

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' th' house: prithee, call my master to him. 20 [*Retires.*

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' th' city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle witn my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *with the second* Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for th' man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not: thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and t' all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited

But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou 'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things, and say
'T is true', I 'ld not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about thy body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man

Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stroken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' th' world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he you wot on.

Sec. Serv. Who, my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say 'thwack our general'?

Third Serv. I do not say 'thwack our general'; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioles he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have boil'd and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' th' table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' th' middle and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the

porter of Rome gates by th' ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

Sec. Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Rome. A public place*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' th' present peace
And quietness o' th' people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. [*Enter Menenius.*] Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind of late.

Both Tri. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus
Is not much miss'd, but with his friends:
The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do,
Were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' th' war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

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

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers

Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You're sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you've made good work!
Men. What news? what news?—
Com. You've holp to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You've made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You've made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?

Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome', they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'T is true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease'. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!
Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Both Tri. Say not we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
—And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip! as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.
Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.
First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.
Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else

To him had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for th' Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?
Auf. All places yields to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,
As he hath spices of them all,—not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights founder, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' th' fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so: you 've made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I 'm one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you

Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No, I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me, what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome. Two* Sentinels *on guard.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?
Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 't is well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
First Sen. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
First Sen. Be 't so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I 've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.
First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.
Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.
Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back,—that's the utmost of your having: back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [*To Cor.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to th' Volscian lords, how plainly
I've borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge

Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I 've yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not'. Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that 'Forgive our Romans'. O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show

Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You've said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We 've led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we 're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we 're bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Young Mar. A' shall not tread on me; I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I 've sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. 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 poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd'; the Romans,
This we received'; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorr'd'. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man i' th' world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' stocks. Thou'st never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
T' a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To's surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength

Than thou hast to deny it. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioles and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I'm hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little. [*He holds her by the hand, silent.*
Cor. O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You've won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was moved withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Auf. [*Aside.*] I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.
Cor. [*To Volumnia.*] Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' th' Capitol, yond corner-stone?
Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They're near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter two Senators *with* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c., *passing over the stage, followed by Patricians, and others.*

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Antium. A public place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' th' city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,

Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS' *faction.*

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*
First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I've not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. H' approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *marching with drum and colours; the Commoners being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to th' Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by th' consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' th' senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers.
Cor. Traitor! how now!
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioles?
You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city', to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' th' war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at others.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,

Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioles:
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Consp. Let him die for 't.
All the people. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.'
'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin
Marcus.' 'He killed my father.' 121
Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on his body.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
First Lord. O Tullus,— 130
Sec. Lord. Thou 'st done a deed whereat valour will weep.
Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
First Lord. Bear from hence his body; 140
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.
Help, three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.*

NOTES.

These notes should be used with the Glossary, to which the student is referred for all matters of merely verbal interpretation.
Reference is made for other plays to the lines of the Globe text.
The symbols F 1, F 2, F 3, and F 4 denote the collected Folio editions of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685 respectively. Ff. denotes the consent of the four Folios.
The sections of Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar *quoted are those of the 3rd edition.*

Dramatis Personæ. The early editions have no list of characters. The first editor to supply one was Rowe. Coriolanus is indifferently called Caius Martius and Martius Caius in the text and stage-directions of the Ff. In i. 1. 230 and some other places Titus Lartius is called Titus Lucius in the Ff.

Scene. Most modern editors use the spelling Corioli, which is historically correct; but the Ff. have Corioles, Coriolus and Corialus. North has Corioles, which is therefore probably what Shakespeare wrote.

Time. Mr. P. A. Daniel divides the action—I think, correctly—into eleven days, with intervals. Cf. the notes at the end of each scene and the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society for 1877–79, part ii.*

Acts and Scenes. The Ff. mark the acts, and act i. sc. 1, but no other scenes. The division here adopted is due to Rowe, Pope, Capell, and Dyce.

Act I.—Scene I.

The object of the first act is the glorification of Coriolanus. This is a tragedy; that is, essentially, the story of the failure and ruin of a soul which is, at least, greatly planned. In order then that we may be affected tragically, the element of greatness in Coriolanus must first be established. Coriolanus is, in his way, an idealist; he idealizes himself as a man of honour. And in the war with Corioles which occupies scenes 4–10 of the act, our attention is directed to those qualities in him which justify that ideal, his valour and magnanimity on the field of battle. He is the "flower of warriors". His defects are lightly touched, not yet emphasized.

The three first scenes are, however, as is usual with Shakespeare, a sort of prologue. We are introduced to the hero, and put in possession of the chief factors in the problem which is to be worked out. In the first scene we learn the political environment in which the action will take place; in scenes 2 and 3 we meet Aufidius and Volumnia, the two individuals who will have the greatest influence on Coriolanus' fate.

Scene 1 shows us the state of Rome, the irreconcilable antagonism between the patricians and the plebeians. These dwell in the same city, but they have no desire or ideal in common; an impossible state of things for civil welfare; trouble must come of it. And even apart from Coriolanus, the leading personalities on either side are not likely to mend matters; Menenius, the good-natured *bon viveur*, witty but not very wise, and the narrow, shifty, barely disinterested tribunes. Not of such stuff are the statesmen made who save society. But it is Coriolanus himself who is the chief element of danger. The rest of the nobles would willingly compromise; his scorn for the many-headed multitude is only equalled by his frankness in proclaiming it.

Act i. scene 1 is based upon North's Plutarch, §§ 12–20 and §§ 32–34. But Shakespeare has somewhat compressed Plutarch's account. Plutarch speaks of two seditions, one before the war with Corioles (§§ 12–20), which was due to the oppression of usurers; one afterwards caused by a dearth of corn (§§ 32–34). Shakespeare only needs one sedition for his dramatic effect; he puts this before the war, but makes it turn chiefly on the question of corn. Usury is, however, mentioned in i. 1. 73. The trouble after the war is omitted; but the distribution of corn and the opposition of Coriolanus to that measure which Plutarch describes in §§ 44–46 is referred to in iii. 1. 41–139, although the time of it is not precisely defined. Shakespeare took from Plutarch Menenius' apologue of the belly (i. 1. 92–157; *North*, § 17), and the grant of tribunes (i. 1. 219–221; *North*, § 18), as well as some hints on Coriolanus' character (i. 1. 30–44; *North*, §§ 3, 10).

5. chief enemy to the people. This is the ruling element in the situation, and the point is made at once. Notice also the touch of stage-craft by which our attention is called to Coriolanus before he enters.

15–18. 'They will not give us, even of their superfluity, for we are too precious to them as we are; our poverty, and the sight of our misery, enable them, by contrast, to realize their own happiness in detail.'

16. dear. Johnson explains this as 'expensive'. I think it is 'precious'.

the object of our misery, *i.e.* our misery, objected to (*obiicio*) or set before them.

19. rakes. A common proverb was, "As lean as a rake".

23–29. The Ff. give these lines to *All*; but they are not mere outcries, such as properly belong to the Chorus. They are part of a connected dialogue, in which the *First Citizen* consistently attacks Coriolanus, while the *Second Citizen* is inclined to make excuses for him.

23. **a dog to the commonalty**; not as 'despised', but as 'savage', 'unfeeling': cf. *Lear*, iv. 3. 47, "dog-hearted daughters".

25. The popular opinion about Coriolanus is not quite decided. Politically he is hated; but, after all, he is a brave man and a successful general, and that always counts for a good deal with the masses.

31. **to that end**, to gratify his own pride and self-esteem.

32. **to please his mother**; cf. *North*, § 10.

33. **to be partly proud.** Staunton and Lettsom respectively conjecture *portly* and *pertly*; but the phrase is only a transposition for 'partly to be proud': cf. *Abbott*, § 420.

Such transposition of adverbs is especially common in this play: cf. i. 1. 226; i. 2. 24; i. 3. 26, 34.

34. **virtue**, in the special sense of the Roman *virtus*, 'valour': cf. Glossary, and *North*, § 3.

36. **You must in no way say he is covetous.** Coriolanus is not covetous, of what other men covet. Cf. his behaviour in Corioles (i. 5. 5–10), and at the portioning of the spoil (i. 9. 37), and *North*, § 3.

43. **one that hath always loved the people.** Menenius really loves the people no more than any other noble does, but he is popular for his hail-fellow-well-met manner. North has it that the Senate sent to the seceding plebeians "certain of the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people amongst them" (§ 17).

49. **First Cit.** The Ff. have *2 Cit.* throughout the scene. Capell made the change, which is generally adopted, on the ground that hitherto the *First Citizen* has led the agitation. Knight, however, makes a fair case on the other side. "The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*,—the *second* of public *measures*; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus."

Note that Menenius talks in blank verse; the citizens, of lower rank, in prose, up to i. 1. 104; cf. note to that line, and Essay on Metre, § 18.

52. **strong breaths**, *i.e.* 'strong-smelling'. Coriolanus speaks in iii. 1. 66 of "Th' mutable rank-scented many".

64. **your impediment**, 'the impediment caused by you'. Cf. *Othello*, v. 2. 63—

> "I have made my way through more impediments
> Than twenty times your stop".

68. **Thither where more attends you**, *i.e.* 'to mutiny, which can only result in fresh calamity'.

69. **The helms o' th' state**, *i.e.* the patricians. 'Helms' is put, by what is called *metonymy*, for 'those at the helm', the 'steersmen'.

73. **usury**: cf. *North*, § 12.

83. **stale 't**. Theobald's emendation for the *scale't* of the Ff. Cf. Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 2—

> "I'll not stale the jest
> By my relation".

Steevens asserts that *scale* is used in the north for 'spread abroad', 'disperse'.

86. On the fable of the Belly, cf. Appendix B.

88. **only**. Either 'the belly alone remained', or 'the belly remained like nothing so much as a gulf'. On *gulf*, cf. Glossary.

90. **cupboarding**, putting into itself, as into a cupboard. Shakespeare assumes the right to make a verb or participle, without more ado, out of almost any noun, and in almost any relation to the noun-idea. Thus, in this play, *side* (i. 1. 184) = 'take sides with'; *feebling* (i. 1. 186) = 'speaking of as feeble', 'depreciating'; *fielded* (i. 4. 12) = 'in the field'; *agued* (i. 4. 38) = 'having the effect of an ague'; *horsed* (ii. 1. 195) = 'bestridden'; *dispropertied* (ii. 1. 232) = 'emptied of properties'; *roted* (iii. 2. 55) = 'learnt by rote'; *tent* (iii. 2. 116) = 'pitch their tents'; *knee* (v. 1. 5) = 'make upon one's knees'; *coy* (v. 1. 6) = 'show coyness, or unwillingness'; *office* (v. 2. 59) = 'keep by virtue of his office'; *servanted* (v. 2. 76) = 'made servants to'; *godded* (v. 3. 11) = 'made a god of'; *virgin it* (v. 3. 48) = 'remain a virgin'; *throne* (v. 4. 21) = 'to sit enthroned'; *wage* (v. 6. 39) = 'pay wages to'; *unchild* (v. 6. 150) = 'rob of children'.

viand, not elsewhere used in singular by Shakespeare; cf. Glossary.

91. **where**, for 'whereas'. Cf. *Abbott*, § 134.

93. **mutually participate**, taking shares together. *Participate* is used as an active participle; cf. 'reverberate' for 'reverberating' in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 291, "Halloo your name to the reverberate hills".

94. **affection**, desire. Cf. l. 181 and Glossary.

97. Menenius illustrates his remarks by a scornful smile, not of genuine merriment, but of contempt. The Clarendon Press editor quotes of the genuine laugh *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 30, "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer".

98. Menenius began his fable with a political motive. He has now become interested in his own artistic treatment of it. The belly "laughed at their folly" in *North*, § 17, so that Menenius' jest is really a bit of literary criticism on Shakespeare's part.

99. tauntingly. So F 4; F 1 has *taintingly*; F 2, 3 *tantingly*.

101. his receipt, 'what he received'. *His* is the regular Shakespearean form for the genitive of the neuter, as well as the masculine pronoun. *Its* occurs very rarely in the Qq. and Ff. Transitional forms are *it's* and *it*. *It* occurs about fourteen times in F 1. In the Authorized Version of the Bible, *his* is almost invariable, but *it* occurs in *Leviticus*, xxv. 5, "of it own accord". Cf. *Abbott*, § 228; Craik, *English of Shakespeare*, p. 91; and Sweet, *Short English Grammar*, §§ 359, 399.

104. The citizen is excited to eloquence, and therefore, from this point, speaks in blank verse instead of prose.

Your: the ethic pronoun, used colloquially. Cf. line 117, note, and ii. 1. 190, note.

110. 'Fore me. Wright suggests that this oath was an euphemism for "'fore God'; but does it not mean 'God before me', 'God defend me'?

Menenius soon loses his temper when he finds his persuasions not very effective.

116. you 'st. So the Ff. According to Wright the contraction is a provincialism; but does it not represent 'you shall', as distinguished from 'you 'll' or 'you will'?

117. me, the 'ethical' dative, introducing a person interested in the action of the verb; cf. *Abbott*, § 220.

120. incorporate, united in one body.

128. The strongest nerves. We have inverted the usual Elizabethan terminology, using 'sinews' for the Elizabethan 'nerves' and *vice versa*.

134. make my audit up, balance my accounts.

137. It was an answer; and a good one, so far as the belly was concerned; but Menenius' difficulty will be to show that the nobles also, like the belly, yield the flour to others, and keep but the bran themselves.

145. Menenius has learnt one of the arts of the public speaker, to single out the most prominent of his interrupters and disconcert him by making him ridiculous. But on the whole his speech has not been a success. In North his persuasions "pacified the people"; in Shakespeare they have no effect. The whole episode only serves to bring out the complete divergence between the noble and the plebeian points of view. And one feels that the citizen, who has shown a good deal of shrewd common sense, and has escaped all the pitfalls of Menenius' dialectic, has really had the best of it. Menenius' argument, when analysed, is only the ordinary sophistry by which the middlemen and the unproductive classes generally justify to themselves their own appropriation of nine-tenths of the profits of industry. It is very plausible, but not calculated to convince a starving proletariate.

149. **worst in blood to run**, in the worst condition for running. The metaphor is from the chase: a 'rascal' is a deer in bad condition: cf. Glossary. The phrase "in blood" recurs in iv. 5. 425.

152. Menenius admits that his attempts at conciliation have proved a failure. He lets out his real opinion about the plebeians. They are no part of Rome, as he conceives it; Rome will be better without them.

154. At Coriolanus' first appearance we see something of both sides of him, his valour and chivalry in lines 214–242, and his insolence to the plebeians in lines 153–213. He analyses the worser side of their character pointedly enough, seeing nothing of its redeeming features, and without a jot of sympathy.

There is nothing in Plutarch which corresponds directly to lines 153–270. The election of tribunes is briefly mentioned (*North*, § 18), and the outbreak of war with Corioles (§ 20).

155. **the poor itch of your opinion.** That the rabble should have an opinion at all, is to Coriolanus a sign of an unhealthy condition in the state. Unless they leave it alone, they will only make themselves the more uncomfortable for it. The choice of metaphor is characteristic. The mob are always, physically as well as spiritually, offensive to Coriolanus. The grammar may either be 'make for yourselves scabs' or 'make yourselves into scabs'. 'Scab' was a common term of abuse: cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 105—

"*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow."

166. 'To glorify the criminal whose offence has brought him into trouble.'

167. **that justice did it.** For the omission of the relative before 'did', cf. *Abbott*, § 244.

168. **affections**: cf. line 94, note.

172. **Hang ye! Trust ye?** The line would be more effective if we accepted Coleridge's conjectured order, *Trust ye? Hang ye!*

175. **your garland**, 'that which you delighted to honour'; 'the ornament of your city'. I do not find the word quite in this sense elsewhere. In i. 9. 60 and ii. 1. 112 it is used as 'the emblem of victory'.

179. Coriolanus does not wish the plebeians to address him directly; he prefers to learn their demands through Menenius.

184. **side factions**, take sides with factions; cf. line 90, note.

186. **feebling**, treating as feeble, depreciating; cf. line 90, note.

190. **these quarter'd slaves.** The logical order is, 'I'ld quarter thousands of these slaves, and make a quarry of them'.

193. The discretion of the plebeians is not really persuaded by

Menenius' arguments, nor their cowardice by Coriolanus' bluster. But Menenius will not miss his chance for an epigram.

197. **an-hungry**, with a reminiscence of *S. Matthew*, xxv. 35, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat".

proverbs. The Clarendon Press editor quotes Archbishop Trench, *Proverbs and their Lessons*, pp. 2, 3, "In a fastidious age indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or no 'man of fashion', as I think is his exact phrase, 'ever uses a proverb'. And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy with the people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs and of their frequent employment of these."

202. **generosity**, not in its ethical sense, but in that of the *generosi* or men of good birth.

203. **threw their caps**, a common folk's trick; cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 246, "the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps".

205. **Shouting**. So Pope for the *Shooting* of the Ff.

206. **tribunes**. This episode, with the names of the tribunes, is from *North*, § 18.

209. **unroof'd**. So Theobald for the *unroo'st* of the Ff.

211. **Win upon power**, take advantage of the power already won to win more.

214. The insurrection has already been well-nigh quelled, not by the methods of Menenius or Coriolanus, but by the grant of tribunes. The outbreak of war completes the business. And now the finer side of Coriolanus, to which our attention is to be directed in this act, comes into play. At the first whisper of danger he becomes the champion of Rome. His high-bred courtesy towards his fellow-captains contrasts markedly with his former manner towards the plebeians.

217. **Our musty superfluity**, this herd of plebeians who have gone bad (*i.e.* proud; cf. line 161) with peace.

220. **put you to 't**, 'give you a tough job'. The personal rivalry between Coriolanus and Tullus Aufidius is at once emphasized.

223. **he**, for 'him'; cf. *Abbott*, § 206.

225. **I 'ld revolt**; this is prophetic, in view of what follows. Coriolanus' valour has its root in selfishness, not in any deep spirit of patriotism.

226. **Only my wars with him**, an inversion for 'my wars only with him'; cf. i. 1. 40, and *Abbott*, § 420.

230. **Lartius**. The Ff., here and occasionally, misprint *Lucius*.

232. **standst out?** Not 'Are you obstinate?' but 'Do you stand aside from this campaign?' Titus Lartius is old and 'stiff', with rheumatism, perhaps.

237. Cominius, who takes precedence as consul, passes Coriolanus with a bow and a courteous salutation.

242. Plutarch makes the citizens go bravely to battle when the sedition is over (*North*, §§ 18, 19). Shakespeare exaggerâtes their cowardice, in order to provide a foil to Coriolanus, and to explain his contempt of them.

243. The brief scene between the tribunes calls attention to them as somewhat important factors in the plot. It is to be observed that they misinterpret Coriolanus, being as unable to understand his nature as he is unwilling to understand the plebeians.

245. The tribunes think at least as much of their personal dignity and interest as of the people they represent.

249. **devour him**, an optative rather than an indicative. Brutus goes on, 'Such valour, coupled with such pride, is dangerous'.

255. **whom**, for 'which'; cf. *Abbott*, § 264.

263. **demerits.** Shakespeare seems occasionally to use the word as equivalent, and not as opposed to 'merits'; cf. *Othello*, i. 2. 22—

> "My demerits
> May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
> As this that I have reach'd".

The Latin *demereo* of course = *mereo*. In *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 226, 'demerits' is used in a bad sense; it only occurs thus three times. But probably it was originally neutral, like 'deserts'. Leo's conjecture *due merits* is attractive.

269. **his singularity**, with what troops, to back up his personal valour, which will count for more than anything in the expedition.

Scene 2.

This short scene serves to introduce Aufidius, and completes the change of interest from the politics of Rome to her external wars.

There is nothing corresponding directly to the scene in Plutarch. Tullus Aufidius and the personal rivalry between him and Coriolanus are first mentioned at a later period (*North*, § 72).

2. **are enter'd in**, have got the secret of.

4. **have.** So F 1; the later Ff. read *hath*. 'Whatever' is apparently a plural here.

6. **Had circumvention**, *i.e.* had sufficient warning to be able to circumvent us.

24. **ere almost Rome**, an inversion for 'almost ere Rome'; cf. i. 1. 33, note.

28. **for the remove**, *i.e.* 'to remove them', 'to raise the siege'. Sufficient interval elapses between scenes 1 and 2 to allow news from Rome to reach Corioles.

Scene 3.

Shakespeare humanizes his plays of public life by putting his principal characters in relation to women. Volumnia is important for the sequel, and the ideal which Coriolanus has before him is reflected in her, for she has inspired it and helps to keep it alive. Virgilia, tender and shy, adds the touch of pathos otherwise lacking in this hard play, but she does not count for much in Coriolanus' life.

The names of Valeria, Volumnia, and Virgilia come from Plutarch (*North*, §§ 105–107), who also mentions Volumnia's influence over her son (*North*, §§ 10, 11), and Coriolanus' winning of the oaken crown (*North*, § 6). Otherwise the scene is Shakespeare's own.

10. **if renown made it not stir**; the 'it' is, I think, Marcius' 'person', his noble appearance, which would better become the stirring activity of war than the repose of peace.

12. **a cruel war**, the battle against the Tarquins at Lake Regillus, according to Plutarch (*North*, § 5), who explains that the oaken garland was the reward for saving a fellow-Roman's life in battle.

24. **retire myself**: for the reflexive use, cf. *Abbott*, § 296, and *Richard II.*, iv. 1. 96—

> "And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
> To Italy".

26. **hither**; another inversion for 'your husband's drum, as he comes hither'; cf. i. 1. 33, note.

27. Steevens read *down Aufidius* for *Aufidius down*, on account of the metre. I think we should scan,

> See him pluck' | Aufi' | dius | down' by | the hair'.

28. **from.** The idea of 'flying' is taken out of 'shunning'; otherwise 'shunning from a bear' would not be strictly idiomatic.

30. One sees that Volumnia encourages her son's worser side as well as his better.

34. **to mow or all**, another inversion for 'or to mow all'; cf. i. 1. 33, note.

35. The masculine and the feminine types of women are well contrasted in Volumnia and Virgilia.

40. **At Grecian sword, contemning.** The Ff. readings are—

> F 1, 'At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*',

as if *Contenning* were the name of the gentlewoman.

F 2, 'At Grecian swordes *Contending*: tell Valeria'.
F 3, 'At Grecian swords Contending: tell Valeria'.
F 4, 'At *Grecian* swords contending: tell Valeria'.

Many emendations have been attempted, but I think the choice lies between that of Collier and Leo adopted in the text, and Capell's—

'At Grecian swords' contending'.

I prefer the former as giving the finest sense and rhythm, and as coming nearest to F 1.

48. **you are manifest house-keepers**, you have clearly settled down for a morning indoors: cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 3. 1, "A goodly day not to keep house".

49. **a fine spot**, a pretty pattern: so the handkerchief in *Othello*, iii. 3. 435 is 'spotted', or 'embroidered' 'with strawberries'.

54. **the father's son.** I think there is a bit of symbolism here, of a more direct kind than is usual with Shakespeare. Just as the child pursues the gilded butterfly, so the father pursues his ideal of honour, and in the end, after a check, himself 'mammocks' it.

56. **'has.** The Ff. have *h'as* or *ha's*. The pronoun *he* colloquially becomes *a* and then is altogether omitted, or rather merged with the following verb. Cf. *Abbott*, §§ 400, 402. The usage is frequent in Browning, *e.g.* in *Caliban upon Setebos*:

"'Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire", &c.

confirmed, resolute.

57. **a gilded butterfly.** Does Shakespeare mean the pale Sulphur, or the orange and white Orange-tip, or one of the Clouded Yellows, of various shades, or one of the orange-brown Fritillaries? 'Gilded' is not a very happy epithet for any one of them, but on the other hand it hints at the superficial gloriousness of Coriolanus' ideal.

63. **la**, a common Elizabethan colloquialism, used to strengthen an assertion: cf. Glossary.

64. **a crack**, a boy: cf. *2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2. 34, "when a' was a crack not thus high". The term is slightly depreciatory, as a modern mother might speak of a child of hers, that a visitor has praised, as 'a little imp'.

67. **I will not out of doors.** A verb of motion is often omitted after an auxiliary expressing intention: cf. *Abbott*, § 405.

99. **disease**, make uneasy or uncomfortable.

104. **at a word**, once for all.

There has been another short interval between scenes 2 and 3, leaving time for news from the Roman army to reach Rome.

Scenes 4–9.

These contain a single dramatic subject, the capture of Corioles and defeat of the Volsces. Coriolanus stands forth as the champion of Rome. His intrepid personal valour twice turns the fortunes of the day. Like an Homeric chieftain he meets the leader of the enemy in single combat. His single-eyed pursuit of honour bespeaks our enthusiasm. This day's deeds make him a hero, putting him on such a level that his ultimate failure shall appear as a real tragedy. For the moment his worser side is in the shade, betraying itself only to a cool-headed and subtle observation.

The narrative follows fairly closely after Plutarch (*North*, §§ 21–30). Shakespeare has added no incident of importance, he has, however, made a slight but significant alteration in the episode of the Volscian prisoner (i. 9. 90, note); he has replaced the more general account of the second fight (*North*, § 26) by the duel between Coriolanus and Aufidius; and he has put the events of scene 9 on the day of the battle instead of on the day after. All these changes have a purpose. The first brings out a trait in Coriolanus' character; the second gives variety, and emphasizes the personal rivalry with Aufidius; the third is an instance of the common dramatic practice of compressing a series of events by the omission of intervals.

Scene 4.

Cf. *North's Plutarch*, §§ 20–22. Cominius has divided his army into two parts: one, under Coriolanus and Titus Lartius, he sends to assail the city; with the other he himself advances to meet a Volscian army under Tullus Aufidius in the open field hard by (cf. i. 2. 25–29; i. 3. 107–112; *North*, § 20).

1–7. The wager is not in Plutarch, who, however, makes Cominius present Coriolanus with a horse after the battle (*North*, § 27; and i. 9. 60).

8. **mile and half.** Steevens wished to omit *and half*, because of i. 6. 16, "'T is not a mile", but this small kind of consistency is not to be expected from Shakespeare. He also thought the change would improve the metre; but there is nothing unusual in the 6-foot line, especially as it is broken: cf. Essay on Metre, § 15 (i).

12. **fielded friends**, *i.e.* 'friends in the field': cf. i. 1. 90, note.

14. **less than he**, Johnson would read *more than he*; but it is Aufidius' contempt for Coriolanus on which stress is being laid, not that of the other Volsces.

15. **lesser.** Double comparatives are not uncommon in Shakespeare: cf. *Abbott*, § 11.

23. **forth**, an adverb used as a preposition = 'from': cf. *Abbott*, § 156.

26. **beyond our thoughts**, 'more than we expected'.

30. Upon the field of battle and in the presence of such manifest cowardice, Coriolanus' habitual language towards the common people seems excusable and even natural.

the south, always regarded by Shakespeare as a malarious wind: cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 323—

> "A south-west blow on ye
> And blister you all o'er".

31, 32. The arrangement of the text is Johnson's. F 1, F 2 have:

> *You Shames of Rome; you Heard of Byles and Plagues*
> *Plaister you o're.*

Collier read: *Unheard of boils and plagues.*

34. **Against the wind**, and therefore in a direction where infection would least easily be carried.

35. Marcius' language reminds one of a boating coach in a temper and rather out of breath.

38. **agued fear**, fear which has the effect of an ague: cf. i. 1. 90, note.

home, *i.e.* right into the enemy, as a spear 'strikes home'.

42. **trenches followed.** So Ff. 2–4 : F1 has *followes*. The Clarendon Press editors omit the word, thinking it has crept in from the stage-direction below. Collier reads: *trenches. Follow!*

46. Shakespeare is careful to admit that the commoner Romans are, as a matter of fact, cowards.

47. **To th' pot**, to death. We still say in slang that a thing has 'gone to pot': cf. Peele, *Edward I.* (ed. Bullen, i. 129):

> "King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
> For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot";

and Heywood's *Proverbs*:

> "And where the small with the great cannot agree,
> The weaker goeth to the pot we all day see".

53. 'Who, although he can feel pain, outdares his sword which cannot.'

54. **stands.** Rowe's emendation of the Ff. stand'st, which may be justified on the view that Lartius is now, regardless of grammar, addressing Coriolanus directly.

left, possibly 'forsaken'; but the phrase may mean, 'Thou art Marcius to the last'. Editors have somewhat feebly proposed *lost* and *reft*.

57. **Cato's wish.** So Theobald for the *Calues wish* of the Ff. The emendation is justified by *North*, § 21: "For he was even such

another, as Cato would have a soldier and captain to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and the grimness of his countenance".

61. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 66—

"Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake".

62. **make remain**, 'stay with him', 'share his fate'.

Scene 5.

The looting soldiers contrast ill with Coriolanus, who is not, of material things at least, covetous: cf. *North*, § 23.

Stage-direction. **with a trumpet**, *i.e.* a trumpeter.

4. **these movers.** The term is, I think, ironical—'these idle fellows who are loitering when they should be moving'.

hours. Rowe unnecessarily proposed *honours*.

6. **of a doit**, 'worth a doit'. In iv. 4. 17 it='about a doit'.

hangmen, who received the clothes of criminals they executed as a customary perquisite.

9. **noise**, *i.e.* the "alarum afar off" (stage-direction above).

12. **make good**; a technical military term, 'make safe against attack or rescue'.

24. **than those.** The grammar is a little loose. 'Than theirs' would be more precise.

Scene 6.

Cf. *North*, §§ 24, 25.

1. Cominius' manner to his defeated soldiers contrasts somewhat with that of Coriolanus.

2. **in our stands**, when we make our stands.

6. **Ye Roman gods! Lead.** So Hanmer, for *The Roman gods, Lead* of the Ff. The change is made probable by the *you* of line 9, and the error of the Ff. is easily explained by the common MS. contraction *Ye* for *The*.

16. **briefly**, a short time back: cf. Glossary.

17. **confound**, waste: cf. Glossary.

24. **Come I too late?** North in a passage not directly used by Shakespeare (§ 24) describes the anxiety of Marcius "that he might come in time to the battle, and in good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen". But in Shakespeare Marcius' desire is much more to meet Aufidius than to defend his countrymen.

27. Cf. iii. 2. 114, note.

36. **him**, the one. For the use in antithesis to *th' other* cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 80, "Desire his jewels and this other's house".

39. The metaphor expresses the absolute control in which Titus Lartius holds Corioles. The *to let him slip at will* completes the picture of the leashed greyhound, but has no particular relevance to the comparison.

42. **inform**, used transitively = 'tell'.

43. Coriolanus generally becomes a little incoherent when he speaks of or to 'the common file'. There is an aposiopesis here, 'the common file [would have given up altogether]'.

46. **I do not think.** So the Ff. Editors have conjectured *think so* and *think it*. But apparently the object is omitted.

53. **Antiates.** So Pope for the *Antients* or *Ancients* of the Ff. The emendation is justified by line 59, "Aufidius and his Antiates", and *North*, § 25.

60. **delay the present**, 'remain any longer in our present condition of retreat'.

61. **advanced**, a technical term, of swords or banners uplifted for an advance. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 96, "And death's pale flag is not advanced there".

67. Marcius' speech sets forth his ideal of military honour in its finest aspect. His pettiness has disappeared in the moment of danger.

68. **this painting.** Cf. *King John*, iv. 2. 253, "painted with the crimson drops of blood".

70. **lesser**: cf. i. 4. 15, note.

his person, *i.e.* 'danger to his person'.

76. **O, me alone! make you a sword of me?** This is nearly the reading of the Ff.: *O me alone, make you a sword of me.* Various emendations have been proposed, *e.g. Let me alone* (Heath); *Of me alone* (Collier); *O, come along* (Singer); *O, me aloft* (Leo); but all are quite unnecessary. Coriolanus protests good-humouredly against his 'chairing'. He says, 'Is it me alone you 'advance'? Advance your swords rather'.

83. **As cause will be obey'd**, as occasion shall arise.

84. **And four shall.** This again has been freely emended: *e.g. And I shall* (Hudson); *And some shall* (Singer); but there seems no reason for altering the Ff. text. The 'four' are the subordinate officers to whom Coriolanus assigns the duty of picking out his 'command'.

Scene 7.

This has no direct parallel in Plutarch.

Scene 8

Cf. *North*, § 26; but instead of representing the whole battle, an impossibility on the stage, Shakespeare has concentrated attention on the protagonists, Coriolanus and Aufidius.

4. **and envy**, *i.e.* 'your envy of me, your better'. But possibly 'envy' is a verb, co-ordinate with 'abhor'; cf. *North*, § 72, "Tullus did...malice and envy him". In Shakespeare 'envy' has much the general sense of 'hatred'; cf. iii. 3. 3, "his envy to the people".

12. **the whip of your bragg'd progeny.** The 'bragged progeny' is of course the Trojans, from whom the Romans claimed descent, 'progeny' being used in the general sense of 'race'. Hector was the Trojan 'whip' or champion. But the taunt would be more effective if Aufidius swore 'by him who whipped your ancestors'. Has he confused Hector and Achilles?

15. 'By seconding me in such a damned cowardly fashion.'

Scene 9.

Cf. *North*, §§ 27–30. Shakespeare, however, puts this scene on the day of the battle, Plutarch on the day after. Now that the flurry of the battle is over, we have time to notice Coriolanus a little more closely, and observe the points of weakness peeping out beneath his armour of valour and magnanimity. This scene is prophetic of the next act.

2. **Thou 'lt.** So F 4; Ff. 1–3 have *Thou't.* 'Will' not unfrequently follows 'should', where we should expect 'would'. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, i. 2. 85—

> "If I should pay your worship those again,
> Perchance you will not bear them patiently".

4. **and shrug**; the great patricians being naturally cynics. Cf. "And those who came to scoff remained to pray".

7. **plebeians.** Accent 'plébeians'; and cf. Essay on Metre, § 10 (i).

11. **Having fully dined before**, *i.e.* in taking Corioles.

12. Coriolanus is the horse, the other generals merely his trappings. The metaphor, like the wager in i. 4. 1–7, is apparently, as Delius points out, suggested by the mention in *North*, § 27, of "a goodly horse with a caparison" given by Cominius to Marcius; cf. i. 9. 60.

13. The humility of Coriolanus only covers a subtler pride. He will not be praised for his valour, for that praise implies that he has done something exceptional and surprising; and he does not wish brave deeds to be thought exceptional and surprising in him.

19. **Hath overta'en mine act**, has done more than I have, for I have not done all I would.

22. **a traducement**, a slander. 'To keep silence would be to rob you of the good name you deserve, and this would be worse than an ordinary theft.'

29. **Should they not**, *i.e.* should they not hear themselves remembered.

31. **tent themselves**, probe themselves, make themselves smart, not with being spoken of, but with death.

37. Coriolanus is genuinely uncovetous of money: to soil his hands with a reward would not be consistent with his conception of himself.

41–47. This is the most difficult passage in the play. F 1 reads—the variations in Ff. 2–4 are unimportant—

> *May these same Instruments, which you profane,*
> *Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall*
> *I' th' field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be*
> *Made all of false-faced soothing:*
> *When Steele grows soft, as the Parasite's Silke,*
> *Let him be made an Overture for th' Warres:*
> *No more I say, for that I have not wash'd*, &c.

In line 43 Warburton proposed to read *let camps, as cities*, on the ground that cities being already corrupt, do not need the example of camps to become so. Shakespeare's point, however, is, 'If camps become flatterers, then let us not be surprised that courts and cities are altogether given up to flattery'. Clarke quotes a parallel use of 'let' from *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 82—

> "Rebellious hell,
> If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
> To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
> And melt in her own fire".

The real crux lies in line 46, *Let him be made an overture for the wars*. 'Overture' can only mean here a 'proposal' or 'offer' of war, as in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 225, "I bring no overture of war"; and how then can either 'steel', or 'a parasite', or 'silk' be 'an overture'? Warburton proposed *let hymns be made*, and Schmidt, in his Lexicon, *be made an overseer*. Amongst many other ingenious emendations not the least is also due to Schmidt, who would rearrange the lines thus—

> *When drums and trumpets shall*
> *I' th' field prove flatterers, let 'em be made*
> *An overture for th' wars no more, I say!*
> *When steel grows soft as th' parasite's silk, let courts*
> *And cities be made all of false-faced soothing.*

It seems to me impossible to maintain *overture*; I have therefore adopted Tyrwhitt's conjecture of *coverture*, referring it to 'steel'. I have also, wth several editors, slightly rearranged the lines so as to

bring *no more I say* into the first instead of the second period of the speech. This avoids two unmotived short lines in lines 44 and 50. It also makes Coriolanus' wish about the steel parallel to his wish about the instruments, 'Let these degenerate instruments and this degenerate steel be used for war no more'.

46. **him.** The masculine appears to be used for the neuter. Perhaps the common use of *his* as the genitive alike of *he* and *it* (cf. i. 1. 108, note) may have led to this irregularity.

51, 52. 'As if I loved my small achievement should be stuffed out, made to appear bigger than it is.' For 'in' instead of 'with' after 'dieted', cf. *Lover's Complaint*, 261, "disciplined, ay, dieted in grace".

54. **give you,** represent you.

64. **Caius Marcius.** Here and in line 66, as well as in other places, the Ff. read *Marcus Caius* or *Marcius Caius*.

65. **addition,** often in the sense of 'title', or what we call 'a handle to one's name'.

67. Coriolanus behaves as one glad to get his glorification over, and escape to more important business.

71. **undercrest,** wear it as a crest.

88. **free as is the wind,** cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 47—

> "I must have liberty
> Withal, as large a charter as the wind
> To blow on whom I please";

and *Tempest*, i. 2. 498—

> "Thou shalt be free
> As mountain winds".

89. **By Jupiter! forgot.** This is a very characteristic touch added by Shakespeare to Plutarch's account. Coriolanus' request is made entirely out of a sense of what his own magnanimity requires of him. His real interest in the prisoner, except as an occasion for the exercise of this virtue, is nothing.

Scenes 4–9 may be taken as occurring at much the same time as scene 3. They cover a single day.

Scene 10.

The chief object of this scene is to keep Aufidius and his Volscians before us. They will have a part to play later on, and must not therefore be forgotten.

The scene has no direct equivalent in Plutarch. Aufidius and his rivalry with Coriolanus are first mentioned in *North*, § 71.

4, 5. 'As a Volsce, I can only be a defeated man, and that doesn't suit my real character.'

5. condition. There is a pun on the two senses of the word, as (*a*) terms, (*b*) quality, character. The puns in Shakespeare's later plays are mostly of this grimly ironical character.

13. Coleridge's criticism deserves quoting: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take it for granted that this is in nature, and not a mere anomaly; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment as this. However, I presume that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius' character."

where, whereas; cf. i. 1. 91, and *Abbott*, § 134.

16. **Or...or** = 'either...or'; cf. *Abbott*, § 136.

22. **embarquements,** restraints; cf. Glossary.

25. **upon my brother's guard,** were my brother guarding him.

26. **the hospitable canon,** the laws of hospitality. Almost any relation between two noun-ideas can be expressed in Shakespeare by making one of them an adjective of the other; cf. ii. 1. 158, note.

31. **south the city mills.** So F 1. Tyrwhitt conjectured '*south* the city a mile', on the ground that Shakespeare could not have known anything about mills at Antium. But, as Malone points out, "Shakespeare frequently introduces these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 128—

'underneath the grove of Sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side'."

Nor is it necessary, with the Clarendon Press editor, to point out that at any rate there were mills on the Thames near the Globe Theatre.

31–33. A somewhat elaborate way of saying, 'Let me know how things are, that I may direct my actions accordingly'.

Scene 10 may be supposed to take place on the same day as scenes 4–9. It is followed by an interval during which Coriolanus and the army returned to Rome.

Act II.—Scene 1.

The subject of the first act was the nobility of Coriolanus; for all his faults he is lifted before our eyes to an heroic level. The subject of the second act is his inherent weakness, leading up to and explaining the tragic crisis of his fate in the third act. The first need for a would-be leader of men is a certain sympathy with average everyday humanity. Of this Coriolanus has nothing; he is too completely self-centred and self-absorbed. It is the function of the second act

to bring this out, and to show how irreconcilable is the hostility between him and the plebeians. The crucial test of this is the canvassing for the consulship, in which Coriolanus' insolent demeanour gives occasion to his enemies the tribunes to destroy the momentary popularity which he has won by his valour.

Scene I prepares the way for new interests. The war is over; civil affairs come to the front. The conversation of Menenius and the tribunes (lines 1–89) shows us how politics stand in Rome before Coriolanus' return. The rest of the scene shows the sort of welcome he receives from patricians (lines 90–194) and plebeians (lines 195–260).

The scene is not taken from Plutarch. Shakespeare omits what is contained in *North*, §§ 33–35, the colonization of Velitres, and the forays against the Antiates. In the play these could only be episodes, obscuring the main dramatic march of the plot. The dearth and second sedition, which in *North*, § 32, follows the war with Corioles, has already been merged by Shakespeare with the earlier sedition in act i. scene I.

1. Menenius, not a very serious politician, nor personally very dignified, finds it exceedingly amusing to 'roast' the tribunes. He does not, however, come off without some home-truths in return. Shakespeare is fairly impartial in his analysis of the weaknesses of both parties. To his cynical point of view there is not much to choose between them. And how vivid and characteristic his portraits are. Just so might a genial Pall-Mall club-man and a couple of London county-councillors satirize each other to-day.

6. **who**, somewhat loose grammar for 'whom'; cf. *Abbott*, § 274.

14. **In...in.** The preposition is sometimes repeated for the sake of clearness when it has occurred a good way back in the sentence; cf. *Abbott*, § 407.

16. It can only be by accident that this prose line falls into a blank-verse rhythm.

20. **censured**, esteemed, regarded; cf. Glossary.

o' th' right-hand file, the patricians, who, to Menenius, are 'the city'.

25. After all the tribunes keep their tempers a good deal better than Menenius, who sets out with the deliberate intention of irritating them, and becomes very testy, just as he did in act i. scene I, when the tables are turned against himself.

33. **single**, with a play on the sense of 'simple', 'feeble': cf. *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2. 207, "your chin double, your wit single".

35. Johnson finds here an "allusion to the fable, which says that every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbours' faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own".

42. Menenius admits that he has failings, but implies they are the failings of a good fellow and a gentleman. The tribunes don't think

that to be a good fellow and a gentleman counts for much, and sum him up pretty smartly in l. 72.

42. **humorous**, whimsical: cf. Glossary.

43. **allaying Tiber.** Steevens pointed out an imitation of this phrase in Lovelace's lines *To Althea from Prison*—

> "When flowing cups run swiftly round,
> With no allaying Thames".

44. *i.e.* 'not perhaps a man of very cautious or judicial disposition'. Menenius is not, like the tribunes, of the 'magistrate' order of mind, which he further describes in lines 60–70. No emendation is required, certainly not Collier's *the thirst complaint*, or Leo's *savouring the feast* (or *fish*) *of Lent*.

45. **motion**, motive: cf. Glossary.

46. **the buttock of the night**, *i.e.* the small hours of the night. For the expression cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 94, "in the posteriors of the day, which the rude multitude call, the afternoon", and *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 4. 91—

> "Thou art a summer bird,
> Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
> The lifting up of day".

49. **Lycurguses.** Lycurgus was the wise lawgiver of Sparta.

50. **cannot.** So Capell for the *can* of the Ff.

52. **the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables**, *i.e.* 'nearly every word a foolish one'. Menenius, out of irony, speaks in elaborate phrases, intended to be over the heads of the tribunes.

55. **the map of my microcosm**, that is 'in my face', which is to the 'microcosm' man, what a map is to the 'macrocosm' the world. See Glossary *s.v. microcosm*. A face is elsewhere compared to a map: cf. *Sonnet*, lxviii. 1—

> "Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn".

56. **known well enough too.** Menenius takes this in the sense in which Sicinius meant it (line 41), *i.e.* 'pretty notorious', 'known well enough and not thought much of'. The phrase rankles a little.

57. **bisson.** So Theobald for the *beesome* of F 1, F 2. The word, which = 'purblind', is preserved in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 529. Cf. Glossary. Mr. A. P. Paton upholds *besom* in the sense of 'sweeping'.

61. **for...caps and legs**, *i.e.* 'to be bowed and scraped to'.

62. The tribunes did not decide law-suits, but of course Shakespeare has in mind the city justices of his own day.

63. **forset-seller.** So F 1–3 : F 4 has *fauset-seller*. Most editors read with Rowe, *fosset-seller*; *i.e.* seller of faucets or wine-taps: but Mr. A. P. Paton found from Gouldman's Dictionary that

Forset is the equivalent of Cistella, Arcella, &c., 'a little Chest, Casket, or Coffer'.

64. **of threepence,** 'about threepence': cf. iv. 4. 17, "of a doit".

66. **faces like mummers,** *i.e.* the absurdly exaggerated contortions of the performers in a country mumming, or Christmas play.

67. **set up the bloody flag,** *i.e.* 'declare war'; a red flag being the sign of battle.

72, 73. **perfecter...than a necessary,** *i.e.* 'more perfect as a witty diner-out than necessary as a statesman'. The comparative 'perfecter' does not occur elsewhere.

74. Menenius has become more abusive than witty. The shaft of the tribunes, who hinted that even by the patricians he is not taken very seriously, has gone home.

80. **in a cheap estimation,** without exaggerating his value.

83. **being,** 'you being'; the participial phrase is not strictly connected with either the subject or the object of the main sentence, but loosely with 'your'.

86. Again there is a strong contrast between Menenius' manner towards the tribunes and that towards the noble ladies of his own order.

94. **Take my cap, Jupiter.** Menenius throws up his cap to Jupiter, god of the sky. It was a somewhat undignified proceeding for a patrician: cf. i. 1. 203, note.

99. **a letter for me.** Menenius' affection for Coriolanus is the one serious emotion he displays. He proposes to celebrate the joyful event in a characteristic fashion by getting drunk.

104. **Galen,** an anachronism, of course. Galen was born in 131 A.D.

111. **On 's brows,** *i.e.* 'he brings victory on 's brows'.

112. **the oaken garland:** cf. i. 3. 13, note.

113. **disciplined,** as we say 'given him a lesson', or as an East End mother says to her brat, 'I 'll teach yer'.

117. **fidiused,** a humorously-formed verb from Aufidius' name. Mr. Beeching compares *Henry V.*, iv. 4. 29, "Master Fer! I 'll fer him", and *Merry Wives*, iv. 2. 19, "Come, mother Prat; I 'll prat her".

122. **name,** *i.e.* fame, honour.

128. **pow waw.** Volumnia thinks her gentle daughter-in-law a poor creature.

130. **your good worships.** Menenius has quite recovered his good-humour, even with the tribunes.

134. **his place,** the consulship.

136. **nine.** Menenius is not adding three to Volumnia's seven and making nine of them. He corrects her number by adding up all the Tarquin wounds, first aloud, then to himself, and finds there were nine.

144. **noise,** *i.e.* music: cf. Glossary.

145. **nervy,** sinewy: cf. i. 1. 131, note.

146. On the rhyme-tag, cf. Essay on Metre, § 17 (*a*).

declines, falls.

Stage-direction. Mr. Daniel proposed to omit *and Titus Lartius*, on the ground that, as i. 9. 74 and ii. 2. 34 show, he was still at Corioles. But, as Mr. Beeching points out, it is clear from the words *between them*, and from the "You are three" of line 176, that the slip is Shakespeare's.

149. **to,** in addition to.

150. **Coriolanus.** So Steevens for the *Martius Caius Coriolanus* of the Ff. Scan

"In hon'- | our fol'- | lows— | Co'ri- | ola'(nus)".

The third foot is completed by a pause, to give due emphasis to the resounding name which follows. Cf. Essay on Metre, § 14.

153. Again, as in i. 9. 13, Coriolanus affects an humility which he does not really feel. But here it is the plaudits of the multitude which offend him, far more than the individual congratulations of the patricians.

156. **my good soldier.** 'My soldier', not 'my son'; this is characteristic of Volumnia.

158. **deed-achieving honour,** 'honour won by achieving deeds'. Another instance of Shakespeare's habit of expressing almost any relation between two ideas by making one of them an adjective of the other: cf. i. 10. 26, note.

160. **My gracious silence.** Coriolanus rarely speaks to his wife; she rarely speaks at all: we are left to infer the relations between them. Yet in Virgilia is the whole tenderness of the play; she provides the necessary touches of pathos without which the tragedy would be hard and unrelieved.

165. **live you yet?** For the form of greeting to Menenius, cf. that of Benedick to Beatrice in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 119, "What, my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?"

171. **You.** So Ff. 2–4 for the *Yon* of F 1.

173. **some old crab-trees,** *i.e.* the tribunes.

174. **to your relish,** so as to bear fruit to your taste. The metaphor is much the same as that of lines 50, 51.

175. 'The tribunes are fools, but they are as little worth considering as those equally unpleasant weeds, the nettles.' Not a very wise bit of political prophecy on Menenius' part.

177. **Menenius, ever, ever.** Editors quote as a parallel, *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 63, "Old Cassius still"; but surely Coriolanus is only courteously assenting to the 'ever right' of Cominius.

182. **change of honours,** *i.e.* fresh honours, as in the phrase 'a change of raiment'.

185. **one thing wanting,** *i.e.* the consulship.

187. This eminently characteristic sentiment is prophetic of Coriolanus' approaching failure.

Brutus and Sicinius come forward. The F 1 stage-direction is *Enter Brutus and Sicinius.* Mr. P. A. Daniel would begin a new scene here, but I do not see any necessity for this. The tribunes have hitherto been standing gloomily in the background.

189. The discourse of the tribunes shows that, at the very moment of Coriolanus' triumph, he is near an unsuspected downfall.

This elaborate description would be out of place in a modern play, because the increased capabilities of stage effect would allow the scene to be represented more effectually to the eye. But for the rudimentary condition of the Elizabethan theatre, we should have lost some of Shakespeare's finest descriptive passages.

190. **to see him,** *i.e.* by seeing him. 'His return gives sight to the blind.' This seems more probable than 'Old men hurry to put on their spectacles to see him'.

your, the ethic pronoun, used colloquially: cf. the use of 'me' in i. 1. 117, and *Abbott*, § 221. Abbott quotes *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7. 29, "your serpent of Egypt is lord now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile". Cf. also i. 1. 121, "your most grave belly".

191. **rupture.** So an anonymous critic for the *rapture* of the Ff. The emendation is supported by the following quotation from *Phioravante's Secrets* (1582): "To helpe yong Children of the Rupture. The Rupture is caused two waies, the one through weaknesse of the place, and the other through much crying". *Rapture* is explained as = 'fit'; but the only evidence for this use is a quotation by Steevens from *The Hospital for London's Follies* (1602), "Your darling will weep itself into a rapture, if you take not good heed". Unfortunately, as is occasionally the case with books referred to by Steevens, the 'Puck of Commentators', *The Hospital for London's Follies* does not appear to exist or to have existed.

192. **chats him,** chats about him. For the omission of the preposition, cf. *Abbott*, § 200, and ii. 2. 107, "I cannot speak him home".

195. **horsed,** treated as horses, bestridden.

196. **variable,** various.

199. **a vulgar station,** a station among the common crowd.

200. **the war of white and damask.** Cf. *Lucrece*, 71—

"Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field".

201. **nicely-gawded,** carefully adorned.

205. **On the sudden,** *i.e.* in his present flush of popularity.

208. 'He cannot run his whole course from beginning to end without giving offence.'

212. **Upon,** on the ground of.

218. **napless.** So Rowe, for the *Naples* of the Ff.

vesture of humility. It was a Roman custom for an aspirant to office to appear at his canvassing in a clean white tunic (*candidatus*, candidate), without a *toga* over it. Plutarch gives humility as one possible explanation of this custom. He thinks it may also have been for convenience in displaying wounds.

226. **as our good wills,** either, destructive as our dispositions towards him are, or, as our advantage requires.

228. **For an end,** either, in short, or, to bring matters to a crisis.

229. **suggest,** suggest to. Cf. *Richard II.*, i. 1. 101, "suggest his soon-believing adversaries".

230. **still,** constantly.

to 's power, to the extent of his power.

232. **Dispropertied their freedoms,** made their freedom no freedom, taken its properties or qualities from it. The verb does not occur elsewhere.

235. **their war.** So the Ff. Most editors accept Hanmer's *the war*, but I think the pronoun has its point. Coriolanus and the patricians think that the wars concern them alone: they, not the plebeians, are the city.

239. **touch.** So Hanmer for the *teach* of the Ff.

245. The pause may be explained by the messenger being out of breath. Cf. Essay on Metre, § 15 (ii) (*d*).

253. 'Let us only observe for the present, and have courage to act when the issue requires it.'

There is an interval between act i. and act ii., during which Cominius and Coriolanus return to Rome.

Scene 2.

The interest is now concentrated upon Coriolanus' candidature for the consulship. He has everything in his favour—the good-will of the senate, and the halo of a successful general. But his marked unwillingness to submit to what he regards as the degrading for-

malities of a canvass, and the tone which he throughout adopts in speaking of the people, are not ominous of success.

There is not much direct material for this scene in Plutarch, who, however, describes the Roman custom of canvassing (*North*, § 37). In Shakespeare, Coriolanus stands for the consulship immediately after his return from Corioles: in Plutarch, the two events are separated by a second mutiny due to famine, a colonization of Velitres, and some forays against the Antiates (*North*, §§ 32–35).

1–32. The officers are in sympathy by birth with the plebeians, and by office with the patricians. They are not therefore extreme on either side, and their judgment of Coriolanus has the more weight.

5. **vengeance proud.** The use of the noun as an adverb probably arose out of its use in oaths. Cf. iii. 1. 262, "What, the vengeance".

7. **hath.** So F 1–3; F 4 has *have*. The singular verb with a plural noun is more common in Shakespeare than the texts of modern editors let us suppose. Cf. *Abbott*, §§ 333–338.

12. **in**, of, about: cf. *Abbott*, § 162.

16. **waved**, would wave: cf. *Abbott*, § 361. There is a confusion here of two constructions: (*a*) He waved 'twixt doing them good and harm; (*b*) He would do them neither good nor harm.

24. **bonneted**, took off their bonnets, winning the people's estimation by nothing else than flattery. Knight and Staunton give the word the unusual sense of 'put on their bonnets', laying stress on *having*. 'After being supple and courteous (and so having won their ends) they put on their bonnets, and took no more trouble.'

25. **have.** So Ff.; Pope read *heave*. But 'have' has the sense of 'carry', 'move': cf. the common phrase, 'I'll have you out of that', and *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, ii. 39, "Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch".

31. **of**, as to, about.

34. **Titus Lartius.** Cf. ii. 1. 146 (stage-direction), note.

36. **gratify**, requite. Cf. Glossary.

40. **well-found**, 'gratifying', 'found to be well'. Mr. Beeching quotes the French *trouvé bon*, approved.

45. 'Let us rather think that the state is unable to requite his deeds than we unwilling to strain its powers to do so to the utmost.'

51. **treaty**, in the general sense of 'affair', 'that which is treated about'.

56. The tribunes are to Menenius as a red rag to a bull. He is always delighted to spar with them.

62. Here, as in i. 9. 13, Coriolanus' unwillingness to hear himself praised is not humility, but a subtler pride. Cf. Mr. Toole's catch-

word in *Walker, London*: "Oh! it's nothing, nothing! I've only done my dooty!"

67. disbenched, made you leave your bench.

68, 69. Coriolanus replies insolently to Brutus' well-meant, but perhaps tactless courtesy, "Flattery from you would hurt me, but not rudeness".

73. Masters o' th' people. Menenius ironically repeats the address of the senators to the tribunes in line 47.

74. multiplying spawn. The lower classes of Romans were known as *proletarii*, good only to breed children (*proles*).

78. In this speech Coriolanus' greatness is brought prominently to the front for the last time. It comes with some irony just before his fall.

Cf. *North*, § 3.

83. singly, by any single man.

84. Coriolanus' deeds against Tarquin are described in *North*, § 5; Shakespeare adds the personal combat with the tyrant.

made a head, raised a power: cf. iii. 1. 1.

86. Whom with all praise I point at: a reminiscence of the common phrase in Latin speeches, *quem honoris causa nomino.*

87. Amazonian chin, *i.e.* beardless chin. Ff. 3, 4 have *chin*; Ff. 1, 2 *shin.*

92. 'When he was still a boy, young enough in looks to play the part of a weak woman.' Women's parts were of course played by boys on the Elizabethan stage.

94. the oak. Cf. i. 3. 12, note.

95. His pupil age Man-entered thus. Having thus passed from boyhood into manhood.

97. lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Epicoene or The Silent Woman* (1609), v. 1: "Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot". For the supposed bearing of this parallel on the date of *Coriolanus*, see Introduction, p. viii.

lurch'd, robbed: cf. Glossary.

the garland, the prize: cf. i. 9. 59.

this last, this last performance of his.

99. speak him home. Cf. ii. 1. 192, note. 'Home' is used as an adverb='to the end', 'thoroughly', as in the phrase 'Strike home'.

101. weeds. So F 1; the other Ff. have *waves*; but the metaphor of weeds yielding before the stem of a boat is at once less hackneyed and more vivid.

104. Where it did mark, it took, *i.e.* took effect, stamped death; Coriolanus slew, and did not merely wound.

105–110. These terse and vigorous metaphors are a sublime expression of the consternation caused by Coriolanus' prowess in the ranks of the enemy.

107. mortal; so it appeared to those who saw Coriolanus enter.

107, 108. 'painted with blood, a sign of inevitable destiny'.

109. struck...like a planet. The idea of 'destiny' is continued. 'Strike' is used of the baneful influences of adverse planets on human life. Cf. 'moonstruck', and *Hamlet*, i. 1. 162, "The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike". Cf. the speech of Timon to Alcibiades (*Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 108)—

> "Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
> Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
> In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one".

But I am not sure that Shakespeare has not also before him the visual image of a building physically struck, not by a planet, but by a thunderbolt.

119. with measure, to the full.

123. misery, not, as Warburton suggested, 'miserliness', but 'wretchedness'. We may paraphrase 'what misery itself would give' by 'the widow's mite'.

125. to spend the time to end it; *i.e.* 'he spends the time thus merely for the sake of thus spending it, and not with any ulterior object'. Johnson's unnecessary emendation *spend the time to spend it* gives the same sense.

129. still, *i.e.* always. Coriolanus' point is, 'I will serve them in this way as in any other'.

Coriolanus is willing to regard himself as serving the senate, which represents his own order, but the people—that is another matter. On the Roman custom of canvassing, see Appendix C.

135. pass, omit.

The tribunes have been on the watch to get Coriolanus into a false position, and at once press their opportunity.

137. Menenius, with his hail-fellow-well-met temper, does not quite understand Coriolanus' shrinking from personal contact with, and still more from the appearance of asking a favour of, the unwashed multitude.

146. Do not stand upon't. 'Do not be so obstinate, so uncompromising.'

This scene follows closely upon scene 1. In fact, a single day seems to comprise the larger part of the play, from act i. scene 1 to act iv. scene 2 inclusive.

Scene 3.

This scene is a critical one. The stuff Coriolanus is made of is put to the test with fatal results. The popularity his valour has won him rapidly disappears before his insolent and unsympathetic bearing, and his utter failure to forget for one moment himself and his own personal dignity. He throws away all his chances. He speaks to the people with mingled irony and brusqueness, which even they are not too obtuse to feel and to resent. Consequently they fall in readily enough with the intrigues of the ever-watchful tribunes. Coriolanus has now committed the first of a series of blunders which finally culminate in his banishment.

The scene is based on North's *Plutarch* (§§ 39, 40), but Plutarch says nothing of Marcius' unwillingness to canvass, nor of his behaviour in the market-place, nor of the part played by the tribunes. Lines 228–236 should be compared with *North*, § 1, and there is a reference in line 14 to the events recorded in *North*, §§ 44–48.

1–35. The discourse of the citizens shows the mingled feelings they have towards Coriolanus. A very little graciousness or ungraciousness on his part will turn the scale.

1. **Once**, 'once for all'. The citizen is summing up a previous discussion.

14. **about the corn.** The citizen refers to the question of the free distribution of corn on which, according to Plutarch (*North*, §§ 44–48), Coriolanus took a markedly anti-popular side. Shakespeare does not describe this event, and it is not quite clear when he supposes it to have taken place; cf. iii. 1. 43, note. In *Plutarch* it follows the rejection for the consulship.

15. **the many-headed multitude**; cf. "Hydra here" (iii. 1. 93) and "the beast with many heads" (iv. i. 1). The allusion is to the Hydra slain by Hercules, and its nine heads, each of which grew again as fast as it was cut off.

17. **Some abram.** So F 1–3; F 4 and many modern editors read *some auburn*. But 'abram' was a common form of the word; cf. Glossary.

31. **you may, you may**, *i.e.*, 'Go on with your chaff; I don't mind'; cf. *Troilus and Cresida*, iii. 1. 118—

"*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
Pandarus. Ay, you may, you may."

36. **the gown of humility.** Cf. ii. 1. 218, note.

38. **by ones, by twos, and by threes.** Probably the citizen has had instructions from the tribunes who know that the more often Coriolanus must entreat a vote, the more irritated he would be.

45. Coriolanus, sneering at the people while he begs their votes, is not without his parallels in modern politics. Wrong-headed and

wrong-hearted as he is, his view of the matter is perhaps more dignified and worthy of respect than that of Menenius and the rest.

52. think upon you, *i.e.* give you a present of their votes, as one 'remembers' a porter.

53, 54. the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em. The virtues are lost, because they are preached to the people, and the people forget to practise them.

56. wholesome, reasonable. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 328: "If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer". Coriolanus puns upon the word in his next speech.

57. The stage-direction of the Ff. is *Enter three of the Citizens.* The Cambridge editors split up this entry, so as to suit 'a brace'. But in any case the "two worthy voices" of line 75 does not agree with the stage-directions.

The Citizen insists on all the formalities being gone through. One feels that this particular citizen must be quite especially offensive in Coriolanus' eyes.

63. Ay, not mine own desire. So Ff. 3, 4; F 1 has *Ay, but*; F 2, *Ay, no.* Mr. A. P. Paton upholds *but* in the sense of 'without'.

Coriolanus pointedly addresses the Citizen, who certainly has put the thing rather commercially, as he would a tradesman in his shop.

72. in private. Coriolanus cannot bring himself to do anything so vulgar as to show his wounds in public. He would not be thought to think them of any importance.

75. a match, a bargain.

76. Coriolanus turns round upon his heel and walks off, to wait for another batch of citizens, so soon as he has the required promise.

79. stand with, suit, agree with.

80. customary. Coriolanus lays stress on this word. He would not have them think that his humility is other than a conventional one.

88. my sworn brother. One of the many allusions in Shakespeare to the *fratres jurati*, or brothers in arms of the Middle Ages. Thus Robert de Oily and Roger de Ivry are recorded as *fratres jurati* in the expedition of the Conqueror to England, and shared the honours bestowed on either of them. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73: "He hath every month a new sworn brother"; and *Richard II.*, v. 1. 20—

> "I am sworn brother, sweet,
> To grim Necessity, and he and I
> Will keep a league till death".

90. condition, disposition. Cf. Glossary.

92. be off to them, have my hat off to them.

94. bountiful. Adjectives are often used adverbially; cf. *Abbott*, § 1.

98. The citizens would like to indulge their curiosity with a sight of the wounds, and hint as much.

104. Heroic verse is not common in the play, but here it is used to express the excited overstrained condition of Coriolanus. The citizens have got upon his nerves, and he relieves himself in a moment's interval with this angry outburst. Cf. Essay on Metre, § 17.

105. **deserve**, to be pronounced *desarve*, so as to rhyme with *starve* (Ff. 1–3 spell *sterve*). Cf. the old pronunciation of 'your sarvant, sir'; and *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1. 55—

> "*Princess.* Boyet, you can carve;
> Break up this capon.
> *Boyet.* I am bound to serve".

106. **woolvish toge.** So Malone, for the *woolvish tongue* of F 1, *woolvish gown* of Ff. 2–4. In *Othello*, i. 1. 25, the F 1 has *the tongued consuls*, where the Q 1 has *the toged consuls*. The exact meaning of 'woolvish' here is doubtful: it may be merely 'rough', 'shaggy', or perhaps 'deceitful', Coriolanus feeling himself a wolf in sheep's clothing. Various commentators have suggested *woollen*, *wool-less* (*i.e.* 'threadbare'), *foolish*, &c.

108. **needless vouches.** Coriolanus has not realized yet that the voice of the people can have any practical effect on the choice of a consul.

117. Coriolanus is still excited, and turns to his task again in a spirit of burlesque, which fortunately escapes the citizens.

120. **and heard of.** The bathos is, of course, intentional.

129. **your limitation**, your appointed time.

130. **remains.** For the omission of the subject cf. *Abbott*, § 404.

137. Coriolanus' first idea is to stop making himself ridiculous.

143. **'T is warm at 's heart**, 'He 's pleased at it, though he takes care not to show it'.

146. The tribunes are a little disappointed. Their careful instructions that Marcius should not be elected (cf. lines 37–42, 182) have been disregarded; but when they meet the people they find that all is not lost yet, and with the aid of the Third Citizen, they skilfully twist them to their own purposes.

156. Sicinius affects to disbelieve that Coriolanus could have omitted such an important mark of respect towards the people.

165. 'Why did you either fail to notice it.'

171. **charters**, rights, position, such as charters protect.

172. **arriving.** The preposition is often omitted after a verb of motion: cf. *Abbott*, § 198.

175. Scan: Fast foe' | to th' ple' | beii'; and cf. Essay on Metre, § 10 (i).

179. would, *i.e.* should, ought to.

182. touch'd, *i.e.* tested, as by a touchstone.

196. 'Against what your reason determined.'

200. This is the point to which the tribunes wished to bring the people, without themselves appearing to suggest it. The 'confirmation' is apparently the formal voting by tribes which followed the open acceptance of the candidate in the market-place, just as in a modern election the voting by ballot follows the show of hands at the nomination.

210. enforce, lay stress on.

212. the humble weed, the weed or garment which is a token of humility: cf. ii. 1. 218, note.

214, 215. 'Prevented you from noticing his present behaviour.'

216. ungravely, without dignity.

218. This is ingenious of the tribune, to win his point and escape the obloquy of it.

219. The phraseology is rather compressed: 'Allowing no impediment to interfere and prevent you from casting'.

222. affections, desires. Cf. i. 1. 94, 169.

227–236. This sketch of Coriolanus' early years is taken from North's *Plutarch*, § 1.

227. youngly, an unusual adverb from 'young'. Cf. *Sonnet* xi. 3: "And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest".

234, 235. The Ff. read:

hither,
And nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
Was his great Ancestor.

Clearly something has been omitted. The earlier editors adopted Pope's—

hither.
And Censorinus, darling of the people
(And nobly nam'd so twice being Censor)
Was his great ancestor.

Mr. D. M. Spence, in *Notes and Queries* for 9th June, 1894, suggests:

And—nobly named so, twice being censor—Censor
Was his great ancestor,

which is ingenious.

I think we should keep as near the words of the parallel passage in *North* as possible, and therefore I have preferred the reading given in the text, which is that suggested both by Delius and by Mr. G. H. Wyndham in his Introduction to North's *Plutarch* in the *Tudor*

Translations series, to the alternative version of the Cambridge editors, which is as follows—

hither;
And Censorinus nobly named so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor.

On the Marcian family, see Appendix C.

240. scaling, weighing, considering.

243. putting on, instigation.

244. drawn your number. Some process connected with the voting seems to be intended, though exactly what I cannot say.

247. 'We had better take the chance of the present disaffection, than wait for a greater one of which the result shall be certain.'

250. answer, play up to.

Sufficient interval is left between scenes 2 and 3, which fall on the same day, to allow Coriolanus to put on the robe of humility, and the tribunes to give those instructions to the people in the market-place which they so imperfectly carry out.

Act III.—Scene I.

Act i. showed us Coriolanus in his nobility, act ii. in his inherent and fatal weakness. In the present act that weakness leads him on inevitably to his ruin. At the beginning of it he is the champion of Rome, and, as he and the patricians think, her chosen consul; at the end he is a disgraced exile. His better and his worse qualities have combined to bring about this result. If he had had that sympathy with the people which alone can make a true leader, or if he had been willing, like the rest of the senators, to affect a sympathy which he did not feel, the crisis of his fate would have been averted. As it is, he falls, and we can scarcely pity him. The action of the act is spread over three scenes, dealing respectively with Coriolanus' first defeat by the tribunes, his partial recovery of his position, and his final banishment. This arrangement is dramatically effective: it holds the issue in suspense, and thus retains our interest.

Scene 1 is based on North's *Plutarch* (§§ 40–53), but Shakespeare has somewhat altered the order of events as it is given by Plutarch. This is briefly as follows:—Coriolanus is rejected as consul. Shortly afterwards much corn is brought to Rome, and it is proposed to distribute it amongst the people. This Coriolanus vehemently opposes, and wins his point. The tribunes stir up the people, and proceed to arrest him. The patricians gather round him and drive them back. A tumult appears probable, and the

consuls agree with the tribunes that Coriolanus shall stand his trial. Shakespeare has compressed all this into the same day as that of the election to the consulship. He omits the episode of the corn, or rather he speaks of it here, and in ii. 3, as having occurred at some time, not precisely defined, before the election. Coriolanus, in his wrath at being rejected, recalls and repeats the language which he had used on that occasion, and thus gives ground for an accusation against him of treason.

The condemnation of Coriolanus by the tribunes to be flung from the Tarpeian rock (iii. 1. 209–214) belongs in Plutarch (*North*, § 55) to a later period in the proceedings. Cf. notes on act iii. sc. 3.

This passage is to remind us that Aufidius and the Volsces are still in existence, dangerous enemies to Rome, and destined to play an important part in the sequel.

1. **made new head**, raised new forces. Cf. ii. 2. 84.

16. **to hopeless restitution**, beyond all hope of restitution.

This is ironical. Coriolanus does not know how soon he will go to Antium, nor what his cause to seek Aufidius will be.

24. **noble sufferance**, sufferance by men who are noble.

34. **now**, at one moment.

36. Coriolanus' annoyance is increased when he recognizes the hand of the tribunes, whom he personally dislikes and despises.

48. The Ff. give this line to *Cominius*. I have adopted Theobald's emendation of *Cor.* for *Com.*, so as not to break the angry recriminatory dialogue.

49. **to better yours**, to outwit you in bitterness. Brutus throws off the mask and admits his hostility to Coriolanus. Coriolanus makes an angry reply, 'If I am expected to meet this sort of low intrigue, let me be a vulgar tribune at once, and not a consul'.

52. **that**, *i.e.* the insolence of the aristocrat.

57. **him**, *i.e.* Brutus.

58. **abused**, deceived, or misled.

set on. This may either be in apposition to 'abused', in the sense of 'led on', or an imperative, 'On to the market-place!' Cominius wants to get the formalities of the election over before there is time for a row.

61. The tribunes have been quietly provoking Coriolanus, with the desired result that he loses control of himself, and bursts out into a violent anti-democratic harangue full of everything which at the moment it was most unwise to say. The patricians in vain try to check him.

65. Many phrases in this and the following speeches of Coriolanus are taken with very little alteration from North's *Plutarch*, §§ 45, 46.

66. **mutable, rank-scented many.** The fickleness and the strong smell of the people are equally distasteful to the aristocrat.

With 'rank-scented' cf. i. 1. 52: "They say poor suitors have strong breaths".

66. **many.** So F 4; Ff. 1–3 have *meynie*, which might perhaps be upheld in the sense of 'retinue', as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 35—

"They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse".

67. **as I do not flatter,** as I really am. Coriolanus cannot forget that he has degraded himself by canvassing.

78. **measles,** in a stronger than the modern sense. Cf. Glossary.

82. **of their infirmity,** a reminiscence of *Hebrews*, iv. 15: "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities".

83. Menenius tries to dissuade the tribunes from inflaming the people by repeating what he represents as only hasty words on the part of Coriolanus. But Coriolanus declines to have his views explained away like this.

89. The assumption of dignity and authority by the tribunes enrages Coriolanus still further.

Triton. A very minor deity in Neptune's train, but doubtless a great personage among the small fry.

90. **from the canon.** Rowe substituted *canon* for the *cannon* of the Ff. Probably Johnson's explanation of 'contrary to the canon' is the right one. The tribunes have gone beyond their function in uttering a 'shall' without a decree of the people. Others, however, take it as 'according to the rule', thinking that the tribunes had the power they claimed. But iii. 3. 13 *sqq.* seems to show that they had not, without the assent of the tribes.

91. **O good.** So Theobald for the *O God!* of the Ff.

93. **Hydra here,** the plebeians; the Lernæan hydra was a monster slain by Hercules. It had many heads, and as fast as one was struck off, others grew to take its place. Coriolanus has already (cf. ii. 3. 15) called the people "the many-headed multitude".

95. **monster's.** So Delius, for the *monsters* of the Ff. Capell read *monster*. For the double possessive, cf. *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 149—

"'Shrew me
If I would use it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe".

The 'monster' is of course the people, the Hydra, whose representative and spokesman ('horn and noise') Sicinius is.

97. 'Make your intentions give way to his own mean ends.'

97–101. If the text is correct, "vail your ignorance" must mean, 'let your ignorance, which gave him power, bow down to him in submission': cf. Glossary, s.v. *vail*. Collier's emendation of *impotence* for *ignorance* does not help the sense, and Staunton's *signories*

is rather audacious. Hanmer ingeniously suggested that two clauses had got misplaced between lines 98 and 101, and proposed—

> "*If they have power,*
> *Let them have cushions by you* . .
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . *If you are not,*
> *Then vail* (*veil*) *your ignorance.*"

103, 104. 'The predominant flavour most resembles theirs.'

107. Greece, the land of democracies. The comparison was perhaps suggested by the fact that Plutarch (*North*, § 45) speaks of the distribution of corn as a Greek custom. Cf. line 115.

111. take, destroy, as in iv. 4. 20. Cf. Glossary.

113. Coriolanus, in his excitement, goes back to an old grievance. So far from wishing to conciliate, he picks up the challenge thrown down by Brutus in iii. 1. 43. According to Plutarch (*North*, § 44) this episode of the distribution of corn took place after Coriolanus' rejection as consul. Shakespeare leaves us to infer that it took place at some undefined time before the action of his play begins. But he works into the present scene part of the speech against the distribution put by Plutarch (*North*, § 45) in Coriolanus' mouth.

117. they, the 'whoever gave that counsel' of line 113.

120. more worthier. So F 1; the other Ff. have *worthy*. For the double comparative cf. *Abbott*, § 11.

121. our recompense, a reward *from* us.

127. the accusation, of wishing to let the people famish, and keep their own storehouses stored with grain. Cf. i. 1. 72.

129. all cause unborn, without any cause.

motive. So Heath for the *native* of the Ff. The Cambridge editors and others keep the Ff. reading and explain it as 'native cause' or 'origin'.

130. frank donation. Shakespeare speaks as if the corn was distributed; according to Plutarch (*North*, §§ 48, 51) Coriolanus' counsel prevailed, and it was not.

131. bisson multitude. This is Dyce's improvement on Collier's emendation of *beson-multitude*. The Ff. reading is *bosome-multiplied*, of which it seems almost impossible to make anything. Mr. Beeching, however, defends it, as parallel to *Lear*, v. 3. 48: "To pluck the common bosom on his side". For 'bisson' cf. ii. 1. 57, and Glossary.

132. deeds, such as Sicinius' bluster before the senate (line 86) in the hope to make them 'fear' again.

134. poll. So Rowe for the *pole* of the Ff.

137. our cares, our anxiety for the well-being of the people.

The Cambridge editors quote an anonymous conjecture *caresses*, apparently designed to avoid the octosyllabic line.

142. worship, *i.e.* authority.

142, 143. A sufficiently characteristic expression of Coriolanus' one-sided and unreasonable point of view. The only fault he can see in his own party is that they are not thorough-going enough.

143. Where one. So Rowe, for the *Whereon* of the Ff.

145. conclude, come to a decision.

146. it resumes the subject—"this double worship"—from line 142.

148. so barr'd, so thwarted by the power of 'general ignorance'.

150–155. 'You that will set aside your fears to follow the truly wise course; you that out of your love for the essential parts of the constitution will face an attempted revolution; you that will nobly risk your lives in applying the only possible remedy, dangerous though it be, for the state of our country, I call upon you to abolish the tribunate.'

154. jump, 'apply a violent stimulus that may galvanize it back into life'. Schmidt, however, explains 'jump' as 'risk', as in *Macbeth*, i. 7. 7: "We 'ld jump the life to come". All the Ff. have *jump*, but various emendations have been somewhat unnecessarily suggested, such as *vamp* (Pope), *purge* (Staunton), *imp* (Singer).

157. The sweet, the pleasures of interfering.

160, 161. These clauses modify 'bereaves', not 'should become't'.

161, 162. 'Has. For the contraction cf. Essay on Metre, § 8 (v).

165. bald. Wright quotes Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*: "Chauve d'esprit. Bauld-spirited: that hath as little wit in, as he hath haire on, his head".

167. in a rebellion. Cf. i. 1. 206.

184–188. The Ff. read—

> "*All.* Downe with him, downe with him.
> *2 Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:
> *They all bustle about Coriolanus.*
> Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
> *Sicinius*, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens.
> *All.* Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace."

The Cambridge editors, whose arrangement and stage-directions I have adopted in the text, say, "Surely the words [*i.e.* line 186] are intended to express the tumultuous cries of the partisans on both sides, who are bustling about Coriolanus. The following words 'Peace, peace . . .' attributed to *All* in the Folios, are spoken by some of the elder senators endeavouring to calm the tumult. Cf. also act v. sc. 6. 121–123."

206. distinctly, not in undistinguishable 'heaps and piles'.

207. This, not Cominius' remonstrance, but Coriolanus' attack on the people's liberties. The tribunes disregard Cominius and the other senators, and address the gathering throng. It is unnecessary, with Pope and others, to give lines 204–207 to Coriolanus, who is quite beyond reasoning with the tribunes. As Keightley points out, he "is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage".

212. present, immediate.

213. th' rock Tarpeian, from which traitors were cast down. Cf. *North*, § 55.

230. your. So Rowe for the *our* of the Ff.

231, 232. The Ff. give this speech to *Cominius*: Warburton, I think rightly, transferred it to *Coriolanus*. In all the rest of this dialogue after the fight Cominius does his best to get Coriolanus home.

237–242. F 1 makes two speeches of this, giving Coriolanus line 237 and Menenius the rest. Line 237 was given to Cominius by Ff. 2–4, and lines 238–242 divided between Coriolanus and Menenius, as in the text, by Tyrwhitt.

242. 'To-day's defeat will owe us a future victory.'

251. Menenius' 'old wit' has been matched against the people and their tribunes before, in act i. sc. 1 and in act ii. sc. 1, without any marked success.

255–260. Only half the truth of the tragedy, and perhaps the only half which Menenius can understand.

259. does, *i.e.* he does. The subject is omitted, perhaps after the analogy of '*has*: cf. i. 3. 56.

272. their, *i.e.* 'the tribunes''.

274. cry havoc, give the signal for general slaughter. Cf. Glossary, s.v. *havoc*.

279. The con'- | sul Cor'- | ⁀iola'(nus). | He' con(sul)!

287. one danger. So the Ff.: Clarke explains, "To eject him hence were but one danger, and to keep him here another—our certain death". But I think Theobald's *our danger* gives a better antithesis. The Cambridge editors suggest *moe danger*.

The sequel shows that the tribunes are quite right in their first judgment of the political situation.

291. deserved, *i.e.* deserving. For this loose use of the passive participle see *Abbott*, § 374.

303. kam. See Glossary.

305–307. The Ff. give this speech to Menenius; Warburton transferred it to Sicinius.

312. unscann'd, unconsidered.

313. process, *i.e.* legal process.

323. bring him. So Pope for the *bring him in peace* of the Ff.,

where *in peace* has clearly crept in in error from the next line but one.

326. We distinguish 'human' and 'humane': Shakespeare generally spells and accents *húmane*. Cf. Essay on Metre, § 10.

329. Menenius has to pocket his disgust at the proposal that he should take a commission from the tribunes.

This scene is practically continuous in time with act ii. sc. 3.

Scene 2.

Coriolanus' submission to his mother in this scene shows us her influence over him, and prepares us for the result of the more momentous conflict between them in act v. scene 3.

This scene is not based directly on Plutarch, who does not suggest any unwillingness on Coriolanus' part to defend himself. Such unwillingness, however, is dramatically consistent with Shakespeare's conception of the character.

2. on the wheel or at wild horses' heels. These punishments, in the former of which the culprit was bound on a wheel and beaten to death with iron rods, belong to Shakespeare's time rather than that of Coriolanus.

5. the beam of sight, the distance sight can reach, as if a beam of light proceeded from the eye.

9. woollen vassals, not clad in silk brocade, like an Elizabethan noble.

18. Let go. 'Let's have done with it.'

20. lesser: cf. i. 4. 15, note.

24. The Ff. give this line to *Volumnia*. The Globe editors transfer it to *A Patrician*: but we may take it for an outburst of Volumnia's inmost personal feeling, and hardly inconsistent with the policy she is urging.

29. as little apt, as little 'amenable' or 'pliable', fitting itself (*aptare*) as little to circumstances. Several unnecessary emendations have been made in order to provide *apt* with a verb to govern. Collier inserted a whole line, *To brook control without the use of anger*.

32. to th' herd. So Theobald for the *to th' heart* of the Ff.

39–41. The patricians, other than Coriolanus, are divided between admiration of his uncompromising attitude, and a sense of the practical necessity of compromise.

39. absolute, uncompromising, unqualified. Cf. iii. 1. 90: "His absolute 'shall'".

42, 43. The sense is that of the old saw, 'All's fair in—war'.

49. it, *i.e.* 'to seem the same you are not'.

51. force, urge forcibly.

52. lies you on. The phrase is formed upon the analogy of 'it stands me upon', for the probable explanation of which cf. *Abbott*, § 204.

55. roted, learnt by rote; cf. i. 1. 90, note. The use of the preposition *in* is perhaps due to a vague sense of analogy with 'rooted in'.

57. 'Not allowed as true in your secret heart.'

59. take in, not 'deceive', but 'capture'. Cf. i. 2. 24.

64. I am in this. Some explain, 'I speak for'; but the point is rather, 'I am at stake in this; so are your wife and the rest, for we are in danger of losing you'.

68. inheritance, obtaining. Cf. Glossary.

69. that want, the want of their loves.

71. not, *i.e.* not only: Menenius hopes that Coriolanus may not only escape condemnation, but may even yet become consul. Cf. iii. 3. 97, note.

74. thus far, *i.e.* 'down to the ground'. This speech is of course helped out by 'business' on the stage.

here be with them. I think Mr. Beeching's explanation is correct, 'get at them', or 'get over them' by this bit of flattery. He quotes Autolycus in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 128: "I'll be with you (*i.e.* play you a trick) at your sheep-shearing".

78–80. The reading in the text is that of the Ff. It is not very satisfactory, as the only possible way of explaining it seems to be to take *humble* as an imperative. None of the emendations proposed are quite good enough to adopt. I rather incline to two, Johnson's *with* for *which*, and Hanmer's omission of *or*. This would give,

Go to them . . . . .
. . . . waving thy head,
——With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling, say to them.

The 'thus' means, 'by these gestures of submission'. In any case the grammar of Volumnia's speech is loose, but if *or* is retained, the sense is wrong. She is not suggesting two alternative modes of procedure, but one only. *Which* (written *wch*) and *with* are easily confused in MS.

79. the ripest mulberry. On the inferences drawn from this passage as to the date of the play, cf. Introduction, p. viii.

85. forsooth, not here, as usual, ironical, but in its literal sense as an asseveration, 'in very truth'.

102. this single plot, Marcius, a mould or plot of earth.

105, 106. As Coriolanus' fate becomes too much for him, our sympathies swing to his side, and his position, at least when he is not angry, becomes charged with pathos.

113. **quired with**, was in tune with.

114. The **eunuch** is put, by metonymy, for the eunuch's voice. Cf. i. 6. 26—

> "I know the sound of Marcius' drum
> From any meaner man".

A eunuch retains an unbroken boyish voice through life.

115. **lulls.** So Rowe for the *lull* of the Ff.

116. **tent in**, pitch their tents in. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

119. **who**, either for 'which', as in i. 1. 255, or with reference to an antecedent implied in 'my'.

123. **inherent**, in the literal sense of 'that may stick to it'.

125. **Than thou of them**, than for thee to beg of them.

126. Volumnia gives up her cause, and resigns herself to the sympathy with Coriolanus' pride, which has throughout been competing with her alarm at his obstinacy.

136. A touch of irony. 'I have changed my nature. I am now a professional flatterer.'

140. Cf. iii. 3. 63.

This scene is continuous with act iii. scene 1.

Scene 3.

The scene is critical for Coriolanus. His fate depends on whether passion or self-control proves the stronger in him. If his punishment had been decreed without respite in scene 1, the dramatic effect would have been weakened; his ruin would have come on too suddenly for us to feel the full tragedy of it. The chance now given him brings in an element of suspense and expectation. But we know that it will be useless. He is not a fine enough man to meet the people with a real humility; too fine to persevere in his affected one. The tribunes know just the right way to move him as they wish. They have quite new accusations, and this time false ones, to spring upon him when he is unprepared.

The corresponding passage in Plutarch is to be found in *North*, §§ 61–68. Plutarch, however, describes in §§ 54–58 a previous appearance of Coriolanus before the people. For the sake of dramatic simplicity and variety, Shakespeare has not made a separate scene of this. Coriolanus' condemnation by the tribunes to the Tarpeian rock (§§ 55, 56) he has transferred to act iii. scene 1.

In Plutarch the charge of attempted tyranny is the one which Coriolanus expects to meet (§ 51). Shakespeare makes it an unex-

pected one (iii. 3. 63). In Plutarch the embezzlement of the Antiate spoil is the unexpected charge (§§ 64, 65).

1–5. Coriolanus has many faults, but he has not sought to make himself a despot, and, above all, he has never shown personal greed. He was warned that new accusations were preparing; but he will not be ready to meet calmly anything so base as this.

4. **the Antiates.** This refers to a bit of Plutarch's story which Shakespeare has left out. The forays against the Antiates came between the siege of Corioles and the election for the consulship. Coriolanus took great spoil, and reserved nothing for himself (*North*, § 35).

7. **with.** 'Accompanied' generally takes 'with' rather than 'by' in Shakespeare.

10. **by th' poll,** by the head, individually. North (§ 63) explains the point of voting by tribes to be that the votes were taken by the poll. That is true in the sense that, as the tribes contained an equal number of voters, each man's vote counted the same. The old-fashioned mode of voting was by centuries, and a century containing a few rich men counted for as much as one containing many poor men. But the voting *in* each tribe or century, to determine the vote of that tribe or century, was always by the poll. Probably Shakespeare has not quite understood the point, even if North did. The bit about the poll is not in the original Greek of Plutarch.

18. **th' truth o' th' cause,** the justice of our case.

21. **present,** immediate.

25. **Put him to choler,** excite him into a passion.

26, 27. **to have his worth Of contradiction,** 'not to come off worst in a quarrel', 'to give as good as he gets'.

28. **temperance,** self-control.

29. **looks,** looks likely.

32–37. The first line and a half of Coriolanus' speech is an aside to Menenius; the rest is pronounced aloud in greeting to the senators.

33. **bear the knave,** bear being called knave.

36. **Throng.** So Theobald for the *Through* of the Ff.

42. **this present,** *i.e.* the charge which he has come to answer, of speaking against the authority of the tribunes in iii. 1. 140–161. The tribunes do not mean that this shall be the only charge now, and therefore they evade Coriolanus' question.

43. **determine,** be determined or decided.

45. **allow,** acknowledge. Cf. *allowance* in iii. 2. 57.

51. **th' holy churchyard.** Note the anachronism; and cf. Mercutio on his wound in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 99: "'T is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door".

51. **Scratches with briers.** Even at this critical moment Coriolanus retains his old dislike to having his wounds made much of, although the effect produced by the mention of them may procure his safety. Cf. i. 9. 28; ii. 2. 143, &c.

55. **rougher,** *i.e.* rougher than would become a citizen.

accents. So Theobald for the *actions* of the Ff.

57. Even Menenius' own party have a little too much of him sometimes.

60. **the very hour,** the very same hour.

61. Coriolanus has not much idea of standing as a culprit at bar.

64. **season'd office.** This may be explained either, with Johnson, as 'established and settled by time', or, with Schmidt, as 'qualified, tempered', as opposed to 'power tyrannical'. I prefer the former. It is true that, although certain popular rights, such as a say in the choice of consul, were of old standing, yet the tribunate was quite an innovation (cf. i. 1. 206). But the tribunes themselves were the last people to make this distinction.

67. Coriolanus has fallen into the tribunes' trap.

69. **their traitor,** a traitor to them.

injurious, insulting. Cf. Glossary.

70. **sat,** a conditional clause, 'if...deaths...sat'.

71. **clutch'd,** passive, 'were there clutched'.

81. **capital,** this may merely mean 'utmost', or, 'of a kind requiring capital punishment'.

83. Coriolanus would rather be insulted by the tribunes than praised by them.

88. **the steep Tarpeian death.** Cf. iii. 1. 213, note.

89. **pent to linger,** being pent to linger. The clause is clearly parallel with the other objects of 'pronounce', but the construction is somewhat loose.

97. **not in the presence,** not *merely* in the presence. Cf. iii. 2. 71, note.

99. **doth.** So F 1; Ff. 2–4 have *do*. For the singular verb with a plural subject cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 33: "Where men enforced doth speak anything", and *Abbott*, § 334.

104. This is the signal to the people agreed on in lines 13–24. Of course, for dramatic purposes, the popular vote must be given by acclamation and not 'by th' poll'.

110. **for.** So Theobald for the *from* of the Ff.

114. **estimate,** reputation.

116. I suppose Cominius wants to say 'If I speak that which may displease you, you will not take *me* for a traitor'.

120. Coriolanus sees that his cause is hopeless; he can, at least, speak his mind for once.

122. **carcasses,** on the scansion of this word cf. Essay on Metre, §§ 8 (i) *c*, (ii) *j*.

124. **uncertainty,** insecurity.

130. **Making but reservation of yourselves.** This is the reading of the Ff. Coriolanus says 'Banish your defenders, and, in your ignorance which sees no danger till it actually feels it, keep only yourselves, your own worst foes, in the city'. But some editors accept Capell's *making not reservation.*

135. **There is a world elsewhere.** It will be the object of the next act to bring out the full meaning of this. The veiled threats of Coriolanus' speech show that he has already half-formed a plan what to do.

140. **deserved vexation.** This touch shows the essential meanness of the tribunes' natures. Insults for their defeated foe, a guard to enhance their own dignity.

142. The Ff. have only one *come* at the end of this line. This is metrically harsh, and I have adopted Capell's suggestion of a second.

This scene is continuous with act iii. sc. 2.

Act IV.—Scene I.

Coriolanus' career in Rome has ended in disaster; but he is not a man to put up with disaster contentedly. Already a vague scheme, soon to take dreadful shape, has suggested itself to him, whereby he may re-establish himself in his own eyes, and once more play a brave part in new scenes and under new conditions. The attempt to carry out this scheme forms the subject of the fourth act; the fifth is concerned with its ultimate failure.

In the first three scenes, however, Coriolanus' designs are not directly revealed. For a time our sympathies are allowed to turn towards him in his misfortune. His departure is touched with pathos, though beneath there is the tragic undertone of an austere and terrible intention.

This scene is based on North's *Plutarch*, §§ 69, 70. Shakespeare adds a dramatic touch in making Coriolanus depart alone, and not 'with three or four of his friends'.

1. **the beast with many heads.** Cf. ii. 3. 15; iii. 1. 93, note. Properly the Hydra was a serpent, but Shakespeare gives it a horn and makes it butt.

4. **extremities.** So F 1; the other Ff. have *extremity*. For the singular verb with a plural subject cf. *Abbott*, §§ 333–337.

5–7. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 33—

> "In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
> How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
> Upon her patient breast, making their way
> With those of nobler bulk".

7, 8. The construction is grammatically irregular. It looks as if Shakespeare originally meant 'blows' to be the subject, and then introduced a new subject in 'being wounded'. But the sense is clear enough; it is governed by the antithesis of 'common' and 'gentle'. 'Being gentle wounded'='to bear your wounds as a gentleman'. It is not necessary to alter the text, and the emendations proposed are unconvincing.

13. **The red pestilence.** Elizabethan physicians recognized red, yellow, and black varieties of the plague. Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 364: "The red plague rid you", and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 20: "A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks". Moyes (*Medicine in Shakespeare*, p. 21) explains the 'red' plague as typhus fever, called in France *La pourpre*, from the red eruption accompanying it.

23. **My sometime general,** Cominius.

28. 'The dangers I have run have been your chief interest.' Cf. i. 3. 4–22.

29. **not lightly,** not as an empty boast, but my deliberate purpose.

30. **his fen,** the impenetrable marshes that render him invisible. Wright quotes Topsell, *History of Serpents*, "of the Indian Dragons there are also said to be two kinds, one of them fenny and living in the marshes...the other in the mountains".

33. **first.** We do not elsewhere hear of a brother to Coriolanus, but the word may only mean 'first-born', and so 'most dear'. In any case we need not read with Heath *fierce* or with Keightley *fairest*.

37. **O the gods.** Coriolanus suddenly realizes how the revenge, which is already beginning to shape itself in his mind, must inevitably bring him into conflict with all that he holds most dear.

49. **of noble touch,** of 'touched' or 'tested' nobility.

53. There is unconscious irony in Menenius' speech. He has no idea of what is rising in Coriolanus' mind.

This scene is continuous with act iii. sc. 3.

Scene 2.

The tribunes show but poorly before Volumnia's righteous anger. They have won their cause, yet in mean ways which leave them but little of our sympathy.

The various reception of Coriolanus' banishment in Rome is described in North's *Plutarch*, §§ 67, 68, but the meeting of Volumnia and the tribunes is Shakespeare's.

1. **we 'll no further.** A verb of motion is often omitted after an auxiliary. Cf. iv. 1. 57, and *Abbott*, § 405.

2. Sicinius has fears lest the nobility may revenge themselves on him personally for his share in the affair.

19. **for Rome.** Volumnia still believes this: she shall be undeceived hereafter.

34. **Cats.** So Ff. Collier proposed *Curs*, Staunton *Bats*, and Gould *Rats*. But Bertram says of the treacherous Parolles in *All's Well*, iv. 3. 266: "I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me".

This scene is continuous with act iv. sc. 1.

Scene 3.

The Volscians are recalled to our minds, in preparation for scene 4, and we learn that they are ready to attack Rome at the moment of her weakness.

This scene has no parallel in *Plutarch*.

5. **against 'em**, against the Romans. Nicanor is a Roman who serves the Volscians as a spy.

9. **is well approved.** So Steevens for the *is well appeared* of the Ff. The Ff. reading might possibly mean 'is made apparent', but 'appear' is not elsewhere used in this transitive sense. The point is: my imperfect remembrance of your 'favour' or countenance is 'approved', or 'confirmed by my remembrance of your voice'.

26. **them**, the Volscians.

31. **He cannot choose.** If Aufidius had his choice, he would prefer to have Coriolanus against him.

33. **home**, to Antium, presumably, not to Rome.

38. **in the entertainment**, in receipt of pay and rations.

An interval of a day or two may be supposed between this scene and scene 2. The total interval between scenes 2 and 4 must be sufficient for Coriolanus to travel from Rome to Antium.

Scene 4.

This brief scene serves to reveal to us Coriolanus' resolution. He will throw off the past, that past in which the motive of his action has always been self rather than country, and will for the future be to Antium what he has been to Rome.

The scene is based on North's *Plutarch*, § 73.

3. **'fore my wars.** The grammatical construction is with 'groan and drop' rather than of time with 'heirs'.

10. **beseech you.** The pronoun is omitted, as in the commoner phrase 'prithee'='I pray thee'.

12–22. This pause for a generalization, like the similar reflections of the Greek choruses, serves to mark a critical point in the play.

13. **seems to wear one.** So F 1; Ff. 2, 3 have *seen wear on*, F 4 *seem to wear one*. For the singular verb after a plural subject cf. *Abbott*, § 333.

14. **hours.** So Ff. Many editors adopt Collier's quite needless emendation of *house*.

16. **this** is put graphically for 'an'.

17. **of a doit,** 'concerning', 'for the sake of' a doit. In i. 5. 6 it is "worth a doit".

20. **take,** destroy, as in iii. 1. 111.

22. **interjoin their issues,** unite their designs, as Coriolanus proposes that he and Aufidius shall do. Rolfe explains, "let their children intermarry".

23. **birth-place hate I.** So Capell for the *birth-place have I* of F1. The later Ff. have various impossible readings.

24. **he,** Aufidius.

Another brief interval of a day or two may be supposed between this scene and act iv. sc. 3. See note *ad fin.* of that scene.

Scene 5.

This scene, the principal one in the act, presents the first step in Coriolanus' fateful design. He has thrown his all on the chance of Aufidius being sufficiently magnanimous to forget the past and to receive the suppliant as a colleague. For the present he is successful. Aufidius is touched by the confidence put in him, and by the dignified bearing of his old enemy, and willingly consents to a reconciliation. In a burst of enthusiasm he even offers Coriolanus a share in his command.

The scene is based on North's *Plutarch*, §§ 73–76, from which much of Coriolanus' speech in lines 63–99 is taken almost word for word. Plutarch does not, however, give Aufidius' reply. In *Plutarch*, the war does not break out until some time after Coriolanus' arrival in Antium. His appointment as general is mentioned in § 86.

4. Coriolanus is still, as in the last scene, muffled and disguised.

11. **companions,** often used, as we use 'fellows', in a depreciatory sense. Cf. v. 2. 57, and Glossary.

22. **avoid,** get out of; here used transitively, in line 29 intransitively.

26. **poor.** The servant used the word in the sense of 'inferior'. Coriolanus grimly accepts it in its literal sense.

35. Coriolanus will not declare himself to mere serving-men. He puts them off with studied ambiguities and allusions beyond their comprehension.

the canopy. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 311: "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament".

42. 'I am not a fellow-servant of such as you—daws.'

43. **meddle with my master,** bring my master's name into the question.

62. Aufidius' failure to recognize Coriolanus seems improbable, but perhaps they had fought with visors down.

69. **memory,** in the sense of 'memorial', that which recalls to memory.

73. **our dastard nobles.** Throughout Coriolanus is as angry with the nobles, who, for fear of danger to themselves, permitted him to be banished, as with the people who banished him.

74. **hath,** for the singular verb after the double plural cf. *Abbott*, § 336.

83. **a heart of wreak,** a heart disposed to vengeance.

84, 85. **maims of shame,** shameful injuries. Possibly, however, Johnson was right in taking 'maims' in the special sense of 'mutilations of territory'.

90. **under fiends,** not 'subordinate fiends', but 'fiends of hell below'.

99. Aufidius is sensitive to the courage which Coriolanus has shown. He is roused to a generosity somewhat beyond his ordinary temper, and meets him with an equal chivalry.

101–104. I have adopted Schmidt's arrangement of these lines. In the Ff. they end with *Jupiter...things...more...twine.* In any case, one line must be octosyllabic, and the best dramatic effect is gained by letting it be line 104. The place of the missing foot is filled up by a long pause, during which the old rivals gaze into each other's eyes.

105. **where against** = 'against which'. 'Wherein' similarly = 'in which'.

107. **scarr'd.** So Ff. Rowe read *scared*, in defence of which Malone quotes *Richard III.*, v. 3. 341: "Amaze the welkin with your broken staves". Delius supports the Ff. reading by *Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 39: "now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast".

108. **the anvil of my sword.** Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 511—

> "And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
> On Mars' armour forged for proof eterne,
> With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
> Now falls on Priam".

114. **dances**, possibly 'makes to dance', in which case 'that I see thee here' is the subject. If 'my heart' is the subject, 'that I see thee here' is a causal clause='in that I see thee here'.

116. **bestride my threshold.** The Romans held it unlucky to stumble on a threshold, especially for a bride. Where did Shakespeare pick up this bit of classical lore? It is not in Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus.*

119. **out**, 'thoroughly', 'out and out': cf. Glossary.

129. **o'er-beat.** So Ff. Many editors accept Rowe's *o'erbear.*

134. **absolute**, 'incomparable', 'perfect': cf. Glossary.

141. Various emendations have been proposed to avoid the octosyllabic line. But Aufidius ends his address with a dramatic pause: cf. note on line 104. The rest of the speech is spoken as the two move towards the inner door of the hall.

146. The disconcerted servants try to recover their good opinion of their own discernment.

147. **stroken.** The spelling of Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4 spell *strucken.* On the participial form cf. *Abbott*, § 344.

161. **he you wot on.** So Dyce for the *he, you wot one.* I accept the emendation, because both the servants seem agreed that Coriolanus is the better soldier.

174. **lief.** So F 4, spelling *lieve*; Ff. 1–3 have *live.*

182. The second *him* in this line='Aufidius'.

187. **boil'd.** So Ff. Most editors accept Pope's *broil'd* on the ground that a carbonado was broiled, not boiled. But the speaker does not necessarily carry on the whole of his fellow's metaphor.

191. **but**, a conjunction, 'unless'.

193. **with 's hand**, with Coriolanus' hand. Malone explains, 'considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress'. Johnson, however, thought it an allusion 'to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event'. If so, 'with 's' must='with his own'.

turns up the white o' the eye, as an expression of piety.

205. **directitude.** So Ff. Malone conjectured *discreditude* and Collier *dejectitude.* No emendation is necessary. The servant is making a bad shot, in the Costard-Bottom-Dogberry manner of the earlier plays, at some word, probably 'discredit'.

208. **in blood**, 'in good condition'. Cf. i. 1. 149, note.

215. Cf. the sentiment of Tennyson's *Maud, passim.*

218. **sprightly, waking.** Pope's emendation for the *sprightly-walking* of the Ff.

audible, 'able to hear', a passive adjective used in an active sense. Cf. *Abbott*, § 3.

218, 219. full of vent, 'full of outlets for energy': cf. the use of 'vent' in iii. 1. 258, and Glossary, *s.v.* Wright, however, thinks that there is an antithesis between 'full of vent' and 'mulled', the one signifying drowsy spiced wine, the other wine that is 'effervescent, working, ready to burst the cask'.

221. war's. So Rowe for the *wars* of the Ff.

This scene follows immediately upon act iv. sc. 4.

Scene 6.

Coriolanus' action brings immediate consternation upon Rome. The effect of this is increased by the brief scene between the tribunes and Menenius (lines 1–37) before the news comes. To the audience, who know, the exultation of the tribunes is full of irony, and in the latter part of the scene, when their short-sightedness has been exposed, Menenius, naturally enough, does not spare them. They have also to fear the anger of the people, whom they have misled (lines 139–159). Coriolanus' revenge is beginning.

The consternation in Rome at the march of Coriolanus is described in North's *Plutarch*, §§ 78, 87, 88, 93. Plutarch describes also at length some omens which befell (§§ 78–82), and a device by which war was brought about (§§ 84–86). The insertion of these would only have delayed the action of the drama.

4–9. There is much truth in this, as a criticism of Menenius and the nobles.

7. pestering, 'crowding to discomfort'. Cf. Glossary.

9. friendly, adjective for adverb: cf. *Abbott*, § 1; but in this case the adjective was itself originally an adverb, 'friendly' being a mutilated form of 'friend-like'.

32. The tribunes still believe, or profess to believe, the absurd charge advanced in iii. 3. 63–66.

38. whom we have put in prison. This touch, showing how incredible the truth appeared, is perhaps the most ironical thing in the scene.

42. Even to Menenius the truth does not at once occur.

45. stood, 'stood as champion'.

48. Menenius is full of scorn for the ignorance of these tribunes, who profess statesmanship.

50. hath. So Ff. 1–3. Many editors prefer the *have* of the Ff. But we have seen many examples of the singular verb with a plural subject. Cf. *Abbott*, § 334.

65. probable, 'capable of proof'.

67, 68. Grant White explains these lines, "Revenge that shall embrace all, from the youngest to the oldest"; but surely it is 'revenge, as infinite in its extent as from the creation to to-day'.

70. **Good,** spoken ironically.

86. **whereon you stood,** 'about which you were so obstinate'.

87. **into an auger's bore,** 'into the narrowest conceivable limits'. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 128—

> "here, where our fate,
> Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us".

88. **you've made fair work.** The terror of the news is lessened for Menenius by the opportunity it gives for a dialectical score off the tribunes.

94. Cf. the picture of Coriolanus' child in i. 3. 57–61.

97. **the voice of occupation,** 'the vote of those engaged in manual occupations'.

98. **garlic-eaters.** Apparently the lower-class Londoner ate more garlic than he does to-day. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, iii. 1. 162; *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2. 195; and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 2. 43: "Most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath".

102. **regions.** So Ff. Becket proposed *legions*.

103. **who resists.** Another instance of singular verb with plural subject. Hanmer proposed *resist*.

106. **something,** *i.e.* 'more than you had the sense to find'.

112. **charged,** 'would charge'. The sense is, 'They would have to admit themselves in the same position as his enemies'.

129. **And is Aufidius with him?** Menenius can hardly realize that such a league is possible.

130. **cast your...caps:** cf. iii. 3. 137, and i. 1. 203, note.

139. As usual, the citizens have not the moral courage to stand by their actions; they shuffle.

Sufficient interval is required between this scene and act iv. sc. 5 to allow the Volscian army to start, and news of the advance to reach Rome.

Scene 7.

This scene foreshadows Coriolanus' ultimate failure in the next act. The 'roots of ancient envy' are not so easily 'weeded from the heart'. The generous impulse with which Aufidius at first welcomed 'the Roman' dies down. He awakes to jealousy of his rival's popularity in the camp; he finds himself playing second fiddle. Henceforth he is in secret Coriolanus' watchful enemy.

The popularity of Coriolanus and the jealousy of Aufidius are described in North's *Plutarch*, §§ 91, 98.

6. **by your own.** Not 'by your own action', for 'action' in line 5 = not 'act' but 'campaign'. It may be 'by your own

soldiers' or 'by your own *protégé*', the Coriolanus whom you yourself raised to his position.

8. more proudlier. So F 1; Ff. 2–4 have *more proudly*. For the double comparative cf. iii. 1. 120, note.

13. for your particular, 'for your private reputation' as opposed to the general success of the campaign.

15. Had. So Malone for the *Have* of the Ff.

19. is. The subject is borrowed from 'it seems', in spite of the differently constructed clause which comes between.

22. dragon-like. Cf. iv. 1. 30.

23–25. It is difficult to say what charges Aufidius now means to bring against Coriolanus. He has not yet betrayed Antium by sparing Rome. In act v. sc. 6 no other definite accusation is made against him, though certain unspecified 'faults before the last' are mentioned in v. 6. 64.

27–56. Coleridge says, "I have always thought this, in itself so beautiful speech, the least explicable from the mood and full intention of the speaker of any in the whole works of Shakespeare. I cherish the hope that I am mistaken, and that, becoming wiser, I shall discover some profound excellence in that, in which I now appear to detect an imperfection." To this the American critic, Verplanck replies, "I cannot perceive the difficulty—the speech corresponds with the mixed character of the speaker, too generous not to see and acknowledge his rival's merit, yet not sufficiently magnanimous to be free from the malignant desire of revenging himself upon his rival for that very superiority". Surely Coleridge is right. The speech is out of keeping with Aufidius' mood in this scene. Perhaps the explanation is that it is not wholly dramatic; for once the dramatist, not the puppet, speaks. On the eve of the catastrophe Shakespeare pauses, to sum up his hero's career so far.

27. yields. So F 1; the other Ff. have *yield*. Another instance of singular verb and plural subject.

33. osprey. Spelt *Aspray* in the Ff. The osprey was supposed to fascinate fish, as the serpent birds. Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1—

> "Your actions
> Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
> Subdue before they touch".

36. Carry his honours even. The metaphor is from balancing, 'carry his honours, and keep his equilibrium'.

36–44. Johnson has an admirable paraphrase of these lines: "Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus: pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper

transition from the 'casque' or 'helmet' to the 'cushion' or 'chair of civil authority'; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war."

37. **out of daily fortune**, 'arising from uninterrupted success'.

38. **defect.** So Ff. 2–4; F 1 has *detect.*

45. **not all.** Aufidius will not say that Coriolanus has any of these bad qualities—pride, defect of judgment, stiffness of nature—in the extreme.

47, 48. Aufidius has been summing up Coriolanus' faults. He breaks off, 'And yet—after all, his merit is so great, that one hardly likes to speak his faults'. Other explanations of the passage are: Johnson's, "He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting of it"; and Wright's, "He was banish'd, but his merit was great enough to have prevented the sentence from being uttered".

48–52. This passage is rather a crux. Many emendations have been proposed, which only darken counsel, and innumerable explanations, of which none seem to me to approach the sense. I quote two given by Mr. Beeching. In one the lines are treated as praise of Coriolanus: "Time, the great interpreter, reveals our virtues (notwithstanding banishment, &c.); and power which appreciates its own desert will not find so conspicuous a monument as a public chair from which it may be praised". In the other they are treated as blame: "Our virtues become vices if they do not interpret occasions rightly (a reference to Coriolanus' 'defect of judgment'); and power which has a good opinion of itself finds no so ready grave as a public office it may use for self-praise (referring to Coriolanus' 'pride'). I do not think that 'chair' in line 51 means either the chair of the panegyrist or the chair of the magistrate. 'Not a tomb so evident as a chair' is surely a way of saying 'no tomb at all', 'not a wooden chair, much less a sumptuous seated statue'. Then 'unto itself' I take as 'in itself', an odd construction, but formed from 'to give commendation unto virtues'. The whole passage is a general moral drawn from Coriolanus' fate in Rome, suggested by the thought of his 'merit' just referred to in line 47. I paraphrase, 'Coriolanus was meritorious, but merit is as our contemporaries choose to think it. A man may have power, and deserve commendation, yet if his fellow-citizens choose, he may be blotted out, and not the slightest monument left to speak his praise.'"

The kind of sentiment is that so often put in the mouth of a Greek chorus.

48. **virtues.** So Ff. 2–4; F 1 has *virtue.*

51. I quote a few audacious emendations of the Ff. text: *tomb so evident as a cheer* (Collier), *tongue so eloquent as a chair* (Grant White), *trump so evident as a child s* (Bailey), *tongue so eloquent as a choir* (Bulloch), *proem so evident as a tear* (Wetherell).

53, 54. Aufidius continues in an excited strain, 'Reputations rise and fall, each pushing another out of its way. So may I push away

Coriolanus.' The excitement is shown by the rhyme, so rare in the play. Cf. Essay on Metre, § 17.

54. founder. So Johnson for the *fouler* of the Ff. Clearly a verb is wanted, and neither Dyce's *falter* nor any other of the numerous emendations proposed is as good.

There is nothing to mark the time of this scene, as the note of locality, '*A camp, at a small distance from Rome*', is Theobald's, and not from the Ff. It may be taken as synchronous with act iv. scene 6, or as following it after a brief interval. The total interval between act iv. scene 5 and act v. scene 1 must be sufficient for the Volscian army to march to Rome, and for the first ineffectual embassies to return from Coriolanus' camp.

Act V.—Scene I.

The present act witnesses the ultimate tragic failure of Coriolanus. In the fourth act he attempted, after his exile from Rome, to re-establish himself in his own eyes, to rebuild his shattered ideal. He has changed his skies, and thinks that he has changed his mind. Could he have done this, then indeed he might have begun, and succeeded, again. But we are to realize that the attempt was an impossibility. You cannot lightly, in an hour, throw off the bonds of a lifetime. Rome Coriolanus could discard, for he had never been at heart a patriot; but the personal relations which had made him what he was, these cling to him and bring his scheme to ruin. Of these his love and admiration for his mother, and his antagonism to antagonism are the chief. These now come strongly into play. At his mother's bidding he turns back from the gates of Rome, and thus gives occasion for Aufidius' smouldering envy to blaze forth against him. In his last days he recovers dignity, but nevertheless he has failed, and the fact is acknowledged, in right Shakespearean fashion, by his death.

In the first two scenes our feelings are worked up to the required pitch, that the gravity of Volumnia's mission, upon which hangs the destiny of a nation, may fully appear. In the first the consternation of Rome is painted. Menenius desires to make himself important: he will be prayed to go, but he does not seriously despair of success. The tribunes and Cominius, however, put little hope in him.

Shakespeare describes two personal embassies to Coriolanus, those of Cominius and Menenius, before that of the women. Here he departs from Plutarch, in order to get the personal element necessary to a drama. In North's *Plutarch* we hear of (1) an embassy from Coriolanus' familiar friends and acquaintances (§ 96); (2) a second embassage after thirty days' truce (§§ 100, 101). These

may correspond roughly to the embassies of Cominius and Menenius. There is also (3) an embassy of priests (§ 102) which Shakespeare omits, together with some quotations from Homer, as dramatically superfluous.

1. **he**, Cominius.

2. **Which**, often used for 'who'. Cf. *Abbott*, § 265.

3. **In a most dear particular**, with a particularly close affection.
He, Coriolanus.

5. **knee**, make upon your knees. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

6. **coy'd**, showed disdain or unwillingness. Cf. i. 1. 90, note, and Glossary.

16. **rack'd**, *i.e.* toiled: cf. Glossary. This is Pope's emendation for the *wrack'd* of the Ff. Hanmer suggested *sack'd fair Rome*, Dyce *wreck'd fair Rome*, Long *wrack'd poor Rome*, Leo *work'd for Rome*, &c. &c.

17. **To make coals cheap**, because, if Rome itself is to be fired, coals will be superfluous. There is a cut at the commercial instincts of the tribunes.

20. **a bare petition**, that is, a bare-faced petition. Rome had not pardoned Coriolanus; yet Rome had the face to ask pardon from him. Mason conjectured *base*.

21. Menenius can hardly regret this answer to the Rome of the tribunes; but that Coriolanus should have lost all regard for his private friends does shock him somewhat.

30. **this brave fellow**, Cominius. Menenius is addressing the tribunes.

32. **Above the moon.** Cf. iv. 5. 117: "Scarr'd the moon with splinters".

34. **In this so never-needed help.** A compressed expression; the full meaning is 'in this time in which help was never so needed'.

37. **instant**, immediate.

47. Menenius is a little flattered, and very confident of Coriolanus' esteem for himself. Still he doubts a little. The notion to take Coriolanus after dinner is very characteristic, as was his apologue of the belly in act i. scene 1, of the self-indulgent epicure. He has not much insight into character.

49. **hum**, not 'hum a tune', but 'greet him with a 'Hum' of scorn', 'sniff' at him.

50. **taken well**, taken diplomatically, at the right moment, in the right mood.

54. **conveyances of our blood.** Moyes (*Medicine in Shakespeare*, p. 9) points out that Shakespeare knew nothing of the law of the circulation of the blood, as discovered by Harvey, though many of his phrases suggest it.

57. **dieted to my request**, fed into a mood favourable to my request.

59. The tribunes, in their fear, use somewhat gross flattery towards Menenius.

62. **success.** The word covers both good and ill success.

63. **in gold**, in state; cf. *North*, § 110. But there does not seem much point in this. Does it mean, 'in bribes he has rejected'?

66. Coriolanus has already begun to feel the difficulties of his enterprise.

67–69. These lines have proved puzzling to commentators. I have put a comma for the colon of F 1 after *me*, and explain 'He sent me an offer of concessions, strictly limited, and dependent on an oath to observe the conditions laid down'. Coriolanus has already begun to waver. He repeats to Menenius in v. 2. 82 (cf. v. 3. 13) the offer made to Cominius. Johnson, Malone, and others have assumed that words are lost; surely the last refuge of a commentator.

70. A pause of meditative despair.

71. Hope, personified, is identified with the mother and wife.

The time-relations of this scene to the last are not clearly indicated. A brief interval may be assumed. See note *ad fin.* of act iv. scene 7, where it is pointed out that the total interval between act iv. scene 5 and act v. scene 1 must be sufficient for the Volscian army to march to Rome, and for Cominius to visit and return from the camp.

Scene 2.

Menenius' failure intensifies the importance of Volumnia's attempt. Everything now depends on that, and it is so little likely to succeed. Yet Coriolanus begins to show signs of breaking down in his resolve. His position is growing intolerable.

For the material in North's *Plutarch* for this scene, see the note at the beginning of act v. sc. 1.

2. Menenius, though he may have his qualms, assumes an air of assurance. And, verily, he can hardly believe that he has no longer any influence with Coriolanus.

10. **lots to blanks**, *i.e.* long odds. The 'lots' are the prizes in a lottery; but the point of the metaphor lies not in the number of the lots, which is of course less than that of the blanks, but in their relative value.

11. Menenius brings out his name with an air, but it does not prove an 'Open Sesame'.

14. **lover**, often used of intimate male friends. Cf. the *Sonnets*, *passim*; and so John Donne in his letters to Sir Henry Goodere.

15. **the book**, the chronicle. Menenius has never been weary of recording Coriolanus' deeds, nor forgotten the details of them. Cf. *e.g.* ii. 1. 137.

17. **verified**, spoken up for, borne witness to. Numerous emendations have been suggested—*magnified* (Hanmer), *glorified* (Leo), *deified* (Cartwright), *vivified* (Bulloch), *amplified* (Hudson). Most of these assume that a word implying exaggeration is wanted, but that does not come until lines 19–22.

20. **subtle**, deceptive. Steevens quotes Jonson's *Chloridia*, "Tityus' breast, that is...counted the subtlest bowling-green in all Tartarus".

21. **tumbled past the throw**, overshot the mark. The point in bowls is to leave the bowl lying as near the jack or mark aimed at as possible; the meaning therefore is, 'I have been so careful not to say anything less than he merited, that I may have said a little more'.

22. **stamp'd the leasing**, made untruth pass as good coin.

29. **factionary**, a partisan.

34. **after dinner.** Cf. v. 1. 50–58.

40. **easy**, ready, easy to call up. Collier's *queasy* and Staunton's *wheezy* are quite unnecessary.

53. **half-pint of blood**, all there is in an old man's veins.

57. **companion**, a term of depreciation. Cf. iv. 5. 12, note.

errand, spelt *arrant* in Ff. 1–3. Mr. Beeching points out that in Raleigh's poem *The Lie*, the word rhymes to 'warrant'. 'Say an errand for you' seems to mean 'get you sent on an errand, *i.e.* to punishment'.

59. **Jack guardant**, Jack on guard. Cf. the better-known phrase 'Jack in office', and Glossary, *s.v. Jack.*

office me, keep me by virtue of his office. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

60. **entertainment with him**, reception from him.

67. **water**, his tears.

69. **our.** So F 4; Ff. 1–3 have *your.* It is rather far-fetched to make this mean 'the gates of what was your city'.

76. **servanted**, made servants to. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

77. **properly**, personally.

87. Aufidius speaks with concealed irony. He sees Coriolanus' possible weakness, not so the duller soldier in line 101.

100. Menenius has borne his repulse with dignity, and the soldier feels it.

This scene closely follows scene 1.

Scene 3.

This is perhaps the finest scene in the play. It is also one of the most important. Two mighty kindred spirits clash together; and in the clash Coriolanus' second failure is determined. The powerful individuality of Volumnia, kept in the background hitherto and only suggested, now dominates the action, and, by contact with her, Coriolanus too rises to a pitch of higher dignity than he has yet reached.

The scene is based on North's *Plutarch*, §§ 109–115, much of Volumnia's speeches being borrowed almost word for word. Shakespeare has omitted the unimportant fact related at length by Plutarch, that the expedition was proposed by Valeria (*North*, §§ 105–108).

3. plainly, straightforwardly.

4–8. Aufidius speaks somewhat hypocritically; this is not the way he means to represent things at Antium. Coriolanus has no suspicion of the envy that watches his every action.

11. godded, made a god of. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

16. Aufidius is noting these successive yieldings.

24. Coriolanus would strengthen himself by re-assertions of his resolve, a sure sign that he mistrusts it.

32, 35. Note the accent, *aspect'*, *instinct'*, and cf. Essay on Metre, § 10 (i).

38. 'I do not look upon you as I did; you cannot melt me now.'

wore. Cf. ii. 1. 163: "Such eyes the widows in Corioles wear".

39. 'It is not you are changed; we, worn out with sorrow, cannot move you.'

40. Cf. *Sonnet* xxiii. 1—

> "As an unperfect actor on the stage,
> Who with his fear is put beside his part".

41. out, the technical phrase for an actor who has forgotten his part. Cf. *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 75: "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit". Shakespeare's frequent stage-metaphors come naturally from an actor-dramatist.

42. Best of my flesh. Coriolanus addresses Virgilia, his 'better half'.

46. queen of heaven, Hera-Juno, always jealous of Zeus-Jupiter.

48. virgin'd it, remained a virgin. Cf. i. 1. 90, note, and for the impersonal form of the phrase cf. 'foot it' in ii. 3. 112, and *Abbott*, § 226.

prate. So Theobald for the *pray* of the Ff.

57. **corrected**, rebuked, for his delay in greeting her.

58–60. For the hyperbole cf. iv. 3. 107; v. 1. 31.

58. **hungry**, perhaps 'barren'; perhaps 'greedy for shipwrecks'. Malone conjectured *angry*.

63. **holp**. So Pope for the *hope* of the Ff.

64. In these elaborate greetings Coriolanus would seem to be trying to put off the inevitable struggle which he sees before him.

65. **moon**, always a symbol of chastity. Cf. i. 1. 248; ii. 1. 86.

68. **This**. Volumnia points to young Marcius.

epitome, a summary in brief, on a small scale. So Hamlet (ii. 2. 548) calls the players "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time".

70. **The god of soldiers**, Mars.

76. Dr. Nicholson says: "The stage action here to which Coriolanus replies is this: the boy refuses to kneel, but interposes between the kneeling ladies and Coriolanus". See his after-speech "'A shall not tread on me", &c. This is far-fetched, and I agree with the Cambridge editors, who say: "Coriolanus seems rather to commend the boy for doing as he was bid. To refuse to kneel would suit ill with his 'aspect of intercession' (line 32). Besides, he kneels, without being specially told to do so, afterwards (line 175)."

80. **The thing**. The strict grammar would be 'Denials of the thing'.

97. **unfortunate**. Cf. *North*, § 112, and the remarks on this passage at the beginning of Appendix A.

all, all other.

103. **we**, Shakespeare's use of the inflections of personal pronouns is very irregular. Cf. *Abbott*, §§ 205–216.

109, 110. **or...or**, for *either...or*, is frequent. Cf. *Abbott*, § 136.

117. **the palm**, the sign of victory.

120. **determine**, used intransitively, 'come to a term or close'.

125. **Ay**. A sob fills out the foot: cf. Essay on Metre, § 14.

127, 128. The childish interruption is in prose; it increases the pathos of the situation.

129. Coriolanus can hardly hold out.

149–153. Volumnia suggests that Coriolanus has brought Rome to her knees to save his honour, never meaning really to injure her, just as Jove when he thunders injures nothing more important than a tree.

149. **fine strains of honour**. We say 'the point of honour', that is, 'honour strained to the finest point'. *Fine* is Johnson's emendation for the *five* of the Ff.

152. **charge**. So Warburton for the *change* of the Ff.

155. **Still**, constantly, for ever.

160. Volumnia plays her part with no less tact than dignity. She appeals to patriotism and reason, and falls back on a woman's last resource, the pathetic. Perhaps a tear comes, which Coriolanus has never seen on her cheek before.

166. This is true: it is not argument, but the power of one soul over another that is to move Coriolanus.

179. **his child.** So the Ff. Theobald proposed *this child*. But the paradox is intentional.

184. **unnatural.** The whole situation is unnatural; a Roman making war on Rome; a mother pleading with her son for mercy; a conqueror melted by a woman.

188. Coriolanus has after all not been able to undo his past in Rome, he knows that he will not be able to undo his past in Antium either. Honour will oblige him to return and render his account to the Volscians, to whom he has proved a traitor.

190. **true**, true to my promise.

191–194. Coriolanus appeals to Aufidius, whom he has come to regard as a personal friend, and from whom he hopes for some support. Aufidius answers little. He is hypocritical, but perhaps a little moved also.

201. 'I'll recover the position in Antium you have supplanted me in.'

202. While Aufidius speaks aside, Coriolanus talks with the ladies. Probably they urge him to return to Rome.

203. **drink together**, in sign of peace. Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 2. 63—

> "And here between the armies,
> Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,
> That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
> Of our restored love and amity".

204, 205. Coriolanus has verbally laid his terms before the ladies. He will send the like conditions written and authenticated by his seal and Aufidius.

This scene follows closely upon scene 2.

Scene 4.

The real action, so far as Coriolanus' fate is concerned, is carried on in the last scene in the act. There is a slight pause first, and the importance of his concession to his mother is emphasized by the contrast, in scenes 4 and 5, between despair and rejoicing in Rome. As before, Menenius and the tribunes, now too overwhelmed to bicker, stand for the two elements in the city.

This scene has no direct equivalent in Plutarch.

3. Menenius hardly thinks that others will succeed where he has failed.

6. **stay upon**, await.

9–12. 'This change in Marcius is but a natural development, considering his circumstances.' For the dragon metaphor cf. iv. 1. 30; iv. 7. 22.

18. **his hum.** Cf. v. 1. 49.

19. **made for Alexander**, made to be an Alexander.

21. **of a god**, proper to a god.

22. **to throne in**, to be enthroned in. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

24. **in the character**, as he really is.

27. **long of you**, still a vulgarism for 'through you'.

32. The Roman populace is fickle as ever; and the intrigues of the tribunes have fallen on themselves.

40. **th' expulsion of the Tarquins**, this, too, an occasion when Coriolanus played a great part. Cf. ii. 2. 83–94.

44, 45. A fine metaphor. Cf. *Lucrece*, 1667—

> "As through an arch the violent roaring tide
> Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste".

Is the crowd pouring out of the gates, the siege being raised, or in through them, having accompanied the ladies to the border of the camp?

44. **blown.** Either 'swollen' or 'the wind helping it'.

48. **the sun dance.** Cf. Suckling, *Ballad upon a Wedding*—

> "But, O, she dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter Day
> Is half so fine a sight".

51. Menenius takes heart to gibe at the tribunes once more.

52. **pray'd**, in line 28.

58. **at point to enter**, on the point of entering.

This scene follows closely on scene 3.

Scene 5.

Dyce first treated this as a separate scene, according to the usual custom when the stage is left empty.

This scene is based on North's *Plutarch*, § 117.

4. **Unshout.** So Rowe for the *Unshoot* of the Ff. The verb is on the analogy of 'Unsay', and means 'cancel by a new shout'.

This scene follows immediately on scene 4.

Scene 6.

Rome is saved, but there is no salvation for Coriolanus. So much he recognized in v. 3. 188. He has failed to re-establish himself in Antium. He cannot make yet another attempt in Rome. Things came to such a pass that he could not escape but by impiety or treachery. He chose treachery, and gave the watchful Aufidius a handle over him. His death ends the tangle, or rather serves to indicate what a tangle, what a tragedy it all is. For that is the purpose which death at the close of a Shakespearean drama generally serves.

This scene is based upon North's *Plutarch*, §§ 121–126.

Corioles. So Singer. Rowe puts the scene in *Antium*, but cf. line 90. It is Antium in *Plutarch* (§ 121).

5. **Him**, 'he whom': for the merging of relative and antecedent cf. *Abbott*, § 246.

10. **his own alms.** Aufidius refers to his generosity towards Coriolanus.

21, 22. **who...he.** The subject is repeated.

22. **flattery.** Surely Aufidius is deliberately misrepresenting Coriolanus.

26. **stoutness**, firmness.

28. **That I would have spoke of.** But as a matter of fact he slurs it over.

36. **end**, gather in. Cf. Glossary.

39. **waged**, paid me wages. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

40. **mercenary**, in the literal sense of *mercenarius*, a soldier serving for pay.

44. **sinews**, abilities, lit. nerves. Cf. Glossary.

45–47. So Coriolanus' action appears to the unsympathetic observer.

49. **like a post**, as if Aufidius had been a mere messenger, bringing news of Coriolanus' success.

57. **After your way.** Aufidius' 'way' may be seen in lines 20–40 and lines 90–100. But once Coriolanus is dead, he does behave more generously.

67. **charge**, in the sense of 'a bill to pay'; 'bringing us back nothing except our expenses to meet'. As to the truth of the statement cf. line 77.

70. Coriolanus puts a bold face upon matters and does not apologize for his action.

85. **your powers**, the powers you entrusted to him.

86. Aufidius, like the tribunes of old, knows exactly how to 'draw' Coriolanus.

95, 96. **never admitting Counsel o' th' war**, taking no advice from me, his nominal colleague.

100. **No more.** 'You are no better.'

105. **his own notion**, his own consciousness.

111. **Boy.** The false interpretations put upon Coriolanus restore much of our sympathy to him. His action was that of a traitor, but it was certainly not dictated by cowardice.

119. **presently**, immediately.

123. **folds-in**, extends beyond and around.

125. **judicious**, judicial, impartial.

142, 143. **herald...urn.** A curious combination of the Roman urn and the mediæval custom of a herald attending at a funeral.

145. The closing speech is well put in the mouth of Aufidius, who throughout the play has been divided between envy and admiration of his rival.

150. **unchilded**, robbed of children. Cf. i. 1. 90, note.

An interval is required between this scene and scene 5 for the completion of peace, and the return of the Volscian army to Corioli.

APPENDIX A.

NORTH'S TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH'S LIFE OF CORIOLANUS.

Shakespeare's sole historical source for *Coriolanus*, with the possible exception of a passage in Camden's *Remaines* (1605), (cf. Appendix B), seems to have been Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus* in the English rendering of Sir Thomas North.[1] The original life of Coriolanus, together with that of Alcibiades and a comparison between the two, forms a book of the *Parallel Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans* written by M. Annaeus Plutarchus of Chaeronea in the latter half of the first century A.D. The *Lives* were translated from Greek into French, with or without the help of an intermediate Latin version, by Jaques Amyot, Abbot of Bellozane, and afterwards Bishop of Auxerre. Amyot's book appeared in 1559, and in its turn was made the basis of an English translation by Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas, North, the younger son of Edward Baron North of Kirtling. This version is a magnificent example of Tudor English. It first appeared in $15\frac{79}{80}$—the preface is dated 24 January 1579—with the following title-page:—

> The Lives of | The Noble Grecians | and Romanes | Compared Together by that Grave Learn- | ed Philosopher and Historiographer | Plutarke of Chaeronea | Translated out of Greeke into French by | James Amyot | Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, One of the | King's Privy Counsel, and Great Amner of France | And out of French into Englishe by | Thomas North | 1579.

[1] The student may consult the following authorities: G. Wyndham, *Introduction to North's Plutarch* in W. E. Henley's *Tudor Translations* Series; W.W. Skeat, *Shakespeare's Plutarch*; A. P. Paton, *North's Plutarch: Notes as to a Copy of this Work in the Greenock Library* (reprinted in the *Hamnet Shakespeare*, pt. vi.); J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, *Hint on the Date of Coriolanus* (*New Shakspere Society's Transactions* (1874), 367); R. C. Trench, *Plutarch, his Life, his Lives, and his Morals*; N. Delius, *Shakespeare's Coriolan in seinem Verhaltniss zum Coriolan des Plutarch* (German Shakespeare Society's *Jahrbuch*, xi. 32).

Later editions were published in 1595, 1603 (augmented, this, with renderings of some Latin compilations by one S[imon] G[oulard] S[enlisien]), 1612, 1631, 1656, and 1676. The book appears to have been Shakespeare's principal source for *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, and to have served in a less degree for *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. It has been a matter of dispute which edition Shakespeare is most likely to have used. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has argued from a passage in our play that it must have been that of 1612. Volumnia says in v. 3. 96–98—

> "Think with thyself
> How more unfortunate than all living women
> Are we come hither".

The corresponding passage in *North* is in § 112. Here the three first editions read *unfortunately*, that of 1612 *unfortunate*. Critics of this argument have remarked that the alteration may have been first made by Shakespeare, and borrowed from him by North's reviser in 1612. It is perhaps more to the point, that even if Shakespeare had found *unfortunately* in the text before him, it would have been an obvious thing to turn it into *unfortunate* for the sake of the metre. Mr. Allan Park Paton, again, has pointed out that there is in the Library at Greenock a copy of the 1612 edition which may very possibly have been Shakespeare's own. It has the initials W.S. stamped on the cover. At the top of the title-page is written, "Vive :· ut Vivas :· W.S. :· pretiū 18^s", and the same handwriting, which might be Shakespeare's, occurs in two other places in the book. One is the account of Caesar's death, where 'Brute—Brutus' is written in the margin. It is perhaps noteworthy that the phrase *Et tu Brute*, which is in Shakespeare, is not in *Plutarch*. The other is opposite the expression 'the Ides of March'. Here the margin has 'March 15'. Other passages are marked with the :· of the title-page, nearly all being either at the beginning of the book, or in the *Lives* of *Antony*, *Caesar*, and *Brutus*. But, though the book may have been Shakespeare's, it is of course incredible that all the plays for which *Plutarch* was the source can have been written after 1612. It is improbable in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, highly improbable in the case of *Julius Caesar*, and impossible in the case of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*[1]. And if Shakespeare *must* have consulted an earlier edition for

[1] On the dates of these plays see the Introductions to Mr. Innes' edition of *Julius Caesar* and mine of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* in this series.

some of these plays, he *may* have done so for all. As *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was probably written in or about the winter of 1594–5, this edition must have been that of 1579, the *first*.

I have therefore taken the edition of 1579 as the basis of the following reprint. I have divided the text, for convenience of reference, into short sections; I have indicated the passages of the play with which each should be compared; and I have shown by the use of italics where Shakespeare has borrowed the very words of North. For comments on Shakespeare's treatment of his material the notes at the beginning of each scene should be consulted.

THE LIFE OF CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS.

§ 1. *The house of the Martians* at Rome was of the number of the Patricians, out of the which hath sprung many noble personages, whereof *Ancus Martius* was one, King *Numa's daughter's son, who was King* of Rome *after* Tullus *Hostilius.* *Of the same house were Publius and Quintus*, who *brought* to Rome their *best water* they had, *by conduits.* *Censorinus* also came of that family, *that was so surnamed*, because *the people* had *chosen* him *Censor twice.* Through whose persuasion they made a law, that no man from thenceforth might require or enjoy the Censorship twice. § 2. Caius Martius, whose life we intend now to write, being left an orphan by his father, was brought up under his mother a widow; who taught us by experience, that orphanage bringeth many discommodities to a child, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excel in virtue above the common sort: as they that are meanly born wrongfully do complain, that it is the occasion of their casting away, for that no man in their youth taketh any care of them to see them well brought up, and taught that were meet. This man also is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions: That a rare and excellent wit, untaught, doth bring forth many good and evil things together: like as a fat soil bringeth forth both herbs and weeds that lieth unmanured. § 3. For this Martius' natural wit and great heart did marvellously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient, that he would yield to no living creature: which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men marvelling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travails: thereupon they well liked and com-

ii. 3. 229–236.

i. 1. 38.

mended his stoutness and temperancy. But for all that they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another in the city. His behaviour was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because it was too lordly, was disliked. And to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth men unto is this: that it teacheth men that be rude and rough of nature, by compass and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous, and to like better the mean state than the higher. Now in those days, valiantness was honoured in Rome above all other virtues: which they called *virtus*, by the name of virtue itself, as including in that general name all other special virtues besides. So that *virtus* in the Latin was as much as valiantness. i. 1. 36.

§ 4. But Martius being more inclined to the wars than any other gentleman of his time, began from his childhood to give himself to handle weapons, and daily did exercise himself therein: and outward he esteemed armour to no purpose, unless one were naturally armed within. Moreover he did so exercise his body to hardness and all kind of activity, that he was very swift in running, strong in wrestling, and mighty in gripping, so that no man could ever cast him. Insomuch as those that would try masteries with him for strength and nimbleness, would say when they were overcome: that all was by reason of his natural strength and hardness of ward, that never yielded to any pain or toil he took upon him.

§ 5. The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin surnamed the proud (that had been king of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome) did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy: even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator: and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy, with his own hands, that had before overthrown the Roman (ii. 1. 135). § 6. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs (i. 3. 12; ii. 1. 111). For whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them, to honour him with such a garland. This ii. 2. 84–94.

was, either because the law did this honour to the oak, in favour of the Arcadians, who by the oracle of Apollo were in old time called eaters of acorns: or else because the soldiers might easily in every place come by oaken boughs: or lastly, because they thought it very necessary, to give him that had saved a citizen's life, a crown of this tree to honour him, being properly dedicated unto Jupiter, the patron and protector of their cities, and thought amongst other wild trees to bring forth a profitable fruit, and of plants to be the strongest. Moreover, men at the first beginning did use acorns for their bread, and honey for their drink: and further, the oak did feed their beasts, and give them birds, by taking glue from the oaks, with the which they made bird-lime to catch silly birds. § 7. They say that Castor and Pollux appeared in this battle, and how incontinently after the battle, men saw them in the market-place at Rome, all their horses being on a white foam: and they were the first that brought news of the victory, even in the same place where remaineth at this present a temple built in the honour of them, near unto the fountain. And this is the cause why the day of this victory (which was the fifteenth of July) is consecrated yet to this day unto Castor and Pollux. § 8. Moreover it is daily seen, that honour and reputation lighting on young men before their time, and before they have no great courage by nature, the desire to win more dieth straight in them, which easily happeneth, the same having no deep root in them before. Where contrariwise, the first honour that valiant minds do come unto, doth quicken up their appetite, hasting them forward as with force of wind, to enterprise things of high-deserving praise. For they esteem not to receive reward for service done, but rather take it for a remembrance and encouragement, to make them do better in time to come: and be ashamed also to cast their honour at their heels, not seeking to increase it still by like desert of worthy valiant deeds. § 9. This desire being bred in Martius, he strained still to pass himself in manliness: and being desirous to shew a daily increase of his valiantness, his noble service did still advance his fame, bringing in spoils upon spoils from the enemies. Whereupon, the captains that came afterwards (for envy of them that went before) did contend who should most honour him, and who should bear most honourable testimony of his valiantness. Insomuch the Romans having many wars and battles in those days, Coriolanus was at them all: and there was not a battle fought, from whence he returned not without some reward of honour (ii. 2. 94–97). § 10. And as for other, the only respect that made them valiant, was they hoped to have

honour: but touching Martius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy: which desire they say Epaminondas did avow and confess to have been in him, as to think himself a most happy and blessed man, that his father and mother in their life time had seen the victory he wan in the plain of Leuctres. § 11. Now as for Epaminondas, he had this good hap, to have his father and mother living, to be partakers of his joy and prosperity: but Martius thinking all due to his mother, that had been also due to his father if he had lived, did not only content himself to rejoice and honour her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore. i. 1. 34.

§ 12. Now he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the Senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. For those that had little, were yet spoiled of that little they had by their creditors, for lack of ability to pay the usury: who offered their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were laid hold of, and they were made their bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts they shewed, which they had received in many battles, fighting for defence of their country and commonwealth: of the which, the last war they made was against the Sabines, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made them, that from thenceforth they would entreat them more gently, and also upon the word of Marcus Valerius chief of the Senate, who, by authority of the council, and in the behalf of the rich, said they should perform that they had promised. § 13. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battle of all, where they overcame their enemies, seeing they were never a whit the better, nor more gently entreated, and that the Senate would give no ear to them, but make as though they had forgotten their former promise, and suffered them to be made slaves and bondmen to their creditors, and besides, to be turned out of all that ever they had: they fell then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to stir up dangerous tumults within the city. § 14. The Romans' enemies hearing of this rebellion, did straight enter the territories of Rome with a marvellous great power, spoiling and burning all as they came. Whereupon i. 1. 76. i. 1. 215.

the Senate immediately made open proclamation by sound of trumpet, that all those which were of lawful age to carry weapon, should come and enter their names into the muster-master's book, to go to the wars: but no man obeyed their commandment. Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the Senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason, they should somewhat yield to the poor people's request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law. § 15. Other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one. For he alleged, that the creditors' losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was thereby: but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty was, to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse meant beginning. § 16. The Senate met many days in consultation about it: but in the end they concluded nothing. The poor common people, seeing no redress, gathered themselves one day together; and one encouraging another, they all forsook the city, and encamped themselves upon a hill, called at this day the Holy Hill, alongst the river of Tiber, offering no creature any hurt or violence, or making any shew of actual rebellion, saving that they cried as they went up and down, that the rich men had driven them out of the city, and that throughout all Italy they should find air, water, and ground to bury them in. Moreover, they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing else but to be slain, or hurt with continual wars and fighting, for defence of the rich men's goods.

§ 17. The Senate, being afeard of their departure, did send unto them certain of the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people among them. Of those Menenius Agrippa was he, who was sent for chief man of the message from the Senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people, on the behalf of the Senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner: That *on a time all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it, that it only remained in the midst of the body without doing any thing, neither did bear any labour to the* i. 1. 46–156. *maintenance of the rest: whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and was very careful, to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly,* all this notwithstanding, *laughed at their folly, and said: It is true, I first receive all meats that nourish man's body: but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other*

parts of the same. Even so (quoth he) O you, my masters, and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the Senate and you. *For matters being well digested, and their counsels throughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the Senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you.* § 18. These persuasions pacified the people conditionally, that the Senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five Magistrates, which they now call Tribuni plebis, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Vellutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition. Hereupon, the city being grown again to good quiet and unity, the people immediately went to the wars, shewing that they had a good will to do better than ever they did, and to be very willing to obey the Magistrates in that they would command concerning the wars. i. 1. 209–211.

§ 19. Martius also, though it liked him nothing to see the greatness of the people thus increased, considering it was to the prejudice and imbasing of the Nobility, and also saw that other noble Patricians were troubled as well as himself: he did persuade the Patricians, to shew themselves no less forward and willing to fight for their country than the common people were: and to let them know by their deeds and acts, that they did not so much pass the people in power and riches, as they did exceed them in true nobility and valiantness. § 20. In the country of the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore all the other Volsces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The Consul Cominius understanding this, divided his army also into two parts; and taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. § 21. So the Coriolans, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the Coriolans had the better, and drave the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the i. 3. 107–112.

first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon a sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight with a loud voice. *For he was even such another, as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice, and grimness of his countenance* (i. 4. 56-60). Then there flocked about him immediately a great number of Romans: whereat the enemies were so afeard, that they gave back presently. But Martius, not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the Romans retired back, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture himself to follow the flying enemies into the city, for that it was full of men of war very well armed and appointed, he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them, that fortune had opened the gates of the city, more for the followers than the fliers. But all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. § 22. Howbeit Martius, being in the throng amongst the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entered the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turn their face upon him, or else offer to stay him. But he, looking about him, and seeing he was entered the city with very few men to help him, and perceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things then, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand, as also for the agility of his body; and with a wonderful courage and valiantness he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrew also those he laid at: that some he made run to the furthest part of the city, and other for fear he made yield themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him. By this means Lartius, that was gotten out, had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city. § 23. The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the soldiers began incontinently to spoil, to carry away, and to look up the booty they had won. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no time now to look after spoil, and to run straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other Consul and their fellow-citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies: and how that, leaving the spoil, they should seek to wind themselves out of danger and peril. Howbeit, cry and say to them what he could, very few of them would hearken to him. § 24. Wherefore taking those that

Act I. Sc. 4.

Act I. Sc. 5.

willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city, and took his way towards that part where he understood the rest of the army was, exhorting and entreating them by the way that followed him, not to be fainthearted; and oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be so gracious and favourable unto him, that he might come in time to the battle, and in good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans when they were put in battle ray, and ready to take their targets on their arms, and to gird them upon their arming-coats, had a custom to make their wills at that very instant, without any manner of writing, naming him only whom they would make their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Martius came just to that reckoning, whilst the soldiers were a-doing after that sort, and that the enemies were approached so near, as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him at his first coming all bloody, and in a sweat, and but with a few men following him, some thereupon began to be afeard. § 25. But soon after, when they saw him run with a lively cheer to the Consul, and to take him by the hand, declaring how he had taken the city of Corioles, and that they saw the Consul Cominius also kiss and embrace him, then there was not a man but took heart again to him, and began to be of a good courage; some hearing him report, from point to point, the happy success of this exploit, and other also conjecturing it by seeing their gestures afar off. Then they all began to call upon the Consul to march forward, and to delay no longer, but to give charge upon the enemy. Martius asked him how the order of their enemy's battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made him answer, that he thought the bands which were in the vaward of their battle were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which, for valiant courage, would give no place to any of the host of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The Consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. § 26. Then Martius, when both armies came almost to join, advanced himself a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands: he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battle of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in between them: which the Consul Cominius perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Mar-

Act I. Sc. 6.

tius, and in a very short space many were slain in the place. But in the end the Romans were so strong, that they distressed the enemies, and brake their array: and scattering them, made them fly. Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great pain he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had upon him. But Martius answered them, that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be fainthearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown, and numbers of them slain and taken prisoners.

§ 27. The next morning betimes, Martius went to the Consul, and the other Romans with him. There the Consul Cominius going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory: then he spake to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the end he willed Martius, that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goods they had won (whereof there was great store) ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a caparison, and all furniture to him (i. 4. 1–7; i. 9. 12): which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend.
§ 28. But Martius, stepping forth, told the Consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his General's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honourable recompence, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with other soldiers. "Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you to grant me. Among the Volsces there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner, in the hands of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keep him from being sold as a slave."
Act I. Sc. 9.
§ 29. The soldiers hearing Martius' words, made a marvellous great shout among them, and they were more that wondered at his great contentation and abstinence,

when they saw so little covetousness in him, than they were that highly praised and extolled his valiantness. For even they themselves that did somewhat malice and envy his glory, to see him thus honoured and passingly praised, did think him so much the more worthy of an honourable recompence for his valiant service, as the more carelessly he refused the great offer made him for his profit; and they esteemed more the virtue that was in him, that made him refuse such rewards, than that which made them to be offered to him, as unto a worthy person. For it is far more commendable, to use riches well, than to be valiant: and yet it is better not to desire them than to use them well.

§ 30. After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the Consul Cominius began to speak in this sort: We cannot compel Martius to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called Coriolanus, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination. And so ever since, he still bare the third name of Coriolanus. § 31. And thereby it appeareth, that the first name the Romans have, as Caius, was our Christian name now. The second, as Martius, was the name of the house and family they came of. The third was some addition given, either for some act or notable service, or for some mark on their face, or of some shape of their body, or else for some special virtue they had. Even so did the Grecians in old time give additions to princes, by reason of some notable act worthy memory. As when they have called some Soter and Callinicos, as much to say as saviour and conqueror. Or else of some notable apparent mark on one's face, or on his body, they have called him Phiscon and Grypos: as ye would say, gorebelly, and hook-nosed; or else for some virtue, as Euergetes and Philadelphos, to wit, a benefactor, and lover of his brethren. Or otherwise for one's great felicity, as Eudæmon: as much to say as fortunate. For so was the second of the Battes[1] surnamed. And some kings have had surnames of jest and mockery. As one of the Antigones that was called Doson, to say, the Giver: who was ever promising, and never giving. And one of the Ptolomees was called Lamyros: to say, conceitive. The Romans use, more than any other nation, to give names of mockery in this sort. As, there was one Metellus, surnamed Diadematus, the banded, because he carried a band about his head of long time, by reason of a sore he

[1] These were the princes that built the city of Cyrene.

had in his forehead. One other of his own family was called Celer, the quick-fly, because a few days after the death of his father, he shewed the people the cruel fight of fencers at unrebated swords, which they found wonderful for the shortness of time. Other had their surnames derived of some accident of their birth. As to this day they call him Proculeius, that is born, his father being in some far voyage: and him Posthumius, that is born after the death of his father. And when of two brethren twins, the one doth die, and the other surviveth, they call the survivor Vopiscus. Sometimes also they give surnames derived of some mark or misfortune of the body: as Sylla, to say, crook-nosed: Niger, black: Rufus, red: Cæcus, blind: Claudus, lame. They did wisely in this thing to accustom men to think, that neither the loss of their sight, nor other such misfortunes as may chance to men, are any shame or disgrace unto them; but the manner was to answer boldly to such names, as if they were called by their proper names. Howbeit these matters would be better amplified in other stories than this.

§ 32. Now when this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion, or just matter offered of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection against the Nobility and Patricians upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former discord and sedition between them and the Nobility. Because the most part of the arable land, within the territory of Rome, was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars; which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers that sought the people's good-will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city: and though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it: they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the Nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised and procured the extreme dearth among them. § 33. Furthermore, in the midst of this stir, there came ambassadors to Rome from the city of Velitres, that offered up their city to the Romans, and prayed them they would send new inhabitants to replenish the same: because the plague had been so extreme among them, and had killed such a number of them, as there was not left alive the tenth person of the people that had been there before. So the wise men of Rome began to think, that the necessity of the Velitrians fell out in a most happy hour; and how, by this

i. 1. 1–220.

occasion, it was very meet, in so great a scarcity of victuals, to disburden Rome of a great number of citizens: and by this means as well to take away this new sedition, and utterly to rid it out of the city, as also to clear the same of many mutinous and seditious persons, being the superfluous ill humours that grievously fed this disease. Hereupon the Consuls pricked out all those by a bill, whom they intended to send to Velitres, to go dwell there as in form of a colony: and they levied out of all the rest that remained in the city of Rome, a great number to go against the Volsces, hoping, by the means of foreign war, to pacify their sedition at home. Moreover they imagined, when the poor with the rich, and the mean sort with the Nobility, should by this device be abroad in the wars, and in one camp, and in one service, and in one like danger: that then they would be more quiet and loving together. § 34. But Sicinius and Brutus, two seditious Tribunes, spake against either of these devices, and cried out upon the noble men, that under the gentle name of a Colony, they would cloak and colour the most cruel and unnatural fact as might be: because they sent their poor citizens into a sore infected city and pestilent air, full of dead bodies unburied, and there also to dwell under the tuition of a strange god, that had so cruelly persecuted his people. This were (said they) even as much, as if the Senate should headlong cast down the people into a most bottomless pit; and are not yet contented to have famished some of the poor citizens heretofore to death, and to put other of them even to the mercy of the plague: but afresh they have procured a voluntary war, to the end they would leave behind no kind of misery and ill, wherewith the poor silly people should not be plagued, and only because they are weary to serve the rich. The common people, being set on a broil and bravery with these words, would not appear when the Consuls called their names by a bill, to prest them for the wars, neither would they be sent out to this new colony: insomuch as the Senate knew not well what to say or to do in the matter.

§ 35. Martius then, who was now grown to great credit, and a stout man besides, and of great reputation with the noblest men of Rome, rose up, and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes. And for the replenishing of the city of Velitres, he did compel those that were chosen, to go thither and to depart the city, upon great penalties to him that should disobey: but to the wars the people by no means would be brought or constrained. So Martius, taking his friends and followers with him, and such as he could by fair words intreat to go with

him, did run certain forays into the dominion of the Antiates, where he met with great plenty of corn, and had a marvellous great spoil, as well of cattle as of men he had taken prisoners, whom he brought away with him, and reserved nothing for himself. Afterwards, having brought back again all his men that went out with him, safe and sound to Rome, and every man rich and loaden with spoil: then the home-tarriers and house-doves that kept Rome still, began to repent them that it was not their hap to go with him, and so envied both them that had sped so well in this journey; and also, of malice to Martius, they spited to see his credit and estimation increase still more and more, because they accounted him to be a great hinderer of the people.

§ 36. Shortly after this, Martius stood for the Consulship (ii. 1. 185, 206, 245): and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and especially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth.

Act II. Sc. 3.

§ 37. For the custom of Rome was at that time, that such as did sue for any office, should for certain days before be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election: which was thus devised, either to move the people the more, by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might shew them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness.

ii. 2. 130–150.

§ 38. Now it is not to be thought that the suitors went thus loose in a simple gown in the market-place, without any coat under it, for fear and suspicion of the common people: for offices of dignity in the city were not then given by favour or corruption. It was but of late time, and long after this, that buying and selling fell out in election of officers, and that the voices of the electors were bought for money. But after corruption had once gotten way into the election of offices, it hath run from man to man, even to the very sentence of judges, and also among captains in the wars: so as in the end, that only turned commonwealths into kingdoms, by making arms subject to money. Therefore me thinks he had reason that said: "He that first made banquets and gave money to the common people, was the first that took away authority, and destroyed commonwealth". But this pestilence crept in by little and little, and did secretly win ground still, continuing a long time in Rome, before it was openly known and discovered. For no man can

tell who was the first man that bought the people's voices for money, nor that corrupted the sentence of the Judges. Howbeit at Athens some hold opinion, that Anytus, the son of Anthemion, was the first that fed the judges with money, about the end of the wars of Peloponnesus, being accused of treason for yielding up the fort of Pyle at that time, when the golden and unfoiled age remained yet whole in judgment at Rome. § 39. Now Martius, following this custom, shewed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight. So that Act II. Sc. 3.
there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself, to refuse so valiant a man: and one of them said to another, "We must needs choose him Consul, there is no remedy". § 40. But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the Senate and the whole Nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him Consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could, or ever attempted for any man or matter: then the love and goodwill of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial toward the Nobility, and of great Act III. Sc. 1.
credit and authority amongst the Patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors, Consuls. § 41. The Senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius: but Martius took it in far worse part than the Senate, and was out of all patience. § 42. For he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given to over self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of State: and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world, which a governor of a commonwealth, for pleasing, should shun, being that which Plato called 'solitariness'; as in the end, all men that are wilfully given to a self-opinion and obstinate mind, and who will never yield to other's reason but to their own, remain without company, and forsaken of all men. For a man that will live in the world must needs have patience, which lusty bloods make but a mock at. § 43. So Martius, being a stout man of nature, that never yielded

in any respect, as one thinking that to overcome always and to have the upper hand in all matters, was a token of magnanimity and of no base and faint courage, which spitteth out anger from the most weak and passioned part of the heart, much like the matter of an impostume: went home to his house, full freighted with spite and malice against the people, being accompanied with all the lustiest young gentlemen, whose minds were nobly bent, as those that came of noble race, and commonly used for to follow and honour him. But then specially they flocked about him, and kept him company to his much harm, for they did but kindle and inflame his choler more and more, being sorry with him for the injury the people offered him: because he was their captain and leader to the wars, that taught them all martial discipline, and stirred up in them a noble emulation of honour and valiantness, and yet, without envy, praising them that deserved best.

§ 44. In the mean season there came great plenty of corn to Rome, that had been bought, part in Italy, and part was sent out of Sicily, as given by Gelon the tyrant of Syracusa: so that many stood in great hope, that the dearth of victuals being holpen, the civil dissension would also cease. The Senate sat in council upon it immediately; the common people stood also about the palace where the council was kept, gaping what resolution would fall out: persuading themselves that the corn they had bought should be sold good cheap, and that which was given should be divided by the poll, without paying any penny; and the rather, because certain of the Senators amongst them did so wish and persuade the same.

§ 45. But Martius, standing up on his feet, did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein: and called them people-pleasers, and traitors to the Nobility. "Moreover," he said, "they *nourished against* them*selves* the naughty seed and *cockle of insolency and sedition*, which had been *sowed* and *scattered* abroad amongst the people, whom they should have cut off, if they had been wise, and have prevented their greatness: and not (to their own destruction) to have suffered the people to stablish a magistrate for themselves, of so great power and authority as that man had to whom they had granted it. Who was also to be feared, because he obtained what he would, and did nothing but what he listed, neither passed for any obedience to the Consuls, but lived in all liberty; acknowledging no superior to command him, saving the only heads and authors of their faction, whom he called his magistrates. Therefore," said he, "they that *gave*

iii. 1. 43–172.

counsel and persuaded, that *the corn* should be *given* out to the common people *gratis*, *as* they *used* to do *in* the cities of *Greece*, where *the people had more absolute power*, did but only *nourish* their *disobedience*, which would break out in the end, to *the* utter *ruin* and overthrow *of the* whole *state*. § 46. For they will not think it is done in recompence of their service past, sithence they know well enough they have so oft refused to go to the wars when they were commanded: neither for their mutinies when they went with us, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their country: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have received, and made good against the Senate: but they will rather judge, we give and grant them this as abasing ourselves, and standing in fear of them, and glad to flatter them every way. By this means their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will never leave to practise new sedition and uproars. Therefore it were a great folly for us, methinks, to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of the division of the city. The state whereof, as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembered in two factions, which maintains always civil dissension and discord between us, and will never suffer us again to be united into one body." § 47. Martius dilating the matter with many such like reasons, won all the young men, and almost all the rich men to his opinion: insomuch as they rang it out, that he was the only man, and alone in the city, who stood out against the people, and never flattered them. There were only a few old men that spake against him, fearing lest some mischief might fall out upon it, as indeed there followed no great good afterward. § 48. For the Tribunes of the people, being present at this consultation of the Senate, when they saw that the opinion of Martius was confirmed with the more voices, they left the Senate, and went down to the people, crying out for help, and that they would assemble to save their Tribunes. Hereupon the people ran on head in tumult together, before whom the words that Martius spake in the Senate were openly reported: which the people so stomached, that even in that fury they were ready to fly upon the whole Senate. iii. 1. 173–254. § 49. But the Tribunes laid all the fault and burthen wholly upon Martius, and sent their sergeants forthwith to arrest him, presently to appear in person before the people, to answer the words he had spoken in the Senate. Martius stoutly withstood these officers that came

to arrest him. Then the Tribunes in their own persons, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands upon him. Howbeit the noble Patricians gathering together about him, made the Tribunes give back, and laid it sore upon the Ædiles: so for that time the night parted them, and the tumult appeased. § 50. The next morning betimes, the Consuls seeing the people in an uproar, running to the market-place out of all parts of the city, they were afraid lest all the city would together by the ears: wherefore assembling the Senate in all haste, they declared how it stood them upon, to appease the fury of the people with some gentle words or grateful decrees in their favour: and moreover, like wise men they should consider, it was now no time to stand at defence and in contention, nor yet to fight for honour against the commonalty, they being fallen to so great an extremity, and offering such imminent danger. Wherefore they were to consider temperately of things, and to deliver some present and gentle pacification. The most part of the Senators that were present at this council, thought this opinion best, and gave their consents unto it. § 51. Whereupon the Consuls rising out of council, went to speak unto the people as gently as they could, and they did pacify their fury and anger, purging the Senate of all the unjust accusations laid upon them, and used great modesty in persuading them, and also in reproving the faults they had committed. And as for the rest, that touched the sale of corn, they promised there should be no disliking offered them in the price. § 52. So the most part of the people being pacified, and appearing so plainly by the great silence and still that was among them, as yielding to the Consuls and liking well of their words: the Tribunes then of the people rose out of their seats, and said: "Forasmuch as the Senate yielded unto reason, the people also for their part, as became them, did likewise give place unto them: but notwithstanding, they would that Martius should come in person to answer to the articles they had devised. First, whether he had not solicited and procured the Senate to change the present state of the commonweal, and to take the sovereign authority out of the people's hands. Next, when he was sent for by authority of their officers, why he did contemptuously resist and disobey? Lastly, seeing he had driven and beaten the Ædiles into the market-place before all the world: if, in doing this, he had not done as much as in him lay, to raise civil wars, and to set one citizen against another? § 53. All this was spoken to one of these two ends, either that Martius, against his

iii. 1. 255–336.

nature, should be constrained to humble himself and to abase his haughty and fierce mind: or else, if he continued still in his stoutness, he should incur the people's displeasure and ill-will so far, that he should never possibly win them again. Which they hoped would rather fall out so, than otherwise: as indeed they guessed unhappily, considering Martius' nature and disposition.

§ 54. So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him, and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear, to hear what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation, than purge his innocency) but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him, that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. § 55. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the Tribunes to die. Then presently he commanded the Ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. § 56. When the Ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed. The noblemen, being much troubled to see so much force and rigour used, began to cry aloud 'help Martius': so those that laid hands of him being repulsed, they compassed him in round among themselves, and some of them, holding up their hands to the people, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly. § 57. But neither their words nor crying out could aught prevail, the tumult and hurlyburly was so great, until such time as the Tribunes' own friends and kinsmen, weighing with themselves the impossibleness to convey Martius to execution without great slaughter and murder of the nobility, did persuade and advise not to proceed in so violent and extraordinary a sort, as to put such a man to death without lawful process in law, but that they should refer the sentence of his death to the free voice of the people. § 58. Then Sicinius, bethinking himself a little, did ask the Patricians, for what cause they took Martius out of the officers' hands that went to do execution? The Patricians asked him again, why they would of themselves so cruelly and

iii. 1. 209-229.

iii. 1. 263–335.

wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman as Martius was, and that without law or justice? "Well then," said Sicinius, "if that be the matter, let there be no quarrel or dissension against the people: for they do grant your demand, that his cause shall be heard according to the law. Therefore," said he to Martius, "we do will and charge you to appear before the people, the third day of our next sitting and assembly here, to make your purgation for such articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voice the people may give sentence upon you as shall please them. The noblemen were glad then of the adjournment, and were much pleased they had gotten Martius out of this danger. § 59. In the mean space before the third day of their next session came about, the same being kept every ninth day continually at Rome, whereupon they call it now in Latin *Nundinæ*: there fell out war against the Antiates, which gave some hope to the nobility that this adjournment would come to little effect, thinking that this war would hold them so long, as that the fury of the people against him would be well suaged, or utterly forgotten, by reason of the trouble of the wars. But contrary to expectation, the peace was concluded presently with the Antiates, and the people returned again to Rome. § 60. Then the Patricians assembled oftentimes together, to consult how they might stand to Martius, and keep the Tribunes from occasion to cause the people to mutine again, and rise against the Nobility. And there Appius Claudius (one that was taken ever as an heavy enemy to the people) did avow and protest, that they would utterly abase the authority of the Senate, and destroy the commonweal, if they would suffer the common people to have authority by voices to give judgment against the Nobility. On the other side again, the most ancient Senators, and such as were given to favour the common people, said: "that when the people should see they had authority of life and death in their hands, they would not be so cruel and fierce, but gentle and civil. More also, that it was not for contempt of Nobility or the Senate that they sought to have the authority of justice in their hands, as a pre-eminence and prerogative of honour: but because they feared, that themselves should be contemned and hated of the Nobility. So as they were persuaded, that so soon as they gave them authority to judge by voices, so soon they would leave all envy and malice to condemn any." § 61. Martius, seeing the Senate in great doubt how to resolve, partly for the love and goodwill the nobility did bear him, and partly for the fear they stood in of the people: asked aloud of the

Tribunes, 'what matter they would burden him with?' The Tribunes answered him, 'that they would shew how he did aspire to be King, and would prove that all his actions tended to usurp tyrannical power over Rome'. iii. 3. 1–5, 63–67.
§ 62. Martius with that, rising up on his feet said: 'that thereupon he did willingly offer himself to the people, to be tried upon that accusation: and that if it were proved by him, he had so much as once thought of any such matter, that he would then refuse no kind of punishment they would offer him: conditionally (quoth he) that you charge me with nothing else beside (iii. 3. 42), and that ye do not also abuse the Senate'. They promised they would not. Under these conditions the judgment was agreed upon, and the people assembled.

§ 63. And first of all the Tribunes would in any case (whatsoever became of it) that the people would proceed to give their voices by Tribes, and not by hundreds (iii. 3. 11): for by this means the multitude of the poor needy people (and all such rabble as had nothing to lose, and had less regard of honesty before their eyes) came to be of greater force (because their voices were numbered by the poll) than the noble honest citizens, whose persons and purse did dutifully serve the commonwealth in their wars. § 64. And then, when the Tribunes saw they could not prove he went about to make himself King, they began to broach afresh the former words that Martius had spoken in the Senate, in hindering the distribution of the corn at mean price unto the common people, and persuading also to take the office of Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged him anew, that he had not made the common distribution of the spoil he had gotten in the invading the territories of the Antiates: but had of his own authority divided it among them who were with him in that journey. § 65. But this matter was most strange of all to Martius, looking least to have been burdened with that as with any matter of offence. Whereupon being burdened on the sudden, and having no ready excuse to make even at that instant: he began to fall a praising of the soldiers that had served with him in that journey. But those that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out so loud, and made such a noise, that he could not be heard. § 66. To conclude, when they came to tell the voices of the Tribes, there were three voices odd, which condemned him to be banished for life. § 67. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocundly from the assembly, for triumph of this sen- Act III. Sc. 3.

tence. § 68. The Senate again, in contrary manner, were
iii. 3. 136–142; as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure,
Act IV. Sc. 2. that they had not rather determined to have done and
suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people
should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their
authority. There needed no difference of garments, I
warrant you, nor outward shows, to know a Plebeian
from a Patrician, for they were easily discerned by their
looks. § 69. For he that was on the people's side looked
cheerly on the matter: but he that was sad and hung
down his head, he was sure of the noblemen's side:
saving Martius alone, who neither in his countenance
nor in his gait did ever shew himself abashed, or once
let fall his great courage: but he only, of all other gentle-
men that were angry at his fortune, did outwardly shew
no manner of passion, nor care at all of himself. Not
that he did patiently bear and temper his good hap in
respect of any reason he had, or by his quiet condition:
but because he was so carried away with the vehemency
of anger and desire of revenge, that he had no sense nor
feeling of the hard state he was in: which the common
people judge not to be sorrow, although indeed it be
the very same. For when sorrow (as you would say) is
set a-fire, then it is converted into spite and malice, and
Act IV. Sc. 1. driveth away for that time all faintness of heart and
natural fear. And this is the cause why the choleric
man is so altered and mad in his actions, as a man set
a-fire with a burning ague: for when a man's heart is
troubled within, his pulse will beat marvellous strongly.
§ 70. Now that Martius was even in that taking it ap-
peared true soon after by his doings. For when he was
come home to his house again, and had taken his leave
of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and shriek-
ing out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded
them to be content with his chance: he went immediately
to the gate of the city, accompanied with a great number
of Patricians, that brought him thither, from whence he
went on his way with three or four of his friends only,
taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any
man. So he remained a few days in the country at his
houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kind of thoughts,
such as the fire of his choler did stir up.

§ 71. In the end, seeing he could resolve no way to
take a profitable or honourable course, but only was
pricked forward still to be revenged of the Romans: he
thought to raise up some great wars against them, by
their nearest neighbours. Whereupon he thought it his
best way, first to stir up the Volsces against them, know-
ing they were yet able enough in strength and riches to

encounter them, notwithstanding their former losses they had received not long before, and that their power was not so much impaired, as their malice and desire was increased to be revenged of the Romans. § 72. Now in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than he did all the Romans besides (i. 8. 4): because that many times, in battles where they met, they were ever at the encounter one against another, like lusty courageous youths striving in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Insomuch as, besides the common quarrel between them, there was bred a marvellous private hate one against another. Yet notwithstanding, considering that Tullus Aufidius was a man of a great mind, and that he above all other of the Volsces most desired revenge of the Romans, for the injuries they had done unto them (iv. 5. 82–85): he did an act that confirmed the true words of an ancient poet, who said:

It is a thing full hard, man's anger to withstand,
If it be stiffly bent to take an enterprise in hand.
For then most men will have the thing that they desire,
Although it cost their lives therefore, such force hath wicked ire.

§ 73. And so did he. For he disguised himself in such array and attire, as he thought no man could ever have known him for the person he was, seeing him in that apparel he had upon his back: and as Homer said of Ulysses:

So did he enter into the enemies' town. Act IV. Sc. 4.

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. § 74. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him: "*If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost*

not perhaps believe me to be *the man I am* indeed, I must of *necessity* bewray *myself* to be that I am. I am *Caius Martius, who hath done to* thyself *particularly, and to all the Volsces* generally, *great hurt and mischief*, which I cannot deny for *my surname* of *Coriolanus* that I bear. For I never had other benefit nor recompence of *the* true and *painful service* I have done, and *the extreme dangers* I have been in, *but* this only *surname*: *a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me.* Indeed the *name only remaineth* with me: for the rest *the envy and cruelty of the people* of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the *dastardly nobility* and magistrates, *who have forsaken me*, and let me be banished by the people. *This extremity hath now* driven *me* to come as a poor suitor, *to* take *thy* chimney-*hearth*, *not of* any *hope* I have *to save my life* thereby: *for if I had feared death*, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard: but pricked forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me; whom now I begin to be avenged on, putting my person between thy enemies. § 75. Wherefore, *if thou hast* any *heart* to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, *speed thee* now, *and* let *my misery serve thy turn*, and *so use it* as *my service may* be a *benefit* to the Volsces: promising thee, that *I will fight* with better good will for all you than ever I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And *if* it *be* so that *thou dare not, and that thou art* weary *to prove fortune* any *more, then am I also weary to live any longer.* And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of him, who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee." § 76. Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and taking him by the hand, he said unto him: "Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou dost us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands. § 77. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him in no other matters at that present: but within few days after they fell to consultation together, in what sort they should begin their wars.

Act IV. Sc. 5.

§ 78. Now on the other side, the city of Rome was in marvellous uproar and discord, the nobility against the commonalty, and chiefly for Martius' condemnation and banishment. Moreover the priests, the soothsayers, and private men also, came and declared to the Senate certain

Act IV. Sc. 6.

sights and wonders in the air, which they had seen, and were to be considered of: amongst the which such a vision happened: There was a citizen of Rome called Titus Latinus, a man of mean quality and condition, but otherwise an honest sober man, given to a quiet life, without superstition, and much less to vanity or lying. This man had a vision in his dream, in the which he thought that Jupiter appeared unto him, and commanded him to signify to the Senate, that they had caused a very vile lewd dancer to go before the procession: and said, the first time this vision had appeared unto him, he made no reckoning of it: and coming again another time into his mind, he made not much more account of the matter than before. In the end, he saw one of his sons die, who had the best nature and condition of all his brethren: and suddenly he himself was so taken in all his limbs, that he became lame and impotent. Hereupon he told the whole circumstance of this vision before the Senate, sitting upon his little couch or bed, whereon he was carried on men's arms: and he had no sooner reported this vision to the Senate, but he presently felt his body and limbs restored again to their former strength and use. So raising up himself upon his couch, he got up on his feet at that instant, and walked home to his house, without help of any man. § 79. The Senate being amazed at this matter, made diligent enquiry to understand the truth: and in the end they found there was such a thing: There was one that had delivered a bondman of his that had offended him into the hands of other slaves and bondmen, and had commanded them to whip him up and down the market-place, and afterwards to kill him: and as they had him in execution, whipping him cruelly, they did so martyr the poor wretch, that, for the cruel smart and pain he felt, he turned and writhed his body in strange and pitiful sort. The procession by chance came by even at the same time, and many that followed it were heartily moved and offended with the sight, saying: that this was no good sight to behold, nor meet to be met in procession-time. But for all this, there was nothing done: saving they blamed and rebuked him that punished his slave so cruelly. § 80. For the Romans at that time did use their bondmen very gently, because they themselves did labour with their own hands, and lived with them and among them: and therefore they did use them the more gently and familiarly. For the greatest punishment they gave a slave that had offended, was this. They made him carry a limmer on his shoulders that is fastened to the axletree of a coach, and compelled him to go up and down in

that sort amongst all their neighbours. He that had once abidden this punishment, and was seen in that manner, was proclaimed and cried in every market-town: so that no man would ever trust him after, and they called him *Furcifer*, because the Latins call the wood that runneth into the axletree of the coach *Furca*, as much to say as a fork. § 81. Now when Latinus had made report to the Senate of the vision that had happened to him, they were devising whom this unpleasant dancer should be, that went before the procession. Thereupon certain that stood by remembered the poor slave that was so cruelly whipped through the market-place, whom they afterwards put to death: and the thing that made him remember it, was the strange and rare manner of his punishment. The priests hereupon were repaired unto for their advice: they were wholly of opinion, that it was the whipping of the slave. So they caused the slave's master to be punished, and began again a new procession, and all other shows and sights in honour of Jupiter. § 82. But hereby appeareth plainly, how king Numa did wisely ordain all other ceremonies concerning devotion to the gods, and specially this custom which he established, to bring the people to religion. For when the magistrates, bishops, priests, or other religious ministers go about any divine service or matter of religion, an herald ever goeth before them, crying out aloud *Hoc age*: as to say, do this, or mind this. Hereby they are specially commanded, wholly to dispose themselves to serve God, leaving all other business and matters aside: knowing well enough, that whatsoever most men do, they do it as in a manner constrained unto it. But the Romans did ever use to begin again their sacrifices, processions, plays, and such like shows done in honour of the gods, not only upon such an occasion, but upon lighter causes than that. As, when they went a procession through the city, and did carry the images of their gods and such other like holy relics upon open hallowed coaches or chariots, called in Latin *Thensæ*, one of the coach-horses that drew them stood still and would draw no more, and because also the coach-man took the reins of the bridle with the left hand, they ordained that the procession should be begun again anew. Of late time also, they did renew and begin a sacrifice thirty times one after another, because they thought still there fell out one fault or other in the same: so holy and devout were they to the gods.

§ 83. Now Tullus and Martius had secret conference with the greatest personages of the city of Antium, declaring unto them that now they had good time offered

them to make war with the Romans, while they were in dissension one with another. They answered them, they were ashamed to break the league, considering that they were sworn to keep peace for two years. Howbeit, shortly after, the Romans gave them great occasion to make war with them. § 84. For on a holy day, common plays being kept in Rome, upon some suspicion or false report, they made proclamation by sound of trumpet, that all the Volsces should avoid out of Rome before sunset. Some think this was a craft and deceit of Martius, who sent one to Rome to the Consuls to accuse the Volsces falsely, advertising them how they had made a conspiracy to set upon them whilst they were busy in seeing these games, and also to set their city a-fire. § 85. This open proclamation made all the Volsces more offended with the Romans than ever they were before: and Tullus, aggravating the matter, did so inflame the Volsces against them, that in the end they sent their ambassadors to Rome, to summon them to deliver their lands and towns again, which they had taken from them in times past, or to look for present wars. The Romans, hearing this, were marvellously nettled: and made no other answer but this: "If the Volsces be the first that begin war, the Romans will be the last that will end it". § 86. Incontinently upon return of the Volsces' ambassadors and delivery of the Romans' answer, Tullus caused an assembly general to be made of the Volsces, and concluded to make war upon the Romans. This done, Tullus did counsel them to take Martius into their service, and not to mistrust him for the remembrance of anything past, but boldly to trust him in any matter to come: for he would do them more service in fighting for them than ever he did them displeasure in fighting against them. So Martius was called forth, who spake so excellently in the presence of them all, that he was thought no less eloquent in tongue than warlike in show: and declared himself both expert in wars, and wise with valiantness. Thus he was joined in commission with Tullus as general of the Volsces, having absolute authority between them to follow and pursue the wars. § 87. But Martius, fearing lest tract of time to bring this army together with all the munition and furniture of the Volsces would rob him of the mean he had to execute his purpose and intent, left order with the rulers and chief of the city to assemble the rest of their power, and to prepare all necessary provision for the camp. Then he, with the lightest soldiers he had, and that were willing to follow him, stale away upon the sudden, and marched with all speed, and entered the territories of

Cf. Act IV. Sc. 3.

iv. 5. 134–145.

Rome before the Romans heard any news of his coming. Insomuch as the Volsces found such spoil in the fields, as they had more than they could spend in their camp, and were weary to drive and carry away that they had. § 88. Howbeit, the gain of the spoil and the hurt they did to the Romans in this invasion was the least part of his intent: for his chiefest purpose was, to increase still the malice and dissension between the nobility and the commonalty; and to draw that on, he was very careful to keep the noblemen's lands and goods safe from harm and burning, but spoiled all the whole country besides, and would suffer no man to take or hurt anything of the noblemen's. This made greater stir and broil between the nobility and the people than was before. For the noblemen fell out with the people because they had so unjustly banished a man of so great valour and power. The people, on the other side, accused the nobility, how they had procured Martius to make these wars to be revenged of them: because it pleased them to see their goods burnt and spoiled before their eyes, whilst themselves were well at ease, and did behold the people's losses and misfortunes, knowing their own goods safe and out of danger: and how the war was not made against the noblemen, that had the enemy abroad to keep that they had in safety. § 89. Now Martius, having done this first exploit (which made the Volsces bolder, and less fearful of the Romans), brought home all the army again without loss of any man. After their whole army (which was marvellous great, and very forward to service) was assembled in one camp, they agreed to leave part of it for garrison in the country about, and the other part should go on and make the war upon the Romans. So Martius bade Tullus choose, and take which of the two charges he liked best. Tullus made him answer, he knew by experience that Martius was no less valiant than himself, and how he ever had better fortune and good hap in all battles than himself had. Therefore he thought it best for him to have the leading of those that should make the wars abroad, and himself would keep home, to provide for the safety of the cities and of his country, and to furnish the camp also of all necessary provision abroad.

iv. 6. 75–79.

§ 90. So Martius, being stronger than before, went first of all unto the city of Circees; inhabited by the Romans, who willingly yielded themselves, and therefore had no hurt. From thence he entered the country of the Latins, imagining the Romans would fight with him there to defend the Latins, who were their confederates, and had many times sent unto the Romans for

their aid. But on the one side, the people of Rome were very ill willing to go: and on the other side, the Consuls being upon going out of their office, would not hazard themselves for so small a time: so that the ambassadors of the Latins returned home again, and did no good. Then Martius did besiege their cities, and having taken by force the town of the Tolerinians, Vicanians, Pedanians, and the Bolanians, who made resistance, he sacked all their goods and took them prisoners. Such as did yield themselves willingly unto him, he was as careful as possible might be to defend them from hurt: and because they should receive no damage by his will, he removed his camp as far from their confines as he could. Afterwards, he took the city of Boles by assault, being about an hundred furlong from Rome, where he had a marvellous great spoil, and put every man to the sword that was able to carry weapon. § 91. The other Volsces that were appointed to remain in garrison for defence of their country, hearing this good news, would tarry no longer at home, but armed themselves and ran to Martius' camp, saying they did acknowledge no other captain but him. Hereupon his fame ran through all Italy, and every one praised him for a valiant captain, for that, by change of one man for another, such and so strange events fell out in the state. § 92. In this while, all went still to wrack at Rome. For, to come into the field to fight with the enemy, they could not abide to hear of it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words, the nobility against the people, and the people against the nobility. Until they had intelligence at the length, that the enemies had laid siege to the city of Lavinium, in the which were all the temples and images of their gods their protectors, and from whence came first their ancient original, for that Æneas at his first arrival into Italy did build that city. § 93. Then fell there out a marvellous sudden change of mind among the people, and far more strange and contrary in the nobility. For the people thought it good to repeal the condemnation and exile of Martius. The Senate, assembled upon it, would in no case yield to that: who either did it of a selfwill to be contrary to the people's desire: or because Martius should not return thorough the grace and favour of the people. Or else, because they were throughly angry and offended with him, that he would set upon the whole, being offended but by a few, and in his doings would shew himself an open enemy besides unto his country: notwithstanding the most part of them took the wrong they had done him in marvellous ill part, and as if the injury had been

Act IV. Sc. 7.

iv. 6. 139–144.

done unto themselves. Report being made of the Senate's resolution, the people found themselves in a strait: for they could authorise and confirm nothing by their voices, unless it had been first propounded and ordained by the Senate. § 94. But Martius, hearing this stir about him, was in a greater rage with them than before: inasmuch as he raised his siege incontinently before the city of Lavinium, and going towards Rome, lodged his camp within forty furlong of the city, at the ditches called Cluiliæ. His incamping so near Rome did put all the whole city in a wonderful fear: howbeit for the present time it appeased the sedition and dissension betwixt the nobility and the people. For there was no consul, senator, nor magistrate, that durst once contrary the opinion of the people for the calling home again of Martius.

§ 95. When they saw the women in a marvellous fear, running up and down the city: the temples of the gods full of old people, weeping bitterly in their prayers to the gods: and finally, not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety: then they were all of opinion, that the people had reason to call home Martius again, to reconcile themselves to him, and that the Senate, on the contrary part, were in marvellous great fault to be angry and in choler with him, when it stood them upon rather to have gone out and entreated him. So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. § 96. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less: for at their coming they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming. Which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable for the same. § 97. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him, he answered them very hotly and in great choler: but as general of the Volsces he willed them to restore unto the Volsces all their lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars: and moreover, that they should give them the like honour and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise they had

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no other mean to end this war, if they did not grant these honest and just conditions of peace. Thereupon he gave them thirty days respite to make him answer. So the ambassadors returned straight to Rome, and Martius forthwith departed with his army out of the territories of the Romans. § 98. This was the first matter wherewith the Volsces (that most envied Martius' glory and authority) did charge Martius with. Among those, Tullus was chief: who though he had received no private injury or displeasure of Martius, yet the common fault and imperfection of man's nature wrought in him, and it grieved him to see his own reputation blemished through Martius' great fame and honour, and so himself to be less esteemed of the Volsces than he was before. This fell out the more, because every man honoured Martius, and thought he only could do all, and that all other governors and captains must be content with such credit and authority as he would please to countenance them with. From hence they derived all their first accusations and secret murmurings against Martius. For private captains, conspiring against him, were very angry with him: and gave it out, that the removing of the camp was a manifest treason, not of the towns, nor forts, nor of arms, but of time and occasion, which was a loss of great importance, because it was that which in reason might both loose and bind all, and preserve the whole. § 99. Now Martius having given the Romans thirty days respite for their answer, and specially because the wars have not accustomed to make any great changes in less space of time than that, he thought it good yet, not to lie asleep idle all the while, but went and destroyed the lands of the enemies' allies, and took seven great cities of theirs well inhabited, and the Romans durst not once put themselves into the field to come to their aid and help, they were so faint-hearted, so mistrustful, and loth besides to make wars. Insomuch as they properly resembled the bodies paralytic and loosed of their limbs and members, as those which through the palsy have lost all their sense and feeling.

Act IV. Sc. 7; v. 6. 1–40.

§ 100. Wherefore, the time of peace expired, Martius being returned into the dominions of the Romans again with all his army, they sent another ambassade unto him, to pray peace, and the remove of the Volsces out of their country: that afterwards they might with better leisure fall to such agreements together as should be thought most meet and necessary. For the Romans were no men that would ever yield for fear. But if he thought the Volsces had any ground to demand reasonable articles and conditions, all that they would reason-

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ably ask should be granted unto by the Romans, who of themselves would willingly yield to reason, conditionally, that they did lay down arms. § 101. Martius to that answered: 'that, as general of the Volsces, he would reply nothing unto it: but yet, as a Roman citizen, he would counsel them to let fall their pride, and to be conformable to reason, if they were wise: and that they should return again within three days, delivering up the articles agreed upon, which he had first delivered them. Otherwise, that he would no more give them assurance or safe conduct to return again into his camp with such vain and frivolous messages.' § 102. When the ambassadors were returned to Rome, and had reported Martius' answer to the Senate: their city being in extreme danger, and as it were in a terrible storm or tempest, they threw out (as the common proverb saith) their holy anchor. For then they appointed all the bishops, priests, ministers of the gods, and keepers of holy things, and all the augurs or soothsayers, which foreshew things to come by observation of the flying of birds (which is an old ancient kind of prophesying and divination amongst the Romans) to go to Martius, apparelled as when they do their sacrifices: and first to entreat him to leave off war, and then that he would speak to his countrymen, and conclude peace with the Volsces. Martius suffered them to come into his camp, but yet he granted them nothing the more, neither did he entertain them or speak more courteously to them, than he did the first time that they came unto him, saving only that he willed them to take the one of the two: either to accept peace under the first conditions offered, or else to receive war. § 103. When all this goodly rabble of superstition and priests were returned, it was determined in council that none should go out of the gates of the city, and that they should watch and ward upon the walls to repulse their enemies if they came to assault them: referring themselves and all their hope to time, and fortune's uncertain favour, not knowing otherwise how to remedy the danger. Now all the city was full of tumult, fear, and marvellous doubt what would happen, until at the length there fell out such a like matter, as Homer ofttimes said they would least have thought of. For in great matters, that happen seldom, Homer saith, and crieth out in this sort:

> The goddess Pallas she, with her fair glistering eyes,
> Did put into his mind such thoughts, and made him so devise.

And in another place:

> But sure some god hath ta'en out of the people's mind
> Both wit and understanding eke, and have therewith assigned

Some other simple spirit, instead thereof to bide,
That so they might their doings all, for lack of wit, misguide.

And in another place:

The people of themselves did either it consider,
Or else some god instructed them, and so they join'd together.

§ 104. Many reckon not of Homer, as referring matters unpossible, and fables of no likelihood or troth, unto man's reason, freewill, or judgment, which indeed is not his meaning. But things true and likely, he maketh to depend of our own freewill and reason. For he oft speaketh these words:

I have thought it in my noble heart.

And in another place:

Achilles angry was, and sorry for to hear
Him so to say, his heavy breast was fraught with pensive fear.

And in another place:

Bellerophon (she) could not move with her fair tongue,
So honest and so virtuous he was, the rest among.

But in wondrous and extraordinary things, which are done by secret inspirations and motions, he doth not say that God taketh away from man his choice and freedom of will, but that he doth move it: neither that he doth work desire in us, but objecteth to our minds certain imaginations whereby we are led to desire, and thereby doth not make this our action forced, but openeth the way to our will, and addeth thereto courage and hope of success. For either we must say, that the gods meddle not with the causes and beginnings of our actions: or else what other means have they to help and further men? It is apparent that they handle not our bodies, nor move not our feet and hands, when there is occasion to use them: but that part of our mind from which these motions proceed, is induced thereto, or carried away by such objects and reasons, as God offereth unto it.

§ 105. Now the Roman ladies and gentlewomen did visit all the temples and gods of the same, to make their prayers unto them: but the greatest ladies (and more part of them) were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolin, among which troop by name, was Valeria, Publicola's own sister (v. 3. 64): the self-same Publicola, who did such notable service to the Romans, both in peace and wars, and was dead also certain years before, as we have declared in his life. His sister Valeria was greatly honoured and reverenced among all the Romans: and did so modestly and wisely behave herself, that she did not shame nor dishonour the house she came of. So

she suddenly fell into such a fancy, as we have rehearsed before, and had (by some god, as I think) taken hold of a noble device. § 106. Whereupon she rose and the other ladies with her, and they all together went straight to the house of Volumnia, Martius' mother: and coming in to her, found her, and Martius' wife her daughter-in-law, set together, and having her husband Martius' young children in her lap. Now all the train of these ladies sitting in a ring round about her, Valeria first began to speak in this sort unto her: § 107. "We ladies are come to visit you ladies (my lady Volumnia and Virgilia) by no direction from the Senate, nor commandment of other magistrate, but through the inspiration (as I take it) of some god above: who, having taken compassion and pity of our prayers, hath moved us to come unto you, to entreat you in a matter, as well beneficial for us as also for the whole citizens in general, but to yourselves in especial (if it please you to credit me), and shall redound to our more fame and glory, than the daughters of the Sabines obtained in former age, when they procured loving peace, instead of hateful war, between their fathers and their husbands. Come on, good ladies, and let us go all together unto Martius, to entreat him to take pity upon us, and also to report the truth unto him, how much you are bound unto the citizens: who notwithstanding they have sustained great hurt and losses by him, yet they have not hitherto sought revenge upon your persons by any discourteous usage, neither ever conceived any such thought or intent against you, but to deliver you safe into his hands, though thereby they look for no better grace or clemency from him." When Valeria had spoken this unto them, all the other ladies together, with one voice, confirmed that she had said. § 108. Then Volumnia in this sort did answer her: "My good ladies, we are partakers with you of the common misery and calamity of our country, and yet our grief exceedeth yours the more, by reason of our particular misfortune, to feel the loss of my son Martius' former valiancy and glory, and to see his person environed now with our enemies in arms, rather to see him forthcoming and safe kept than of any love to defend his person. But yet the greatest grief of our heaped mishaps is to see our poor country brought to such extremity, that all hope of the safety and preservation thereof is now unfortunately cast upon us simple women: because we know not what account he will make of us, since he hath cast from him all care of his natural country and commonweal, which heretofore he hath holden more dear and precious than either his mother, wife, or children. Notwithstanding,

if ye think we can do good, we will willingly do what you will have us; bring us to him, I pray you. For if we cannot prevail, we may yet die at his feet, as humble suitors for the safety of our country." § 109. Her answer ended, she took her daughter-in-law and Martius' children with her, and being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volsces' camp: whom when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. § 110. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant: but afterwards knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. § 111. But overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but coming down in haste he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volsces to hear what she would say. § 112. Then she spake in this sort: "If we held our peace, my son, and determined *not* to *speak*, the *state of* our poor *bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment*, *would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad; but *think* now *with thyself*, *how* much *more unfortunately than all* the *women living*, *we are come hither*, considering that the *sight which should* be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful fortune had made most fearful to us: *making* myself *to see* my *son*, and my daughter here her *husband*, besieging the walls of his native country: so as that *which is* the only *comfort* to *all* other in their adversity and misery, to *pray* un*to the gods* and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For *we can*not, *alas!* together *pray* both *for victory* to *our country* and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two: either to *lose* the

person of *thy*self, or the *nurse* of their native *country*. *For myself*, my *son*, I am determined *not to* tarry *till fortune*, in my lifetime, do make an end of *this war*. For *if I cannot persuade thee*, *rather to* do good un*to both parties than* to overthrow and destroy *the one*, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, *thou shalt no sooner march* forward *to assault thy country*, but thy foot shall *tread* upon *thy mother's womb*, *that brought thee* first in*to this world*. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them, and of his natural country. § 113. For *if it were so*, *that* my *request tended to save* thy country, in *destroy*ing *the Volsces*, I must confess, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as, to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful, so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth, to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volsces. For it shall appear, that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we. Of which good, if so it came to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shall carry the shameful reproach and burthen of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain, that, *if* it be thy chance to *conquer*, this *benefit shalt thou reap* of thy goodly conquest, to be *chronicled* the plague and *destroyer* of thy *country*. And if fortune also overthrow thee, then the world will say, that, through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee." § 114. Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said: "My *son*, *why dost* thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? *Dost thou* take *it honourable for a noble man to remember* the *wrongs* and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest noble man's part, to be thankful for the goodness

Act V. Sc. 3.

that parents do shew to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? *No man* living *is more bound to* shew himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself: who so unnaturally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover (my son) thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, *thou hast* not hitherto *shewed thy* poor *mother any courtesy*. And therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him. § 115. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, "*Oh mother, what have you done* to me?" And holding her hard by the right hand, "*Oh mother*," said he, "*you have won a happy victory for* your country, *but mortal* and unhappy *for your son*: for I see myself vanquished by you alone." These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife (v. 3. 202), and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volsces' country again, who were not all of one mind, nor all alike contented. § 116. For some misliked him and that he had done: other, being well pleased that peace should be made, said that neither the one nor the other deserved blame nor reproach. Other, though they misliked that was done, did not think him an ill man for that he did, but said he was not to be blamed, though he yielded to such a forcible extremity. Howbeit no man contraried his departure, but all obeyed his commandment, more for respect of his worthiness and valiancy than for fear of his authority.

§ 117. Now the citizens of Rome plainly shewed in what fear and danger their city stood of this war, when they were delivered. For so soon as the watch upon the walls of the city perceived the Volsces' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers upon their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great obtained victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly shewed by the honourable courtesies the whole Senate and people did bestow on their ladies. For they were all throughly persuaded, and did certainly believe, that the ladies only were cause of the saving of the city and delivering them-

Act V. Sc. 5.

selves from the instant danger of the war. § 118. Whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honour these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of Fortune for the women (v. 3. 207), unto the building whereof they offered themselves to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods. Nevertheless the Senate, commending their goodwill and forwardness, ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city. Notwithstanding that, the ladies gathered money among them, and made with the same a second image of Fortune, which the Romans say did speak as they offered her up in the temple and did set her in her place: and they affirm, that she spake these words: "Ladies, ye have devoutly offered me up". § 119. Moreover, that she spake that twice together: making us to believe things that never were, and are not to be credited. For to see images that seem to sweat or weep, or to put forth any humour red or bloody, it is not a thing unpossible. For wood and stone do commonly receive certain moisture, whereof are ingendered humours, which do yield of themselves, or do take of the air, many sorts and kinds of spots and colours: by which signs and tokens it is not amiss, me think, that the gods sometimes do warn men of things to come. And it is possible also, that these images and statues do sometimes put forth sounds like unto sighs or mourning, when in the midst or bottom of the same there is made some violent separation or breaking asunder of things blown or devised therein: but that a body which hath neither life nor soul should have any direct or exquisite word formed in it by express voice, that is altogether unpossible. For the soul nor God himself can distinctly speak without a body, having necessary organs and instruments meet for the parts of the same, to form and utter distinct words. But where stories many times do force us to believe a thing reported to be true, by many grave testimonies: there we must say, that it is some passion contrary to our five natural senses, which being begotten in the imaginative part or understanding draweth an opinion unto itself, even as we do in our sleeping. For many times we think we hear that we do not hear, and we imagine we see that we see not. § 120. Yet notwithstanding, such as are godly bent and zealously given to think on heavenly things, so as they can no way be drawn from believing that which is spoken of them, they have this reason to ground the foundation of their belief upon; that is, the omnipotency

of God, which is wonderful, and hath no manner of resemblance or likeness of proportion unto ours, but it is altogether contrary, as touching our nature, our moving, our art, and our force: and therefore, if he do any thing unpossible to us, or do bring forth and devise things without man's common reach and understanding, we must not therefore think it unpossible at all. For if in other things he is far contrary to us, much more in his works and secret operations he far passeth all the rest: but the most part of God's doings, as Heraclitus saith, for lack of faith, are hidden and unknown unto us.

§ 121. Now when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought diverse means to make him out of the way; thinking, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. § 122. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volsces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again under Tullus being general (whose authority was greater otherwise than any other among all the Volsces), answered: he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volsces, if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it. And moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. § 123. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were certain orators appointed that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had told their tales, Martius rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness, they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, shewed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly and judge also according to their conscience. § 124. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that, if he did let him speak, he would prove his innocency to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue; besides that the first good service he had done to the people of the Volsces did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure: and furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the

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goodwill they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that they took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction. § 125. For these causes Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volsces, who would not yield up his estate and authority. And in saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him.

§ 126. Howbeit it is a clear case, that this murder was not generally consented unto of the most part of the Volsces: for men came out of all parts to honour his body, and did honourably bury him; setting out his tomb with great store of armour and spoils, as the tomb of a worthy person and great captain. The Romans, understanding of his death, shewed no other honour or malice, saving that they granted the ladies the request they made, that they might mourn ten months for him: and that was the full time they used to wear blacks for the death of their fathers, brethren, or husbands, according to Numa Pompilius' order who stablished the same, as we have enlarged more amply in the description of his life. Now Martius being dead, the whole state of the Volsces heartily wished him alive again. § 127. For, first of all, they fell out with the Æques (who were their friends and confederates) touching pre-eminence and place: and this quarrel grew on so far between them, and frays and murders fell out upon it one with another. After that, the Romans overcame them in battle, in which Tullus was slain in the field, and the flower of all their force was put to the sword: so that they were compelled to accept most shameful conditions of peace, in yielding themselves subject unto the conquerors, and promising to be obedient at their commandment.

v. 6. 140–153.

APPENDIX B.

THE FABLE OF THE BELLY, in i. 1. 86–136.

This fable is attributed to Menenius Agrippa on the occasion of the secession of the Plebs to Mt. Sacer, not only

by Plutarch, but by Livy and by Dionysius of Halicarnassus (cf. Appendix C). Douce suggested that Shakespeare may have had before him, as well as North's *Plutarch*, a version of the fable contained in Camden's *Remaines* (1605), p. 199, under the head of *Wise Speeches*. It is worth while to quote the opening of the passage here. I have italicized some points that are in Camden and Shakespeare, but not in North.

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, *as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours* (i. 1. 88); for whereas *the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake* (i. 1. 92, 105–107), and all parts performed their functions, only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazing and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body; the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired *the advice of the heart. There Reason laid open before them*, &c. (i. 1. 106, 'the counsellor heart'; i. 1. 126)."

In *Camden* the fable is ascribed to Pope Adrian the Fourth. It is not, however, found in Roman history alone, but is a very wide-spread story, familiar to modern Europe from the so-called *Fables of Aesop*, a fifteenth-century compilation based principally upon the Greek *Fables of Phaedrus*. The history of this particular fable has been exhaustively studied by Prato in his paper *L'Apologo di Menenio Agrippa* in the *Archivio per Tradizione Popolari*, iv. 25–40, and by Mr. Joseph Jacobs in pp. 82–90 of the *History of the Aesopic Fable* prefixed to his 1889 edition of the *Fables of Aesop* in the *Bibliothèque de Carabas*. The oldest known version—it is 3146 years old—is the *Trial of the Belly and the Head* in an Egyptian papyrus of the twentieth dynasty (c. 1250 B.C.). The fable is also found in the sacred literature of the Chinese, and of Buddhists, Brahmans, and Magians. St. Paul probably had it in mind when he wrote 1 *Cor.*, xii. 12–26. Mr. Jacobs is of opinion that the Roman version cannot be definitely traced to any other: it seems to have sprung up sporadically in Italy.

APPENDIX C.

THE CORIOLANUS OF HISTORY.

Plutarch's account of Coriolanus owes much to that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in his *History of Rome* (vii. 20–viii. 59), written about B.C. 7. Independent accounts are given by Livy (ii. 34–40) and by Zonaras, a twelfth-century Byzantine writer, whose *Annals* are practically an epitome of the lost *Roman History* of Dion Cassius (c. A.D. 222). The narratives of Plutarch and Livy differ in many points. Even the name of Coriolanus is a matter of dispute, Plutarch making him Caius Marcius, Livy, according to most MSS., Cnaeus Marcius; and Niebuhr (*Hist. of Rome*, ii. 88–110, 235–244) throws doubt on many details of the story. But there certainly was a temple of Fortuna Muliebris four miles from Rome on the Latin Road (cf. v. 3. 207), and the name of the first priestess was Valeria, which perhaps explains her connection with the story (cf. note *ad init.* of act v. sc. 3). Upon the whole story it is worth while to quote Mommsen (*Hist. of Rome*, ed. 1881, p. 287). After describing the crisis between patricians and plebeians which arose from usury and agricultural distress about 495 B.C. and led to the secession to the Mons Sacer and the election of tribunes, he says:

"The best-known incident in these conflicts of the orders is the history of Gaius Marcius, a brave aristocrat, who derived his surname from the storming of Corioli. Indignant at the refusal of the centuries to intrust to him the consulate in the year 491 B.C., he is reported to have proposed, according to one version, the suspension of the sales of corn from the state stores, till the hungry people should abandon the tribunate; according to another version, the direct abolition of the tribunate itself. Impeached by the tribunes so that his life was in peril it is said that he left the city, only however to return at the head of a Volscian army; that when he was on the point of conquering the city of his fathers for the public foe, the earnest appeal of his mother touched his conscience; and that thus he expiated his first treachery by a second, and both by death. How much of this is true cannot be determined; but the story over which the naïve misrepresentations of the Roman annalists have shed a patriotic glory, affords a glimpse of the deep moral and political disgrace of these conflicts between the orders."

A few notes from Livy may serve to further illustrate the play. The battle of Lake Regillus, at which Marcius won fame against the Tarquins, is put in B.C. 497. The dictator's

name is given as Aulus Postumius (ii. 2. 85). The secession of the Plebs to Mons Sacer was in B.C. 492. It was instigated by one Sicinius, and was appeased by the story of the belly told by Menenius Agrippa, *facundus vir et plebi carus.* Sicinius was one of the first tribunes of the plebs, who were chosen in the same year. In B.C. 491 Postumus Cominius was consul, and the siege of Corioli took place. In the same year, and therefore before the banishment of Coriolanus, died Menenius Agrippa. Coriolanus was banished on account of his action in opposing the distribution of corn from Sicily, two years later, in B.C. 489. He fled to his friend Attius Tullus (not Aufidius) the Volscian, and made war upon Rome. The name of Coriolanus' mother is given, not as Volumnia, but Veturia.

Shakespeare has occasionally been led into historical blunders by some misunderstanding of Plutarch. Thus Plutarch says that Martius Censorinus was of the same family as Coriolanus. He does not say that he was an ancestor, and as a matter of fact he was censor in B.C. 265, while the aqueduct of Publius and Quintus Marcius was not built until B.C. 139. But the date assigned to Coriolanus' death is B.C. 489. Shakespeare, however, in ii. 3. 229–236, makes all the members of the family ancestors of Coriolanus. And this arises naturally in the process of dramatization, because what Plutarch states in his own person as an historian, the dramatist puts in the mouth of a personage contemporary with Coriolanus himself.

ESSAY ON METRE.

§ 1. **Introduction.**—The play of *Coriolanus* is written partly in prose and partly in verse, and the verse, again, is partly rhymed and partly unrhymed. The present essay is intended to explain the meaning of these distinctions and to point out the way in which Shakespeare used the various modes of expression at his command.[1]

§ 2. **Stress.**—The possibility of verse depends mainly upon that quality of speech which is known as *stress* or *accent*. Speech is made up of a succession of *syllables*, that is, of sounds or groups of sounds, each consisting of a vowel, or of a vowel accompanied by one or more consonants, and pronounced by a single muscular effort. This succession is broken up by pauses, which range in length from the slight pause after each word to the important pause at the end of a sentence. Syllables differ amongst themselves in various manners, which depend upon variations in the complicated physical processes by which sounds are produced. We are here only concerned with two of these differences, namely

[1] The student who wishes to pursue the subject of Shakespeare's metre further may find the following books and essays, amongst many others, useful. Goswin König, *Der Vers in Shakspere's Dramen* (a mine of learning by a German who cannot scan English); J. B. Mayor, *Chapters on English Metre* (on the whole, the most suggestive introduction to the subject); E. A. Abbott, *Shakespearean Grammar* (§§ 452–515); Henry Sweet, *History of English Sounds*; Sidney Lanier, *The Science of English Verse*; Coventry Patmore, *Essay on English Metrical Law* (*Poems*, vol. ii.); J. A. Symonds, *Blank Verse*; J. Schipper, *Englische Metrik* (1881–1888); *Grundriss zu Englischen Metrik* (1895); A. J. Ellis, *Early English Pronunciation* (E.E.T.S.); Robert Bridges, *Milton's Prosody* (1894); C. H. Herford, *Outline of Shakespeare's Prosody* in *Richard II.* (Warwick Series); N. Delius, *Die Prosa in Shakespeare's Dramen* (in *Jahrbuch* der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, v. 227); J. Heuser, *Der Coupletreim* in *Shakespeare's Dramen* (*Jahrbuch*, xxviii. 177, xxix.–xxx. 235); H. Sharpe, *Prose in Shakespeare's Plays* (*Transactions* of the New Shakspere Society, 1880–82, p. 523). The "verse-tests" are dealt with in N. S. Soc. *Transactions* for 1874 (passim); F. G. Fleay, *Shakespeare Manual* (1875), *Metrical Tests applied to Shakespeare* (in Ingleby's *Shakespeare, the Man and the Book*, part ii., 1881, p. 50); F. J. Furnivall, *Introduction* to Gervinus' *Commentaries*; W. Hertzberg, *Metrisches, Grammatisches, Chronologisches zu Shakespeare's Dramen* (*Jahrbuch*, xiii. 248); H. Conrad, *Metrische Untersuchungen zur Festellung des Abfassungzeit von Shakespeare's Dramen* (*Jahrbuch*, xxxi. 318), and G. König, *op. cit.* ch. vii.

quantity and *stress*. The *quantity* of a syllable is measured by the time which the effort of pronouncing it takes. Syllables are classified according to quantity as *long* or *short*. Nearly all Latin and Greek metres rest upon this distinction, but in English it is of secondary importance (see §§ 8 (ii) (iii) (viii): 12 (iii)). The *stress* of a syllable is the amount of force or impulse with which it is uttered. Every syllable of course requires some of this force or impulse to be audible at all; but it is customary to speak of syllables which have more of it as *stressed*, and of those which have less as *unstressed*. Thus in the word *Capitol*, the first syllable is stressed, the last two are unstressed. *Stress* is sometimes called *accent*, and is conveniently denoted by a (′), thus, *Cap′itol*. Most words other than monosyllables have a normal stress on one or more syllables, and it is a tendency of English, as of all Teutonic languages, to throw this stress as near the beginning of the word as possible. (See, however, § 10.) Long monosyllables are also normally stressed. Short monosyllables, however, and some dissyllables have no normal stress, but are capable of receiving one, if the meaning they convey is of importance in the sentence. This deliberate imposition of a stress for the purpose of bringing out a meaning is called *emphasis*.

[N.B.—Some writers distinguish not merely between unstressed and stressed syllables, but between unstressed, lightly or weakly stressed, and strongly stressed syllables. As a matter of fact, the degrees of stress which a syllable is capable of receiving are more numerous than either of these classifications implies; and on this fact much of the beauty of verse depends. But, for the purposes of scansion, the important thing is not the absolute amount of stress, but the relative stress of the syllables in the same foot (cf. § 3). The introduction of light stress appears to me only to confuse matters, because if you use the threefold classification, no two readers will agree in the amount of stress to be put on particular syllables: it is hard enough to get them to do so with the twofold division. Moreover, in practice, the notion of light stress has led many metrists to disregard level rhythms, such as the pyrrhic or the spondee, altogether. Yet such assuredly exist. This is not the place to discuss the subject at length, but it is right to explain my departure from usage. But let me repeat, that the limits of variation both in stress and rhythm are much beyond what any system of scansion can comprehend.]

§ 3. **Rhythm.**—Stress is a quality of speech, alike in prose and verse; and, moreover, alike in prose and verse, when stressed and unstressed syllables follow each other in such an order as to be pleasing to the ear, the result is *rhythm*. But the rhythm of verse is much more definite than that of prose. Verse consists of *feet* arranged in *lines*; that is to say, its

rhythm depends upon a series of groups of syllables, in each of which groups the stress is placed according to a recognized law, while the series is broken at regularly recurring intervals by a pause. And the various kinds of rhythm, or *metres*, may be classified according to (*a*) the number of feet or syllables in the line, and (*b*) the position of the stress in the foot. The principal kinds of feet are best known by names adapted from the classical quantitative metres. They are these:—

In ascending rhythm.		
Iamb. Non-stress + Stress,	as,	desire'.
Anapaest. Non-stress + non-stress + stress,	as,	I was moved'.
In descending rhythm.		
Trochee. Stress + non-stress,	as,	bel'ly.
Dactyl. Stress + non-stress + non-stress,	as,	love'lier.
In level rhythm.		
Spondee. Stress + stress,	as,	great' toe'.
Pyrrhic. Non-stress + non-stress.	as,	it is.

Most kinds of English verse can be *scanned*, that is, metrically analysed, as combinations of one or more of these feet in lines of different length.

§ 4. **Rhyme.**—Another quality, which may or may not be present in English verse, is *rhyme*. This is produced when the last stressed syllables of two or more neighbouring lines have the same or nearly the same sound. The ordinary form of rhyme is that in which the same vowel and final consonantal sounds are accompanied by a different initial consonantal sound; as *ring*, *sing*. Where there is no such different initial consonant, the rhyme is called *identical*. Where all the consonantal sounds differ, and only the vowel sound is the same, as in *ring*, *kill*, then *assonance* and not rhyme is produced.

§ 5. **Blank Verse.**—The principal metre used by Shakespeare is the iambic decasyllable or *heroic* line. This consists, normally, of five iambic feet, with a pause after the second or third foot as well as at the end of the line; thus:

Against' | the wind' | a mile'! | You souls' | of geese' (i. 4. 34).

Rhyme may or may not be present. On the rhymed varieties, see § 17; but far more important for the study of Shakespeare is the unrhymed variety, generally known as *blank verse*. Blank verse was first used in English by the Earl of Surrey in his translation of the Æneid. It became the fashion amongst the court writers of tragedy, who thought with Sidney that to eliminate rhyme was to be classical; and was introduced into

the popular drama by Marlowe in his *Tamburlaine*. Nash satirized the "drumming decasyllabon", but the new metre proved so suitable for dramatic purposes, that it soon relegated rhyme to a quite secondary position. Elizabethan drama is practically a blank-verse drama.

§ 6. **The Type of Blank Verse and its Varieties.**—We have seen that a blank-verse line is normally composed of five iambic feet, with a middle and a final pause. But to compose an entire poem of lines rigidly adhering to this structure would involve two difficulties. In the first place it would produce a terrible monotony of effect; and in the second place it would be an intolerable restraint upon expression. It would be impossible to so arrange words that they should fall into sections of exactly equal length and exactly similar stress, and should yet convey adequately the poet's meaning. Therefore all writers of blank verse have allowed themselves to deviate very considerably from the normal type, within the limits of this general principle, that the variations must never extend so far as to prevent that type from being easily recognizable as that of the verse as a whole. The interpretation of this principle depends, of course, upon the ear of the particular writer; each handles his blank verse in a different and individual fashion. In the case of Shakespeare we may go further and say, that his fashion of handling blank verse was constantly changing from the beginning to the end of his poetic career. Therefore it is necessary to examine each play separately, and to determine for each the limits within which Shakespeare's ear allowed him to vary his metre at the time when he wrote it. In doing this it is well to remember that the results can only be approximate and not scientifically precise; for this reason, that just as Shakespeare wrote by ear and not by *a priori* rules, so the ear of the reader—the educated ear of the cultivated reader—is the only ultimate criterion of how any individual line is to be scanned. And though in the main such readers will agree, there will always be certain lines which can be read in two ways, one of which will sound best to one ear, one to another. (See *e.g.* §§ 8 (ii) (*c*) (*e*); 12 (iii).)

§ 7. **Variations in the Materials of Verse.**—But before we proceed to inquire what varieties of blank verse Shakespeare permitted himself in *Coriolanus*, we have to consider another question hardly less important. In all verse the problem before the writer is to accommodate to a given type of metre words of varying stress and a varying number of syllables.

Where difficulties arise, two courses are open—either to modify the metre or to modify the words. For both are alike capable, within limits, of modification. The normal pronunciation of any word is that which an educated reader of careful enunciation would give to it in reading prose. But this normal pronunciation, especially as regards the number of syllables, is often modified: (*a*) dialectically, (*b*) colloquially. Thus we say *'em* for *them*, and even, I am afraid, *'cos* for *because*. And poetry has at all times claimed for itself, within certain customary bounds, a still larger license of modification. What has been said so far applies to modern as well as Elizabethan poetry. But it must be added that the bounds of this license were very much wider for an Elizabethan than they are for us. Elizabethan pronunciation, like Elizabethan grammar, was in a transition stage. Our comparative uniformity in the matter had been by no means arrived at. Even the normal pronunciation differed in many respects from ours. Thus Shakespeare regularly said *persev'er* where we say *persevere'*, and, probably, *neeld* where we say *needle*. But in addition to this, there were many obsolete pronunciations which, though they had ceased to be normal, were still living enough not to be out of place in poetry. Without distinguishing between licenses which are and those which are not still possible to us in verse, we will consider more generally what amount of variable pronunciation we have to allow for in reading *Coriolanus*. And this (*a*) as regards the number of syllables in a word; (*b*) as regards the position of stress. After which we can go on to the varieties of metre itself.

[*N.B.*—It is sometimes convenient to mark a suppressed or slurred letter by an apostrophe (*th'*), or by a dot underneath it (*e̩*); a separately-sounded syllable by a diæresis (¨) on the vowel, and two merged syllables by a circumflex (⁀).]

§ 8. **Syllabic Variation.**—(i) The unstressed *e* of the verb and noun inflexions was gradually disappearing in Shakespeare's time. He sounds it, on the whole, more frequently in the earlier than in the later plays, but his use varies for the different forms. In some the sounded *e* is the rule, in others the exception. Thus:

(*a*) *-es* (3 pers. sing.). The uncontracted form is only found in *knockës* (*1 Henry VI.*, i. 3. 5), *provokës* (*2 Henry VI.*, iv. 7. 8), both of which are possibly un-Shakespearean; and *peepës* (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 148).

(*b*) *-es* (gen. sing.). Here, too, the uncontracted form is practically obsolete; but a few examples are found chiefly in early plays, *e.g. moonës* (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 7), *ropës* (*Comedy of Errors*, iv. 1. 98), *whalës* (*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 332).

(*c*) *-es* (plural). Contraction is very rare. König (p. 17) would so explain *carcasses* (iii. 3. 122), *marriages* (i. 1. 185); but I think that these dissyllables should be accounted for under § 8 (ii) (*j*), as *carcasses*, *marriages*.

(*d*) *-eth* (3 pers. sing.). Contraction is the rule. The only exception in this play is *placëth* (i. 5. 24).

(*e*) *-est* (2 pers. sing.). Always contracted in this play. The uncontracted form occurs sparsely in some early plays.

(*f*) *-est* (superl.). Here, on the contrary, the uncontracted form is normal. Thus we have *lowëst*, *basëst*, *poorëst* (i. 1. 147). The exceptions are *greatest* (iii. 1. 103), *poorest* (iii. 3. 32; iv. 7. 56), *youngest* (iv. 6. 68), *highest* (v. 6. 84).

(*g*) *-ed* (perf.). Contraction is the rule, but we have *waxëd* (ii. 2. 95).

(*h*) *-ed* (part.). Contraction is the rule, but there are several exceptions: *crownëd* (i. 1. 105), *dissolvëd* (i. 1. 195), *condemnëd* (i. 8. 15), *fixëd* (ii. 3. 241), *renownëd* (iii. 1. 291), *deservëd* (iii. 1. 292), *blessëd* (iv. 2. 20), *grainëd* (iv. 5. 106), *burnëd* (iv. 6. 85).

(*i*) *-en* (part.). Always contracted, in *stolen* (v. 6. 88), *driven* (i. 6. 12), *given* (i. 6. 11; iii. 1. 74).

[*N.B.*—These rules do not apply to cases of sibilants before *-es*, *-est*, or of dentals before *-eth*, *-ed*, where the *e* is necessarily sounded.]

(ii) An unaccented short vowel coming between two consonants may be elided or slurred in almost any place. This is especially so when the vowel is followed by *l*, *n*, or *r*. These consonants, with *m*, are known as *liquids* or *vowel-likes*. When a vowel-like follows another consonant, it makes the very slightest difference in the pronunciation, whether a vowel sound is interposed or not. This may be tested by comparing the pronunciation of *able* (so written, but pronounced *abel*) and *ably*. Instances of such elison or slurring in our play are:

(*a*) Before *l*—*vigilant* (i. 1. 105), *bodily* (i. 2. 5), *cautelous* (iv. 1. 33), *absolute* (iii. 1. 90), *popular* (iii. 1. 106), *particular* (iv. 5. 84), *violently* (iii. 1. 220). But we have also *particülar* (iv. 7. 13), and *viölent* (i. 5. 15), *viölentest* (iv. 6. 73). Similarly before *ll*—*counsellor* (i. 1. 106), and *unparalleled* (v. 2. 16), unless the pronunciation should here be *unparalleled*.

(*b*) Before *n*—*business* (i. 1. 234), *unfortunate* (v. 3. 97), *mountainous* (ii. 3. 111), *conveyances* (v. 1. 54), *mutinous* (i. 1. 101); but also *mutïnous* (i. 2. 11) and *mutïners* (i. 1. 241). The verb appears to be *warrant* (i. 4. 47; ii. 1. 206), and the noun *warränt* (iii. 1. 275). In iv. 1. 12 the same word is pronounced in both ways—

Vir. O heavens! | O heav- | ëns!
Cor. Nay, | I pri- | thee wo(man),—

We should pronounce *stolen*, *driven*, *given* (§ 8 (i) (*i*)), and probably *even* (i. 1. 102; i. 6. 38), though the last two words might also be pronounced *gi'en*, *e'en* under § 8 (ix) (*a*). König (p. 37) scans *apron-men* in iv. 6. 97, but an anapaestic rhythm (§ 12 (iii)) seems almost less harsh.

(*c*) Before *r—feverous* (i. 4. 61), *cormorant* (i. 1. 111), *suffering* (1. i. 59), *reverend* (ii. 2. 38), *encountering* (i. 6. 8), *interims* (i. 6. 5), *rumourer* (iv. 6. 47); but *peremptory* (iii. 1. 94, 286), and of course *austerity* (iv. 7. 44), where the vowel is stressed. The contraction is somewhat harsher when another consonant follows the *r*, as in *coverture* (i. 9. 46), *properly* (v. 2. 77), *recomforted* (v. 4. 45), and *liberties* (ii. 3. 171); but we have also *libërties* (ii. 3. 206). The word *spirit* presents difficulties. It seems to be always contracted in this play (*e.g.* i. 5. 13; ii. 1. 145; iii. 2. 97, 112; iv. 1. 16), except where it occurs at the end of a line in feminine rhythm (iii. 1. 95; iv. 1. 4). The contraction cannot well take the form *spirit*; because the first syllable is stressed. Some metrists think that in such cases the alternative form *sprite* should be used. Others would treat the second *i* as elided before *t* (cf. (ii) below), and pronounce *spirit*.

(*d*) Before *m—alarum* (ii. 2. 72), *enemy* (iv. 4. 24), *venomous* (iv. 1. 23), *impediment* (i. 1. 64; ii. 3. 129), and *recompense* (iii. 1. 121). The first syllable of *ceremony* (ii. 2. 137) was probably pronounced *ceer-*, on the analogy of *cerement* and *cere-cloth*. And *gentlemen* (i. 6. 42) was probably shortened into *gent'men* or even *gem'men*.

(*e*) Before *b* (in words ending in *-able*)—*hospitable* (i. 10. 26); *commendable* (iv. 7. 50), *unvulnerable* (v. 3. 73); but *unseparable* (iv. 4. 16). Perhaps in all these cases we should treat the *e* or the *ble* (*bel*) as elided (under (ii) (*a*)), though this is not the modern way of shortening the words. There is a double contraction in *honourable* (v. 3. 154), either to *honourable* or *honourable*. Now, of course, it would be *honourable* (*hon'ble*).

(*f*) Before *c* (soft)—*officer* (iv. 6. 126), *policy* (iii. 2. 42), but *policy* (iv. 6. 127); and *c* hard—*unmusical* (iv. 5. 56), *tyrannical* (iii. 3. 2), but *tyrannical* (iii. 3. 65).

(*g*) Before *d—remedy* (iii. 2. 26), *evident* (iv. 7. 51), but *evident* (v. 3. 112).

(*h*) Before *f—benefit* (v. 6. 67).

(*i*) Before *g—marriages* (i. 1. 185); but cf. § 8 (i) (*c*).

(*j*) Before *s—carcasses* (iii. 3. 122); but cf. § 8 (i) (*c*). Shakespeare seems to make the modern distinction between *courtesy* (v. 3. 161) and *curtsy* (v. 3. 27).

(*k*) Before *t—extremity* (iv. 1. 4), *priority* (i. 1. 238), *charity* (v. 6. 12), *senators* (iii. 1. 92), *territories* (iv. 6. 77), *competency* (i. 1. 129), *inheritance* (iii. 2. 68); but on the other hand *surety* (iii. 1. 178).

(*l*) Before *w—followers* (i. 4. 44), *following* (i. 4. 49).

(iii) By a converse process, a short, unstressed vowel sound is occasionally inserted before a vowel-like, so as to create an additional syllable. Thus we have:

(*a*) Before *l—assemb[e]ly* (i. 1. 145), *kind[e]ly* (i. 9. 82), *nob[e]ler* (iii. 2. 6).

(*b*) Before *r—count[e]ry* (i. 9. 17). The forms *through, thorough,* now confined to different senses, are used indiscriminately by Shakespeare. Cf. v. 3. 114.

(iv) Some words suffer the elision of an unstressed prefix, especially when that consists of a vowel unaccompanied by

consonants. In this play we have *'gainst* for *against* (i. 9. 30; iv. 6. 66), *'larum* for *alarum* (i. 4. 9), *'voided* for *avoided* (iv. 5. 80), *'fore* for *before* (i. 1. 110, &c.), *'twixt* for *betwixt* (iv. 5. 121).

(v) Many common words, pronouns, auxiliaries, prepositions, articles, and the like, suffer mutilation in various ways, and merge in colloquial combinations. Thus we have *to't*, *is't*, *'t is*, *I'm*, *I'll*, *I'ld*, *they've*, *thou'rt*, *you're*, &c.; also *thou'st* for *thou hast* (iv. 5. 101), *thou'lt* for *thou wilt* (i. 9. 2), *y'* for *you* (iii. 2. 48), *'m* for *him* (i. 3. 27; 9. 88; iii. 1. 244; 2. 92; v. 1. 39). *Shall* seems to be represented by *'st* in i. 1. 116, and by *'ll* in i. 1. 216. The abbreviation *'s* stands either for *is*, for *us* (i. 2. 28; 4. 42; 7. 6; v. 1. 35), or for *his* (i. 10. 27; ii. 1. 145, 170). *Have*, *them*, *more*, *on*, *of*, *in* become *Ha'*, *'em*, *mo'e*, *o'*, *i'*, but this shortening does not affect the number of syllables. Very rarely the personal pronoun is altogether omitted before an auxiliary. The only instance in this play is *'has* for *he has* (iii. 1. 161, 162). Oaths and blessings are abbreviated: thus *'sdeath* for *God's death* (i. 1. 208), and *God-den* for *Good-even*, or perhaps *God give you good even* (iv. 6. 20, 21). Finally *to* becomes *t'* before a vowel, and *the* becomes *th'* before either a vowel or a consonant.

Such colloquial contractions are common in all of the later plays, and especially perhaps in *Coriolanus*. König (pp. 47, 50) reckons 32 instances in the play of *th'* before a vowel, and 105 of *th'* before a consonant. These, like some other colloquial forms, occur in prose as well as verse.

(vi) Two adjacent unstressed vowels are often merged into a single syllable. Thus *rebellion* (i. 1. 148), *variable* (ii. 1. 196), *being* (i. 1. 147), *arguing* (i. 1. 212), *plebeians* (iii. 1. 101); but *malicious* (i. 1. 79), *recreant* (v. 3. 114). Often this merging is due to the consonantal affinities of certain vowels; thus *i* and *y* readily become consonants, as in *pitying* (i. 6. 36), *valiant* (i. 1. 250), *lovelier* (i. 3. 38); and so, too, with *u* in *mutually* (i. 1. 93). A final *y* even coalesces with a following initial vowel; thus, *merry as* (i. 6. 31), *many an* (iv. 4. 2), *gibingly ungravely* (ii. 3. 216), *thy opposers* (i. 5. 21); and there appears to be a similar coalescence of two vowels in *so incapable* (iv. 6. 120). The combination *ti* produces a sound resembling *sh*, as in *ostentation* (i. 6. 86), *dissentious* (i. 1. 154), *nuptial* (i. 6. 31); but we have also *natiön* (iii. 3.

132), *dispositiön* (i. 6. 74), *patiënce* (iii. 1. 191). The uncontracted forms seem to be only found before a well-marked pause.

(vii) Similarly an unstressed vowel is often absorbed into an adjacent stressed vowel or diphthong. Thus *superflu'ity* (i. 1. 217), *pow'er* (i. 1. 102), *ty'ing* (ii. 3. 188), *to'ward* (ii. 2. 49), *fires'* (*fi'ers*) (i. 4. 39), *entire'* (i. 4. 55), *pray'ers* (iv. 1. 43), *cow'ardly* (i. 6. 3; iv. 6. 122); but also *prayërs* (v. 3. 105, 171), *fire* (*fiër*), (i. 1. 182), *cowärdly* (i. 1. 194).

(viii) By a converse process, a long vowel or diphthong is sometimes, but rarely, split up into two syllables, one stressed and one unstressed. In this play we have *teärs* (v. 6. 101), *yoürs* (i. 4. 2), *reäl* (iii. 1. 147), *heärt* (iii. 2. 54).

(ix) Certain consonants can be elided when they come between two vowels, and the vowels then coalesce into a single syllable. These consonants are *v*, *th*, and *k*.

(*a*) *v*. In accordance with this principle *never* becomes *ne'er*, and *over* becomes *o'er*; possibly also we get *e'en* for *even*, and *gi'en* for *given*; but cf. (ii) (*b*). Somewhat rare and harsh forms are *giving* (v. 6. 54) and *having* (i. 9. 11; iii. 1. 160).

(*b*) *th*. The most usual example is *whether*, which must be pronounced *whe'er* in iii. 1. 251; iv. 7. 37, 41. We have also *whither* (iv. i. 34), and *together* (iv. 4. 15), but *togëther* (iv. 5. 122). *Since*, the contracted form of *sithence* (iii. 1. 47), has now become normal.

(*c*) *k*. The only example is *ta'en* for *taken*.

[*N.B.*—(1) Contractions of all kinds are far more numerous in the later plays, when Shakespeare was trying to cram as much thought as he could into his lines. In the present play contracted forms generally occur in the middle of the line, open forms at the end of the line or before a pause. The license of the feminine rhythm (§ 13) accounts in part for this.

(2) I have not distinguished between *elision* and *slurring*. In the one case the sound is completely dropped; in the other it is passed over so rapidly as to be barely appreciable. But in both cases it is regarded as non-existent for metrical purposes. I should add that some syllables which König and others treat as slurred, I regard as forming part of trisyllabic feet. Cf. § 12 (iii).

(3) The spelling of the Qq. Ff. gives very little help in determining the more difficult questions of contraction. They only mark a few elisions, and those not consistently. In the present play *th'* is generally, but *'ve* rarely, marked in F1. Nor are such excellent modern editions as the *Cambridge Shakespeare* quite faultless in this respect.]

§ 9. **Proper Names.**—These are generally the occasion of

many irregularities, but they do not present any difficulty in this play. We can pronounce *Mene'niŭs*, *Volum'niă*, *An'tiŭm*, or *Mene'nĭus*, *Volum'nĭa*, *An'tĭum*, and this applies to all the names with similar Latin endings. We have *Cori'ölēs* (always spelt *Corioles*, not *Corioli*, in North's *Plutarch*, and in F 1 *Corioles*, *Corialus*, or *Coriolus*) and *Cori'olēs*; *Cor'ĭola'nus* and *Cor'iöla'nus*[1]; *Capĭtol* and *Capitol*. On the analogy of *Cori'olēs* we should pronounce *Anti'atēs* (i. 8. 53, 59).

§ 10. **Stress Variation.**—The normal prose stress of certain words was, and to some extent still is, variable in verse.

(i) In words of Romance origin this is often due to the conflict between the pronunciation suggested by the analogy of Latin, and that suggested by the Teutonic tendency, already spoken of (§ 2), to throw the stress as near the beginning of the word as possible. Thus we have *exile'* (v. 3. 96) as well as *ex'ile* (v. 3. 45), *re'venge* (v. 2. 77) as well as *revenge'* (v. 3. 45); and *en'dure* (i. 6. 58), *ce'ment* (iv. 6. 85), instead of *endure'*, *cement'*. We have always *ple'beians* and not *plebe'ians*.

(ii) In some compound words which are still felt as made up of two parts, the stress may fall on either part, according to the emphasis desired. Thus we have *where'in* (i. 6. 56), *sometime'* (v. 1. 2), *my'self* (v. 3. 118), *cannot'* (i. 1. 132) instead of the now more normal *wherein'*, *some'time*, *myself'*, *can'not*.

[*N.B.*—(1) Owing to the conflict between the Romance and Teutonic pronunciation, even the normal Elizabethan stress does not always agree with ours. Shakespeare always has *perse'ver*, generally *an'tic*.

(2) In some cases where the Elizabethan stress was variable, we retain both forms in different senses, thus: *an'tic*, *antique'*, and *hu'man*, *humane'*.]

§ 11. **Varieties of Metre.**—So much, then, for the possible variations in the materials which have to be disposed into metre; we come now to those of metre itself. These may take the form of (*a*) variations upon the iambic character of the foot; (*b*) variations due to the insertion of supernumerary extra-metrical syllables; (*c*) variations due to mutilation of a foot; (*d*) variations in the number of feet in the line; (*e*) variations in the number and position of the pauses.

[1] On the scansion of *Corioli* and *Coriolanus* cf. communications by B. Dawson in *Academy* for Jan. 8. 1887, and by Elze in *Englische Studien*, x. 367; but Elze's scansions appear to me to be mostly wrong. I scan ii. 1. 150—

In hon' | our fol' | lows Cor' | iola'(nus): cf. § 15 (ii).

§ 12. Non-Iambic Feet.

(i) *Spondee and Pyrrhic.* Lines containing the complete number of five iambic feet are always comparatively rare, and in the later plays hard to find. If they were frequent, they would produce a stiff and unnatural effect of regular rise and fall.

In order, therefore, to produce a more natural rhythm, *level stress* is introduced into one or more feet. That is to say, the unstressed and stressed syllables of the iamb are replaced by two stressed syllables (*spondee*), or two unstressed syllables (*pyrrhic*): thus—

To tear' | with thun'- | der the | wide' cheeks' | o' th' air' (v. 3. 151).

Here the fourth foot is a spondee, the third a pyrrhic.

The principle which limits all variations in blank verse is that the general character of the rhythm must not be destroyed. Too many pyrrhics or spondees would make the verse altogether too light or too heavy. As a rule, therefore, we do not find more than six or less than three stressed syllables in a line, nor more than three unstressed syllables together.

An excess of spondees occurs in emphatic passages, as in Coriolanus' excited rebuke to the soldiers—

All' hurt' | behind'; | backs' red', | and fa'- | ces pale' | (i. 4. 37).

A pyrrhic is very common in the last foot, where the pause to some extent supplies the place of a stress.

(ii) *Trochee.* Frequently the normal order of non-stress and stress is inverted, that is to say, a *trochee* replaces the iamb. This substitution is made most easily after a pause, and therefore it is by far the most common in the first foot, and next to that in the third and fourth, after the mid-line pause. It is rare in the second and fifth feet.

1st foot. Long' as | my ex'- | ile, sweet' | as my | revenge' (v. 3. 45).
2nd foot. Thy knee' | buss'ing | the stones' | — for in | such bus'i(ness) (iii. 2. 75).
3rd foot. As with | a man' | bus'ied | about' | decrees'; (i. 6. 34).
4th foot. Thou 'st done' | a deed' | whereat' | val'our | will weep': (v. 6. 133).
5th foot. *Cor.* And sav' | ing those' | that eye' (thee). |
Vol. Your knee', | sir'rah (v. 3. 75).

Two trochees occur frequently in one line, less often in succession.

Bet'ter | it is | to die', | bet'ter | to starve' (ii. 3. 104).
And hews' | down oaks' | with rush'(es). | Hang' ye! | Trust' ye (i. 1. 172)

Three are very rare; they tend to obscure the iambic character of the rhythm. The only instance I have observed in the play is in the proclamation—

Cai'us | Mar'cius | Cor'i | olan' | us! Bear' (i. 9. 64),

where the rhythm is intentionally broken.

(iii) *Trisyllabic Feet.* In his later blank verse Shakespeare occasionally allows the stress to carry with it two unstressed syllables instead of one only; that is, he substitutes an *anapaest* for the iamb. This takes place generally after a strong pause, and in this play always at the beginning of the line. In such cases the unstressed syllable is always kept as short in quantity as possible. Often it consists merely of *I* or *a*. Possibly a *dactyl* or even a *tribrach* (three unstressed syllables) may occasionally be used in the same way.

I find the following clear cases of anapaests in *Coriolanus*—

(1) *Lart.* Fŏr ă se'- | cond course' | of fight'. |
Mu. Sir, praise' | me not' (i. 5. 16).
(2) Ăt ă poor' | man's house'; | he used' | me kind'- | [e]ly (i. 9. 82).
(3) *Cor.* Măy Ĭ change' | these gar'(ments)? |
Sic. You may', (sir) (ii. 3. 137).
(4) *Men.* Whŏ dĭd hoot' | him out | o' th' ci'- | ty.
Com. But | I fear' (iv. 6. 123).
(5) Tŏ th' ĕnsu'- | ing age' | abhorred' | . Speak' to | me, son' (v. 3. 148).
(6) *Auf.* Ĭ wăs moved' | withal'. |
Cor. I dare' | be sworn' | you were' (v. 3. 194).
(7) Ărt thou cer'- | tain this | is true'? | Is' it | most' cer(tain) (v. 4. 41).
(8) Ĭ was forced' | to scold'. | Your judg'- | ments, my | grave' lords' (v. 6. 106).

[*N.B.*—In the eight instances enumerated above the foot is distinctly felt as a trisyllabic one, and cannot be explained away as an elision or slurring. In all the later plays, at least, there are similar cases. But it is possible to carry the principle further, and treat many of the harsher elisions or slurrings enumerated in § 8 as being in reality trisyllabic. And in practice many good readers do so treat them. In fact, the three grades, complete elision, imperfect elision or slurring, and trisyllabic feet, run very much into each other, and it is difficult to draw a hard-and-fast distinction between them. For the purposes of this edition I have systematically printed *i' th' city*, *I 've seen*, *t' oppose*, and the like, but the reader is at liberty to read *in the city*, *I have seen*, *to oppose*, so long as he does not give to his trisyllabic foot a greater time value than that of an ordinary iamb. And so, *mutatis mutandis*, with other cases of slurring. But at the same time he must remember that the Elizabethans may have clipped their words a great deal more definitely than we do.]

§ 13. **Feminine Rhythm.** — Often an extra-metrical unstressed syllable is added after the stress, before a pause. The result is known as *feminine rhythm.* It is most common at the end of the line, thus—

The shep'- | herd knows' | not thun'- | der from | a ta'(bor) (i. 6. 25).
Hear' you | this Tri'- | ton of | the min'- | nows? mark' (you)
His abs' | olute 'shall' '? (iii. 1. 89, 90).

But it is also frequent, in the later plays, before the mid-line pause, thus—

A root' | of an'- | cient en'(vy). | If Ju'- | piter (iv. 5. 101).
And curse' | that jus'- | tice did (it). | Who' de- | serves' great'(ness) (i. 1. 167).

Feminine rhythm is very common in *Coriolanus.* Mr. Fleay counts 710 instances at the end and 120 in the middle of the line, while König (p. 132) finds the proportion of feminine line-endings to be 28·4, only six plays having a larger proportion, viz.: *King Lear* (28·5), *All's Well* (29·4), *Cymbeline* (30·7), *Winter's Tale* (32·9), *Henry VIII.* (33·3 in the Shakespeare scenes), *Tempest* (35·4).

§ 14. **Monosyllabic Feet.**—Rarely a line is mutilated by the omission of the unstressed syllable of one foot. The place of this syllable may generally be considered to be filled up by a gesture or dramatic pause. In this play we have—

Com. —Know' | I pray' (you).
Cor. I 'll know' | no fur'(ther) (iii. 3. 87);

and,

Let 's hear | our tri- | bune: peace! | —Speak, | speak, speak (iii. 1. 193);

where the last three words may be taken as roughly equivalent to two whole feet. But probably this instance, like the remaining possible ones in the play, really comes under § 15 (ii) (*e*) below.

§ 15. **Long and Short Lines.**—Lines are sometimes found with more or less than the normal five feet.

(i) The play contains, as Mr. Fleay counts, 40 six-foot lines, sometimes called *Alexandrines.* These often occur where a line is divided between two speakers, one foot, as it were, overlapping. An Alexandrine, like a five-foot line, may have a feminine ending.

No, I 'll' | nor sell' | nor give' | him: lend' | you him | I will' (i. 4. 6).
Men. What' says | the oth'- | er troop'? |
Mar. They' are | dissol'- | ved hang' ('em)! (i. 1. 195).

(ii) Shorter lines of various lengths are also found, two-foot and three-foot being commoner than one-foot or four-foot lines.

One foot. Condi'(tion)! (i. 10. 3).
Two feet. Most' sweet' | voic'es (ii. 3. 103).
Three feet. So' that | all' hope' | is vain' (v. 1. 70).
Four feet. Of their | own' choice': | one's Jun'- | ius Bru'(tus) (i. 1. 207).

It may be further noted—

(*a*) A short line, like a five-foot line or an Alexandrine, may have a feminine ending.

(*b*) Broken lines occur frequently, in late plays, at the end of speeches, where the next speaker, instead of completing an unfinished line, begins a new one of his own (cf. § 16 (iv) below).

(*c*) Sometimes three half-lines are treated as equivalent to two whole ones, the middle, or, as it is often called, the *amphibious* section, doing duty twice over. This also is in broken dialogue. Thus—

Cor. Mene'- | nius e'- | ver e'(ver) | .
Herald. Give way' | there' and | go on'!
Cor. [Give way there and go on] Your hand' and yours' (ii. 1. 177, 178).

So, too—

Bru. Being moved' | he will' | not spare' | to gird' | the gods'.
Sic. [To gird the gods]. Bemock' | the mo'- | dest moon'
(i. 1. 247, 248).

(*d*) Where a short line occurs in the middle of a speech, the place of the missing feet may generally be filled by an appropriate pause or gesture.

(*e*) Short addresses, commands, ejaculations, and outcries may be treated as extra-metrical altogether.

Lart. Was fev' | erous and | did trem'(ble).
Sold. Look', sir. |
Lart. [O] 't is Mar'(cius)! (i. 4. 61, 62).

This serves to explain the irregular metre, caused by the interruptions of the crowd, in act iii. scc. 1, 3, and act v. sc. 6. Thus in v. 6. 131 the—

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

of the text, would really be represented on the stage, not by a metrical line at all, but by a babel of confused shouts.

§ 16. **Varieties of Pause.**—The typical heroic line has a well-marked pause at the end, and a less well-marked one

in the middle, after the second or sometimes the third foot. These are, of course, sense pauses, as well as metrical pauses. Shakespeare modifies this original type in two principal ways—

(i) He varies the mid-line pause at will, omitting it altogether, or making it as slight as possible, or doubling it, or putting it after the first or fourth foot, or in the middle of a foot.

[N.B.—Some writers call the mid-line pause a *caesura*. This is, of course, hopelessly incorrect. The classical *caesura* was a slight pause in the middle and not at the end of a foot.]

(ii) He reduces the importance of the end-line pause, which can never altogether disappear, by putting the two separated lines in close syntactical connection. Such a connection is called an *enjambment*, and the first of the two lines is said to be *run on*, as opposed to *end-stopped*. Consider, for instance, v. 3. 42–50—

> Forgive my tyranny: but do not say
> For that 'Forgive our Romans'. O, a kiss,
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
> And the most noble mother of the earth
> Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth.

Here the second, third, sixth, and eighth lines are end-stopped, the first, fourth, fifth, and seventh run on. Of course it is largely a matter of degree; the enjambment is more or less marked, according as it is affected by various conditions, the weight of the syntactical parts separated, the closeness of the syntactical connection, the presence of feminine rhythm, and the like. The effect of this redistribution of pauses is to destroy the independence of the single line by making it a member of an harmoniously-arranged group, a period or verse-paragraph. Through this a less monotonous rhythm becomes possible.

Shakespeare's plays show a constant progress from an end-stopped to a run-on type of verse. König (p. 134) reckons that 45·9 per cent of the lines in *Coriolanus* are markedly run on; only *Cymbeline* (46·0), and *Henry VIII.* (53·18 in the Shakespeare scenes) showing a larger proportion.

(iii) An extreme case of run-on line is afforded by the so-called *light* and *weak endings*. These are final syllables which are unstressed and proclitic; that is, they are closely connected grammatically with the words that follow them,

and therefore reduce the pause at the end of the line to a minimum. As *light endings* are classified, by Professor Ingram, words on which "the voice can to a certain small extent dwell", such as *is*, *are*, *thou*, *shall*, *when*, *was*, *would*, *have*, *did*, *where*, *you*, &c.; as *weak endings*, words "so essentially proclitic in their character that we are forced to run them in pronunciation, no less than in sense, into the closest connection with the opening words of the succeeding line". Such are, in this play, *and*, *that*, *for*, *but*, *at*, *in*, *than*, *if*, *with*, *to*. But obviously the difference is only one of degree. Light and weak endings only appear to an appreciable extent in the eight latest plays. Professor Ingram gives the percentages of the two taken together as follows: *Antony and Cleopatra*, 3·53; *Coriolanus*, 4·05; *Pericles* (Shakespeare scenes), 4·17; *Tempest*, 4·59; *Cymbeline*, 4·83; *Winter's Tale*, 5·48; *Two Noble Kinsmen* (Shakespeare scenes), 6·10; *Henry VIII.* (Shakespeare scenes), 7·16.[1]

(iv) In the later plays Shakespeare preferred to end the speeches in the middle rather than at the end of a line. This is markedly the case in *Coriolanus*. König (p. 134) reckons the percentage of speeches (of more than a single line) so ended as 79·0, only *Tempest* (84·5), *Cymbeline* (85·0), *Winter's Tale* (87·6), and *Henry VIII.* (89·0 in the Shakespeare scenes) giving a greater proportion.

§ 17. **Rhyme.**—In the earlier plays Shakespeare used a good deal of *rhymed* as well as of *blank* verse, often writing whole scenes or long passages in rhyme. The metre employed was generally, although not exclusively, that known as *heroic* verse, consisting of decasyllabic iambic lines, like those of blank verse, but rhymed in couplets. In the later plays rhyme is very sparingly used, and that not for ordinary dialogue, but for some special purpose. Thus:[2]

(*a*) One, two, or three couplets are used to finish off a scene or speech, or section of a speech, of blank verse. Rhyme was used by Shakespeare for this purpose almost to the end of his career. Probably it pleased the actors, who liked an effective "curtain", and it may even have served to call attention to the "cues". Examples in *Coriolanus* are iv. 7. 53–56; v. 6. 153, 154; in ii. 1. 145, 146 the couplet closes a passage of prose.

[1] Cf. Prof. J. K. Ingram, *On the "Weak Endings" of Shakespeare* (*N. S. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 457).

[2] Cf. F. Heuser, *Der Coupletreim in Shakespeare's Dramen* (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. xxviii., p. 247).

(*b*) Sententious commonplaces and maxims are sometimes pointed with rhyme. Under this head, as well as under (*a*), might come iv. 7. 53, 54; other examples are v. 3. 129, 130, and perhaps ii. 3. 104–115, though this may be better classed under (*c*).

(*c*) Markedly lyrical or emotional passages are often rhymed. Thus ii. 3. 104–115, the longest rhymed bit in the play, is an outburst of Coriolanus' pent-up excitement.

Two couplets, iv. 5. 75, 76 and v. 6. 150, 151, are probably accidental. The total number of couplets in *Coriolanus* is therefore only 13. The percentage of rhymed to blank-verse lines is ·9; four plays have a smaller percentage, namely, *Antony and Cleopatra* (·7), *Henry VIII.* (·3), *Tempest* (·1), *Winter's Tale* (0). On the other hand, the percentage in *Love's Labour's Lost* is 62·2, and in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, 43·4.[1]

§ 18. **Prose.**[2]

(*a*) Prose is used, roughly speaking, for comedy and for scenes on a lower level of sentiment or emotion to those written in blank verse. Thus the plebeians generally talk prose, but turn to blank verse when they discuss affairs of state in ii. 3. 146–254. So, too, the officers in act ii. sc. 2, the spies in act iv. sc. 3, the servants in act iv. sc. 5, and the sentinels in act v. sc. 2 talk prose. The domestic scene in Volumnia's house (act i. sc. 3) is in prose, but rises to blank verse when Volumnia gets excited about her son in line 26.

(*b*) A difference of station between two parties in a dialogue is sometimes marked by giving one prose, the other verse; sometimes, however, one speaker will rise to the verse or descend to the prose level of another. The dialogue between Menenius and the plebeians in act i. sc. 1 affords examples of both methods, the first in lines 43–104, the second in lines 104–145. Elsewhere the jovial humour of Menenius finds vent in prose, as in ii. 1. 1–85, and Volumnia adopts his mood in lines 86–144, breaking into blank verse at the sound of Marcius' trumpet (cf. § 17 (*a*)). In ii. 3. 61–101 Marcius, as Delius puts it, *encanaillirt sich*, makes himself common with the commoners by speaking prose, but he cannot keep up the pretence long.

§ 19. **Metre as an Evidence of Date.**—Shakespeare's manner of writing was undergoing constant modification through-

[1] König, *op. cit.*, p. 131.

[2] Cf. Delius, *Die Prosa in Shakespeare's Dramen* (*Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, vol. v. p. 268).

out his life, and therefore the evidence of style, and especially of metre, helps in some degree to determine the respective dates of the plays. As has been pointed out from time to time in this essay, the metre of *Coriolanus* is that of a late play. As compared with the earlier ones, it has many contractions (§ 8), feminine rhythms (§ 13), and enjambments (§ 16). Lines of irregular length are fairly common (§§ 14, 15), and trisyllable feet are found (§ 12 (iii)). Rhyme (§ 17), which is generally a mark of early work, has practically disappeared. The use of mid-line pauses (§ 16 (iv)), and especially of light and weak endings (§ 16 (iii)) point strongly to the late date of the play.

Many attempts have been made to fix the dates of the plays more precisely on metrical grounds, by estimating the prevalence of particular metrical characteristics in each, in numerical terms. The figures thus obtained, and the tests based upon them, do not seem to me capable of such exact mathematical determination.[1]

[1] The student who wishes to pursue the matter may be referred to König, *Der Vers in Shakspere's Dramen*, ch. vii., and to an essay by the Rev. F. G. Fleay in Ingleby's *Shakespeare, the Man and the Book*, part ii. (1881), which contains Mr. Fleay's latest speculations on the subject.

GLOSSARY.

a- in **a-doing** (iv. 2. 5), a degenerate form of the preposition **at**. The full phrase would be 'at doing'='at the point of doing'.

a' (i. 3. 55, &c.), a shortened and colloquial form of the preposition **on**.

a' (i. 3. 103, &c.), a shortened and colloquial form of the preposition **of**.

a' (ii. i. 109; v. 3. 127), a shortened and colloquial form of the personal pronoun **he**.

abate (iii. 3. 132), overthrow, humble, weaken; from the L.L. *abbattere*, beat down. In the form **bate** (ii. 1. 136), lower, remit, the prefix **a** is lost.

abram (ii. 3. 17), a form of **auburn**, whitish, flaxen, or light yellow; from the L.L. *alburnus*, Lat. *albus*, white. The tint intended by the Elizabethans under this name is shown by Florio, who in his Ital. Dict. has: "*Alburno*... that whitish colour of women's hair which we call an Alburne or Aburne colour".

absolute, free from limits or conditions: (i) of a command (iii. i. 90), unqualified; (ii) of a man (iv. 5. 134), perfect, faultless.

abuse (iii. 1. 58), deceive or mislead.

addition (i. 9. 65), title or surname; cf. *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 312, "devils' additions, the names of fiends".

affection (i. 1. 94), inclination, desire.

alarum (ii. 2. 72), a form of **alarm**, a call to arms; from the Ital. *all' arme*. In i. 4. 9 occurs the shortened form **'larum**; cf. Essay on Metre, § 8 (iv).

an (i. 1. 85; ii. 1. 109, &c.), a shortened form of **and** in the special sense of 'if'. The spelling **an** was rarely used in Shakespeare's time. Except in **an't** it occurs only once in F1; but modern editors have conveniently appropriated it to the conditional use of the word.

an-hungry (i. 1. 196), a corrupt form of **an-hungered**, which probably=*of-hungred*, past part. of *of-hyngran*, to be hungry.

anon (ii. 3. 135, &c.), immediately; from the A.S. *on án*, lit. 'in one' [moment].

article (ii. 3. 187), clause in an agreement, condition. So, too, the verb **articulate** (i. 9. 76), draw up conditions.

atone (iv. 6. 72), be at one, agree. Cf. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 116—

> "When earthly things made even
> Atone together".

The word is also used transitively =reconcile; the religious use 'atone for' is not found in Shakespeare.

attach (iii. 1. 175), arrest.

audit (i. 1. 134), final account; from Lat. *audire*, to hear.

avoid (iv. 5. 22, 29), leave, get out of.

bait (iv. 2. 43), worry; lit. make to bite, as dogs are made to bite bears.

bale (i. 1. 153), harm, destruction; from A.S. *bealu*, evil.

bare (v. 1. 20), barefaced; perhaps the nearest parallel is *Henry VIII.*, v. 3. 125—

"I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences".

bat (i. 1. 48, 151), cudgel.

batten (iv. 5. 30), grow fat; from Icel. *batna*, grow better, Ar. root BAT, good.

battle (i. 6. 51), army drawn out for battle.

bewray (v. 3. 95), disclose; lit. accuse, from A.S. *be-* and *wrégan*, to accuse.

billet (iv. 3. 38), quarter; from the 'billet' or written ticket which directed the soldier where to lodge.

bisson (ii. 1. 57; iii. 1. 131), blind; probably from A.S. *bi-*, near, and *séon*, to see. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 529, "threatening the flames with bisson rheum". Here **bisson** = blinding.

bolt (iii. 1. 321), sift; from O.F. *buiter*, *buleter*, *bureter*, sift through coarse cloth; O.F. *buire*, coarse cloth, L.L. *burra*, coarse red cloth, Lat. *burrus*, reddish, Gk. πυρρός, Gk. πῦρ, fire.

bonnet (iii. 2. 73), cap.

botcher (ii. 1. 78), a mender of old clothes; from **botch**, patch up, Dutch *botsen*, hammer into shape.

brawn (iv. 5. 118), arm; lit. muscle.

briefly (i. 6. 16), a short time ago.

brunt (ii. 2. 96), shock of an onset; from M.E. *brunt*, attack, Icel. *bruna*, advance with the speed of fire, *brenna*, burn.

budge (i. 6. 44), give way, lit. move; from Fr. *bouger*, move, stir. So, too, the noun **budger** (i. 8. 5).

bulk (ii. 1. 194), stall; from Icel. *bálkr*, a beam, lit. a ridge made by the plough, Ar. root BHAR, cut.

buss (iii. 2. 75), kiss. Skeat says that the old form of the word was **bass**, and that it is from the Fr. *baiser*, to kiss, but has been confused with the O.G. *bussen*, to kiss.

canker'd (iv. 5. 89), corrupted; lit. eaten away by a canker, cancer, or corroding tumour.

canon (i. 10. 26; iii. 1. 90), rule, the Gk. κανών. "From the canon", therefore, in iii. 1. 90 means exactly 'irregular'.

caparison (i. 9. 12), the trappings of a horse.

capitulate (v. 3. 82), make terms; lit. draw up under heads, from L.L. *capitulare*.

carbonado (iv. 5. 185), broiled meat; a Span. word, from Lat. *carbonem*, coal. Such meat is cut across before cooking; hence the point of "scotched and notched". Cf. *King Lear*, ii. 2. 41, "Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks".

cautelous (iv. 1. 33), crafty. The noun **cautel** occurs in *Hamlet*, i. 3. 15; it is from L.L. *cautela*, a precaution.

censure (ii. 1. 20), opinion.

centurion (iv. 3. 37), an officer in the Roman army in charge of a hundred (*centum*) men.

changeling (iv. 7. 11), waverer. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, v. 1. 76, "fickle changelings and poor discontents".

charter (i. 9. 14; ii. 3. 171), privilege; lit. a document granting a privilege, from Lat. *charta*, Gk. χάρτη, paper.

choler (iii. 3. 25, &c.), anger; lit. bile, an excess of which was supposed to cause anger.

clip (iv. 5. 108), embrace.

cockle (iii. 1. 70), a weed among corn; from A.S. *coccel*, tares.

coign (v. 4. 1), corner; from Fr. *coing*, Lat. *cuneus*, wedge. **Coin** is from the same word, because coins were stamped with wedges. (Skeat).

companion (iv. 5. 11), used contemptuously, in the sense of our 'fellow'.

composition (iii. 1. 3), terms.

condition (ii. 3. 90; v. 4. 7), disposition. Cf. *As You Like It*, i. 2. 276—

"Such is now the duke's condition, that he misconstrues all that you have done".

confirmed (i. 3. 56), determined.

confound (i. 6. 17), consume.

conspectuity (ii. 1. 57), sight, apparently a coinage of Menenius'.

convent (ii. 2. 50), summon, a form of **convene**.

converse (ii. 1. 45), associate, be conversant with, in the sense of the Latin *conversari*.

cony (iv. 5. 208), a rabbit. The derivation is uncertain; the word may be English, and connected with Germ. *kaninchen*; or it may be from O.F. *connil*, Lat. *cuniculus*.

corslet (v. 4. 18), breastplate.

counter-sealed (v. 3. 205), confirmed by one seal over against (*contra*) another; on the analogy of the more familiar **countersign**.

coverture (i. 9. 46), covering. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 30, "couched in the woodbine coverture".

coxcomb (iv. 6. 134), a head, especially a fool's head, because a court fool wore a cap shaped like a cock's comb.

coy, vb. (v. 1. 6), disdain. In *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 2, the only other place where the verb occurs, it='caress'.

crack (i. 3. 64), a smart boy. Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2. 34, "When a' was a crack not thus high".

crank (i. 1. 127), winding passage; so the vb. in *Venus and Adonis*, 682, "he cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles".

cry (iii. 3. 120), a pack of hounds; from their baying. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 121—

"A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn".

The word is used metaphorically for any company, as in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 289, "a cry of players".

curdy (v. 3. 66), congeal.

debile (i. 9. 48), feeble; from the Latin *debilis*.

demerit (i. 1. 263), merit, desert; not necessarily in the present bad sense.

determine (iii. 3. 43; v. 3. 120), come to a term or end (Lat. *terminus*).

diet (i. 9. 51; v. 1. 57), feed.

directitude (iv. 5. 205), a vulgar mistake for **discredit**.

disbench (ii. 2. 67), move from a bench.

disease (i. 3. 99), make uneasy.

disproperty (ii. 1. 232), make to cease to be property.

doit (i. 5. 6; iv. 4. 17; v. 4. 54), a small coin, the Dutch *duit*.

embarquement (i. 10. 22), hindrance, embargo, arrest. The word does not occur elsewhere; but cf. Hakluyt's *Voyages*, iii. 535, "Our merchants with their goods were embarged or arrested".

empiricutic (ii. 1. 104), quack; the usual form is **empiric**, the Gk. ἐμπειρικός, one who prescribes from ἐμπειρία, experience, instead of from science.

end (v. 6. 36), a dialectical form of **inn**, to get in or 'house' crops. Similarly Audley Inn became Audley End.

entertainment (iv. 3. 38), receipt of pay and rations; a military term.

envy (iii. 3. 3), in the general sense of 'ill-will'. So, too, the verb **envy at** (iii. 3. 95).

epitome (v. 3. 68), summary, abridgment, the Gk. ἐπιτομή.

estimate (iii. 3. 114), reputation.

exposture (iv. 1. 36), a form of **exposure**.

fatigate (ii. 2. 113), fatigued, a Latinised form of the participle.

favour (iv. 3. 9), appearance.

fell (i. 3. 42), angry, cruel.

fidiused (ii. 1. 117), chastised; a burlesque participle formed from the name **Aufidius**.

fillip (v. 3. 59), strike lightly; a form of **flip**. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, i. 5. 255: "If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle".

flamen (ii. 1. 197), the Roman name for a priest.

flaw (v. 3. 74), gust of wind. Cf. Smith's *Sea Grammar* (1627): "A flaw of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth"; and *Hamlet*, v. 1. 239: "patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw".

flourish (stage directions, *passim*), a set of notes on the trumpet, especially used to mark the entrance or exit of an important personage. Cf. Naylor, *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 167 and p. 208, where a 17th-century flourish for eight trumpets is given.

flout (ii. 3. 151), mock; from Dutch *fluyten*, play the flute, jeer.

fob (i. 1. 85), cheat, in the phrase **fob off**, put off. Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 1. 37, "I have ...been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off from this day to that".

fond (iv. 1. 26), foolish.

forset (ii. 1. 63), a casket. Cf. note *ad loc.*

fusty (i. 9. 7), mouldy; from O.F. *fusté*, tasting of the cask, *fuste*, cask; lit. log. Lat. *fustem*, thick stick.

gangrened (iii. 1. 306), mortified, of a limb; from Gk. γάγγραινα, an eating sore, γραίνειν, to gnaw.

giber (ii. 1. 73), mocker, jester; **gibe** is from Swed. *gipa*, to gape, or talk nonsense.

gin (ii. 2. 111), begin. The word is not an abbreviation of **begin**, and therefore not to be written **'gin**; but from M.E. *ginnen*, A.S. *ginnan*. **Begin** is the same word with the prefix *be*.

gird (i. 1. 247), inveigh against, mock; from M.E. *girden*, pierce, M.E. *gerde*, *yerde*, A.S. *gyrd*, a rod. The noun is also found, in the sense of 'sarcasm'. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2. 58, "I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio".

god, vb. (v. 3. 11), make a god of, idolize.

God-den (ii. 1. 82; iv. 6. 21), apparently a corruption of *God give you good even*; also found in the forms **Godgigoden** (*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 57) and **God dig-you-den** (*Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 42).

grained (iv. 5. 106), showing the grain of the wood, rough, unpainted.

gratify (ii. 2. 36), recompense, pay. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 406, "Antonio, gratify this gentleman".

guardant (v. 2. 59), guarding; the Anglo-French form of the participle, chiefly used heraldically.

gulf, (1) (iii. 2. 91), whirlpool; (2) (i. 1. 88), maw, stomach, though used here rather as a simile for a stomach. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 23—

> "maw and gulf
> Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark".

The general sense is that of sucking down, swallowing; the word does not seem to be used by Shakespeare in the geographical sense of 'bay'. From F. *golfe*, late Gk. κόλφος, a form of κόλπος, bosom, hollow.

havoc (iii. 1. 274), slaughter; said to be from A.S. *hafoc*, hawk, so that 'Cry havoc!' is literally 'Cry ware hawk!'

Hob (ii. 3. 107), a shortened form of **Robin**.

housekeeper (i. 3. 48), stay-at-home.

hum (v. 1. 49; v. 4. 18), say 'hum!' in contempt or annoyance. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 6. 41—

"The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer'".

humourous (ii. 1. 42), capricious, obeying his humours or whims.

husbandry (iv. 7. 21), management; from **husband** in the sense of 'master of a house'.

inherent (iii. 2. 123), persistent.

inheritance (iii. 2. 68), obtaining, in the most general sense, not only by will. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 28—

"Even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house".

injurious (iii. 3. 69), insulting.

inkling (i. 1. 50), hint; from M.E. *inkling*, whisper, acc. Skeat from Dan. *ymte*, mutter.

interim (i. 6. 5), interval; from Lat. adv. *interim*, in the meantime.

Jack (v. 2. 59), a contemptuous term, as in the phrases **Jack-in-office**, **Jackanapes**.

kam (iii. 1. 303), crooked, awry; a Celtic word. Hence the name of the winding river Cam. Cotgrave has, "*Brider son cheval par la queue*, To goe the wrong way to work; or, to doe a thing cleane kamme".

knee (v. 1. 5), travel on the knees, with 'a way' as the object.

la (i. 3. 63, 84), as an oath or exclamation, a corruption of **lord**.

leasing (v. 2. 22), lying; from M.E. *lesung*, A.S. *leasung*.

list (iii. 2. 128), desire.

lockram (ii. 1. 193), a coarse linen, so called from the town of Lokrenan in Brittany, where it was made. By 21 Hen. VIII. c. 14, the importation of "lynnen clothe called Dowlas and Lockeram" was forbidden.

lout (iii. 2. 66), clown; from M.E. *louten*, A.S. *lútan*, to stoop.

lurch (ii. 2. 97), rob. According to Skeat, two words have got confused, one a form of **lurk**, from which comes **lurcher**, the name of a dog; the other meaning 'devour', from the Low Lat. *lurchare*, *lurcare*.

malkin (ii. 1. 192), a kitchen-wench. Cf. *Pericles*, iv. 3. 34—

"ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day".

The word is said to have been originally a diminutive of **Matilda**.

mammock (i. 3. 61), tear in pieces. Cf. Moor's *Suffolk Glossary*: "*Mammuck*. To cut and hack victuals wastefully".

microcosm (ii. 1. 55), a man; man being supposed to repeat the world on a small scale; from Gk. *μικρός*, little, and *κόσμος*, the world.

moe (ii. 3. 116, &c.), a form of **more**.

motion (ii. 1. 45), motive.

mountebank (iii. 2. 132), win by cheating. A **mountebank** is a juggler or quack; from Ital. *montare*, mount, *in*, on, *banco*, a bench.

mulled (iv. 5. 219), blunted, dispirited; from the phrase 'mulled ale', a corruption of M.E. *moldeale*, a funeral feast; from *molde*, the earth of the grave, and *ale*, a feast. The sense being lost, *mulled* was thought to be a participle.

mummer (ii. 1. 66), masked actor; said to be derived from nurses covering their faces and saying 'mum', to amuse children.

muniment (i. 1. 108), defence; from Lat. *munire*, fortify.

murrain (i. 5. 3), pestilence;

from Low Lat. *morina*, Lat. *mori*, to die.

mutiner (i. 1. 241), a form of **mutineer**.

napless (ii. 1. 218), threadbare; **nap**=napped cloth, or cloth from which the knops or knots have been cut off.

nose (v. 1. 28), smell.

offer (v. 1. 22), attempt.

opposite (ii. 2. 19), adversary.

or (iv. 1. 32), either.

ordinance (iii. 2. 12), order, rank.

out (v. 3. 41), in a difficulty; lit. out of memory of one's part. Cf. note *ad loc.*

owe (iii. 2. 130), own.

palter (iii. 1. 58), shift, equivocate, lit. haggle over *paltrie*, trash; from Scand. *palter*, rags.

parcel (i. 2. 32), part, portion.

passable (v. 2. 13), able to be passed.

percussion (i. 4. 59), sound, lit. striking on the ear; from Lat. *percutire*, to strike.

pester (iv. 6. 7), annoy.

physical (i. 5. 18), salutary.

pick (i. 1. 191), a form of **pitch**.

piece (ii. 3. 203), add pieces to, eke out.

plebeii (*passim*), a Lat. word; commoners, members of the *plebs* or lower classes as opposed to the *patres*, patricians or aristocrats.

points (iv. 6. 125), directions, commands, signals. Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 1. 52, "to a loud trumpet and a point of war".

poll, (1) (iii. 3. 10), head; (2) (iii. 1. 134), register of heads for voting purposes.

poll (iv. 5. 199), to shave the head.

portance (ii. 3. 215), attitude, behaviour, bearing.

possess (ii. 1. 119), inform.

potch (i. 10. 15), a form of **poke**, as **pitch** is of **pike**.

pother (ii. 1. 202), turmoil. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 50—

> "The great gods,
> That heap this dreadful pother o'er our heads".

The verb **pother** or **potter**=to poke about, disorder, is a frequentative form of Celtic *put*, thrust.

pound (i. 4. 17), shut up in a pound or inclosure; the A.S. *pund*.

power (i. 2. 9), armed force.

pow-wow (ii. 1. 128), a contemptuous exclamation.

practice (iv. 1. 33), stratagem.

prank (iii. 1. 23), make a show, from M.E. *pranken*, to trim. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 10, "me, poor lowly maid, most goddess-like prank'd up".

preparation (i. 2. 15), armed force.

presently (v. 6. 119), immediately.

pretence (i. 2. 20), intention.

proof (i. 4. 25), strong, from the noun **proof**, proved or tested armour. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 2. 54, "Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof".

proper (i. 9. 56), own; from Lat. *proprius*.

provand (ii. 1. 235), a form of **provender**; from M.E. *provende*, Late Lat. *praebenda*, a payment or allowance of provisions.

psaltery (v. 4. 46), a stringed instrument; a Biblical word, from Gr. ψαλτήριον, a kind of harp. The psaltery seems to have resembled the modern dulcimer, a small hollow chest with strings stretched across it. Cf. Naylor, *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 176.

puling (iv. 2. 52), whining; from Fr. *piauler*. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, "A wretched puling fool, or whining mammet".

puny (iv. 4. 6), weak, lit. younger in birth; from O.Fr. *puisné*, Lat. *post natus*, born after.

quarry (i. 1. 189), a heap of dead game; Fr. *curée*, the entrails given to the hounds; a technical term of sport; from Low Lat. *corata*, intestines. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 206—

"to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you".

rack (v. 1. 16), toil; lit. strain, stretch.

rascal (i. 1. 149), scoundrel, rubbish; especially of a hart not yet fit for hunting. From O.F. *rascaille*, scum, lit. scrapings, from Low Lat. *rasicare*, Lat. *radere*, to scrape.

recreant (v. 3. 114), coward; lit. one who recants his faith. *Miscreant*, which originally meant 'heretic', came, by the same characteristic mediæval confusion of ideas, to signify 'scoundrel'.

rectorship (ii. 3. 196), guidance; from Lat. *rector*, steersman, ruler, *regere*, to guide.

reechy (ii. 1. 193), dirty, lit. smoky; from

reek (iii. 3. 121), smoke, vapour. A. S. *réc*; so, too, the participle **reeking** (ii. 2. 117), smoking, steaming.

rejourn (ii. 1. 63), adjourn.

retire, n. (i. 6. 3), retreat.

rheum (v. 6. 45), tears, lit. that which flows; from Gr. *ῥεῦμα*, *ῥέω*, to flow.

rive (v. 3. 153), split.

roted (iii. 2. 55), learnt by heart. The noun **rote** is also used, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 88: "thy love did learn by rote, and could not spell". *Rote* is lit. a beaten track, from O.F. *rote* (Mod. F. *route*), Lat. *rupta*, a way broken through a forest, *rumpere*, to break.

rub (iii. 1. 60), obstacle; lit. roughness or inequality in the ground, especially on a bowling green. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 65, "To sleep; perchance, to dream; ay, there 's the rub".

rupture (ii. 1. 191), a bursting of the bowels through the skin.

ruth (i. 1. 188), pity.

sackbut (v. 4. 46), a musical instrument used in the 16th century, equivalent to the modern slide trombone. Cf. Naylor, *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 176.

scandal (iii. 1. 44), defame, libel. Cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 62—

"Sinon's weeping did scandal many a holy tear".

sconce (iii. 2. 99), head, also a helmet, lit. a small fort, from Old Du. *schantse*, O.F. *esconser*, hide, Lat. *abscondere*.

scotch (iv. 5. 184), cut, notch, as with a whip. The vb. **scutch** is "to dress flax, by beating it slightly". Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 13, "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it". So the noun in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 7. 10, "I have yet room for six scotches more".

's death (i. 1. 208), a corruption of "**God's death!**" an oath.

second (iv. 6. 62), confirm.

seld (ii. 1. 197), seldom, but properly **seld** is the adj. of which **seldom** is the adv.

sennet (ii. 1. 147, *s.d.*), a set of notes on the trumpet, apparently used in much the same way as a **flourish**, q.v. Either = *sonnet*, from Lat. *sonare*, to sound, or as the word is also spelt **synnet**, **signet**, **signate**, from Lat. *signum*, a signal. Cf. Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 178.

sensible (i. 3. 80), sensitive.

shent (v. 2. 91), reproached, put to shame.

sinew (v. 6. 44), nerve; the *nerve* of Shakespeare's contemporaries corresponds rather to the *sinew* or muscle of modern English.

single (ii. 1. 33), inferior, as compared to double, and so simple, silly. Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2. 207: "your chin double, your wit single".

sithence (iii. 1. 47), an earlier and longer form of **since**.

sometime (iii. 1. 115), formerly.

sowl (iv. 5. 197), pull by the ear. Cf. Cole, *Lat. Dict.*—

"To sowle by the ears, *Aures summa vi vellere*".

spot (i. 3. 49), pattern. Cf. *Othello*, iii. 3. 435, "a handkerchief spotted with strawberries".

stale (i. 1. 83), make stale, repeat.

still (ii. 1. 230), always.

strain (v. 3. 149), feeling properly intense, or strained feeling. Cf. *Timon*, iv. 3. 213, "praise his most vicious strain, and call it excellent".

success (i. 1. 251; v. 1. 62), result or issue, whether good or bad. In i. 1. 259 'good' is added to give the full sense, but elsewhere, as in i. 9. 74, success is used in the modern use of good success. From Lat. *succedere*, to follow after.

sufferance, (1) (i. 1. 18), suffering; (2) (iii. 1. 24), endurance.

surcease (iii. 2. 121), stop. Cf. use of the noun as a euphemism for death, in *Macbeth*, i. 7. 4—

"and catch
With his surcease success";

The word is not connected with *cease*, but is from O.F. *sursis*, delay, *surseoir*, Lat. *super sedere*, to desist from, lit. to sit upon.

synod (v. 2. 64), assembly, properly an ecclesiastical assembly, from Gk. σύν, together; ὁδός, a way, a coming.

tabor (i. 6. 25; v. 4. 47), a small drum; from Fr. *tabour*, Sp. *tambour*, Arab. *tambûr*, a lute or drum.

tag (iii. 1. 248), for **tag-rag**, or **tag-and-rag**, ends and shreds, rubbish; a tag is properly a metal point at the end of a lace.

take (iii. 1. 111; iv. 4. 20), destroy.

tent, (1) (i. 9. 31), cure, lit. probe, from Lat. *tentare*, to search, try; (2) (iii. 2. 116), to take up a tent or abode, lodge.

testy (ii. 1. 40), fretful.

tetter (iii. 1. 79), a skin disease; A.S. *teter*, an itch.

toge (ii. 3. 106), toga, the outer garment of a Roman dress.

top (ii. 1. 18), overtop.

touch (iv. 1. 49), proof, 'noble touch' is touched or tried nobility.

traducement (i. 9. 22), libel, obloquy.

translate (ii. 3. 180), transfer, change.

treaty (ii. 2. 51), subject of discussion; from O.F. *traiter*, to treat of.

unbarbed (iii. 2. 99), uncovered; **barbed** is properly accoutred or caparisoned, of a war-horse, and is either corrupted from the French *bardé*, armed with a *barde* or spike, from Icel. **bard**, the beak of a war-vessel; or from Lat. *barba*, beard.

under (iv. 5. 90), infernal.

undercrest (i. 9. 71), wear as a crest, and so live up to.

unmeriting (ii. 1. 39), undeserving.

vail (iii. 1. 98), lower, for **avail**; from Fr. *avaler*. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 70—

"Do not for ever with thy vailed lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust".

varlet (v. 2. 71), servant; for **vaslet**, dim. of O.F. *vassal*, a dependent.

vaward (i. 6. 53), vanguard.

vent (iv. 5. 219), discharge; for **fent**, from F. *fente*, an aperture, Fr. *fendre*, Lat. *findere*, to cleave.

The noun also is used in the sense of 'discharge'. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 352: "Here on her breast there is a vent of blood".

viand (i. 1. 90), food.

vild (i. 1. 175), **vildly** (iii. 1. 10), forms of **vile**, **vilely**.

virgin (v. 3. 48), in the phrase **virgin it**, live as a virgin.

virtue, (1) (i. 1. 34), valour; cf. North's *Plutarch*, § 3; (2) (v. 2. 12), power, efficacy.

voice (iii. 3. 9), vote.

vouch (ii. 3. 108), testimony.

weal, (1) (i. 1. 141; iii. 1. 176), welfare; (2) (ii. 3. 172), commonweal, commonwealth, state. So, too, **wealsman** (ii. 1. 48), statesman.

weed (ii. 3. 144, 212), garment; from A.S. *waed*.

woolvish (ii. 3. 106), belonging to a wolf. Cf. note *ad loc.*

wot (iv. 5. 161), know, used for the 2nd sing., but probably the 1st and 3rd sing. pres. ind. of M.E. *witen*, to know. The correct 2nd sing. is *wost* or *wottest*.

wreak (iv. 5. 83), vengeance.

yond (iii. 1. 50), properly an adverb, but used for the adjective **yon**, yonder.

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