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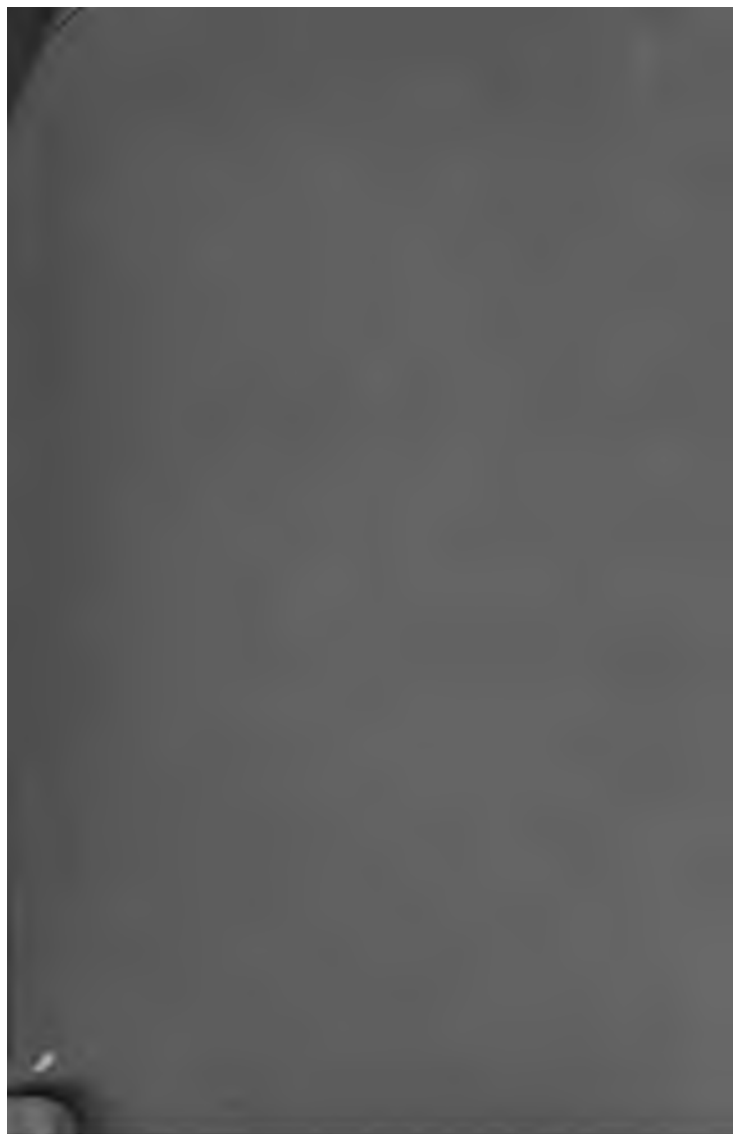
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INTRODUCTION

THE "Tragedy of Coriolanus" is the original title under which this play appears in the Folio of 1623. A right understanding of the play requires, in the first place, an understanding of what is meant by a tragedy.

The distinguishing characteristic of tragedy may be seen by contrasting it on the one hand with the dramatised story of a martyrdom, and on the other with melodrama. In such a play as Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* our pity is roused by the spectacle of the patiently-borne sufferings of righteous persons, crowned by their death. In a melodrama the innocent are brought into trouble through misfortune or by the wiles of a villain; but in the end virtue triumphs, and vice receives its due punishment. Now a tragedy so far resembles a martyrdom that its end is fatal, the hero perishes; but it differs from both melodrama and martyrdom in this, that the sufferings and death of the hero, however much they may provoke our pity or stir our resentment, yet arise *through some fault of his own*.* The miseries of Lear have their spring in his own obstinacy; the miseries of Macbeth in his own crime; the miseries of Hamlet in his vacillation; of Othello in his blind simplicity.

The hero of tragedy is one in whose nature the elements are not so perfectly mixed, but there remains some excess

* This is Aristotle's canon, who defines the proper subject of tragedy as the change from good to ill fortune, neither of the excellently good nor the desperately wicked, but of some hero, illustrious and happy, occasioned by some fault (*δι' ἁμαρτίαν τινα τῶν ἐν μεγάλῃ δόξῃ ὄντων καὶ εὐτυχῶν*. *Poet.*, 1453). Shakespeare alone among the Elizabethans always observes this condition.

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or defect ; and the purpose of the tragic poet is to involve him in such action that this excess or defect in nature cannot but come into prominence. With this object the poet selects from all possible times and circumstances just those which will put upon his hero the greatest pressure.* He creates for him a world, entirely *real*, in the sense that it contains none but real objects of desire and real motives of action ; but *ideal* in this sense, that in no chance world into which he might have been born could the hero, being what he is, have found himself so sorely tried. A philosophical young prince of Denmark finds an oath laid upon him to avenge his father's murder. In a hundred other worlds than this of the tragic poet he might have lived happily in quiet among his books, looking out upon it with a gentle melancholy. But the time upon which he has fallen is "out of joint," and he is born expressly to "set it right ;" and his impotence to do so constitutes the tragedy of thought-sickness. The action of *Julius Cæsar* is so far similar that it is concerned with a theorist called to action. But the defect of Brutus is not in will, but in judgment ; and the question of Cæsar's death is one that before all else requires judgment. Let but Brutus be urged to slay his father's murderer, or let Hamlet be tempted to conspire against a Cæsar, and the situation would not be tragic.

Such being the nature of tragedy, it will be readily understood why, according to Aristotle, its effect and purpose is to arouse pity and fear, and so purify those passions. Our *pity* cannot fail to be aroused at the failure of greatness ; also our *fear* is stirred for ourselves in so

* Sometimes, as in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the poet adopts his "fable" ready made from history ; but that will be because, by an accident, the historical circumstances have been themselves tragical ; and even then he will use great licence in their presentment. More commonly, as in the present play, he will employ legend, the facts of which are already in some way idealised. Even the *histories* mentioned above are taken from *Plutarch*, who has more or less moralized them.

far as our character (to compare small things with great) is a reflection of theirs; and yet these passions are purified from any base and slavish admixture by our being able to identify ourselves in thought not only with the hero who fails and suffers, but also with that moral order of the world (the "nature" that the poet holds up to us in his mirror), with which the hero has come into conflict, and which asserts itself in his destruction.

With this premised we may proceed to enquire what is the "tragedy" of Coriolanus. Shortly, it is the tragedy of self-assertion; of the disregard of nature's bonds and privileges; of the attempt to

"stand

As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

The distinguishing quality of the hero's character is self-assertion. On its good side this leads him to adopt a lofty standard of life, the ideal of valour summed up in the word *virtus*, 'manhood' (ii. 2. 82), and to outdo all others in his efforts to reach it. His widowed mother has devoted her life to fostering in him from his earliest years a passion for honour, and with large results. The list of his achievements which Cominius lays before the Senate (ii. 2. 80-120) bears out his boast that, "if valour be the chiefest virtue," the man he speaks of "cannot in the world be singly counterpoised." And those who are no friends to him cannot doubt the loftiness of his mind; they acknowledge him to be above the meanness of flattery or covetousness. (ii. 2. 12; i. 1. 41.) But the want of a father's training has resulted in a one-sided development. The growth of what we may most simply call his "self-assertion," under the care of his mother, has not been accompanied by as steady a growth in self-control. He cannot brook any obstacle in the path of his desire; cannot restrain any passion, though the stake be life and death; and so may easily find himself at the mercy of a foe who has enough skill and meanness

to "put him to choler." Such want of control, though in a soldier readily condoned, as it is by Menenius (iii. 1. 255 ; 3. 52), is yet a serious weakness in character, and in this play it supplies the occasion of the hero's banishment and afterwards of his death.

It is not, however, this defect taken by itself which furnishes the tragic "complication." The spirit of "self-assertion" passes readily into pride, and so into disdain of other men, and in Coriolanus these qualities have reached full stature. They are held in check as regards his own order, partly by *esprit de corps*, which recognises a common ideal, even though performance should come short, as in the case of Cominius (i. 6. 47 ; 9. 17), and partly by private affection, as for Menenius. Still, even his friends must be cautious how they praise him. But Rome does not consist mainly of Patricians. There is also the great body of the Plebeian populace, and towards them Marcius bears himself always with the haughtiest insolence. The interest of this insolence—what saves it from being purely detestable—is that it partly springs from nobility of nature. Breeding does count for a good deal in manhood, so does training, so does a lofty ideal of life ; and the Plebeians in lacking these things are so far inferior to Marcius, and provocative of disdain. They are capable of turning their backs on an enemy, and this cannot win them respect from the intrepid soldier ; at home they are dissentious, and so troublesome, and at the point when the play opens they have been suffered to elect magistrates of their own, so that their folly is likely to make itself heard in the counsels of state, and to become very troublesome. In this estimate of the commons Marcius is not alone ; he but shares the traditional contempt of his party, with whom lie the wealth and culture of the community. *Where he goes beyond them* is in the whole-heartedness

with which he holds his sentiments, unrelieved by any humorous pity, or by considerations of policy. It is one thing to wish the people "in Tiber," as Menenius does, and another to suggest making "a quarry" of them. (i. 1. 197.) The rest of the Senate had no more love for the Tribunician power than Marcius has, but they did not care to risk another Secession to the Sacred Mount. Practically it could not be disputed that "the people were the city," or at least that the body politic required for its existence other members besides "the belly."

Marcius's attitude to the people may be summed up in this, that he recognises between himself and them no bond of citizenship, or even of humanity. In his eyes they are not Romans, not men at all, but "hares," "geese," "mice," "measles," "mouths." He has not the thought that their hunger should excite his compassion any more than the hunger of "rats" (i. 1. 204, 248); they are "clusters," the perhaps-necessary background before which his order displays itself, "created," as he says,

"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." (iii. 2. 10.)

And yet, by a natural inconsistency, he is enraged that they should not love fighting for fighting's sake, as he does, but turn an eye on the spoil, which he disdains, and being wealthy can despise. (i. 5. 4.) It is plain that he has never dreamed of putting himself by a mental effort in their place, so as to understand their conduct, and make the proper allowances; he thinks of the people, as Brutus well says, "as if he were a God to punish, not a man of their infirmity."

This being so, could fortune have served him a worse trick than by compelling him to ask a favour of such a rabble? And the worst is that the people hardly need

asking. Could he but bring himself to behave with civility, they would give him anything; for though their own valour may take the form of discretion, they can admire his lion-like courage, and, since his exploit at Corioli, have made him their hero, and have forgotten all by-gones, and will make no scruple of putting their heads in the lion's mouth. But Coriolanus regards the consulship, though in part a civil office, as the due reward of his services in the field (ii. 3. 66, 112); and being indignant always that the populace should have any share in the constitution, is irritated yet further that the Senate will not amend the constitution to save him the annoyance of canvassing, and so behaves like a spoilt child. The scene is one of the most natural in Shakespeare, and our sympathies are fairly divided between the dirty, foolish, good-natured electors and the high-strung, scornful candidate, barely able to make a show of acting his part. The tribunes of the people have more wit and less good-nature than their clients, and it is not surprising that when they find the election not so popular as they had feared, they should take any means that offer to quash it.

So far the "self-assertion" of Coriolanus, however swollen, has not broken bounds. But when the sentence of banishment has been passed, an issue is at once raised between himself and his country. Shall he submit, like a good citizen, till occasion arise for his recall, or shall he plot to take vengeance? This is the crisis which is to test him. In a similar position Aristides had no doubt, and chose the first alternative; Coriolanus has no doubt, and chooses the second. Lightly, almost thoughtlessly (iv. 4. 23), he breaks through the bond of citizenship. And this involves the breach of other bonds. It might justly be said that Coriolanus was always a Patrician first, *a Roman secondly*. "The city" for him did not mean

"the people," but "the nobility." But because the nobles had not by civil war prevented his banishment, they are branded as "dastard," and are to suffer with the people. There were some few whom he might have been willing to spare for friendship's sake, but

"He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff."

So the bond of friendship is renounced, and that, again, not only thus generally, but in its most extreme particular, his second "father," Menenius.

"this last old man,
Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed."

One innermost bond remains as yet unsnapped, that of the family, and this also he is prepared to sacrifice to his "rages and revenges." "Wife, mother, child, I know not." "I'll never be such a gosling to obey instinct." But because his nature has not lost all its nobility, when he finds himself face to face "with the most noble mother of the world," to whom he owes all that he is, "instinct," that is to say natural affection, is too strong for his selfish pride, and he gives way.

But those other and no less real bonds which he broke so lightly have yet to avenge themselves. It seemed to him a light thing to make war upon his country, and change citizenship with its enemies. It was enough to say, "My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon this enemy town." Now indeed his mother has taught him the sense of that "injurious" word *traitor*, and saved him from hearing it a second time (iii. 3. 65) in Rome; but by ceasing to be traitor to his native country he has become a traitor to the country of his adoption, and he will hear the word in due time at Antium. Further, it was his reading of human nature that friendship was

dissoluble "on the dissension of a doit," and that "fellest foes" could grow "dear friends," "by some chance, some trick not worth an egg." He will learn at Antium that hatred at least is more deep-rooted:

So much may be said by way of analysis of that side of the hero's character which involves him in catastrophe. The student must not take it to be meant that Shakespeare started with any such abstract idea, and then proceeded to clothe it in flesh and blood. The fact, as we know, was otherwise. He was interested in a story which he found in Plutarch, and dramatised it, his deeper insight into human nature shewing him where alterations were necessary to make the character more real, and at the same time typical. And so human are these men and women of Shakespeare's imagination, that it takes long familiarity before we can be said to know them; and even at the last, as with the men and women of our own world, there remains something unexplained. But it is well to make all possible effort to understand them, by analysis and other means, bringing our own experience to help in the appreciation, and having confidence that in the world of Shakespeare's invention "whatever is, is right."

In regard to the other characters little need be added to what will be found in the notes. Aufidius, the Volscian general, is an admirable foil to Coriolanus, setting off his soldierly frankness and magnanimity. Volumnia is the grandest and most ambitious of Patrician mothers; from her Coriolanus inherits his valiantness and his pride; and she therefore furnishes his best apology. We are tempted to say with the Citizen, "What he cannot help in his nature that you account a vice in him." (i. 1. 40.) One quality, the feminine gift of illogical versatility, he has not inherited; his mother's apparent indifference to principle in pursuit of her ends puzzles him (iii. 2. 7); *and yet such is his reverence for her, that he allows his*

conduct in the matter of the trial to be shaped against the grain, with but indifferent results. Virgilia has been called by Mr. Ruskin "perhaps" the "loveliest" of Shakespeare's women. It may be so to the eye of imagination; but certainly in the household of Volumnia the sweetness of her character has little opportunity to unfold itself. Her husband's phrase, "My gracious silence," is her fitter description, and it tells its own tale. Menenius is a genial Sybarite, with enough political wisdom to hate revolution, and enough *bonhomie* to make him a favourite with the people, who take him for their friend. (i. 1. 51.) His affection for Coriolanus is genuine, though not without vanity, which receives a rude punishment in his repulse from the Volscian camp. The tribunes are typical of their class, vain and jealous of their authority, but in earnest about using it to redress the people's wrongs; sensible of their social inferiority to the Patricians, and so easily brow-beaten, and therefore prone to malice and underhand methods in their policy.

For the date of the play there is at present no certain external evidence. Malone pointed out a passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, v. 1, "Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland," as probably a reminiscence or caricature of the phrase in ii. 2. 99, "He lurched all swords of the garland;" and as the exact expression has not been discovered elsewhere, it is not improbable that the passages are in some way related. (See note.) If so, the plays would probably belong to the same year, and the date of the *Silent Woman* is 1609.

However this may be, the date 1609 is approximately that suggested by the internal evidence of the style. To begin with, the play belongs obviously to the later tragedies, which are tragedies of passion—its kinship is not with *Julius Caesar*, but with *Antony and Cleopatra*—

is a probable conjecture that the order in which the later plays were written may be ascertained by comparing the percentage of such endings in each play. Prof. Ingram gives the percentage of light and weak endings together as 3.53 in *Antony and Cleopatra*, 4.05 in *Coriolanus*, and 4.59 in the *Tempest*; so that the date of *Coriolanus* will fall between 1608, the date of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the end of 1610, which is the date of the *Tempest*.

Shakespeare's sole authority, so far as we know, for this as for the other Roman plays, was Sir Thomas North's translation (1579) of the French translation of Plutarch's *Lives* made by Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre (1559). How closely he followed his original will be seen by a reference to the Notes. Several of the longer speeches are simply Plutarch put into metre. For the minor characters—except for Aufidius, who is clearly outlined in the *Life*, and for Menenius's fable—Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch does not extend beyond the bare names.

* * * I desire once again to acknowledge the kindness of Dr. Abbott in revising the proof-sheets of my Notes; in justice to him adding that, as he has not seen their final form, he must not be held responsible for any faults. Such a particular acknowledgment of benefits from a former Head Master may well seem "worse than a theft, no less than a traducement;" I take opportunity therefore, as Dr. Abbott's English lessons at the City of London School have now become things of the past, to acknowledge gratefully how much my books owe to them. I have also to thank Messrs. Blackie and Son for their courtesy in permitting me to transcribe the last three paragraphs of the Introduction from that contributed last year to their edition of the play ("*Henry Irving's Shakespeare*, vol. vi.).

YATTENDON, *February*, 1890.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS,
a noble Roman.

COMINIUS, }
TITUS LARTIUS, } 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.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Volumnia.

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

SCENE : *Partly in Rome and its neighbourhood ; partly
Corioli and its neighbourhood ; and partly Antium.*

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? II

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 24
in thirst for revenge.

SEC. CIT. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

ALL. 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. 30

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. 42

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

ALL. Come, come.

FIRST CIT. Soft, who comes here ?

SEC. CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people. 51

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

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 ? 62

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 70
 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 estab-
 lished against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes
 daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat
 us not up, they will ; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you must 85
 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, and'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, 100
 And, mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite and affection common
 Unto the whole body. The belly answered,—

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 110
 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 restrained,
 Who is the sink o' th' body,—

MEN. Well, what then ? 121
 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 have 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 answered :
 ' True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
 ' That I receive the general food at first, 130
 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, 142
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 150
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 : 160
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 have 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 ; 170
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, 181

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 190
 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 feebing 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'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.

MEN. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion, 201
 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; sighed 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 answered,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 To break the heart of generosity 210
 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 unroofed the city,
 Ere so prevailed with me: it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

MEN. This is strange. 220

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 am glad on't ; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

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

FIRST SEN. Marcius, 'tis 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 anything but what I am, 230

I would wish me only he.

COM. You have fought together.

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

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

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 241

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 COMINIUS.*] Lead you on.

[*To MARCIUS.*] 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. 250
[*The Citizens steal away. Exeunt all except*

BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

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. Marked you his lip and eyes ?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

SIC. Bemock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him, he is grown ~~*~~

Too proud to be so valiant.

SIC. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder 260
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attained, than by
A place below the first ; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he
Had borne the business !'

SIC. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall 270
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

BRU. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned 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 despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

BRU. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.**Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS with Senators.*

FIRST SEN. So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

AUF. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

*[Reads] They have pressed a power, but it is not known,
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great; 10
The people mutinous; and it is rumoured,
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 veiled till when 20
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shortened in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

SEC. SEN. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

AUF. O, doubt not that; 31
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 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. 16

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.

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, 31
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome : ' his bloody brow
With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that 's tasked 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, looked not lovelier 40
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

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 a Gentlewoman.

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam.

VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship. 49

VAL. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers.
What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.
How does your little son?

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. A my word, the father's son; I'll swear 't is a
very pretty boy. A 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, caught
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! 64

VOL. One on 's father's moods.

VAL. Indeed, la, 't is 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. 70

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.

VOL. 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. 80

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. 90

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 Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us. 100

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. Prythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness 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 Corioli.*

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 prythee, make us quick in work, 10

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 pinned with rushes ;

They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum far off.*] Hark
you, far off ;

There is Aufidius : list, what work he makes 20
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. 29

*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 abhorred
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 ; 40
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches. Follow me.

*Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter,
and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retires into
Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope : now prove good seconds ;
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates, and is shut in.*

FIRST SOL. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

SEC. SOL. Nor I.

THIRD SOL. See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

ALL To th' pot, I warrant him.

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

LART. What is become of Marcus ?

ALL Slain, sir, doubtless.

FIRST SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden, 50
Clapped-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, standst 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 mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world 60
 Were feverous and did tremble.

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

FIRST SOL. Look, sir!

LART. O, 't is Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V. *Within Corioli. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

FIRST ROM. This will I carry to Rome.

SEC. ROM. And I this.

THIRD ROM. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

MAR. See here these movers that do prize their hours
 At a cracked drachma! 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, 10
 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 warmed 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 21
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 have heard
The charges of our friends. The 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 Corioli have issued, 10
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, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

COM. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flayed? 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. 30

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 the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone; 40
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shunned the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevailed 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 have placed their men of trust?

COM. As I guess, Marcius, 52
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 have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates ;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts, 60
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 smeared ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life, 70
And that his country's dearer than himself ;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

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

O' me alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
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 81
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed. 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 Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a 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 between the Roman and the Volscian camps.*

Alarum as in battle. Enter 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 Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased ; 't is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me masked : for thy revenge 10
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[*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 fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. 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't not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more ; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plébeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, 'We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier !'
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

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

LART. O general, 10
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 20
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 vouched,
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 remembered.

COM. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses 30
Whereof we have 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, "MARCIOUS!
MARCIOUS!" 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
P' 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
An overture for the wars ! No more, I say.
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,
Or foiled 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 it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. Bear
The addition nobly ever !

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

COR. I will go wash ;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you.

I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition 70
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 Corioli 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 't ?

COR. I sometime lay here in Corioli, 80
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'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

COM. O, well begged !
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 am weary ; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here ?

COM. Go we to our tent. 90
The blood upon your visage dries ; 't is time
It should be looked 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 have fought with thee : so often hast thou beat me ;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
 As often as we eat. By the elements, 10
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
 He is 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 poisoned
 With only suffering stain by him; for him
 Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
 The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to th' city;
 Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOL. Will not you go? 29

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. 10

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 TRIB. 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 a' th' right-hand file ? do you ? 21

BOTH TRIB. Why, how are we censured ?

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

BOTH TRIB. 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 ? 30

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. 41

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't ; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint ; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion : what I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men 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 can't 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 bissom conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be 'known well enough too'?

BRU. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough. 59

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs : you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of threepence 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 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. 72

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman 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 butcher'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 herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.

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 ? 91

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?

VIR., VAL. Nay, 'tis true. 99

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 empiricitic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 111

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's 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. 120

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

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. 131

VIR. The gods grant them true !

VOL. True ! pow, wow.

MEN. True ! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he

wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. 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. 141

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 nery arm doth lie, 150
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 Corioli 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, 159

You have, I know, petitioned 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!

Would'st thou have laughed had I come coffined home,
That weep'st to see me triumph! Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons. 169

MEN. Now the gods crown thee !

COR. [*To MEN.*] And live you yet? [*To VAL.*] O my
sweet lady, pardon.

VOL. I know not where to turn. O, welcome home ;
And welcome, general ; and you 're welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am 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 the faith of men,
We have 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 180
The faults of fools but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius, ever, ever.

HER. Give way there, and go on !

COR. [*To VOL. and VIR.*] 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 the buildings of my fancy : only 190
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

COR. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

COM. On, to the Capitol !

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.

BRU. All tongues speak of him and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed 201
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 veiled dames
 Commit the war of white and damask in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks to th' wanton spoil
 Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him
 Were slyly crept into his human powers, 210
 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 hath 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 will give them, make I as little question 220
 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 the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC. 'T is right.

BRU. It was his word : O, he would miss it rather
 Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
 And the desire of the nobles.

SIC. I wish no better
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it 230
 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
 Dispropriated their freedoms ; holding them,
 In human action and capacity,
 Of no more soul nor fitness for the world 240
 Than camels in the war, who have their provand
 Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
 For sinking under them.

SIC. This, as you say, suggested
 At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,
 If he be put upon 't : and that's as easy
 As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

BRU. What's the matter ?
 MESS. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought,
 That Marcius shall be consul. 251
 I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
 The blind to hear him speak : matrons flung gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
 Upon him as he passed ; 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. 260

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 have been many great men
that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and
there be many that they have loved, they know not where-

fore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't. 14

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

SEC. OFF. He hath deserved worthily of his country ; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury : to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. 32

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

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs by themselves.

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 40
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet 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, 50
 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 blessed to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people than
 He hath 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 : 60
 But yet my caution was more pertinent
 Than the rebuke you give it.

MEN. He loves your people ;
 But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
 Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[*CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.*]

FIRST SEN. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

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

BRU. Sir, I hope,
 My words disbenched you not.

COR. No, sir : yet oft, 69
 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 had rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun
 When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
 To hear my nothings monstered. [*Exit.*]

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

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

COM. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus 80

Should not be uttered 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 90

An o'er-pressed 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-entered thus, he waxed like a sea ;

And in the brunt of seventeen battles since

He lurched all swords of the garland. For this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say, 100

I cannot speak him home : he stopped the fliers,

And by his rare example made the coward

Turn terror into sport. As weeds before

A vessel under sail, so men obeyed

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 entered

The mortal gate of th' city, which he painted

With shunless destiny ; aidless came off, 110

And with a sudden reinforcement struck

Corioli 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-quickened what in flesh was fatigate,

And to the battle came he ; where he did

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we called

Both field and city ours, he never stood

To ease his breast with panting. 120

MEN. Worthy man !

FIRST SEN. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

COM. Our spoils he kicked at ;
And looked upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the 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 called for.

FIRST SEN. Call Coriolanus !

OFF. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

MEN. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased 130
To make thee consul.

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

MEN. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

COR. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
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 140
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 the 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 to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them ; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour. 150

SEN. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish 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 mem-
bers, 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. 16

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 a' 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, 'twould sure, southward.

SEC. CIT. Why that way? 29

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. 46

ALL. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*]

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 roared, and ran
From th' 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.

Enter two Citizens.

COR. Bid them wash their faces, 60
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit MENENIUS.*]

So, here comes a brace. —

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

FIRST 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.

FIRST CIT. How! not your own desire?

COR. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging. 71

FIRST 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 is in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu. 81

FIRST CIT. But this is something odd.

SEC. CIT. And 't were to give again, but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

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.

THIRD CIT. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

COR. Your enigma?

THIRD CIT. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people. 92

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 counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

FOURTH CIT. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily. 103

THIRD 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 farther.

BOTH CIT. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

COR. Most sweet voices! [Exeunt. 111

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. 111
Why in this wolvis 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 heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go 120
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three more Citizens.

Here come moe voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought:
Watched for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

FIFTH CIT. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice. 131

SIXTH CIT. Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

ALL. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

COR. Worthy voices! [Exeunt

Re-enter MENENIUS with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

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

COR. Is this done? 139

SIC. The custom of request you have discharged :
The people do admit you ; and are summoned
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 the senate-house.

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

BRU. We stay here for the people.

SIC. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks, 150
'T is warm at's heart.

BRU. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter the Plebeians.

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 mocked us when he begged our voices.

THIRD CIT. Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

FIRST CIT. No, 't is his kind of speech ; he did not
mock us. 160

SEC. CIT. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He used us scornfully : he should have showed us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.

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

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

THIRD CIT. He said he had wounds, which he could
show in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

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

But by your voices, will not so permit me :

Your voices therefore.' When we granted that, 170

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

Your most sweet voices : now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery ?

SIC. Why either were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

BRU. Could you not have told him,
As you were lessoned, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy : ever spake against 180
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' plébeii, 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, 190
Standing your friendly lord.

SIC. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touched his spirit
And tried his inclination ; from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to ought ; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And passed him unelected.

BRU. Did you perceive 200
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 confirmed ; we may deny him
yet. 210

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 have chose a consul that will from them take Their liberties ; make them of no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking As therefore kept to do so.

SIC. *Let them assemble ;*

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride, 220
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorned 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 the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU. *Lay*

A fault on us, your tribunes, that we laboured,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

SIC. Say, you chose him 230
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, 240
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, nobly named so,
Twice being by the people chosen 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, 250

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

BRU. Say, you ne'er had done't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on ;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

ALL. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

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 260
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 10
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 called your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' 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 passed 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. 30

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: 40

The people cry, you mocked them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandaled the suppliant for the people, called them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

COR. Why, this was known before.

BRU. Not to them all.

COR. Have you informed them sithence?

BRU. How! I inform them!

COM. You are 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 as you, and make me 50
Your fellow tribune.

SIC. You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire 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 dishonoured rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.

COR. Tell me of corn! 60

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

MEN. Not now, not now.

FIRST SEN. Not in this heat, sir, now.

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

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed and scattered,
By mingling them with us, the honoured number, 71
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. 80

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, 90

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' the monster, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
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, 101
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 frowned 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 110
The one by the other.

COM. Well, on to th' market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' store-house 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 nourished 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 recompence, resting well assured 120
They ne'er did service for't. Being pressed to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touched,
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 showed
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest 130
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, 140
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 barred, 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 150
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 't ;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't.

BRU. 'Has said enough. 160

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. 170

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 !

SEN. We'll surety him.

COM. Aged sir, hands off.

COR. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

SIC. Help, ye citizens !

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

MEN. On both sides more respect.

SIC. Here's he that would take from you all your
power. 180

BRU. Seize him, Ædiles.

CIT. Down with him ! down with him ! [*Several speak.*]

SEC. SEN. 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,

Speak to the people ! Coriolanus, patience !

Speak, good Sicinius.

SIC. Hear me, people ; peace ! 190

CIT. Let's hear our tribune : peace ! Speak, speak,
speak.

SIC. You are at point to lose your liberties :

Marcus would have all from you ; Marcus,

Whom late you have named for consul.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

FIRST SEN. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

SIC. What is the city but the people ?

CIT. True,

The people are the city.

BRU. By the consent of all, we were established

The people's magistrates.

CIT. You so remain. 200

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, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

SIC. Therefore lay hold of him ; 210

Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

BRU. Ædiles, seize him.

CIT. Yield, Marcus, yield.

MEN. Hear me one word ;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

ÆD. Peace, peace !

MEN. 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, 220
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 !

CIT. 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 !
All will be naught else.

SEC. SEN. Get you gone.

COR. Stand fast ;

We have as many friends as enemies. 230

MEN. Shall it be put to that ?

FIRST SEN. The gods forbid !

I prythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;

Leave us to cure this cause.

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

COM. Come, sir, along with us.

COR. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome littered ; not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i' th' porch o' th' Capitol—

MEN. Be gone ;

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

COR. On fair ground 240
I could beat forty of them.

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

COM. But now, 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is called foolery, when it stands

Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
 Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters, and o'er-bear
 What they are used to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone.
 I'll try whether my old wit be in request
 With those that have but little: this must be patched
 With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away. 251
[Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]

FIRST PAT. This man has marred 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 261
 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.

CIT. He shall, sure on 't.

MEN. Sir, sir,—

SIC. Peace! 271

MEN. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
 With modest warrant.

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

MEN. Hear me speak:

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

SIC. Consul ! what consul ?

MEN. The consul Coriolanus.

BRU. He consul !

CIT. No, no, no, no, no.

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two, 280
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 enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam 290
Should now eat up her own !

SIC. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

MEN. O, he's a limb that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropped it for his country :
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it, 300
A brand to the end o' th' world.'

SIC. This is clean kam.

BRU. Merely awry ; when he did love his country,
It honoured 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 unscanned swiftness, will, too late, 3
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 it 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 schooled
In bouted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave, 320
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

FIRST SEN. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

SIC. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
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 330
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' 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.

FIRST PAT. You do the nobler.

COR. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads 10
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :
Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

VOL. O sir, sir, sir !
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

COR. Let go.
VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not showed them how you were disposed
Ere they lacked power to cross you.

COR. Let them hang.
VOL. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS with Senators.

MEN. Come, come ; you have been too rough, some-
thing 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 counselled.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

MEN. Well said, noble woman !
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd 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, 40
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the 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 50
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 60
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!

COR. Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so, 70
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

VOL. I prythee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretched it—here be with them—
 Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble as the ripest mulberry
 That will not hold the handling—say to them, 80
 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 asked, as free
 As words to little purpose.

VOL. Prythee now,
 Go, and be ruled ; although, I know, thou hadst rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf 91
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. I have 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.
 Prythee 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 100
 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 have put me now to such a part, which never
 I shall discharge to th' life.

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

VOL. I prythee 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. 110

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which quier'd 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 school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his 120
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

VOL. At thy choice then :
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
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 : 130
Mother, I am 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 140
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 it then; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

BRU. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
 Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
 And that the spoil got on the Antiates
 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 favoured him.

SIC. Have you a catalogue
 Of all the voices that we have procured,
 Set down by the poll ?

ÆD. I have ; 't is ready.

10

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.

20

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 reined again to temperance ; then he speaks
 What 's in his heart ; and that is there which looks
 With us to break his neck.

30

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

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an hostler, that for th' poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume. The honoured gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice,
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
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 the Plebeians.

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 42

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 th' wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

COR. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

MEN. Consider further, 51

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 passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonoured, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

SIC. Answer to us. 60.

COR. Say then : 't is true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned 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 clutched as many millions, in 70
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 ?

CIT. 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, 80
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, 90
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 do distribute it : in the 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 100
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates. I' th' people's name,
 I say it shall be so.

CIT. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :
 He's banished, 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, 110
 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 banished,
 As enemy to the people and his country :
 It shall be so.

CIT. 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 120
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you.
 And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 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 130
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exit* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators,
 and Patricians.]

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

CIT. Our enemy is banished ! he is gone ! Hoo ! oo !

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

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

CIT. Come, come ; let's see him out at gates : come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! Come. 141

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *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, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Shewed mastership in floating : fortune's blows
When most struck homé, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning : you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conned them.

VIR. O heavens ! O heavens !

COR. Nay, I prythee, 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 lacked. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say
If you had been the wife of Hercules
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not ; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother : 20
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 have 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 30
 Makes feared, and talked 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 exposure 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 may'st hear of us
 And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth 40
 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' the absence of the needer.

COR. Fare ye well :
 Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
 Of the war's 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'd with thee every foot.

COR. Give me thy hand.
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, with an Ædile.

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vexed, whom we see have 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.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

SIC. Let's not meet her.

BRU. Why?

SIC. They say she's mad. 9

BRU. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

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! 20

VOL. Moe noble blows, than ever thou wisè 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'd 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. 30

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 have 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— 40

This lady's husband here, this, do you see—

Whom you have banished, 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 have told them home;

And, by my troth, you've cause. You'll sup with me?

VOL. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, 51

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 appeared 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. 16

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. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country. 31

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. 40

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.

[Exit.

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 his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

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, 20
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
 And interjoin their issues. So with me :
 My birthplace 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 Serving-man.

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

Enter a Second Serving-man.

SECOND 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 Serving-man.

FIRST SERV. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you : pray, go to the door.

COR. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus. 10

Re-enter second Serving-man.

SECOND 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 Serving-man. The first meets him.

THIRD SERV. What fellow's this? 22

FIRST SERV. A strange one as ever I looked on : I cannot get him out o' th' house : prythee, call my master to him.

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 marv'llous 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. 32

COR. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.

THIRD SERV. What, you will not? Prythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

SEC. SERV. And I shall.

[Exit.

THIRD SERV. Where dwell'st 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. 40

THIRD SERV. I' th' city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

COR. No, I serve not thy master.

THIRD SERV. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

COR. Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher, hence!
[Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Serving-man.

AUF. Where is this fellow?

SEC. SERV. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [Retires.]

AUF. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name? 50

COR. [Unmuffling.] If, Tullus,

Not yet thou knowest me, and seeing me, dost not

Think me for the 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 apparance, 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? 61

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to 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 should'st bear me: only that name remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest,
 And suffered me by th' voice of slaves to be
 Whooped 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 feared 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 cankered country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou 'rt tir'd, 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 followed 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 hast 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'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarred 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
 Sighed 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 120
 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 banished, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come ; go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ; 130
 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
 The 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, 140
 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.*]

FIRST SERV. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

SEC. SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes
 made a false report of him. 149

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. 161

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 Serving-man.

THIRD SERV. O, slaves, I can tell you news—news, you rascals. 171

FIRST & SEC. SERV. What, what, what? let's partake.

THIRD SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

FIRST & 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. 180

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 truth on't : before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

SEC. SERV. And! he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

FIRST SERV. But more of thy news? 188

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' the 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 the ears : he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled. 200

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 ? 211

THIRD SERV. To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 't is, 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 spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible. 1222

SEC. SERV. 'T is so : 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' the present peace And quietness of the 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 Dissention numbers pest'ring streets, than see

Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

BRU. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

SIC. 'T is he, 't is he; O, he is grown most kind 11
Of late. Hail, sir!

MEN. Hail to you both!

SIC. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much missed
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 temporised.

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.

CIT. The gods preserve you both!

SIC. Good den, our neighbours. 20

BRU. Good den to you all, good 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 wished Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

CIT. 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 30
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 entered in the Roman territories, 40
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 inshelled when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipped. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

MEN. Cannot be !
We have record that very well it can ; 50
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 come
That turns their countenances.

SIC. 'T is this slave. 60
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 delivered.

SIC. What more fearful?

MESS. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Joined 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 : 72
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

MESS. You are 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 have made good work.

MEN. What news? what news? 81

COM. You have help

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonoured to your noses ;

MEN. What's the news? what's the news?

COM. Your temples burned in their cément ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

MEN. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with Volscians—

COM. If! 90

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 have made good work,

You and your apron-men ; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

COM. He'll shake

Your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules 100

Did shake down mellow fruit. You have 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 resist
Are mocked for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him ?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

MEN. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

COM. Who shall ask it ? 110
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 showed 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 have made fair hands,
You and your crafts ; you have crafted fair.

COM. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never 120
So incapable of help.

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 130
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.

CIT. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

FIRST CIT. For mine own part,
 When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity. 140

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 dismayed :
 These are a side that would be glad to have 150
 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' th' 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 the 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 darkened 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 10
 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
 Joined in commission with him ; but either
 Have 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 20
 To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shows good husbandry for the 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 yield to him ere he sits down ;
 And the nobility of Rome are his :
 The senators and patricians love him too : 30
 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 40
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controlled the war ; but one of these—
 As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him—made him feared ;

So, hated ; and so, banished ; but he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues 50
 Lie in the interpretation of the time ;
 And power unto itself most commendable
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights falter, 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 called me father :
 But what o' that ? Go, you that banished him ;
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coyed
 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 10
 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 have made good work :
 A pair of tribunes that have racked 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, 20
 It was a bare petition of a state
 To one whom they had punished.

MEN. Very well : could he say less ?

COM. I offered 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 the offence.

MEN. For one poor grain or two!
 I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child, 30
 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. 40

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 returned,
 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. 50
 He was not taken well : he had not dined :
 The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuffed
 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 60
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 kneeed before him;
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismissed 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: 70
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. The Guards at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

FIRST GUARD. Stay! whence are you?

SEC. GUARD. Stand, and go back.

MEN. You guard like men; 'tis well; but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

FIRST GUARD. From whence?

MEN. From Rome.

FIRST GUARD. You may not pass; you must return:
our general
Will no more hear from thence.

SEC. GUARD. 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, 10
My name hath touched your ears: it is Menenius.

FIRST GUARD. Be it 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 unparalleled, 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, 20
 I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
 Have almost stamped the leasing: therefore, fellow,
 I must have leave to pass.

FIRST GUARD. '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. Prythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
 always factionary on the party of your general. 29

SEC. GUARD. 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 GUARD. You are a Roman, are you ?

MEN. I am, as thy general is.

FIRST GUARD. 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. 50

SEC. GUARD. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

FIRST GUARD. 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 with 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 stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering : behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee. [*To COR.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synd 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 your 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 80
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 paper.*
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. 90

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

FIRST GUARD. Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

SEC. GUARD. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power.
You know the way home again.

FIRST GUARD. Do you hear how we are shent for
keeping your greatness back ?

SEC. GUARD. What cause, do you think, I have to
swoond ?

MEN. I neither care for th' world, nor your general : for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you'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 GUARD. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

SEC. GUARD. 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 have borne this business.

AUF. Only their ends You have respected ; stopped 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 cracked heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father ; 10 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him ; for whose old love I have— Though I showed sourly to him—once more offered 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 have yielded to : fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to—[*Shout w. thín.*] Ha ! what shout is this ?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20 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 honoured 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 30
 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, 40
 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 virgined it e'er since. You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [Kneels.
 Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
 Than that of common sons.

VOL. O, stand up blest !
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee, and improperly
 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 60
 What cannot be, slight work.

VOL. Thou art my warrior ;
I help 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, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' 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'd ask, remember this before :
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80
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 have said you will not grant us anything :
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That, if we fail in our request, the blame 90
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 have 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 101
 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 are bound, together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound ? Alack, or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, 110
 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 through 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 120
 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 on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

BOY. '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 have sat too long.

130
[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 showed ;' the Romans,
 'This we received ;' and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be blessed
 For making up this peace !' Thou know'st, great son,

The end of war's uncertain : but this certain, 140
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogged with curses,
 Whose chronicle thus writ :— 'The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
 Destroyed his country, and his name remains
 To the ensuing age abhorred.' 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' the air, 150
 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 in the world
 More bound to 's mother ; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' th' stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Showed thy dear mother any courtesy ; 160
 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
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ; 170
 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
 That thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child—
 Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hushed until our city be a-fire, 180
 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 have won a happy victory to Rome ;
 But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it—
 Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 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, 190
 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 am glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy
 At difference in thee : out of that I'll work [honour
 Myself a former fortune. 201

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

COR. [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*] 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-sealed.
 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' the 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? 10

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. 24

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'd save your life, fly to your house. The Plébeians 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 another Messenger.

SIC. What's the news?

MESS. Good news, good news ! The ladies have prevailed, 40

The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone. A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SIC. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

MESS. As certain as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurked, 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, 50
 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 prayed well to-day:
 This morning for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[Shouting and music.

SIC. First, the gods bless you for your tidings! next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

MESS. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks.

SIC. They are near the city? 61

MESS. Almost at point to enter.

SIC. We will meet them,
 And help the joy. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Enter two Senators, with VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA,
 Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.*

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 banished 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 of th' city, I am here:
 Deliver them this paper; having read it,
 Bid them repair to th' 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 entered, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words. Despatch.

[*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 empoisoned, 11
 And with his charity slain.

SEC. CON. Most noble sir,
 If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wished 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 20
 A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned
 Mine honour for his truth : who being so heightened,
 He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
 He bowed 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 banished for 't, he came unto my hearth ; 30
 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 ; help to reap the fame
 Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seemed his follower, not partner ; and

He waged me with his countenance as if
I had been mercenary. 40

FIRST CON. So he did, my lord,
The army marvelled at it ; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no less spoil than glory,—

AUF. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretched 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 entered like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns, 51
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. 60

Enter the Lords of the City.

LORDS. You are most welcome home.

AUF. I have 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 't.
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. He approaches : you shall hear him. 70

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

COR. Hail, lords ! I am returned 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 have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to th' Romans ; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the 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 Corioli? 90

You lords and heads of th' state, perfidiously
He has betrayed 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 roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

COR. Ha ! 101

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 impressed 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, 111
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
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli :
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 THE CONSPIRATORS. Let him die for 't.

CITIZENS. Tear him to pieces : do it presently. 120
He killed my son ; my daughter ; he killed my cousin
Marcus ; he killed my father.

SEC. LORD. Peace, ho ! no outrage : peace !
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the 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 CON. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him ! 130

[AUFIDIUS *and 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,—

SEC. LORD. Thou hast 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. 140

FIRST LORD. Bear from hence his body,
 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 widowed and unchilded many a one, 150
 Which to this hour bewail the injury,
 Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of MARCIUS.*
A dead march sounded.]

NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Two slight but not unimportant mistakes, repeated by every editor since Rowe, are here corrected. Cominius is placed before Titus Lartius (i. 1. 236, note), and the Gentlewoman is assigned to Volumnia instead of Virgilia (i. 3, note).

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE first scene represents a skirmish between the two orders in Rome, "a prologue to the omen coming on," and introduces us to most of the chief actors in characteristic attitudes. Marcius is the principal figure. He displays his insolent contempt of the vulgar, and on the news of the Volscian war, his delight in battle. On the other side the commons show their divided mind about him. The tribunes, with more decision, have more spite. Menenius, the satirical patrician, plays his rôle of peacemaker.

11 *Verdict* (*vere-dictum*). 'Decision,' but usually with a reference to its special sense (see especially *Sonnet* 46); so that besides the magniloquence there is doubtless a sly hit at trial by jury.

14 *Good*. The First Citizen quibbles on the commercial sense of the word. Dyce quotes, "A good man i' th' City is not call'd after his good deeds, but the knowne weight of his purse," from Brome's *Northern Lasse*; and "The good people in the city (I mean the good in their own style—monied)," from H. Walpole's *Letters*. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 15, "My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient."

Authority. Abstract for concrete. Cf. l. 210, "To break the heart of generosity."

19 *Too dear*. As costing more than we are worth.

20 *Object*. 'Object of sight,' 'spectacle.' Cf. *Troilus*, ii. 2. 41— "You know a sword employed is perilous,
And reason flies the *object* of all harm."

22 *Ere we become rakes*. A reference to the proverb, "As lean as a rake," with a play on the other meaning of *pique*; viz., 'a pitchfork.'

31 *And could be content*. 'And would be pleased.' Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 8, "They could be content to visit other places." So l. 36 below, "Can be content."

37 *To please his mother.* "But touching Martius, the onely thing that made him to love honour was the joye he saw his mother did take of him." (*N. P.* p. 222.)

38 *To be partly proud.* 'Partly to be proud,' to satisfy his pride.' For the transposition of the adverb cf. *Julius Caesar*, v. 4. 12, "Only I yield to die." (*ABBOTT, Sh. Gr.* 420.)

39 *Virtue.* See ii. 2. 82.

41 *You must . . . covetous.* As they had said above of the Patricians generally. See i. 9. 37.

54 Notice the introduction of verse, to mark the dignity of the Patrician.

56 *First Cit.* Malone, for *Folio Sec. Cit.*, who "is rather friendly to Coriolanus."

64 *Charitable care.* Menenius has no evidence of this to offer.

90 *To stale 't.* Theobald, for *Folio scale 't*, which some commentators still read, explaining it to mean 'strip off the husk to show the hidden meaning.' But "a little more" goes better with *stale*, and "scale" occurs in ii. 3. 250, in another sense.

99 *Where.* 'Whereas.' Cf. i. 10. 13.

101 *Participate.* 'Participating.' Mr. Wright compares *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 291, "Halloo your name to the *reverberate* hills."

102 *Affiction.* 'Desire.' See l. 176, and *Affect* in Glossary.

107 *Lungs.* Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 173, "Those gentlemen who are of such sensible and nimble *lungs* that they always use to laugh at nothing;" *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 336. Menenius quibbles on the word. The smile was not, as we might say, *hearty*.

115 *The counsellor heart.* Cf. ii. 3. 205, "Why had your bodies no *heart* among you" (*sc.* to give advice). Cf. "wise-hearted." (*Exodus* xxviii. 3, &c.)

120 *Restrain'd.* The First Citizen unconsciously puts his finger beforehand on the weak place in Menenius's apologue. To be parallel to the action of the senate a case is required where the belly *kept back* food from the members. This nettles Menenius.

122 *Former.* 'Above mentioned.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 362, "The danger *formerly* by me rehearsed."

125 *You'st.* A provincialism, apparently contracted from "you (thou) shalt." Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Marston's *Malcontent*, v. 3. 67, "*You'st* ne'er meet more." Cf. i. 9. 2, "thou't."

126 *Me . . . your.* For these conversational uses of the pronouns cf. (1) *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 11, "Villain, I say, knock *me* at this gate, and rap *me* well;" (2) *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7. 29, "*Your* serpent of Egypt is bred now of *your* mud by the operation of *your* sun: so is *your* crocodile."

135 'To the court, the heart, and to the seat, or throne, viz. *the brain.*' Cf. l. 114, "The *kingly*-crowned head . . . the

counsellor heart." For *seat* (= 'throne'), cf. *Henry V.* i. 1. 88, "The crown and *seat* of France."

137 *Nerves.* 'Sinews.' Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 4. 83, "As hardy as the Nemean lion's *nerve*." The adjective *nervous* still retains this classical sense of 'sinewy' in addition to the modern one.

150 *The weal o' the common.* 'The common-wealth.' For *common* used absolutely, see iii. 1. 28. Cf. "general" in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 457, "'T was caviare to the general;'" *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 11.

152 *Proceeds or comes.* 'Issues, or at all events passes,' unless we should read *and*, i.e. 'proceeds from them, and comes to you.'

156 Menenius gives his apologue an unexpected turn, not asserting that the belly gave up all it should, but only that whatever the limbs did receive came from the belly, which, while putting the parable beside the mark, makes it for the moment unanswerable. However, he has got the mob into better humour, and so, before the First Cit. has time to discover the *non sequitur*, takes up the safer weapon of ridicule. (l. 154.)

158 *Rascal.* A hunting term for 'deer out of condition.' *In blood* means 'in condition.' Cf. iv. 5. 209. *To run* = 'for running.' Menenius says, "If the worst deer leads it must be for his own advantage, not for that of the herd." For the words cf. 1 *Henry VI.* iv. 2. 48—

"If we be English deer, be then *in blood*;

Not *rascal*-like, to fall down with a pinch."

168 *That like not peace nor war, the one, &c.* "Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices." (JOHNSON.)

172 Professor Hales suggests a reference to the great frost of January, 1607-8, when fires were lighted on the Thames.

173 'To praise him whose offence brings him to punishment, and curse that justice (that) punished him.' The omission of the relative when it is the subject of the verb is rare in Modern English. It is due here to the emphatic demonstrative that precedes. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 17, "Now follows *that (that)* you know." See Appendix II. to Falcon edition of *Julius Caesar*.

190 Cf. *King Lear*, v. 3. 13, "And hear poor rogues Talk of court news, who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out."

198 *Quarter'd.* For the prolepsis cf. i. 4. 20, "See what work he makes among your *cloven* army;" and for the sense of 'cut in pieces' cf. *Julius Caesar*, iii. 1. 268, "Their infants *quarter'd* with the hands of war."

201 A reference to the proverb, "Discretion is the better part of valour," 1 *Henry IV.* v. 4. 121. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 198; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 235.

210 *To break the heart of generosity.* 'In order to (meant

to) break the spirit of nobility.' For *heart* in this sense cf. v. 6. 99, "Men of heart;" for *generosity* cf. *Measure for Measure*, iv. 6. 13, "The *generous* and gravest citizens."

213 *Emulation*. Usually in a bad sense, as in *Julius Caesar*, ii. 3. 14, "My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of *emulation*." But see i. 10. 12.

219 *Win upon*. 'Gain upon,' 'encroach upon.' (*Encroach* occurs only once in Shakespeare, and that in *2 Henry VI*, iv. 1. 96.) A *theme* is a question proposed for argument.

221 *Fragments*. So Achilles to Thersites, "From whence, *fragment*." *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 9.

224 *Vent*. Used here simply for 'discharge,' as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 352, "Here on her breast there is a *vent* of blood." See Glossary.

228 *Put you to 't*. 'Give you work to do,' 'try your mettle.' Cf. *Othello*, iii. 3. 469, "I greet thy love . . . and will upon the instant *put thee to 't*."

231 *Only*. For the transposition see l. 37.

You have fought together. The Folio marks this as a question. But Cominius could not have been ignorant of the fact (see i. 10. 7), and it is better to take it as a soldier's explanation of Marcius's praise.

232 This is not said altogether seriously, but there is truth in it. Men who are soldiers before every thing have not seldom been careless as to the side on which they fought. And see the sequel.

236 Cominius was consul. See ii. 3.

249 *Mutiners*. In *Tempest*, iii. 2. 41, the only other place in Shakespeare where the word is used, the form is "mutineer;" but "enginer" occurs *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 206; "pioner," *Hamlet*, i. 5. 162. Peele, *Battle of Alcazar*, iv. 1. 10, has "muleter."

250 *Puts well forth*. 'Buds promisingly.' The metaphor is from leaves.

256 *Benock the modest moon*. The tribunes have a way of supporting and amplifying each other not always to the advantage of the sense or the truth. Cf. ii. 1. 18. It is not easy to see the climax here, unless the moon is understood to be a goddess.

257 *The present wars devour him*. Is this a statement or an imprecation? The Folio has a comma; reading which the sense will be, "These warlike times spoil him by making him proud; the pride of valour devours him." Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 164, "He that's proud, eats up himself." This sense seems to suit best with the speech of Sicinius which follows. If it be construed as an imprecation, *the present wars* will mean 'the war now set on foot.'

258 *To be*. 'Of' or 'in being.' On the English gerund see Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 356. For the ambiguity cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 244, "I was too strict to make mine own away" (i.e. 'in making').

259 *Good success*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 3. 66, "Mistrust of *good success* hath done this deed;" and see Glossary.

Shadow. A man's imaginary conduct to his shadow is used by Shakespeare several times as an illustration of character. Gratiano will fence with his shadow (*Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 66); Malvolio practises behaviour to his (*Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 21); a drunkard is one who discourses fustian with his (*Othello*, ii. 3. 282); a madman courses his for a traitor (*Lear*, iii. 4. 58); Coriolanus's "solitariness" (as Plutarch called it), or "singularity" (l. 277), could not be better expressed.

269 *Borne the business*. Cf. i. 6. 81.

270 *Opinion*. This sense of *opinion* survives only in the phrase "public opinion." See Glossary.

271 *Demerits*. See Glossary.

277 *Singularity*. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 64, "Put thyself into the trick of *singularity*." Sicinius may simply mean 'his peculiarities apart;' or his speech may be ironical, as Mr. Whitelaw takes it, 'with what force—over and above his own great self—he takes the field.' In the latter case there would be a play upon the word.

The two tribunes are not much discriminated in character. Speeches are often divided between them, as above. (See especially ii. 3, *ad fin.*) Sicinius has more initiative, perhaps as being the senior. See iii. 3. 136, note.

SCENE 2.

This scene introduces us to Tullus Aufidius and the Volscians. Beyond this it contributes nothing to the action, and is omitted in modern representation.

4 *Have*. So First Folio; Second *hath*. But cf. *Henry V.* ii. 2. 75—

"What read you there

That *have* so cowarded and chaced your blood?"

quoted by Mr. Wright. (ABBOTT, *Sh. Gr.* 12.)

6 *Circumvention*. Elliptically for 'the means of circumvention.'

7 Cf. iv. 3. This treachery is one result of the civil broils in Rome.

14 "Titus Latiús, one of the valiantest men the Romaines had at that time." (*N. P.* p. 224.)

19 *Answer*. For the military sense cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. I. 24, "We will *answer* on their charge."

22 *Seem'd*. Either attracted by "appear'd," or for "it would seem." See "waved," ii. 2. 16.

24 *Take in*. 'Capture.' So iii. 2. 59. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 83, "When he hath mused of *taking* kingdoms *in*;" and metaphorically, *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 587, "Affliction may subdue the cheek, but not *take in* the mind."

28 This over-secure temper of the Volscians loses them the town. See i. 4. 17.

29 *For the remove.* 'To raise the siege.' The verb is used in *Venus and Adonis*, 423, "Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;" and *Romeo*, v. 3. 237, "To remove that siege of grief from her."

SCENE 3.

The three ladies here introduced have an important part to play later. Plutarch mentions that Marcius, at his mother's desire, took a wife, "and yet never left his mother's house therefore." See Introduction, p. xiii. This fact, which Shakespeare has preserved (l. 26), accounts in some measure for Virgilia's tameness, and for the want of any softening influence upon her husband. The dominating spirit of the house is Volumnia. The true strain passes from her, through Marcius, to the boy, "the father's son." (l. 56.)

8 *Should.* *Should* is properly the past tense of *shall*, and expresses better than *would*, which is the past tense of *will*, the naturalness and certainty of the mother's refusal to sell her child.

10 *Such a person*; i.e. 'so handsome an exterior.' *Troilus*, i. 2. 209, "A proper man of *person*;" iv. 4. 81, "Parts, with *person*." Cf. iii. 2. 86.

14 *Oak.* See quotation on ii. 2. 92.

23 *Had rather had*, as though she had said before, "Had I had a dozen sons." For "Had (=would) rather have," see again ii. 2. 67, 73.

26 *Retire myself.* Other reflexive verbs, now intransitive, were *advise*, *complain*, *endeavour*, *repent*, *repose*. (ABBOTT, *Sh. Gr.* 296.)

28 *Hear hither* is a beautiful expression for 'hear here, the sound having come hither.' In Modern English we use *hence* in this way, but not *hither*; e.g. we should find no difficulty in the line, "By praising him here who doth *hence* remain." (*Sonnet* 39.)

36 *Or all.* Notice how what a grammarian would call a misplacement of the conjunction brings out the sense. For *or-or* see iii. 1. 206; *or* is contracted from *other*, which is a form of *either*.

39 *Trophy.* Usually memorial armour on a tomb; here the tomb itself. Plutarch says of Coriolanus's tomb that it was set up "with great store of armour and spoiles, as the tombe of a great captain." Cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 214, "No trophy, sword, or hatchment o'er his bones." For *gilt* cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7. 69, "Gilded tombs do worms enfold."

42 First Folio, "At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell Valeria." Second Folio, "At Grecian swordes *Contending*." Capell read, "*Swords' contending*." Collier proposed the reading in the text.

Usher. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 6. 44. An *usher* or *gentleman-usher* was "a sort of upper servant, out of livery, whose office was to hand his lady to her coach, and to walk before her bare-headed, though in later times she leaned upon his arm." (NARES.)

50 *Manifest housekeepers.* 'Notorious stay-at-homes.' Cf. *All's Well*, i. 3. 229, "His reading and *manifest* experience."

51 *Spot* seems to mean a small pattern that Virgilia is working. Cf. *Othello*, iii. 3. 434—

"Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?"

In good faith. Notice as characteristic of Elizabethan ladies the extraordinary number of asseverating phrases in this scene.

62 *Or whether . . . or.* Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 118, "Move these eyes, *or whether . . .*" *Sonnet 114*, "*or whether . . . or whether.*"

65 *On, for of.* So ii. 1. 175; 2. 85, in Menenius's speeches; iv. 5. 164, "Worth six on him," a servant's speech. For of where we use *on* see ii. 2. 108.

67 *A crack, madam.* Deprecatingly. "Well, he is a lively boy." See Glossary.

103 *Lady.* So *Hamlet*, iii. 4, 113, &c. This title of address has sunk in the social scale.

104 *Our better mirth.* 'Our mirth which will be better without her.' Cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 44, "*Weed* your better judgment."

107 *Thy.* The more familiar pronoun marks a final appeal; marks it also as addressed from an elder to a younger person. See Abbott, 231, and Appendix III. to the Falcon edition of *Julius Caesar*.

109 *At a word.* 'In one word.' Cf. *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 107, "He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; *at a word*, he hath; believe me;" *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 266, &c.

SCENE 4.

2 '*Tis done.* We say simply "done."

12 *Fielded.* 'In the field.' Elizabethan English formed participles freely from nouns and adjectives. Cf. *agued*, l. 38 below; *servanted*, v. 2. 79.

14 A confusion of 'nor a man that fears you *more* than he' with 'and no man fears you *less* than he.' Confusion in the use of the comparatives is not uncommon in the best writers. See e.g. *Paradise Lost*, i. 257, "And what I should be, all but *less* than he" (a confusion of *less* with *all but equal*).

21 *Clouen.* Cf. for the prolepsis i. 1. 198, "quarter'd."

25 Whitelaw well compares Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 1017, *θυμὸς ἐπ'ἀποδείξι.* *Arms of proof* are 'arms proved by tests.'

Then *proof* became a synonym for *armour*, as in *Macbeth*, i. 2. 54, "lapped in *proof*." A curious use is *Richard II.*, i. 3. 73, "Add *proof* unto mine armour with thy prayers;" *i.e.* harden it still further 'above proof.'

30 Cf. *Troilus*, v. 1. 21, where Thersites enumerates the "rotten diseases of the south." The south wind was not a favourite with Shakespeare; "spongy," "foggy," are its epithets. See ii. 3. 29.

31 The aposiopesis was first marked by Johnson. Cf. i. 1. 216; 6. 42.

42 *Follow me*. Folio, *follows*.

44 "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." (*N. P.* p. 224.) The *fliers* are the retiring Volscians.

47 *To the pot*. Cf. John Heywood's *Proverbs*—

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

And many other instances in Staunton and Dyce. The origin of the phrase is uncertain.

Answer. Cf. i. 2. 19.

53 'The man dares more and endures longer than his sword, though he can feel, and the sword cannot.' For *sensible* see i. 3. 84. For the adverb cf. ii. 3. 247, "How *youngly* he began to serve his country;" *Julius Caesar*, iii. 3. 2, "And things unluckily charge my *fantasy*," where, as here, last century editors corrected to the adjective. The conceit seems borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, "Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them; and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse *sensible* of smart than the *senseless* armour." (STEEVENS.)

54 *Left*; *i.e.* 'deserted.' For the absolute use cf. *Two Gentlemen*, iv. 4. 179, "desolate and left." Singer *lost*.

55 Cf. *Othello*, v. 2. 144—

"If heaven had made me such another woman,
Of one *entire* and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have ta'en it for her."

57 *Cato's*. Folio, "Calues." Emended by Theobald from Plutarch, "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 afraid with the sound of his voice, and grimness of his countenance." (*N. P.* p. 224.) Monck Mason supposed that Shakespeare invented a person called Calvus, in order to avoid the anachronism of a reference to Cato in the mouth of Lartius! But cf. ii. 1. 108, "Galen."

61 Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 65— "Some say the earth
Was *feverous*, and did shake."

62 We still use "make stay," but not "make remain." Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 148, "Since my here-remain in England."

SCENE 5.

Trumpet; i. e. 'Trumpeter.' Cf. *Henry V.* iv. 2. 61, "I will the banner from a trumpet take;" and the modern use of ensign for both man and thing.

4 *Movers*. 'Agitators,' 'mutineers' (which is derived from *moveo*), Coriolanus not having yet forgotten the sedition.

6 *Of a doit*. 'Worth but a doit.' (A small Dutch coin ill-sorted with the Greek drachma.)

Doublets. North, in his translation of Plutarch, modernized classical dress, and Shakespeare, in the Roman plays, followed him. There is a good example in the *Life of Pompey* about the execution of Carbo. "He prayed the executioner to give him a little respite and place to *untrusse a point*, for he had a pain." (p. 636.)

7 *Bury*. "Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite." (MALONE.)

23 *Page*. For the metaphor cf. *Sonnet*, 108. 12, "Makes antiquity for aye his *page*." A page walked at his master's heels. 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 12; *Timon*, iv. 3. 224.

24 *Than* (of) *those*.

SCENE 6.

5 *By*. A remarkable use of the preposition in a double sense. See below, line 68, "fear."

6 *The*. Cf. iv. 1. 37, "O *the* gods." *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 171, "The gods! it smites me, beneath the fall I have."

7 *Successes*. See Glossary.

16 *Briefly*. 'Within a short time.' But usually now with a forward, not as here with a backward reference.

17 *Confound*. 'Waste.' Cf. *Antony*, i. 1. 45, "Let's not *confound* the time with conference harsh."

24 The stage direction [*within*] was first added by Dyce. Notice how much the scene is improved so. Cominius's beautiful lines become a soliloquy.

Him. 'One.'

27 *Man*. For the omission of the possessive termination cf. iii. 2. 114.

42 'Had it not been for our gentlemen, the common file (would have ruined us).' But the mention of them sets Coriolanus cursing. Cf. for the aposiopesis i. 4. 31.

44 *Rascals*. See i. 1. 158, note.

45 *I do not think* (so). Cf. *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 24, "I think, or in any religion;" and examples in Abbott, 64.

52 "The consul made him answer that he thought the *bands* which were in the *vaward* of their *battell* were those of the

Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men. Then prayed Martius to be *set directly* against them." (*N.P.* p. 225.)

54 *Heart of hope*. Cf. *Timon*, i. 1. 286, "The very heart of kindness;" 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 51, "Soul of hope."

59 *The present*. 'The affair in hand.' Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 6. 30, "This is from the *present*."

65 Coriolanus appeals (1) to the fighters; (2) to those who love glory; (3) to those who have reputation to retrieve; (4) to the patriots.

69 *Fear lesser* (for) *his person*. Cf. *Richard III.* i. 1. 137, "And his physicians *fear* (for) him mightily." For the use of a word in two slightly different senses, see above, l. 5; and cf. *I'ericles*, Prolog. 36, "To *keep* (retain) her still and (hold) men in awe."

71 Note the dramatic irony. See iv. 4. 23.

Stage direction. The soldiers do not here, at any rate, prove cowards; but Coriolanus, though at the moment delighted, soon forgets that it was not he and the "gentlemen" who won the battle. See ii. 3. 53.

75 Folio reads, "Oh me alone, make you a sword of me." Capell first marked the question, and the last part of the sentence then refers to the soldiers taking Marcius in their arms instead of waving their swords, as he bade them. The first words have been variously amended, best by Collier, "*Of* me alone," from which Whitelaw, "*O* me alone;" i.e. "Am I your only sword?" The comma may be placed either after *alone*, or after *sword*.

81 *Bear the business*. So i. 1. 269.

82 *Please you to march* (to Cominius). 'If you will give the order to advance, my company can be detached on the march.'

83 *And four*. Mitford, "An hour;" Singer, "And some." But why not *four*? Four captains would do the work more quickly than one.

85 Cominius, who is less of an idealist than Coriolanus, and knows the men better, adds a promise of spoil. Cf. Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 177.

SCENE 8.

1 See 9. 83.

2 *Promise-breaker*. *All's Well*, iii. 6. 12, "A most notable coward, an hourly *promise-breaker*."

4 *Fame and envy*. A hendiadys for 'detested fame.' Cf. i. 9. 62, "applause and clamour;" iii. 1. 94, "horn and noise;" iv. 7. 44, "austerity and garb;" 2 *Henry IV.* i. 1, 151, "time and *spite*." See *Envy*.

8, 12 *Your*. Plural because including others.

11 *Wrench up*. A metaphor from tuning an instrument. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 7. 60, 79—

"But *screw* your courage to the sticking place ;

I am settled, and *bend up*.

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

12 *Of*. 'Belonging to.' The Romans boasted their descent from the Trojan Æneas. For *progeny* in the general sense of 'race' (even where it means 'ancestry'), cf. I *Henry VI.* v. 4. 38, "Issued from the *progeny* of kings."

15 *Condemned*. Schmidt takes this to mean 'doomed,' parallel to "the poor condemned English" in *Henry V.* iv. chorus. "In your condemned seconds" would mean then 'with your help that could not be other than vain.' It may mean 'your interference which I condemn.' Johnson, *contemned*.

SCENE 9.

2 *Thou't*, for *thou'lt*. Mr. Wright compares *Hamlet*, v. i. 297, Quartos *thou't*, where the Folio has *thou'lt*, and *woo't* for *will thou* in the following line. The *l* is still silent in *would, walk, Ralph, &c.*, and was so in many words where at present it is sounded, such as *vault*.

4 *Shrug*. As though they were the common deeds of nobility.

6 *Quaked*. This active use is rare. Steevens quotes an example from Heywood, "We'll *quake* them at that bar, where all souls wait for sentence."

7 *Fusty*. Cf. i. i. 225, "Musty." Here and in v. 4. 36 plebeians is accented on the first syllable.

9 'Yet camest thou to this feast as to a morsel.' The *of* must be appositional.

12 "The meaning is, This man performed the action, and we now filled up the show." (JOHNSON.)

21 'Silence would be worse than withholding your due praise ; it would amount to slander.'

22 'And to silence that witness (*vouch*), which, even though it employed all praises, would yet seem modest in comparison with the deeds.'

28 'Should they not hear themselves remembered, they might well (not only smart, but) fester at the ingratitude ; if they were not tented by remembrance, death would search them more severely.' The smart of remembrance is compared to the necessary pain caused by the surgeon's probing. (See Glossary.) "To tent themselves with death" is a strong way of saying 'Mortify because untented.'

35 *At your only choice*. 'At choice of yourself alone.'

39 *Beheld*. "He is too proud to be rewarded, too proud to be praised ; too proud also to praise others, at least plebeians. 'They have seen me fight ; I will claim no more than an equal share with them.'" (WHITELAW.)

43-45 The Ff end lines as *soothing* and *wars*. The first clause of this difficult speech gains a certain sense by laying stress on *all*. "If flattery has reached the field of battle, we must expect courts and cities to be entirely given over to it." The second clause has been variously explained and amended. "Overture" in Shakespeare means either (1) 'disclosure' (*Winter's Tale*, ii. 1. 172), or (2) 'proposal' (*Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 225), and neither sense suits the "parasite." Tyrwhitt proposed "Let *this* (silk) be made a *coverture* for the wars." Mr. Whitelaw prints an anacoluthon—"Let them (the drums and trumpets) be made an overture for the wars no more, I say;" but this musical sense of overture is unsupported.

47 *Or* (that I have) *foiled*.

48 *Shout*. Folio, "Shoot," showing the pronunciation. So v. 5. 4, "Unshoot."

50 To *diet* is to 'prescribe food;' hence to 'feed up,' as here, or the reverse, as in 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 64, "To *diet* rank minds."

52 Cominius has a difficult part to play, and it is noticeable how well he keeps his temper. As general, it is his duty to praise Marcius; as a subordinate, it is Marcius's duty to be 'grateful' for his general's praise, instead of parading his superiority to it.

53 *Give*. 'Report.' Cf. iv. 5. 148; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4. 40, "Men's reports *give* him much wronged."

56 *Reason*. 'Talk.' Cf. iv. 6. 52.

60 *Trim*. "A goodly horse, with a capparison and all furniture to him." (*N. P.* p. 232.)

63 Folio *Marcus Caius*, and so throughout the play, except in l. 57 above. That this order is not a mere printer's error is shown by ii. 1. 162.

70 *Undercrest*. The crest was worn on the helmet. Marcius promises to wear his new title as a badge, which he must not disgrace.

75 *The best* (men) that with them, &c. So *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 190, "*The best* in Glostershire."

80 "Onely, this grace (said he) I craue and beseech you to grant me. Among the Volces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, liuing before in great wealth in his own cuntry, liueth now a poore 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 keepe him from being sold as a slave." The forgetfulness of the man's name is an addition of Shakespeare's.

Notice how Shakespeare has used this episode to emphasize the generosity of Marcius and its futility because self had stood in the way.

89 *At last* Coriolanus is content to remember his exploits in order to quiet conscience. See previous note.

SCENE 10.

4 Aufidius has less patriotism than Coriolanus. What he desires is to be general on the winning side, and this Marcius hinders.

5 *That I am.* 'All that I have it in me to be.'

6 'What good terms can a treaty find on (for) the side that is at the other's mercy?' Mr. Wright thinks there is a quibble on the word, and that the sense is, 'What good *quality* can a treaty find in the vanquished?'

10 *By the elements.* 'By heavens.' Not the four elements, but the *air*, frequently spoken of as 'the element,' or 'the elements.' See *Othello*, iii. 3. 64, "Yon *elements* that clip us round about;" ii. 3. 48; *Tempest*, v. 317, &c.

11 *Beard to beard.* So *Macbeth*, v. 5. 6, "We might have met them *dareful beard to beard.*"

13 *Where.* 'Whereas,' i. 1. 104.

17 *Not so subtle.* And so open to 'craft.' 'My valour is poisoned only by his casting it into the shade. (See *Stain* in Glossary.) To be revenged on him, it shall turn to craft.'

20 *Being naked, sick.* 'Nor nakedness, nor sickness.' S. *Matthew* xxv. 36, "Naked . . . I was sick."

25 *Upon*; *i.e.* 'relying upon.'

29 *Will not you go?* It is important to the Volscian cause that Tullus should not be taken prisoner. See iii. 1. 1.

30 *Attended.* 'Waited for.'

31 *'Tis south the city mills.* "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. (MALONE.)

32 *The world.* 'Condition of things.' Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 305, "Think of the *world*;" v. 5. 22, "Thou seest the *world*, Volumnius, how it goes."

ACT II. SCENE I.

A PROCESSION is a useful piece of stage machinery, not only as a pageant, but as a way of breaking up the scene. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. The first part of this scene is an amusing study in manners. Notice the superior tone Menenius adopts towards the tribunes, soon passing into downright rudeness, which they hardly resent, while he loses his temper at once when they in turn only hint at a hometruth. The entry of the ladies makes us forget plebeian Rome, and leads up to the triumph. The last part of the scene is a reminder that to ridicule or ignore the tribunes is not to draw their sting.

7 Sicinius answers in haste, meaning that the friends of the people are those that do them no harm. Perhaps in Menenius's

question stress should be laid on "does." "Whom *does* your Roman wolf love?"

14 'Name a fault of his which you have not yourselves and in greater measure.' For the double preposition cf. *Timon of Athens*, ii. 2. 119, "And generally *in* all shapes that man goes up and down *in*, this spirit walks *in*."

18 Brutus rather overshoots the mark. See i. 1. 256, note. Boasting was not the form taken by Marcius's pride.

The right-hand file. Cf. i. 6. 42, "The common file."

26 'No great matter if you *are* angry.'

27 *Of.* Appositional; 'in the shape of.'

34 There is a quibble on the two meanings of *single*; (1) 'alone,' (2) 'insignificant.' There is a similar play in 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 207, "Your chin double, your wit *single*;" and in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 289, "A double heart for his *single* one." See Glossary.

40 *Proud.* The tribunes are rather vain than proud.

43 *Humorous.* See Glossary.

44 *Allaying Tiber.* So Lovelace, *To Althæa from Prison*—
"When flowing cups ran swiftly round
With no *allaying Thames*."

See Glossary.

45 *The first complaint*; *i.e.* 'the side that speaks first.'

48 *Weals-men.* 'Statesmen.' Not known to occur elsewhere.

51 *Can't.* Theobald, for Folio, *can.* In what follows, what is the reference? Probably Shakespeare had in mind some Latin grammar rule, in which were the words, "*As* in compound with the major part of the syllable," though none such seems to occur in Lilly's *Grammar*, which Shakespeare probably used, whence is derived the famous "*As* in præsentî."

55 *Map of my microcosm*; *i.e.* 'my face.' For *microcosm* cf. *King Lear*, iii. 1. 10—

"Strives in his *little world of man* to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

Richard II. v. 5. 9. And see Glossary.

57 *Conspicuities.* A coinage of Menenius's, like *empiricuitic* in l. 109, *fidused* in l. 123.

This character; *i.e.* 'this face of mine.' See Glossary.

61 *Caps and legs.* Cf. *All's Well*, ii. 2. 10, "He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap," &c.

65 Lord Campbell (*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 96) says: "Shakespeare here mistakes the duties of the tribune for those of the prætor; but in truth he was recollecting with disgust what he had witnessed in his own country." The description would no doubt apply to Robert Shallow, esquire. We may add that iv. 6 shows us that this character of the tribunes is overdrawn.

67 *The bloody flag*. A sign of battle. Cf. *Henry V.* i. 2. 161, "Unwind your *bloody flag*;" *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 14, "Their bloody sign of battle is hung out." Mr. Wright quotes from a sermon of Dr. Sacheverell, "Against whom [the Dissenters] every man that wishes its welfare [the Church] ought to hang out the *bloody flag* and banner of defiance."

74 *Necessary*. Often meant no more than 'useful.' Many books are inscribed on their title-pages as "Very necessary," for one purpose or another.

Bencher. Cf. ii. 2. 69, "disbenched," and our modern 'Benchers' of Inns of Court. There is perhaps a play on the word, it being also used of those who frequented tavern benches. Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 11, "O the benchers' phrase *pauca verba*."

83 *Deucalion*. The Noah of Greek mythology. So *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 442, "Far than Deucalion off."

98 *Hoo*. So again iii. 3. 137; and *Antony and Cleopatra* (F.), ii. 7. 141, "Hoo, saies 'a, there's my cap" (throwing it up).

107 *Make a lip at*. 'Laugh at.' The commoner phrase is "to make mouths, or mows, at" (*Hamlet*, iv. 4. 50).

108 *Galen*. So *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 29; 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 133. Galen was the most celebrated of ancient physicians (born 131 A.D.). Up to the time of Paracelsus his authority was undisputed. Selden says: "To be a Physician let a man read Galen and Hypocrates." (*Table Talk*, Arber's rep. 72.) For the anachronism cf. i. 4. 57.

109 *To this*. 'Compared with this.'

116 *On's brows*. This is an answer to Menenius's question, "Brings 'a victory in his pocket?" Cf. i. 9. 59, "Caius Marcius wears this war's garland."

123 *Fidiused*. Jocularly coined from *Aufidius*. 'Drubbed.' Cf. *Henry V.* iv. 4. 29, "Master Fer! I'll fer him." *Merry Wives*, iv. 2. 19, "Come, mother Prat; I'll prat her."

137 *Proud*. See lines 17, 30, 82.

140 *His place*. Volumnia regards the consulship as her son's natural right.

142 Menenius finishes the counting to himself.

150 "Volumnia in her boastful strain says that her son to kill his enemy has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall" (JOHNSON.)

For *nervy*, see i. 1. 137, note; *advanced*, see Glossary.

STAGE DIRECTION.—*Titus Lartius*. Mr. Daniel would omit the name of Titus Lartius, comparing i. 9. 74, where he is left in Corioli, with ii. 2. 35, where it is determined to send for him. But the words "between them," and l. 176, "You are three;" &c., are decisive against the omission. Lartius, no doubt, was

allowed to join the triumph on the stage without the question being raised whether he had come to Rome on purpose.

154 *Caius Marcius*. See i. 9. 63, note.

163 *Deed-achieving*, perhaps for *deed-achieve*; i.e. 'achieved by deeds.' Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 77, "His all-obeying breath;" *Lucrece*, 993, "His unrecalling crime;" and the common phrase, "I am beholding to you." Or, as Whitelaw, "Honour, by inciting men, may be said itself to achieve deeds." Schmidt regards these three examples as instances of the gerund used passively, as in "Who shall scape *whipping*?" (i.e. being whipped).

165 *Gracious*. Perhaps 'beautiful,' as *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 281, "A *gracious* person;" but perhaps 'tender,' with reference to the next line. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 198, "These are *gracious* drops."

175 *At very root*. Cf. iv. 1. 47, "At gate."

On's. See i. 3. 65.

179 *To your relish*. So as to bear sweet fruit (of praise) that you will care to taste.

182 *Menenius ever, ever*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 63, "Old Cassius still."

188 *Change of honours*. 'New honours for old.' Cf. "Change of raiment."

189 *Inherited*. 'Possessed,' 'realized.'

194 *Sway with them*. 'Be king amongst them.' This is a note of character. Coriolanus did not aim at tyranny, as the tribunes thought; he preferred helping the State to hurting it; but, above all, he preferred his own will.

196 *Your*. See i. 1. 126.

197 *Rapture*. 'Fit.' Steevens compares *Hospital for London's Follies*, 1602, "Your darling will *weep itself into a rapture*, if you take not good heed." But that book does not seem to exist, if it ever existed. *Rapture* has been conjectured.

198 *Chats him*. For the omitted preposition cf. ii. 2. 107, "I cannot speak him home."

202 *Variable*. The one from the other, 'various.' Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 180, "Countries different with *variable* objects."

Complexions. See Glossary. 'People of the most different character and expression, yet agreeing in this one thing.'

205 *A vulgar station*. 'A common standing-place,' 'a place among the rabble.'

206 Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 5. 29—

"Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman,

Such war of white and red within her cheeks?"

209 *That*. May be demonstrative ("as if that God who leads him, whatsoever he be"), or a conjunction; in the latter case '*who*' is redundant.

Whatsoever God. This is a paganised version of the doctrine of the 'genius,' or guardian angel, referred to in *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 66; iii. 2. 185 (Falcon ed., note); *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 56.

212 It must be remembered in extenuation of the tribunes' subsequent action (ll. 235, ff.) that Brutus here says no more than the truth.

215 *From . . . and end.* *From* confused with *between*. A similar construction is quoted from *Cymbeline*, iii. 2. 65—"The gap That we shall make in time, *from* our hence going *And* our return."

218 *Upon.* 'In pursuance of.'

219 *These his new honours.* 'These new-won honours.'

220 'And I have as little doubt he *will* give them such cause, as that he is proud enough to.'

224 *Napless.* 'Threadbare.' This idea is from North. "The custome of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office, should for certaine dayes be in the market-place onely with a *poore* gowne on their backs, and without any coate underneath." (p. 227.) Amyot, from whom North translated, had, "Une robe *simple*." Plutarch says, *ἐν ἰματίῳ ἀπεν χιτῶνος*, i.e. 'in the toga without the tunic;' the reason being partly that they might more readily show their wounds.

232 *As our good wills.* 'As our advantage requires,' *wills* being a verb; or perhaps ironically, 'as our good wills (are).'

234 *For an end.* 'To bring the affair to a crisis.' The F. has a full-stop after "end," and Schmidt so points, explaining "for an end" by 'finally.'

235 *Suggest the people.* 'Prompt' them. *Suggest* takes commonly a direct object of the person (*Richard II.* i. 1. 101, "Suggest his soon-believing adversaries"). But cf. l. 243.

236 *To's power.* 'Up to his power,' 'to his utmost.' So *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 182, "To my power;" *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 220, "That which we have we prize not to the worth."

245 *Teach Folio.* Hammer *touch*, which gives the right sense. (Cf. Bacon's *Essay* 32, "Speech of *touch* towards others.") If "teach" be read, the sentence may be regarded as unfinished; supply "his true disposition," or "what to expect from him."

Which time shall not want. 'And such a time shall not be wanting.'

247 *His fire . . . their stubble.* The fire will be Coriolanus's, though the match be lighted by the tribunes.

252 *Dumb.* The messenger means 'deaf,' or 'deaf and dumb.'

259 "Let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design." (JOHNSON.)

Event may be used for 'the business in hand,' as in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 191, "Dream on the event;" or in the sense of 'issue,' 'what may come of it.'

260 *Have with you.* 'Take (me) with you;' 'I am coming;' 'Come along.' Usually in answer to 'Shall we go?' Cf. the title of Nash's tract, "*Have with you to Saffron Walden*;" *As You Like It*, i. 2. 268.

SCENE 2.

5 The First Officer agrees in his judgment with the First Citizen in i. 1.

Vengeance. Cf. for the oath iii. 1. 260, "What the vengeance." No other instance occurs in Shakespeare of its use as an adverb. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Prophetess*, i. 3, "He loves that *vengeancefully*." We still say, "With a vengeance." Such expressions, originally curses, tend to become meaningless intensives.

16 'He would display his indifference by doing them neither good nor harm, wavering between them.' *Waved*, 'would wave.' Elizabethan English, being nearer to the period of inflections, retained a subjunctive form which is now lost. Cf. iv. 6. 112, "Charged," where we should say, "Would charge;" *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 1. 17, "If my father had not scanted me, yourself, renowned prince, then *stood* as fair."

20 *Affect.* See Glossary.

24 *As those.* 'As the ascent of those.'

25 *Bonneted . . . into.* To "bonnet" (see iii. 2. 73) has been taken to mean 'put on the hat,' as though this were the insignia of a consul; but the use of "unbonneted" in *Othello*, i. 2. 22—

"My demerits (*i.e.* 'deserts')

May speak unbonneted, to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reached"—

where it plainly means 'without taking off the bonnet,' is against this interpretation. Moreover, *bonneted*, from which it is derived, means to 'take off the cap;' cf. to "cap." For "have" Pope conjectured "heave," which gives the right sense; but cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. ii. 39, "Or wilt thou sleep? We'll *have thee* to a couch." The preposition "into" seems to be constructed with both verbs, "bonneted" and "have them." 'They bowed themselves into estimation with the people, doing nothing else that could lift them into their good report.'

38 *Gratify.* 'Reward.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 406, "Antonio, *gratify* this gentleman." Cf. "gratuity."

41 *Last.* 'Late.' Cf. *Tempest*, v. 153, "In this *last* tempest" (there had been but one).

42 *Well-found.* 'Fortunate.' Probably the French idiom *trouvé bon*; *i.e.* 'approved.' Cf. the other passage where it occurs, *All's Well*, ii. 1. 105, "In what he did profess, *well-found*," where, however, it may mean 'well-furnished.'

47 'Make us think that the State is unable to requite his deserts, rather than (*think yourself* that) we are unwilling to put it to the utmost strain to do so.'

52 *To yield.* 'To deliver,' 'to report,' in explanation of "motion." 'We desire your interest with the Commons to report favourably what passes here.' Cf. *All's Well*, iii. 1. 10, "The reasons of our State I cannot *yield*." Other commentators explain to 'yield' by 'that they may grant what we agree to.' But cf. ll. 136, 148. Shakespeare's Senate certainly regards itself as the electing body.

53 *Upon.* So ii. 3. 142, "To meet anon *upon* your approbation." Cf. "Upon an errand."

Treaty is the substantive of the verb *treat*, and so means 'proposal.' Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 11. 62, "I must to the young man send humble *treaties*."

55 *Theme.* See i. 1. 219, note.

Our. Warburton has a note here pointing out that until the Lex Attinia the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the Senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside. Whether Shakespeare knew this or not cannot be determined. He represents the tribunes as being sent for to the Senate (ii. 1. 250), and in the stage direction to this scene the Folio has, "Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves."

56 *Blest to do.* Cf. *King John*, iii. 1. 251, "We shall be *blest* to do your pleasure."

58 *Off.* 'Off the point.'

61 *Pertinent.* Because the First Senator had asked the tribunes for their "loving motion."

63 *Bedfellow.* When beds were larger and costlier than now, it was the fashion even for the greatest people to share them. Lord Scroop was bedfellow to Henry V. (ii. 2. 8.) Malone quotes a letter from the sixth Earl of Northumberland "to his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundel," which begins "Bedfellow." He further states that Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept. The custom is frequently referred to in Elizabethan plays.

71 'The only words that can annoy me are words of flattery.' *Your people.* See above, l. 62.

75 See i. 9. 50.

76 *Multiplying spawn.* Cf. the word "proletariate."

79 'Than lend (venture) one of his ears to hear (about) it,' or perhaps "it" refers back to "flattery."

80 Cominius's speech is a soldier-like piece of rhetoric, with no word wasted, and never flagging. The first part may be compared with its original in North's *Plutarch* (p. 222): "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the proud did come to Rome . . . in this

battell wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought *in the sight of the Dictator*: and a Romaine souldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slue the enimie. Hereupon after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saueth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them, to honour him with such a garland . . . the Romaines hauing many warres and battells in those days, Coriolanus was at them all, and there was not a battell fought, from whence he returned not with some reward of honour."

82 "In those daies, valiantnes was honored in Rome about all other vertues: which they call *virtus*, by the name of vertue itselfe." (*N.P.* p. 222.)

86 *Made a head for.* 'Raised a power against.' See iii. 1. 1. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 80, "We without his help can *make a head* To push against a kingdom;" and iv. 4. 25, "*A head* of gallant warriors."

93 *On.* 'On to.'

Might. 'Could.' See "may," ii. 3. 3, and Glossary. Women's parts until the Restoration were taken by boys. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 444 (to the players), "What my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring;" *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 219; *Two Gentlemen*, iv. 4. 165.

The scene. "Scene" is used in Shakespeare for both stage and play. Thus *Richard III.* iv. 4. 91, "A queen in jest only to fill the *scene*;" and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 56, "A tedious brief *scene* of young Pyramus."

96 See quotation from *Plutarch* on l. 80.

His pupilage man-entered thus. Does this mean 'Having entered as a man the age of boyhood,' or 'his minority passing thus into manhood'? Probably the latter. For "pupilage" see Glossary.

99 Ben Jonson has this expression in the *Silent Woman*, v. 1, "Well, Dauphine, you have *lurched* your friends of the better half of the *garland*." The date of the *Silent Woman* is 1609, which may very well be the date of Coriolanus. For some reason the phrase may have been in vogue, or it may have been a common one. "To lurch a *crown*" occurs in Milton's *Free Commonwealth* apparently with some double meaning. For the *garland* as a prize see ii. 3. 114, note.

101 *Home.* For this adverbial use cf. i. 4. 38; iii. 3. 1; iv. 1. 8; 2. 48. It is still common with the verbs "strike," "come." Shakespeare uses it also with "pay," "revenge," "punish," "accuse," "know," "tell," &c.

103 *Weeds* F1, *waves* F2. But Cominius is using an image to express the utter powerlessness of Marcius's adversaries before him.

105 *Stem*. Well used here for *prow*, because from it is derived the verb *to stem*.

The stamp of Death, his sword, made an ineffaceable impression. "To take" is 'to take effect.' The word is commonly used of vaccination. But see iii. i. 110, note.

107 "The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each other." (JOHNSON.)

109 *Mortal*. 'Deadly;' *i.e.* to all appearance. See i. 4. 46.

Which . . . destiny. The blood of those he slew, splashed upon the gates, was a sign upon it of its doom. For *painted* cf. i. 6. 68, "This *painting* wherein you see me smeared."

112 *Struck Corioli like a planet*. So *Hamlet*, i. i. 162, "The nights are wholesome; then no *planets strike*." We retain the word *moon-struck*. For a description of such "striking" see *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 94. In Shakespeare's time the notion was beginning to lose ground. For contrary opinions about planetary influence cf. Edmund and Kent in *King Lear*, i. 2. 128; iv. 3. 34. Bacon distinguished what he called a "sane astrology," which allowed the stars to affect masses of men, if not individuals. (*De Augmentis*, iii. 4.) For a soldier compared to a planet see *Timon*, iv. 3. 108—

"Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will over some high-vised city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one."

113 *By and by*. 'At once.'

114 *Doubled*. By hearing the noise of Cominius' battle.

115 *Fatigate*. For the termination of the participle omitted after *d* and *t* cf. I *Henry IV*. v. i. 73, "These things indeed you have articulate;" and other examples in Abbott, 342. The verb "to fatigate" was supplanted by "fatigue" last century.

118 As if it were not a battle, but a spoiling of the slain.

121 *With measure*. 'Fully.' Cf. iii. i. 139, "With over-measure."

125 *Misery*. Not as Warburton, 'miserliness,' but 'wretchedness.'

127 Johnson conjectured "To spend the time, to spend it;" *i.e.* 'for the sake of spending it,' 'in order to get through it,' on which Malone justly remarked that the passage afforded that meaning without alteration.

131 *Still*. 'Always.'

135 Coriolanus's antipathy is a mixed feeling, shame at displaying his wounds, disdain of asking any favour, especially from the Commons.

138 *Voices*. 'Votes;' which is a word not used by Shakespeare. In ii. 3. 235 the verb *to voice* occurs in this sense.

142 *Your*. See i. 1. 126, note.

154 *Require*. 'Ask.'

SCENE 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 chose him consul, there is no remedy." (NORTH's *Plutarch*, 228.)

1 *Once*. 'Once for all.' The citizens come in arguing. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 89, "Once this—;" *Much Ado*, i. 1. 320. *Require*, 'ask.' See ii. 2. 154.

3 *May*. 'Can.' See ii. 2. 94, and Glossary.

5 The Third Citizen shows a just appreciation of the popular veto; it was more than a "form" (ii. 2. 142); but it was not to be exercised capriciously.

7 *So*. The conjunctions of Shakespeare's "illogical classes" repay study; there is commonly a great show of argument in their speeches.

9 *Ingratitude*. See ii. 2. 30.

14 *Once*. 'Once when.' This is parallel to the omission of the relative pronoun (= 'on one occasion, on which'). See Abbott, 244.

15 *Many-headed multitude*. The reference is to the Hydra (iii. 1. 92), a fabulous monster destroyed by Hercules. The notion is that the multitude is one, so that it moves altogether if it moves at all, cries the same cry, &c., but may change its direction and its cry at any moment, according as any particular head gets its way.

22 *Consent of one direct way*. 'Agreement in a straight course.'

30 See i. 4. 30, note.

33 *You may, you may; i.e.* 'Go on, go on, joke away.' Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 1. 116—

"HEL. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PAN. Ay, you may, you may."

43 *By particulars*. 'By particular persons;' *i.e.* 'individually.' Cf. *Winters Tale*, i. 2. 226, "Not noted but by some *severals* of headpiece extraordinary."

53 Coriolanus will not remember the people's good qualities. He talks as though he were the whole army. The tribunes' sarcasm (i. 1. 277) is not unwarranted.

Some certain. A frequent tautology. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 122, "Some certain of the noblest minded Romans;" *Henry V.* i. 1. 87, &c.

56 *Think upon you*. To "think upon," in the mouth of a suppliant, has the special sense of 'to remember with com-

passion ;' as in *Jonah* i. 6, "If so be God will *think upon us* ;" so that there is a touch of epigram in Coriolanus's retort, "I would they would *forget me*."

58 'Which our divines preach to them, and only waste upon them.'

60 *Wholesome*. 'Reasonable.' So *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 328, "If it shall please you to make me a *wholesome answer*," to which Hamlet replies with a recurrence to the literal meaning, "I cannot ; my wit's *diseased*."

STAGE DIRECTION.—Ff. read, "*Enter three of the Citizens*," and assign the speeches to 3, 2, 1 Citizen accordingly ; but Coriolanus says, "Here comes a brace." Rowe made the correction. The Cambridge editors make a third citizen enter alone. This is possible, as the citizens had agreed (l. 41) to come "by ones, by twos, or by threes." In that case he must step ahead of the "brace," as he is first to reply. (Folio.) On the other hand, in l. 80, Coriolanus says, "There's in all *two voices begged* ;" which the Cambridge editors do not alter !

84 *Stand with*. We say lengthily, "Be consistent with." Cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 91, "If it *stand with honesty*."

95 *Sworn-brother*. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73, "He hath every month a new *sworn-brother*." The original meaning is shown in *Henry V.* ii. 1. 13, where Bardolph says he will bestow a breakfast to make Nym and Pistol friends, "and we'll be all three *sworn-brothers* to France." Sworn-brothers were brothers in arms according to the laws of chivalry (*fratres jurati, frères d'armes*). Robert de Oily and Roger de Iuery are recorded as *fratres jurati* in the expedition of the Conqueror of England, and they shared the honours bestowed upon either of them.

96 *Condition*. 'Disposition.' See Glossary.

97 To have been asked to "ask kindly" (l. 75) has rankled. The "rather" is amusing, as if Coriolanus had ever offered his "heart."

98 *Be off*. 'With my hat.'

106 *Your knowledge*. The citizen, as a polite form of question, had made a statement.

110 *Starve*. F 1, 2, 3 spell "sterve," and so in iv. 2. 51. But that the pronunciation was as at present, and that "deserve" rhymes with it, is shown by *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1. 55—

"PRIN. Boyet, you can *carve*

Break up this capon."

"BOY. I am bound to *serve*."

Cf. the pronunciation of Berks, Derby.

113 *Woolvish toge*. F 1, "tongue." Malone, "toge," comparing "tongued consuls" in *Othello*, i. 1. 25, where Qo. reads "toged." *Woolvish* is generally explained as an inverted reference to the wolf in sheep's clothing, but though *Menenius*

called Coriolanus a sheep (ii. 1. 9), he would hardly call himself one. A more likely explanation would be, "Why *like the wolf* should I be thus masquerading? Or can it refer to the Roman wolf, *i.e.* the Roman people? (See ii. 1. 6, note; iv. 6. 111.) Johnson took it to mean 'rough, hirsute.' If it could mean 'made of wool,' cf. iii. 2. 9, "woollen vassals."

114 *Hob and Dick.* Malone quotes from Minsheu's *Dictionary*, "A Quintaine, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will strive for the gay garland." Hob is short for Robert.

115 *Needless.* This is Coriolanus's reading of the constitution. He finds his mistake. The Senate had the initiative, the people a veto.

119 'The sun of truth would never rise over the mountain of error.'

121 *I am half through.* He changes his mind, and for the rest of the time throws himself into the part with exaggerated urbanity.

125 *Watched.* In the military sense. 'Kept watch.'

127 *Seen and heard of.* Farmer proposed "I've seen and *you* have heard of," but Coriolanus is quizzing the people by affected magniloquence, from which he occasionally lapses into irony.

137 (It) *remains.* "This use of the modern *it* is an irregularity only justified by the clearness which it promotes." (ABBOTT, 404.)

138 *Official marks.* 'Insignia.' Cf. *King Lear*, i. 4. 252, "Marks of sovereignty."

139 *Anon.* See Glossary.

142 *Upon.* See ii. 2. 53, note.

160 Shakespeare has done justice to the charm such a personality as Coriolanus's exercises even upon the objects of its contempt. Cf. i. 1. 40; ii. 2. 11.

169 *Aged custom.* Warburton points out that consular government had only been established eighteen years at this time.

174 'Why were you too ignorant to see it, or if you saw it, why were you,' &c. This use of *either* in direct questions is uncommon.

182 *Arriving.* Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 110, "But ere we could *arrive* the point proposed;" Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 409, "Ere we *arrive* the happy Ile."

190 *Translate.* Frequently used as a synonym for *transform*, though elsewhere it has its special sense. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 121, "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art *translated*."

192 *Touched.* See iv. 1. 49, note.

198 *Putting him to rage.* So iii. 3. 25, "Put him to choler straight."

201 *Free.* 'Open, and unrestrained.'

205 *Heart.* Cf. i. 1. 115, "The counsellor heart."

208 *Of*. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 24, "I could find it in my heart to bestow it all *of* your worship;" *All's Well*, iii. 5. 103, "I will bestow some precepts *of* this virgin;" *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 2, "How shall I feast him, what bestow *of* him?" For other examples of *of* in the sense of *on*, see Abbott, 175. Conversely, *on* for *of*, i. 3. 65.

209 *Sued for*. 'Accustomed to be sued for.'

213 *Piecc*. 'Extend.' Cf. *Antony*, i. 5. 45, "I will *piecc* her opulent throne with kingdoms."

217 The new consul will be a master who will only allow them their voices when it pleases *him*. *Therefore* is redundant.

220 *Enforce*. 'Lay stress upon.' See Glossary.

228 Here the tribunes break with truth; their office is new, and they dislike taking its responsibility. They have every confidence that their end is wise, but in the choice of means display the moral cowardice of a despised race. No doubt personal pique mingles with their motives, but there is nothing to show it to be paramount.

229 *No impediment between*. 'No obstacle being allowed to hinder.'

235 *Voice*. 'Vote.' The verb in this sense occurs only here in Shakespeare. See iii. 2. 138.

237 *Youngly*. Occurs also in *Sonnet*, xi. 3, "That fresh blood which *youngly* thou bestow'st." For this use of the adverb see i. 4. 33, *sensibly*, and note.

239 "*The house of the Martians* at Rome was of the number of the Patricians out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof *Ancus Martius* was one, King *Numas* daughters *sonne*, 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 conluits*. *Censorinus* also came of that family, that was *so surnamed*, because the people had chosen him *ensor twice*." (N. P. p. 221.)

244 The Folios read—

"And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor."

The reading in the text is the Cambridge editors' excellent restoration from the *Plutarch* quoted above.

246 *Ancstor*. Censorinus as well as "Publius and Quintus," were, if anything, *descendants* of Coriolanus. The mistake (if not intentional) would easily arise from the expression in *Plutarch*, quoted on l. 239. The date of Censorinus is B.C. 267. The Aqua Marcia was built by Q. Marcius Rex in B.C. 144.

253 *Putting on*. 'Incitement.' Cf. *King Lear*, i. 4. 227, "You protect this course, and *put it on* by your allowance."

260 *Observe and answer*. "Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity which his hasty anger will afford us." (JOHNSON.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE subject of this act is Coriolanus's repulse from the consulship and his banishment. The immediate cause in each case seems a trifling incident or accident, the mention of an old speech quite defensible (1. 42), a charge of treason easily rebutted (3. 62); but the deeper cause in both is ungoverned passion, which vents itself in insolent language against the commons and their representatives.

Enter Coriolanus, as consul.

1 See i. 10. 30, note.

2 *My lord.* To the consul. See l. 6, and cf. i. 9. 76.

9 *On safeguard.* Cf. i. 10. 25, "*upon my brother's guard.*"

10 See i. 2. 27; 4. 23, 62. Yet Aufidius had independently been defeated.

16 *To hopeless restitution.* 'So far that restitution would be hopeless.' For "to" in this sense, cf. ii. 1. 236, "*to his power.*"

19 Note the dramatic irony. See iv. 5.

21 Lartius was but just returned to Rome, and had not become familiar with the new magistrates.

23 *Frank.* 'Deck.' See Glossary. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2. 117, "Man, proud man, *dress in a little brief authority.*"

24 *Against all noble sufferance.* 'So as to be utterly unendurable to the nobility.' Coriolanus's spirit is at its haughtiest before the fall.

28 *The noble and the common,* sc. "people." See i. 1. 150, note.

32 *Fall in broil.* Cf. ii. 3. 259, "*fall in rage;*" and the common phrase, "fall in love."

39 'Suffer it now, and you will have to live.'

41 The tribunes find it difficult to put the people's grievance into words, and so fall back on an old grievance. This gives Coriolanus good ground of complaint, and, being what it is, shifts sympathy to him.

44 "But Martius standing upon his feet, did somewhat sharply take vp those who went about to gratifie the people therein : and called them *people-pleasers and traitours to the Nobility.*" (NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 228.) For *nobleness*, cf. i. 1. 210, "generosity."

48 *Each way to better yours.* 'Every way to better your business.'

49 'If you can do my business better or as well as I, that must mean I am no better than you; let me therefore be not consul, but tribune.'

57 *Set on.* 'Instigated,' as above, l. 36. Others take it for an imperative. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 11, "Set on; and leave no ceremony out."

59 *Dishonoured*. 'Dishonourable.' Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 231, "no unchaste action or *dishonoured* step." See i. 4. 12, note.

Falsely. 'Treacheroously.' The metaphor is from a bowling-green. See *Rub*.

65 *Many*. So the fourth Folio; the others *meynie* (= 'retinue'), which occurs in *Lear*, ii. 4. 35.

65 "Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them." (JOHNSON.) *Therein*, 'in my unflattering speech.'

69 *Cockle*. A weed in corn. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 383, "Sowed *cockle*, reaped no corn." "Moreouer he said, they *nourished against themselves* the naughtie seed and *cockle of insolencie and sedition, which had bene sowed and scattered* abroad amongst the people, which they should haue cut off, if they had bene wise, in their growth: and not (to their owne destruction) haue suffered the people to establish a magistrate for themselves of so great power and authority." (NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 229.)

77 *Measles*. Probably used for 'leprosy,' as "decay" seems too strong a word for the effect of what we mean by "measles." "Mesell" is 'a leper;' as when Wiclif says of Naaman, "Forsothe he was a stronge man and rich, but *mesell*." Skeat thinks *measles* has its proper sense here, because the two words have no connexion, *measles* being Dutch, and *mesell* from *misellus*, dim. of *miser*. But Shakespeare probably thought them connected; and "tetter" (see Glossary) is used in *Hamlet* of the scab of leprosy.

82 *Let*. 'Should let.'

88 *Triton*. The trumpeter of Neptune, and so a noisy god. Cf. l. 94 below.

Minnows. So Armado calls Costard "that low-spirited swain, that base *minnow* of thy mirth," *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 251.

89 *Absolute*. See Glossary.

From the canon. 'Illegal.' For "from" = 'away from,' cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 201, "But this is *from* my commission;" *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 22, "anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing." See *Canon*.

92 *Hydra*. A mythical many-headed beast slain by Hercules. See ii. 3. 15.

The metaphors are much confused. Hydra chooses an officer, which is its own trunk, and threatens to divert a river!

94 *Horn and noise*; i.e. 'noisy horn,' through which he trumpets.

Monster. Capell, for Folio *monsters*.

97 *Vail your ignorance*. "Let the ignorance that gave it him bow down before him." (JOHNSON.) See *Vail*.

102 "The predominate taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the Senate." (MALONE.) "To palate," like "to taste," can be used of the object as well as the subject.

In the other places in Shakespeare where it occurs (*Antony*, v. 2. 7; *Troilus*, iv. 1. 59) it is used of the subject.

107 *My soul aches.* Coriolanus is an aristocrat in principle. In these speeches from l. 63, however mistimed they may be, he is expressing his serious political convictions. It may be worth noting what was actually the issue of the strife between these two "authorities," the whole Roman people with their consuls on the one hand, and the plebeians with their tribunes on the other. The Senate, originally a merely consulting body, gradually superseded both. It is not hard to see how, when magistracies were annual, knowledge of affairs, and so responsibility, and so power, came to lie with a permanent body. And to this both patricians and plebeians were eligible by serving certain magistracies.

109 *Confusion.* 'Ruin.' So in l. 188; iv. 6. 29.

110 *Take.* 'Destroy.' See iv. 4. 20; 6. 79. Especially used of superhuman influences; e.g. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 163, "No fairy takes."

111 *The one by the other.* 'Each through the other.'

112 "Therefore said he, they that *gaue counsell* and perswaded that the corne should be giuen out to the common people gratis, as they used to do in the cities of Grece, where the people had more absolute power, did but onely nourish their disobedience to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not thinke it is done in recompence of their seruiue past, sithence they know well enough they haue so oft refused to go to the warres, . . . neither for their mutinies when they went with us, . . . neither for their accusations . . . against the senate: but they will rather judge we giue and grant them this as *abasing* ourselves, and standing in feare of them. . . . Yea, shall I say more? We should if we were wise take from them the Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the *embasing* of the Consulship [l. 107], and the cause of the diuision of their city." (NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 227.)

123 *The gates.* The gates of Rome. Not a reference to i. 4. 46.

128 *Native.* Monck Mason, "motive," which gives the meaning. But "unborn" preceding makes it probable that "native" is correct.

130 *Bosom multiplied.* Collier, "bisson multitude." We have "bisson" in ii. 1. 56, and the fact of a word's once occurring in a play is a good reason for expecting it again. But the Folio reading is defensible. Cf. *King Lear*, v. 3. 48, "To pluck the common bosom on his side;" 2 *Henry IV.* i. 3. 97—

"So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard."

If a bosom could disgorge, it could digest.

131 *Deeds.* 'The deeds you see.'

141 *Worship*. (Worthship.) 'Dignity,' 'authority;' as in the title "your worship."

All. Cf. *Hebrews* vii. 7, "without *all* contradiction;" *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 11, "without *all* remedy."

145-7 Ignorance and irresponsibility are the common faults of popular government.

149 Valour here is the better part of discretion.

150 'Whose love for what is really and originally the State outweighs any fear of the revolution that might follow making the change;' *i.e.* abolishing the tribunate.

155 Cf. *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 133, "Like rats that ravin down their proper bane."

163 *Bald*. Mr. Wright quotes from Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*: "Chauve d'esprit. Bauld-spirited: that hath as little wit in, as he hath haire on, his head."

168 'Let right again become might.'

188 *Confusion*. See l. 109.

189 *Speak*. Supplied by Tyrwhitt.

204 *Distinctly ranges*. 'Stands erect, each part in its place.' Cf. iv. 3. 39, "*distinctly* billeted;" *Tempest*, i. 2. 200—

"On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame *distinctly*,
Then meet and join."

211 *The rock Tarpeian*, down which *traitors* were thrown.

213 A humorous request, as if any man would quietly surrender to lynch law.

224-5 Menenius tries to the last to keep the constitutional peace; failing in that, he calls for help to the patrician party.

229 *Naught*. 'Lost.' Cf. *Antony*, iii. 10. 1, "naught, naught, all naught."

Cor. Pope, for *Folio Com*. See lines 235, 243, below. Coriolanus is more a soldier than a citizen.

236 *Cor*. Tyrwhitt, for *Folio Menenius*.

240 'Yielding to-day will owe us victory to-morrow.'

242 *Take up*. 'Cope with.' See 2 *Henry IV*. i. 3. 73, "One power against the French, a third must *take up* us."

Yea, the two tribunes. One of Menenius's jokes.

247 *O'erbear*. Cf. iv. 5. 129; 6. 79; and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 92, "They have *o'erborne* their continents."

260 *What*. 'Why.' Cf. 2 *Henry IV*. i. 2. 130, "*What* tell you me of it? Be it as it is."

263 *Be every man himself*. Cf. *Pericles*, i. 1. 64, "I am no *viper*, yet I feed on mother's flesh that did me breed;" Jonson's *Poetaster*, v. 1, "Out *viper*, thou that eat'st thy parents, hence."

270 *Their*. The people's. Who then are the people?

272 *Cry havoc*; *i.e.* 'no quarter.' So King John, ii. 1. 351.

"*Cry havoc, kings;*" *Julius Caesar*, iii. 1. 273, &c. "That noo man be so hardy to *crye havoke* upon payne of hym that is so founde begynner to dye therefore." (*Henry VIII. Statutes of War.*) The etymology is doubtful.

284 *Viperous*. See above, l. 261.

285 *One*. 'The same;' or perhaps 'perpetual.'

289 *Deserved*. 'Having deserved well.' *All's Well*, ii. 1. 292, "Unpitied let me die, and well deserved."

290 Menenius turns the tables on the tribunes' "viperous."

293 'No, he's an important limb of the state, with a disease it is true, but easily curable; to cut him away would be our ruin.' *Mortal* must refer not to the *limb*, but the body.

301 *Clean kam . . . merely awry*. 'Utterly distorted.' See **Kam, Merely**.

303 *Sic. Folios Men*. Warburton made the alteration; and there seems little point with modern editors in regarding the speech as an ironical continuation by Menenius of the tribunes' argument.

310 *Unscanned*. 'Inconsiderate.' Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 75, "That would be scanned."

314 *What*. 'Why.' See above, l. 260.

324 *Humane*. The accent, as usual with dissyllabic adjectives, recedes before a stressed syllable; or, in other words, when the adjective stands before its noun. See iv. 5. 66, 101.

SCENE 2.

2 *The wheel*. A punishment in which the limbs were fastened to the spokes of a wheel, and beaten with an iron bar.

At wild horses' heels. The death inflicted on Balthasar de Gerrard, the assassin of William of Orange, in 1584, and on John Chastel in 1598, for attempting the life of Henri IV.

5 *Below the beam of sight*. 'Further than eye can follow,' as though a ray of light proceeded from the eye towards its object.

7 *Muse*. 'Wonder.' Cf. *Richard III.* i. 3. 305, "I muse why she's at liberty," where the Quartos read "wonder."

8 *Woollen*. For the contempt of coarse clothing cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 79, "hempen homespuns."

12 *Ordinance*. 'Rank;' but the word perhaps is meant also to imply that such rank was part of the natural order.

17 For the metaphor cf. iii. 1. 23.

Power; i.e. 'the consulship.'

18 *Let go*. 'Say no more.' Cf. "Let be."

19 For a similar expression see i. 10. 5.

21 *Thwartings*. Folios, "things;" Rowe, "things that thwart;" from which Theobald "thwartings."

24 *Vol*. So Folios. Globe, "A Pat." Dyce remarks,

"Whoever recollects Mrs. Siddons in this scene will allow that the words seemed to come quite naturally from the lips of Volumnia as a sudden spirit of contempt for that rabble whom, however, she saw the necessity of her son's endeavouring to conciliate."

26 There is no alternative, except the ruin of the city. The phrases "There's no remedy" (= "There is no help for it"), "What remedy?" (= "What is to be done?"), are common ones. Cf. also *All's Well*, v. 3. 164, "without your remedy;" and see iv. 6. 2, "His remedies are tame."

29 *Apt.* 'Teachable,' 'yielding.' Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 5. 31, "I find thee apt."

39 *You are too absolute.* 'You hold your principles without enough regard to circumstances.' *Absolute* means 'without condition.' Cf. iii. 1. 89, "his absolute shall."

41 *Speak.* 'Require,' 'demand.' So *Tempest*, ii. 1. 207, "the occasion speaks thee."

45 *A good demand.* The answer of course should be that in war, *i.e.* between enemies, all means of gaining advantage (short of poisoning wells and the like) are fair, because allowed by tradition, and expected on both sides, and so to be guarded against; whereas a man's own countrymen should not be his enemies. But Coriolanus on his own principles could not make this answer; he regarded the people as enemies. (See iii. 1. 75-9.) The obstacle to policy was pride, as very probably it would have been in war also.

48 *Less honourable.*

51 *Force.* 'Urge,' as "enforce," ii. 3. 220.

It lies you on. So *Richard III.* iv. 2. 59, "It stands me much upon."

52 The first five lines of Volumnia's speech are printed as rearranged by Malone.

53 *By your own instruction.* 'According to the dictates of your own feelings.'

57 *Of no allowance to.* 'Not acknowledged by.' Cf. *Troilus*, i. 3. 377, "Give him allowance for the better man."

59 *Take in.* See i. 2. 24, note.

64 *I am (at stake) in this,* and so are —. Others take it, 'I speak for.'

66 *General.* 'Common.' Cf. iii. 1. 145, "general ignorance," and note.

69 *That want.* 'Not possessing their loves.'

71 *Not.* 'Not only.' Cf. iii. 3. 95, "Not in the presence . . . but on the ministers."

73 *Bonnet.* See ii. 2. 25, note. Volumnia takes Coriolanus's hat. This would show that the original actors of the play did not wear Roman dress. See below, l. 99.

74 *Here be with them.* 'Get hold of them.' To "be with" a person means to 'come to' them, or 'come at' them, in various senses. The nearest parallel to the text is *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 217, "They're *here with me* already, whispering, rounding." Cf. iv. 3. 128, "I'll *be with you* at your sheep-shearing too" (by which Antolycus means 'pick your pockets'). See also *Romeo*, ii. 4. 78, "Was I *with you* there for the goose?" (i.e. 'did my repartee strike *home*.')

78-80 Many emendations of this passage have been proposed; the best are Johnson's "with" for 'which,' or Monck Mason's "bow" for 'now.' If the text remain unaltered, *humble* must be taken as a verb in the imperative. But in that case 'now' has no force.

Stout. See below, l. 127, note.

80 *Folio, or say to them.* 'Or' omitted by Hanmer.

81 Cf. *Othello*, i. 3. 82—

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the *soft* phrase of peace;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of *broil* and battles."

83 *They.* The construction is altered to that of the sense, *they* being the subject of the action; so below, line 125.

85 *Foissooth.* "When used by well-bred people," says Schmidt, "implies some contempt."

86 *Person.* See i. 3. 10. This means there would be *natural* limits to 'counterfeiting the bewitchment of some popular man.' (ii. 3. 100.)

99 *Unbarbed sconce.* 'Bare head.' See both words in Glossary.

101 *That it must bear.* 'Which it must not resent.'

102 *This single plot of earth.* Explained by 'this mould of *Marcus*.'

105 *Such . . . which.* These are proper correlatives, *such* being 'so-like,' *which* 'why-like.' For other examples see *Winter's Tale*, i. 1. 26; iv. 4. 783.

113 *Quiet'd with.* 'Sounded in concert with,' 'matched.'

114 *Small as an eunuch.* Eunuchs' voices do not break. See *Twelfth Night*, i. 2. 56. Cf. also i. 4. 32, "Thy *small pipe* is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound." For the absence of the possessive inflexion cf. i. 6. 27, "From every meaner man."

116 *Tent in.* A soldier's expression for 'take up their abode in,' 'invade.'

123 *Inherent.* 'Clinging,' 'not to be again removed.' The word occurs only here in Shakespeare. Ben Jonson uses it in the sense of 'inbred,' which is the common sense now, "From the *inherent* graces in her blood." (*Elegie on Lady Anne Pavlet.*)

125 'Be proud, and do not yield to me—however unnatural *that be*—rather than that I should shrink from the dangers your

stubbornness will bring. Fear is not the motive of my appeal. Your valiantness was mine; but your pride I disown.'

130 *Owe*. See Glossary.

142 *The word*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5. 4, "Slaying is the word;" *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 5. 58, "Cover is the word."

SCENE 3.

1 According to Plutarch, the tribunes having charged Coriolanus in the Senate with aspiring to be king, he promised to come and stand his trial before the people, if they limited their charge to this one accusation (l. 41), "that his actions tended to usurpe tyrannical power." But when the tribunes saw they could not prove this, "they beganne to broach afresh the former words that Martius had spoken in the Senate in hindering the distribution of corne at meane price to 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 spoile he had gotten in the invading the territories of the Antiates.*" (p. 231.)

2 *Tyrannical power*. See ii. 1. 194.

Evide. The word shews that on this charge the tribunes expected argument rather than passion. See note on line 66.

3 *Enforce*. See ii. 3. 220, note.

4 *Got on*. Whitelaw quotes, "I will get me honour upon Pharaoh and all his host." (*Exodus* xiv. 17.)

10, 11 "The Tribunes would in any case (whatsoever became of it) that the people should proceed to give their voyces by Tribes and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poore needie people (and all such rabble as had nothing to lose and had lesse regard of honesty before their eyes) came to be of greater force (*because their voyces were numbered by the polle*) than the noble honest citizens whose persons and purse did dutifully serve the common wealth in their warres." (p. 231.) The italicised clause is not in the Greek, and is not a correct explanation of the tribunes' preference for voting by tribes. In both *hundreds* and *tribes* voting was by poll, till the vote of the whole hundred or tribe was arrived at, and then this vote was given as a single vote. Plutarch's reason is of course correct, that in the hundred assembly property had a preponderance. Notice how Shakespeare borrows any details that enliven his scene.

17 'Relying on your old prerogative and the power you have in the justice of your cause.' *Old*, see ii. 3. 169, "aged custom."

Truth o' th' cause. Cf. *Henry VIII.* v. 1. 132, "Not ever justice and the truth o' the question carries the due o' the verdict."

19 *Such time.* 'At such time,' 'when they hear me say,' &c.

26 *To have his worth of contradiction.* *Contradiction* actively, 'contradicting.' "As we should now say his *pennyworth*, his full quota or proportion." (MALONE.) Schmidt explains it, "To gain reputation, or gain his point, *by contradiction.*"

29 *Looks with us.* 'Is likely with our help.'

To break his neck. Either 'ruin him' generally, as iv. 7. 25; v. 4. 33, or with a special reference to the Tarpeian rock.

33 *Bear the knave.* 'Bear being called knave.'

36 Mr. Wright refers to Elizabeth returning thanks at St. Paul's for the victory over the Armada.

40 The tribunes of course do not know the schooling Coriolanus has received, and so are eager for him to speak, that he may commit himself; finding him on his guard, they proceed with their accusations (line 60).

54 *Accents.* Theobald for Folios, "actions."

56 *Envy.* 'Imply any spiteful feeling towards.' See Glossary.

Well, well, no more. Cominius perhaps sees that if old Menenius goes on much longer apologising, Coriolanus will burst out in a fury.

61 Coriolanus so far remembers his part.

62 *Contrived.* 'Conspired.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 196, "Have you conspired, have you with these *contrived?*"

63 *Seasoned by time;* or 'qualified,' 'tempered.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 177, "When mercy *seasons* justice."

Wind. 'Insinuate.'

66 The sudden shock of the charge produces the desired effect; a conclusive proof that Coriolanus was innocent of the intention. The tribunes, who perhaps sincerely suspected him (iv. 6. 34), had not looked for so easy a victory, having two charges in reserve (lines 1-5).

68 *Injurious.* 'Insolent' (a French use). Cf. 2 *Henry VI.* i. 4. 51, "*Injurious* Duke, that threaten where's no cause."

75 *New matter.* We need not press the charge of aiming at tyranny. An easy way of escaping the difficulty of proving it. But it has served its purpose in making the accused angry; and contempt of court looks a bad crime, and may be confused with treason, and so made to justify an unjust sentence.

94 *As.* 'So that he has.' Perhaps we should read "has."

95 *Not.* 'Not only.' See iii. 2. 71.

103 *It shall be so.* See l. 13.

108 *For.* Theobald, for Folio, *from.*

112 *My dear wife's estimate;* i.e. 'my wife whom I value dearly.'

118 *Cry.* The name for a pack of hounds. So iv. 6. 149, "*You and your cry.*" *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 289, speaks of a "*Cry of*

players." But there is generally, as here, a reference to 'giving tongue.' See especially *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 124-131.

121 *I banish you.* Cf. *Richard II.* i. 3. 280—

"Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king."

127 *Finds not till it feels.* 'Does not experience (learn) till taught by suffering.' To "find of" a thing is a common Berkshire expression for 'to experience.' Johnson quotes Harrington, "The people cannot see, but they can feel."

128 *Making but reservation of yourselves, &c; i.e.* 'having banished everyone but yourselves, who are always your own enemies, and so in this, that you thus surrender yourselves to some nation,' &c. For "but" Capell conjectured "not," in which case the meaning will be 'your ignorance will not reserve even yourselves, for it will deliver you,' &c. The text is better unaltered.

136 Sicinius seems meaner-spirited than his colleague, who is now and then not without dignity. See l. 83. Plutarch refers to him as "the cruelest and stoutest of the tribunes." (p. 230.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

THIS is, as often, an act of preparation and expectancy, an interval of quiet scenes between the complication and the catastrophe.

1 "Thus also Horace, speaking of the Roman mob, '*Bellua multorum es capitum.*'" (STEEVENS.) See ii. 3. 15.

4 *Extremity.* Folio *extremities*, which Malone retains, quoting iii. 2. 41; but the singular occurs iv. 5. 75.

5 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 *Fortune's blows, &c.* 'To bear fortune's home-thrusts gently, being wounded by them, craves,' &c. The verb *craves* has two subjects, "fortune's blows" and "to be gentle when wounded."

13 *Red.* Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 364, "the red plague rid you;" *Troi. and Cress.* ii. 1. 20, "A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks."

14 *Occupations.* So iv. 6. 98, "the voice of *occupation.*" See Glossary.

18 *Six; i.e.* half.

22 *Salt* is a common epithet of tears. For *venomous* cf. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 154, "Tears seven times salt Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!"

23 *Sometime general.* Cominius (i. 1. 236).

30 'The Romans will fear and talk all the more of him because they do not know his hiding-place.'

32 *Or . . . or; i.e.* 'He will exceed common achievements, unless,' &c.

Practice. See Glossary.

33 *First.* "Firstborn, and therefore most beloved." (SCHMIDT.)

36 *Exposture*, which the Folios read, may be defended by the analogy of "imposture," and "composture," *Timon*, iv. 3. 444. Elsewhere the Folios read "exposure," "composure."

43 *Cool.* A metaphor from the smithy. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 154, "This will I do before this purpose *cool*."

44 *Needer.* 'Him who needs' the advantages. Cf. "the haver," ii. 2. 83.

45 *Thou.* (To Cominius.)

47 *At gate.* Cf. ii. 1. 175, "at very root."

49 *Of noble touch.* 'Tried by the touchstone, and found noble.' Cf. ii. 3. 192, "*touched* and tried;" *Richard III.* iv. 2. 8, "Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*, To try if thou be current gold indeed;" *Pericles*, ii. 2. 37, "Gold that's by the touchstone tried."

53 Coriolanus had probably not yet resolved upon his revenge. But the words have a dramatic irony, inasmuch as that revenge was a legitimate birth of character.

That's worthily. For *as* omitted, cf. iv. 5. 23, "A strange one as ever I looked on."

SCENE 2.

The tribunes seem to have followed Coriolanus to the gate, to make sure of his departure. The meeting between Volumnia and them is a remarkable scene of inarticulate feminine passion, and of men's impotence to deal with it.

5 *A-doing.* See *A* in Glossary.

8 *Sic.* *Let's not meet her.* See note on iii. 3. 136.

11 *Hoarded plague.* 'Stored-up pestilence.' Best illustrated by *Richard III.* i. 3. 217—

"If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keep it till thy sins be ripe."

So also *Lear*, ii. 4. 164, "All the stored vengeance of heaven fall On her ungrateful top." This curse arose from the idea that pestilence was the direct punishment of heaven upon sin; it survives in the exclamation, "A plague upon it!" (i. 6. 42; ii. 3. 50.)

16 *Maukind.* 'Masculine,' 'viragoes.' Cf. *Winter's Tale*, ii. 3. 67, "a *mau*kind witch;" Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, iii. 1,

"Are women grown so *mankind*? Must they be wooing?" Jonson calls Pallas "*mankind* maid." (Prel. *Forest*, x.)

17 Volumnia intentionally misunderstands Sicinius, and asks if he, being a fox, thinks it a shame to be *human*.

18 *Foxship*. The fox was typical of cunning and ingratitude. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 24, "Now you she-foxes;" 7. 28, "ungrateful fox, 't is he."

20 *O blessed heavens!* As though he said, "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" See l. 9.

23 *Arabia*. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 104, "Dare me to the desert with thy sword." *Richard II.*, iv. 1. 74; *Cymbeline*, i. 1. 167.

32 *The noble knot*. Probably of his fortunes. The metaphor is a frequent one. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* v. 1. 16, "Will you again unknit this *knot* of war?" *Merry Wives*, iii. 2. 76, "He shall not knit a *knot* in his fortunes with the finger of my substance."

49 *Told them home*. 'Told them what has struck home.' See i. 4. 38, "charge *home*;" ii. 2. 101, "speak him *home*," note.

50 *You'll sup with me*. The only comfort Menenius can suggest. Cf. v. 1. 51.

SCENE 3.

9 *Your favour*, &c. The required sense is, 'Your identity is made clearly apparent by your tongue;' 'your face is helped by your tongue.' These are combined into, "Your favour (*i.e.* face) is well appeared (or made apparent) by your tongue." But this transitive use of "appear" is unsupported, and the word may be a misprint. Steevens, "approved," which misses the sense. Whitelaw explains, "Your favour *has* well appeared by your tongue; *i.e.* Now you tell me, I recognise your face."

28 *For them*. For the Volscians.

39 *Charges*. 'Troops under their command.' Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2. 48, "Bid our commanders lead their *charges* off."

39 *Distinctly*. See iii. 1. 204.

In the entertainment. 'Entertained,' 'engaged,' 'taken into pay.' Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5. 60, "All that served Brutus, I will *entertain* them."

SCENE 4.

1 *Stage Direction*. "He disguised himselfe in such array and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knowne him for the person he was, and as Homer said of Uliesses, so did he enter into the enemies towne. (l. 24.) It was euen twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him." (NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 232.)

8 *Lies*. See Glossary.

12 Coriolanus in this speech treats his alliance with Aufidius as altogether a private concern. See *Intro.* p. xi.

13 *Seems*. So the Folios. And it is wrong to alter in the face of such lines as, "Whose own hard dealings *teaches* them suspect" (*Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 163); "Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath *gives*" (*Macbeth*, ii. 1. 61), where in the one case scansion, and in the other rhyme, leave no doubt of the reading. See Abbott, 333.

14 *Bed*. See ii. 2. 63, note.

20 *Take*. See iii. 1. 110, note.

21 *Trick*. 'Trifle.' Cf. *Taming of Shrew*, iv. 3. 66, "A knack, a toy, a *trick*."

23 *Hale*. Capell, for the Folios' *haue*.

24 *Enemy town*. See quotation on *Stage Direction* above.

SCENE 5.

3 *Cotus*. The name is not classical.

12 *Companions*. See Glossary.

23 *A strange one*. For *as* omitted, see iv. 1. 54.

24 *Avoid*. 'Leave.' Cf. *Henry VIII*, v. 1. 86, "Avoid the gallery." In line 31 it is used intransitively.

34 *Cold bits*. Cf. *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 119, "One bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes, with scraps o' the Court;" *Lear*, ii. 2. 15, "A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats."

37 *And I shall*. For this emphatic *and* (= 'yes') in replies cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 307, and other examples in Abbott, 97. The modern idiom is, "I will *too*."

38 *Under the canopy*. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 311, "This most excellent *canopy* the air." Conversely, a *heaven* was an old name for a canopy. Cf. Fr. *ciel*.

42 *Daws*, like parrots, from their powers of unintelligent speech, were used as types of foolish persons. Cf. i *Henry VI*, ii. 4. 18, "I am no wiser than a daw." Ben Jonson in the *Silent Woman* has a foolish knight called Sir John Daw.

43 *Serve*. Coriolanus does not call Aufidius a jackdaw, but his servants.

52 The first four lines were arranged as verse by Steevens. Notice how closely the speech is versified from North. "*If thou knows't me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, doest not perhappes belieue me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessitie bewray my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy selfe particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other benefite nor recompence of the true and painfull seruice I haue done, and the extreme dangers I haue been in, but this only surname, a good memorie and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst beare me. Indeed the name only remaineth*"

with me: for the rest, *the enmie & cruellie of the people of Rome* haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the *dastardly nobilitie* and magistrates, *who haue forsaken me*, and let me be banished by the people. *This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harth, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my selfe in hazard: but prickt forward with desire to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, which now I do beginne, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wrecked of the iniuries thy enemies haue done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serue thy terme, and so use it, as my seruice may be a benefite to the Volsces; promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you. . . . And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearie to prove fortune any more, then am I also wearie to liue any longer.* And it were no wisdome in thee to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose seruice now can nothing help nor pleasure thee." (p. 232.)

77 *Apparence*. Folios. In defence of this form of the word Mr. Wright quotes from Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*, "Apparence: An apparence or appearance."

66 *Extreme*. The accent recedes before an accented syllable, as in the expression "extreme unction." So iii. 1. 324, *humane*; *divine*, l. 101 below; *supreme*, v. 3. 71.

68 *Memory*. 'Memorial.' Perhaps also in v. 1. 17; 6. 153. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 139, "Beg a hair of him for *memory*."

72 *Dastard* . . . *forsook*. By not letting him fight it out. (iii. 1. 230.)

75 *Extremity*. See iv. 1. 4.

82 *That will*. Referring to *thee*.

83 *Maims of shame*. 'Shameful wounds.' For *stop*, applied to wounds, cf. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 258, "To *stop* his wounds lest he do bleed to death;" *Richard III.* v. 5. 40, "Now civil wounds are *stopped*, peace lives again."

87 *Cankered*. 'Corroded,' 'eaten into,' as by rust or worms. Or perhaps actively (see i. 4. 12, note) *cankorous*, in the particular sense of 'ungrateful,' as in *Henry IV.* i. 3. 137, "This ingrate and *cankered* Bullingbrook."

89 *Under fiends*. 'Fiends below,' just as "outer darkness" means 'darkness without.'

101 *Divine*. For the recession of accent cf. *Othello*, ii. 1. 73, "the divine Desdemona;" *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 170, "Thou divine nature;" and see note on line 66, above.

106 *Grained* occurs again in *A Lover's Complaint*, 64, "So slides he down upon his *grained* bat." The epithet *must* mean

'showing the grain of the wood,' 'of the best grain,' with the implication of strength. 'My spear was tough, thou tougher.'

107 *Scarred*. Rowe *scared*, which Malone supported by *Richard III.* v. 3. 341, "Amaze the welkin with your broken staves." In support of the old text Delius produced *Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 92, "The ship boring the moon with her mainmast."

108 Steevens quotes *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 511, where the metaphor is expanded into a simile—

"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam."

119 *Out*. 'Fully.' Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 41, "Thou wast not out three years old." Or perhaps, 'Out and out.'

125 Folio reads "no *other* quarrel else" against the metre. And Shakespeare does not in other places use *other* with *else*.

129 *O'er-bear*. Rowe, for Folio, *o'erbeat*. Cf. iii. i. 247, note, and *Othello*, i. 3. 55, "My grief is of so *floodgate* and *o'erbearing* nature."

130 *Friendly*. 'Now become your friends.'

134 *Absolute*. See Glossary.

148 *My mind gave me*. 'I suspected.' So *Henry VIII.* v. 3. 109. Cf. i. 9. 53.

161 *On*. Dyce, for Folio, *one*, which Globe retains. The *but* is certainly in favour of the Folio reading (but see ii. 3. 7, note). What follows is in favour of Dyce's correction; and there would be no need of mystery if the servant were praising his master. In i. 2. 4 Folio has "thought *one*" for "thought *on*."

178 The First Servant having only hinted the fact, does not like another person to blurt it out.

183 *Directly*. 'Manifestly.' Cf. *Othello*, ii. i. 221, "Desdemona is *directly* in love with him," or the meaning may be simply 'without ambiguity' as frequently.

193 *Sanctifies himself with's hand*. "Considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress." (MALONE.)

206 *Directitude*. Possibly as Malone thought, for *discreditude*.

209 *In blood*. See i. i. 158.

217 *Is nothing*. The commoner phrase was "to be naught," as in *As You Like It*, i. 2. 68, "The mustard was naught."

220 *Spritely, waking*. Pope, for Folio, *spritely-walking*. The epithets of war and peace correspond to each other, *spritely* to *insensible*; *waking* to *sleepy*; *deaf* to *audible*, which must therefore have an active sense; *mulled*, to *full of vent*, which *accordingly* means 'full of go,' like champagne. It has been *proposed unnecessarily* to explain this last as a hunting term.

(*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872.) For *vent* cf. i. 1. 225, and Glossary.

221 *Full of vent*. Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 4. 29, "full of growing."
Apoplexy, lethargy. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 127, "This *apoplexy* is a kind of *lethargy*, a kind of sleeping in the blood."

SCENE 6.

2 *His remedies are tame*. 'His means of redress are impotent;' *i.e.* 'attempts to recall him would fall flat.' *I*' inserted by Theobald.

3 *Which*. The antecedent is *people*.

4 *Hurry*. 'Commotion.'

5 *Had rather*. 'Rather had.'

29 *Confusion*. See iii. 1. 109.

32 Cf. iii. 3. 1, "He *affects* tyrannical power."

33 *Assistance*. 'Assistants.' See Glossary. The "Court of Assistants" of the City of London was formerly called "The Court of Assistance."

34 *I think not so*. See iii. 3. 1, note.

47 *What*. 'Why.' Cf. iii. 1. 260. An odd reproof from Sicinius, who has been talking of nothing else; but a rumour of war would be, as he knew, just the occasion for Marcius' "remedies." (line 1.)

51 *Hath*. In Early English the Southern form of the plural ended in *-th*; of this a few instances occur in Shakespeare. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, i. 1. 27, "Their encounters *hath* been royally encountered." See Abbott, 332.

52 *Reason*. 'Talk.' Cf. i. 9. 56.

79 *O'erborne*. See iii. 1. 247, note; iv. 5. 129.

86 *Burned in their cement*. The point of this is not clear, unless the cement were bituminous. Mr. Whitelaw takes *in* to mean 'into'; but *their* is against this interpretation.

88 *Into an auger's bore*. 'Within narrowest limits.' For the metaphor cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 128—

"What should be spoken here, where our fate,
 Hid in an *auger hole* may rush and seize us."

91 *Thing*. See v. 4. 22, note.

95 *Butterflies*. Walker, to avoid the homœoteleuton, reads *butterflies*, quoting Drayton, *Muses Elysium*, 8, "Of lilies shall thy pillows be with down stuff of the *butterflee*."

98 *Occupation*. See Glossary.

101 *Mellow fruit*. The apples of the Hesperides.

105 *Valiant ignorance*. The phrase occurs again in *Troilus*, iii. 3. 315, "I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a *valiant ignorance*."

106 *Constant*. 'Faithful.'

- 109 *Noble*. The epithet seems a little mistimed.
- 111 *The wolf*. See ii. 1. 7; 3. 113; notes.
- 113 *Charged*. 'Would charge.' See ii. 2. 16, note. 'They would be urging the same injunction as the tribunes.'
- 114 *Showed*. 'Would show.'
- 118 *You have made fair hands*. Explained by 'you have crafted fair.' Cf. *Henry VIII*. v. 4. 74, "Ye have made a *fine hand*, fellows;" i.e. 'a fine piece of work.'
- 121 *Help*. 'Cure,' as in iii. 1. 219.
- 123 *Was it we?* That the fault was not the nobles' does not prove it the tribunes'. There remains Coriolanus, whom Menenius never blames.
- 126 *Points*. Military commands (ap)point(ments) given on the trumpet. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*. iv. 1. 51—
 "(Turning) your pens to lances and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a *point* of war."
 Peele, *Edward I*. i. 108, "Sound proudly here a perfect *point* of war."
- 135 *Coxcombs*. 'Fools' caps;' then 'fools' heads,' as in *Twelfth Night*, v. 179, "a bloody coxcomb." There is a quibble here on the double sense.
- 147 *Cry*. See iii. 3. 118, note.
- 152 *Side*. 'Party.' See i. 1. 192; iv. 2. 2. Generally used of one party in distinction from another; but the word is still used of a set of bell-ringers.
- 160 *Let's*. So in other late plays. *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 178; *Timon*, iv. 3. 408, &c. Conversely *we* is used for *us* in v. 3. 103.

SCENE 7.

It is perhaps noteworthy that both in i. 10. and here, Aufidius is represented in conversation with his inferiors. The dishonourable envy he there displayed has now become as dishonourable a jealousy.

13 *For your particular*. 'For your private (interest, person),' 'for your own sake.' Cf. *Troilus*, ii. 2. 9, "Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far as toucheth my *particular*;" *King Lear*, ii. 4. 295, "For his *particular* I'll receive him gladly, but not one follower."

14 See iv. 5. 136.

15 *Borne the action*. Cf. i. 1. 269, "O if he had borne the business."

24 What this was is never explained. The withdrawal from Rome furnished a better accusation.

34 *The osprey* was supposed to fascinate the fish it preyed on. *The belief* is referred to by Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xxx. 13A,

and by Peele, *Battle of Alcazar*, ii. 3, "I will provide thee of a princely Osprey, That as she flieth over fish in pools The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up;" and again by Shakespeare in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1, "Your actions, soon as they move, as Osprays do the fish, subdue before they touch."

35 Here ends the answer to the Lieutenant's question. The remainder of the speech is a reflection on the cause of Coriolanus' banishment, and the ruin wrought by pride. Coleridge says of it, "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."

37 "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." (JOHNSON.)

44 *Garb*. 'Manner.' As in *Lear*, ii. 2. 103, "Constrains the *garb* quite from his nature." A "good garb" was what we call a "good manner."

46 *Not all*. 'Not the whole of each fault.'

49 *To choke it in the utterance*. It seems to mean 'banishment.' The word has but just been said, and it will choke the utterer. Or else it must mean 'his fault.'

50 *So, &c.* The difficulty of this passage arises from an uncertainty whether it is said in praise or in blame of Coriolanus. In the former case the sense is, '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.' Taken this way, the passage connects with "he has a merit," &c., making the contrast of l. 55 sharper; and it preserves the Shakespearian sense of *tomb* (= 'monument'), as in *Henry V.* i. 2. 228—

"Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them."

Also, "the interpretation of (=by) the time" is construed as the same phrase afterwards (v. 3. 69).

Taken the other way, the sense of the passage will be, 'Our virtues become vices if they do not interpret occasions rightly (a reference to Coriolanus's "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's "pride"). This way of interpreting preserves the sense of 'magistracy' for *chair*, which it has in iii. 3. 34, and is well illustrated by *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 165; it seems to

imply that Aufidius thought Coriolanus was banished for his presumptuous conduct as consul. (See l. 43.)

The classical student will find a parallel to the second version in Tac. *Ann.* iv. 38, "Nam quæ saxo struuntur si iudicium posterorum in odium vertit, *pro sepulcris spernuntur*;" to the first in the well-known phrase of Thucydides, ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος; while an equally dubious passage is Hor. Epode ix., "Cui super Carthaginem virtus *sepulcrum* condidit," some commentators explaining this as Scipio's monument, others as Hasdrubal's grave. For these references I am indebted to Mr. Strachan-Davidson, of Balliol.

55 For these common metaphors cf. *Two Gentlemen*, ii. 4. 192, "Even as one heat another heat expels, or as one nail by strength drives out another;" *Julius Cesar*, iii. 1. 171; *Romeo*, i. 2. 46, &c. They are explained in the next line; the application is to what follows.

56 *Falter*. Dyce, for Folio, *fouler*; Malone, *founder*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

3 *Particular*. 'Particularity,' 'personal relationship.' Cf. *Henry VIII.* iii. 2. 189, "As 't were in love's *particular*;" *Antony*, iv. 9. 20, "Forgive me in thine own *particular*." The abstract of the concrete in iv. 7. 13. The quibble on 'general' seems an accident here, as that in iv. 1. 32.

6 *Coyed*. Not was 'too bashful,' but 'too disdainful,' the old sense of the word, as in Herrick's song *To the Virgins*, "Then be not *coy*, but use your time."

14 Romanus instead of Coriolanus.

17 *Racked for Rome*. F. *wracked*. Either reflectively, 'strained every nerve,' to *rack* meaning 'to stretch,' as in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 180, "That shall be *racked* even to the uttermost;" or, as Steevens, in the special sense of a 'racking steward' (a phrase which occurs in Sidney's *Arcadia*. See Richardson). Cf. "rack-rent." 'You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads to save them the expence of coals.'

20 *Less* (than ever).

21 *Bare*. Does this mean 'bare-faced,' or 'poor'?

39 *Our countryman*. The expression is noticeable.

50 *Hum*. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 6. 41, "The cloudy messenger turns me his back and *hums*;" 1 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 158, "I cried *hum*, and *well, go to*, But marked him not a word." Palsgrave has, "I humme, I make a noise like one that lysteth not speake."

51 *This is half-seriously said*, and so a note of character. See scene 2, line 109.

53 *Upon*. Cf. *Romeo*, iii. 3. 144, "Thou poutest *upon* thy fortune."

62 *Speed how it will*. It is hard to decide whether this should be construed with what precedes or what follows.

63 *Success*. See Glossary.

64 *Sit in gold*. Steevens well compares *Henry VIII.* i. 1. 19, "All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods." North says, "He was set in his chaire of state, with a maruellous and an vnspeakable maiesty." (p. 236.)

70 'His declaration was confirmed with an oath to yield *only* to his conditions, to retire from Rome only if his conditions were complied with.' Cf. 3. 13, "Once more offered the first *conditions*, which they did refuse, and cannot now accept."

71 *So*. 'These conditions being impossible.' See previous note.

72 'They are our only hope.'

SCENE 2.

This scene shows that Menenius, if he has the wisdom of age, is not without its weaknesses, garrulity and the loss of a sense of proportions.

10 *It is lots to blanks*. 'It is the whole number of tickets in the *lottery* to the blanks;' *i.e.* 'the odds are.'

14 *Lover*. 'Friend.' Cf. in *Julius Caesar* Brutus's "Romans, countrymen, *lovers*," with Antony's "*Friends*, Romans, countrymen."

17 *Verified*. 'Borne testimony to.' Johnson well remarks that the word means to 'establish by testimony,' but is used by Shakespeare to import rather *testimony* than *truth*. This is shown by the play upon *verity* in the next line.

20 *Subtle*. 'Difficult or deceptive on account of the slope.' Steevens compares Ben Jonson's *Chloridia*, "Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus."

21 'I have gone further than was meant.'

22 *Stamp'd*. 'Certified and made current.' A metaphor from the mint. See ii. 2. 105.

The leasing. 'The false report' (made in my haste to praise him). Not a verbal noun. See Glossary.

41 *Easy*. Collier, *queasy*; Staunton, *wheezy*. But *easy* means 'costing little,' 'ready.'

Palms raised in intercession.

Virginal because the intercession of virgins was most regarded.

43 *Dotant*. 'Dotard,' which the fourth Folio reads. For the form, see *guardant* in line 60.

58 *Companion*. See Glossary.

Say an errand. F. *arrant*. In Sir W. Raleigh's poem of

The Lye it rhymes to *warrant*. The phrase may mean 'I'll tell a tale of you,' or 'I'll do an errand in spite of you.'

60 *Jack-guardant*. 'Jack on guard.' We speak of a "Jack in office," to which the verb *office* here refers. For *Jack* as a name of contempt, cf. *Much Ado*, i. i. 186, "Do you play the flouting *Jack*?" ; *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. i. 159, "She did call me 'rascal fiddler' and 'twangling *Jack*.'"

74 A burst of humour, which was meant to be irresistible. But the wrangling with the sentinels has upset Menenius, and he is not equal to himself.

79 *Servanted*. See "fielded," i. 4. 12, note.

Owe. See iii. 2. 130, and Glossary.

80 *Properly*. 'In my own person.'

My remission. 'My power of remission.'

81 *Forgetfulness shall poison* the recollection *that we have been familiar*.

SCENE 3.

2 *Partner*. Notice, nevertheless, that Coriolanus makes all the arrangements; "We will" (line 1); "I have" (line 12). See 6. 39.

3 *Plainly*. 'Straightforwardly.' Cf. *King Lear*, iv. 7. 62, "To deal *plainly*."

4 *Borne this business*. See i. i. 269.

21 No explanation is offered in the play of how the ladies were more successful than Menenius in passing the outposts. It is doubtless to be found in these words of Plutarch, "They went in troupe together unto the Volsces camp, whom when they saw, they of themselves did both pitie and reuerence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her." (p. 238.) But in Plutarch Coriolanus receives every one who comes from Rome.

25 It is worth while to recollect at this point to what it was that Coriolanus proposed to sacrifice all natural ties, because there might be conditions under which such a course would be justifiable.

38 *Wore*. See ii. i. 168, "Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear."

'My disposition is changed.' Virgilia intentionally misunderstands, and takes *eyes* in the literal sense, saying that the change is not in her husband's eyes, but in the appearance of herself and his mother, so much changed by their sorrow.

Delivers. 'Shows.' Cf. v. 6. 139.

40 For a similar reference cf. *Sonnet* 23—

"As an imperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
So I," &c.

41 *Out.* Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 172, "They do not mark me, and that brings me out;" *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 76, "Very good orators when they are out," &c.

47 *Carried from thee.* On leaving Rome (and now return).

48 *Virgined it.* 'Played the virgin.' So ii. 3. 119, "fool it."

Prate. Theobald, for Folio, *pray*.

51 *Thy.* To his knee.

54 *Unproperly* is inconsistent with what follows, 'Our relative duty has been *mistaken* hitherto.'

57 *Corrected.* By such treatment.

58 *Hungry.* Either 'sterile' or 'hungry for wrecks.' Malone, *angry*.

61 'If you kneel to me, nothing any more must be impossible; the whole course of nature must mutiny against heaven.'

63 *Holp.* Pope, for Folio, *hope*.

64 "Valeria, Publicolae's own sister . . . Valeria was greatly honoured and reuerenced among all the Romains: and did so modestly and wisely behaue her selfe, that she did not shame nor dishonour the house she came of." (NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 238.)

66 *Curdied.* Malone quotes a similar form, *muddied* (*All's Well*, v. 2. 4), meaning 'made muddy.' The adjective *cruddy* (= 'curdy') occurs in Spenser.

68 *Epitome.* Cf. *King John*, ii. 101 (of Arthur)—

"This little *abstract* doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and *the hand of time*
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume."

Of yours. 'Belonging to you.' Johnson, *of you*.

71 *Supreme.* For the accent see iii. 1. 324; iv. 5. 66; notes.

Inform. 'Fill out.' To *inform* is to introduce *form* into *matter*; and hence *soul* into *body*. Cf. Dryden's character of *Achitophel*—

"A fiery soul which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,

And o'er-*informed* the tenement of clay."

And cf. Shakespeare's use of the adjective *formal*, in *see unto me*

Errors, v. 105, "And make of him a *formal* man, *just and rea-*

74 For *sea-mark* and *flaw* see Glossary. *cannot plural,*

81 *Denials.* The plural is used either *ast hope*

or colloquially. *address to the patricians?*

83 *Mechanics.* Why with *that*, *that* bring himself to say
See v. 1. 26. But Coriolanus *up to* Cominius.

explicitly to his mother who *up to* Glossary.

85 *Allay.* See ii. 1. *the emphasis may have to do with*

103 *We.* The ep. *irregularity* see iv. 6. 147, "Shall's
this use. For *the*

to the Capitol. *Certain.* See iv. 7. 53, where, however, it

112 *Evid' insipuous.*
may mea

117 *Bear the palm.* Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 131, "And bear the palm alone."

123 *Than thou shalt march to tread.*

127 Coriolanus is trying to disregard natural bonds. This "touch of nature" reasons against him more strongly than set speeches. Menenius had the cleverness to understand the force of humour, but he failed in naturalness. (v. 2. 73.) Further, this bit of natural comedy relieves the tragic strain.

139 *All hail* means literally 'all health,' *salve*, the customary salutation, as is shewn by the phrase *hail-fellow*, but in a special sense to kings. The compound substantive *all-hail* is used again in *Macbeth*, i. 5. 55, "Greater than both, by the *all-hail* hereafter." In the same scene it is used as a verb, "The king, who *all-hailed* me Thane of Cawdor."

94 Volumnia's speech in *Plutarch* is as follows: "*If we held our peace, (my sonne,) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, 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 unfortunate then all the women liuing, we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spightfull fortune had made most fearefull to us: making myselfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his natue cuntry: so as that which is the onely comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the gods and to call to them for aide, is the onely thing which plungeth us into most deepe perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray both for victory to our cuntry and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grievous curses, yea, more then any mortall enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most ne w choice is offered thy wife and children, to forgo one of the*

95 *It is either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their*

Coriolaury. For myself, (my sonne,) I am determined not

For what be done, in my lifetime, do make an end of this warre.

parties.

and nature be ii. 1. 164

perswade thee, rather to do good unto both

see, my sonne, and destroy the one, preferring loue

forward to assault thy eyes, it, thou shalt no sooner march

thy mother's wombe, that in the liue thy foot shall treade upon

I may not deferre to see the eyes, b first into this world. And

prisoner in triumph by his natur.

himself do triumph of them, and of his country. For

if it were so, that my request tended to his natue country, in

destroying the Volsces, I must confess, thou wouldst hardly and

ambitiously resolue on that. For as, to destroy

naturall

country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawfull, so were it not just, and lesse honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my onely demand consisteth, to make a gail-delivery of all euils, which deliuereth equal benefite 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 haue of speciall fauour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves haue no lesse part of both then we. Of whiche good, if so it came to pass, thyselfe is the onely author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it faile, and fall out contrary, thyselfe alone deservedly shalt carry the shamefull reproch 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 benefite shall thou reape of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country.* And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that, through desire to reuenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee. . . . My sonne, why doest thou not answer me? Doest thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of reuenge, 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 that parents do shew to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man liuing is more bound to shew himself thankfull in all parts and respects then thyself: who so vniuersally shewest all ingratitude.* Moreover (my son) thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grieuous payments upon them, in reuenge 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 perswade 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.* Martius, seeing that, could refraine no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, *Oh, mother, what haue you done to me? And holding her hard by the right hand, Oh, mother, said he, you haue won a happy victory for your country, but mortall 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, and then let them return again to Rome." (p. 239.)

148 *Fine strains of honour.* 'Those finer dispositions that

belong to noble birth.' (See **Strain**.) 'Strength combined with self-control; like the gods who, while they display their omnipotence in the thunder, destroy with their lightning but an oak.'

151 *Charge*. Theobald, for Folio, *change*.

160 See *Plutarch*, quoted on line 94.

172 *So*. 'Failing in this.'

175 *Reason*. As pleading the bond of nature.

178 *His child*. Theobald, the best of all correctors of Shakespeare's text, proposed *this child*; but the text, if rightly punctuated, is better. Volumnia has said, "*His mother was a Volscian, his wife is in Corioli*," and continues "*his child —*." Then looking at him as she speaks is struck by the likeness to his father, and ends her sentence not as she intended, but more effectively.

186 It is impossible to believe that Coriolanus's long hesitation has been from fears of his own safety; but it is characteristic of him to state the problem as an equipoise between the certain destruction of a whole city and his own probable fate.

202 *We*. 'Aufidius and I.'

Drink together, and discuss the terms of peace.

204 *Counter-sealed*, by the Romans. See scene 6, line 83.

205 "The Senate ordained that the magistrates to gratify and honor these ladies should graunt them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of Fortune for the women." (NORTH'S *Plutarch*, p. 240.)

SCENE 4.

10 *Condition*. See Glossary.

12 *Your*. See i. 1. 127, note.

22 *A thing made for Alexander*. 'A second Alexander.' *Thing* in Shakespeare is not opposed to *person*. Cf. iv. 5. 114, "Thou noble *thing*;" 6. 91.

26 *In the character*. 'As he looks,' 'to the life.' See Glossary.

36 *Plebeians*. For the accent cf. i. 9. 7.

47 Cf. *Lucrece*, 1667—

"As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste."

Blown. 'Helped by the wind.'

51 Cf. *Twelfth Night*, ii. 2. 59, "But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?"

SCENE 5.

This scene was first marked by Dyce. All that it means is that the tribunes leave the stage before the procession enters.

4 *Unshout*. 'Undo by your shouts.' Folio, *unshoot*, as *shooting* in i. 1. 213.

SCENE 6.

There can be no doubt that the scene (which the Folio does not mark) is laid in Antium, although Dyce, following Singer, makes it Corioli, because of line 90. For (1) it was from Antium that Coriolanus received his commission, and he returns to report upon it (see line 73); and (2) in line 80 he speaks as though the Antiates alone were involved in the war. Further, in line 50 the scene is called Aufidius's native town, and this was Antium (i. 6. 58). It is an additional argument that Plutarch makes him perish at Antium.

5 *Him*. 'He whom.' Cf. *As You Like It*, i. 1. 46, "Better than *him* I am before, knows me."

11-12 *By . . . with*. A good instance of their common interchangeableness.

23 This is Aufidius's theory of a fascination he could not himself exert. See iv. 7. 2.

37 *End*. 'House.' See Glossary.

39 See v. 3. 1-19; and Coriolanus's speech below, line 71, &c.

50 *Post*. A forerunner to announce Coriolanus. See Glossary.

64 *The last*. The withdrawal from Rome; the others are those which Aufidius hints at in iv. 7. 24-6.

67 *Answering us with our own charge*. 'Bringing us back, instead of spoil, our own expences.' Does this mean bringing us back enough to cover expences, or the bill to pay? Probably the latter. Either way it was a calumny. See line 75.

85 *In the high'st degree*. The phrase is technical. (See *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 61; iv. 2. 128.) Grammatically it may be constructed either with *traitor* or *abused*; in sense with both.

90 *Corioli*. Used, for the sake of point, for 'any Volscian town.'

91 *Perfidiously*. Of course Aufidius, being joint commander, was as much responsible for the peace as Coriolanus (see v. 4. 196-202); but the Senate has not yet examined the document (line 84), and the Volscian is only using the old trick of the Roman tribunes, to incense his enemy, and make him, if possible, draw sword first, and so give a pretext to the conspirators. (lines 136, 144.)

96 *Never admitting counsel o' the war*. 'Not taking advice;,' *i.e.* 'without calling a council of war.' See v. 4. 190, "*I'll* frame convenient peace."

102 *No more* than a crying boy.

107 *Notion*. 'Sense.' Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 248, "His *notion* weakens, his discernings are lethargied."

113 *'Tis* (written) *there*.

124 *Folds in*. 'Enfolds.' See iii. 3. 67.

126 *Judicious*. 'Judicial.'

- 137 *Did owe you.* We might say, "Was *bound* to cause you."
139 *Deliver.* 'Show.' Cf. v. 3. 39.
144 *His own ; i.e.* Coriolanus's.
153 *Memory.* See iv. 5. 68, note.
154 *Assist.* See Glossary.

GLOSSARY

The dates of the dictionaries referred to are as follows: Palsgrave, 1530; Cotgrave, 1611; Cockeram, 1613; Bullokar, 1616; Minsheu, 1617; Coles, 1674.

A

A (i. 3. 56, &c.). Worn down from O.E. prep. *an*, *on*, which also absorbed the prep. *in*, and so had the meanings 'on,' 'in,' 'unto,' 'into,' 'to.' The separate *a* is now rarely used (i. 3. 56, &c.), "a my troth," "a Wednesday," being replaced by the full *on*, *in*, &c., except in a few verbal constructions, as *to go a begging*, and in temporal distributive phrases, as *once a week*; but it remains, treated as a prefix, in many compound adverbs; e.g. *a-bed* (iii. 1. 259, cf. 260), *ashore* ('on to'), *aside* ('to'), *asunder*, *apieces* ('into'), *alive* ('in'), *live* being a noun, *asleep*. (Words like *ablaze*, formed from verbs on a false analogy, are modern). This preposition was very common with the verbal noun, either (1) passively, as iv. 2. 5, "when it was a *doing*;" or (2) actively, now vulgar, as in *Pilgrim's Progress*, "She is a *taking* of her last farewell;" or (3) with verbs of motion, as *S. John* xxi. 3, "I go a *fishin*g."

A in *out a door* (i. 3. 107, &c.). Worn down from *of*, in modern spelling *o'*. It was once the ordinary representative of *of* in certain phrases, as *a clock*, *men a war*, *cloth a gold*, *inns a court*, *time a day*. So *John a Gaunt* (*Richard II.* i. 3. 76). The usual contraction for *of the* is *a' th'* throughout the play; but it has not been thought necessary to preserve this form except in colloquial passages. (ii. 1. 20; 3. 23.)

A for *ha* = 'he' (ii. 1. 114; v. 3. 127). Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 56, "Let his father be what a will."

Abated (iii. 3. 130). 'Disheartened.' Through O.F. *abatre*, from Low Lat. *abbattere*, 'to beat down.' Steevens quotes, "Th' *abated* minds, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my pheeres," from A. Hall's version of the *Seventh Iliad*."

Absolute, p.p. of *absolvere*, 'to set free' (iii. 1. 89, 115; 2. 39), 'unlimited;' (iv. 5. 134), 'complete.' In the 16th and

17th centuries *absolute* was used where we should say *perfect*; e.g. *Hamlet*, v. 2. 111, "An *absolute* gentleman." "It is not to any man given," says Feltham, "*absolutely* to be *absolute*;" and Lyly speaks of a young man as "So *absolute* as that nothing may be added to his further perfection." (*Euphues*.)

Addition (i. 9. 64, 70). "Any title given to a man *beside his name*, which title sheweth his estate, trade, course of life, and also dwelling place." (BULLOKAR.) Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 3. 105, "He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor, in which *addition* hail most worthy thane!"

Advance (i. 6. 60; ii. 1. 151). From F. *avancer* (*ab + ante*), 'to move a thing forward or upward;' here in the latter sense. Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 408, "The fringed curtains of thine eye *advance*."

Affect (ii. 2. 20; iii. 3. 1; iv. 6. 32; v. 3. 148). From Lat. *affectare*, 'to apply oneself to,' 'aim at.'

Alarum (ii. 2. 74). A variant of *alarm*, due to rolling the *r*, formerly used in all the senses of that word. O.F. *alarme*, from Ital. *all'arme*! ('to arms'). Hence first used as an exclamation, as in Coverdale (*Jeremiah* li. 14), "Which with a corage shall cry *Alarum! Alarum!* agaynst thee;" then as a noun, 'a call to arms;' finally of a warning sound of any kind.

Allay (ii. 1. 44; v. 3. 85). There were originally two verbs, one E., *aleye* (*alegge*), 'to reduce,' the other through F. from Lat. *alligare*, now written *alloy*, 'to mix.' The senses ran into each other, and were in time referred to a single verb. It was a common phrase to speak of *allaying* wine with water, and the metaphor here might be either that of 'reducing,' as in *Paradise Lost*, x. 566, "Fondly thinking to *allay* their appetite," or that of 'mixing with *alloy*.' Lovelace, who imitated the passage in the text (see note), has also "Gold *allayd* almost halfe brasse." The derivation of *alloy* from *à loi* is erroneous.

Allow (iii. 3. 44). There were originally two verbs, one from Latin *allocare*, 'to assign,' the other from *allaudare*, 'to approve.' (Cf. in Mod.F. *louer*, 'to hire,' and *louer*, 'to praise.') "The two were apparently completely identified in O.F., and viewed as senses of one word, which was adopted with both senses in English about 1300." (MURRAY.) Here the meaning 'to acknowledge' may be referred to either origin, 'to grant a claim,' or 'to approve.'

And (i. 1. 92; ii. 1. 122; 3. 83). Conditional conjunction (= 'if'). *Skeat* says that this use was derived from that of the Norse *enda*, which = not only 'moreover,' but 'if.' Murray

thinks this unlikely, and suggests an ellipsis, as in "I'll cross the sea, . . . so it please my lord." Abbott (*Sh. G.* 102) regards the *and* as merely copulative, the conditional force being in the subjunctive. Anyhow the words *an*, *and* are the same, *an* being written for the copulative not uncommonly from 1100-1500, and for the conditional conjunction occasionally after 1600. Except in *an't*, *an* is found only once (*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 232) in the first folio of Shakespeare, the full form *and* being used. Sometimes *and* was strengthened by the addition of *if*, as in *S. Matthew* xxiv. 48, "But *and if* that evil servant," &c.

An hungry (i. 1. 204). A vulgarism for *an-hungred*, which Murray explains as a later form of *of-hungred*, p.p. of a verb *of-hyngran*, 'to be very hungry.' Cf. *acold* from *acool*. Sir Andrew also (*Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 137) uses a *hungry*.

Anon (ii. 3. 139, 142; iv. 5. 18). Lit. 'in one' (moment), 'instantly,' as in the first references; but gradually misused to mean 'soon,' as in the last. Cf. the same change in 'presently,' 'immediately,' 'by and by,' 'directly,' &c.

Articulate (i. 9. 75). "To set down *articles* or conditions of agreement." (BULLOKAR.) It is so used by Camden (*Remaines*, 212), "The inhabitants were willing to *articulate*, and to yeelde themselves to the Duke of Burgundie."

Assist. Through F. from Lat. *assistere*, 'to be present at one's side.' Hence to 'attend,' 'escort,' as in v. 6. 154 (cf. *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 113, "Yourself *assisted* by your honoured friends"); and in a special sense an assistant was an assessor (iv. 6. 33). Cotgrave defines *Assessoriat*, the "office of a Judge Lateral, *Assistant* or *Assesneur*."

Atone (iv. 6. 73). From the adv. *at one*, 'to set at one.' *Richard II.* i. 1. 202, "Since we cannot *atone* you;" used also reflexively, as in text. Cf. *As You Like It*, iv. 4. 116, "Then is there mirth in heaven, When earthly things made even *Atone* together."

Attach (iii. 1. 173). From O.F. *attacher*, 'to tack to.' The sense of 'fasten' is modern in English, the old sense being to 'secure for legal jurisdiction,' 'arrest.'

Audit (i. 1. 143). L. 'a judicial hearing, especially of accounts; then 'a statement of accounts.' Cf. *Hamlet* iii. 3. 82, "And how his *audit* stands who knows save heaven?"

Avoid (iv. 5. 27, 31). Through O.F. from Lat. *ex + viduare*, 'make void'; e.g. a room, especially by leaving it oneself. Cf. *1 Samuel* xviii. 11, "David *avoided* out of his presence."

B

Bait (iv. 2. 43). E. 'to cause to bite,' and so either to 'set on dogs to bite' (bears, &c.), as here metaphorically, or 'to give horses their food.'

Bale (i. 1. 162). E. 'evil,' 'destruction.' Not else in Shakespeare, though *baleful* occurs, but frequent in Spenser. Marked as obsolete in Bullokar's *Expositor* (1616). Found usually as the antithesis of 'bliss' or 'boot.'

Bate (ii. 2. 138). Contracted from *abate* (see above), 'to beat down,' as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 6, "Which shall *bate* his scythe's keen edge." Then 'to lower in amount,' as in *1 Henry IV.* iii. 3. 2, "Do I not *bate*? do I not dwindle?" and 'to lower in force,' chiefly in the phrase "to *bate* one's breath." For the sense of 'remit,' 'deduct,' in the text, cf. the proverb, "*Bate* me an ace, quoth Bolton."

Bend (i. 2. 16). Originally 'to constrain a bow with the *bond* or string," from which arose two senses, (1) 'to crook,' (2) 'to aim' any weapon; e.g. *King John*, ii. 1. 37, "Our cannon shall be *bent* against the brows of this resisting town;" *Richard III.* i. 2. 95, "Thy murderous faulchion . . . thou once didst *bend* against her breast." Hence the general sense of 'directing' one's steps, course, eyes, ears, &c.

Bewray (v. 3. 95). E. 'expose,' 'divulge.' Cf. *S. Matt.* xxvi. 11, "Thy speech *bewrayeth* thee."

Bissom (ii. 1. 56). Etymology uncertain. Skeat suggests *by + sebnđ* (= 'near-sighted'). From a passage quoted in Murray, "A dai thou art blind, other bisne," the sense seems to be 'purblind;' but elsewhere it is used for 'blind,' as in Udall, *Erasm. Par. Mark* viii. 22, "Not poreblind, but as *bysom* as was possible." The word occurs again, amongst other archaisms, in the play in *Hamlet* (ii. 2. 529).

Botcher (ii. 1. 80). 'Patcher.' The word occurs in *All's Well*, iv. 3. 211; *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 51, "If he mend he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot let the *botcher* mend him." It is sometimes used for a cobbler, but oftener for a tailor, as in Baxter, *Divine Life*, 31, "A sorry Taylor may make a *Botcher*, or a bad Shoemaker may make a Cobler." Prom. Parv. *resartor*.

Bout (iii. 1. 319). From O.F. *buleter*, 'to sift.' A *boulter* in *1 Henry IV.* (iii. 3. 81) is a sieve; a *boulling hutch*, in the same play (ii. 4. 495), the tub into which the meal was sifted.

Bower (iii. 2. 92). E. 'abode;' the name of the inner apartment as distinguished from the hall (especially a lady's apartment), as in Spenser, *Astrophel* 28, "Merrily masking both in bower and hall; also a place in a garden overarched with branches; in other places in Shakespeare it seems always to bear the latter sense, and so probably here.

Brawn (iv. 5. 118). O.F. 'fleshy part' (lit. 'roast part'), especially the rounded muscles of arm or leg; here the former. Cf. Middleton, *Mad World*, ii. 7, "Is not your honour sore about the *brawn* of the arm?" and the quotation from *Tamburlaine*, s.v. **Carbonado**.

Brunt (ii. 2. 98). Etymology uncertain. 'Blow' (in the phrase "at a brunt,") 'charge,' 'shock.'

Bulk (ii. 1. 200). (Derived by Skeat from Icel. cognate with E. *balk* (= 'beam'), O.H.G. *balcho*, whence Ital. *balcone*.) 'A frame or stall projecting from a shop.' From being used as common sleeping places, a *bulker* became a slang term for a vagabond. Mr. Wright quotes from Defoe's *History of the Plague*, "During this interval the master of the house took his opportunity to break a large hole through his shop into a *bulk* or stall, where formerly a cobbler had sat before or under his shop window."

C

Canon (i. 10. 26; iii. 1. 89). From Gk. *κανών*, 'a rule;' the name of the ecclesiastical laws; hence applied to any axiom or general rule. *All's Well*, i. 1. 158, "Self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the *Canon*." *Hamlet*, i. 2. 132, "Or that the everlasting had not fixed His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter."

Capitulate (v. 3. 82). From Lat. *capitulare*, 'to draw up under heads.' In Modern English 'to make terms of surrender,' formerly 'to arrange or propose terms of any sort.' Cf. Lodge, "A place lately *capitulated* between Dagobert and Grimwald;" Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, "Think not to *capitulate* with Christ."

Carbonado (iv. 5. 185). Through Span. from Lat. *carbonem* ('coal'). "A rasher on the coals, also a slash over the face which fetcheth the flesh with it." (COTGRAVE.) *King Lear*, ii. 2. 41, "Draw, you rogue, or I'll so *carbonado* your shanks;" *Tamburlaine I.* iv. 4. 44, "I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into *carbonadoes*, and eat them."

Cautelous (iv. 1. 33). Adj. from *cautel* (*Hamlet*, i. 3. 151), through F. from Low and Eccl. Lat. *cautela*, 'a precaution';

e.g. the "cautels of the Mass" (cautions for its proper celebration). Both sb. and vb. have the double sense of 'wariness' and 'craft'; in this place the latter. In *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 129, "Swear priests and cowards and men *cautelous*," the meanings seem combined.

Censure (i. 1. 267; ii. 1. 22; iii. 3. 45). From Lat. *censura*, 'judgment,' not necessarily adverse. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 16, "*Censure* me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better *judge*."

Character (ii. 1. 57; v. 4. 26). Through F. and Lat. from Gk. *χαρακτήρ*, 'impress,' and so used in English both literally and figuratively. Wycliff speaks of the 'character' of the beast. (*Rev.* xiii. 16.) It was thus used for *letters* both in handwriting and print; and, in a sense now obsolete, of the *face*, as in the text. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 2. 51, "I will believe thou hast a mind that suits with this thy fair and outward *character*." How the modern meaning arose is well shown by *Measure for Measure*, i. 1. 28, "There is a kind of *character* in thy *life*, That to the observer doth thy history fully unfold."

Charter. Lit. 'a paper.' Used of documents granting privileges, such as the Great Charter; hence used for a 'privilege' conveyed by charter, as in ii. 3. 181; and so for any privilege, as in i. 9. 31.

Clip (i. 6. 29; iv. 5. 107). E. 'to embrace.' Frequent in Shakespeare; still used in dialects.

Cog (iii. 2. 133). Celt. 'to cheat.' *Timon*, v. 1. 98, "You hear him *cog*, see him dissemble."

Coign (v. 4. 1). Folios *coin*, through O.F. *coin* or *coing*, from Lat. *cuneus* (wedge), 'a corner.' *Macbeth*, i. 6. 7, "No jutting, frieze, Buttress, nor *coign* of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendent bed."

Companion (iv. 5. 12; v. 2. 56). From *company*, which is through F. from Low Lat. *companien*, 'a taking meals together.' "The notion originally involved in companionship would appear to have been rather that of inferiority than of equality." (TRENCH.) We use *fellow* in the same way. Craik, in a note on *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 138 ("Companion hence!") quotes from Smollett, *Roderick Random*, "Scurvy *companion*! saucy tarpaulin! rude, impertinent fellow!"

Complexion (ii. 1. 202). "Quia complexio complectitur totum statum corporis." (MINSHEU.) It meant (1) the general *state of the body*, then (2) any one of the several 'humours'

(see **humorous**), then (3) the expression of the face, especially the colour, as an index of these; also (4) the general state of the mind. *E.g.* (1) "A man of feeble *complexion* and sickly." (BERNER'S *Froissart*.) (2) "By the o'ergrowth of some *complexion*." (*Hamlet*, i. 4. 27.) (3) As here, cf. *Othello*, iv. 2. 62, "Turn thy *complexion* there, Patience. . . . Ay, there, look grim as hell." (4) *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1. 32, "It is the *complexion* of them all to leave the dam."

Composition (iii. 1. 3). 'Arrangement' (of terms). Cf. *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 2, "If the duke came not to *composition* with the duke of Hungary;" *Macbeth*, i. 2. 59, "Sweno, the Norway's king, craves *composition*."

Condition (ii. 3. 96; v. 4. 10). Through F. from Lat. *conditionem*, 'temperament,' as still in the phrase 'well-' or 'ill-conditioned.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 143, "The *condition* of a saint, and the complexion of a devil."

Convent (ii. 2. 52). 'To summon,' an older form than *convene*, which does not occur in Shakespeare. So *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 58; *Henry VIII*. v. 1. 52.

Crack (i. 3. 67). 'A lively boy.' Cf. *Henry IV*. iii. 2. 34, "When a was a *crack* not thus high." In Marston's *What You Will*, iii. 3, the leading page in their games is called Emperor of *Cracks*, and in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, when Mercury and Cupid disguise themselves as pages, Mercury says, "Since we are turned *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver." Cf. also *The Devil is an Ass*, ii. 3, "If we could get a witty boy, that were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him to the true height."

Crank (i. 1. 136). E. 'a twisting passage.' Used twice else by Shakespeare, i. *Henry IV*. iii. 1. 98, "See how this river comes me *cranking* in;" *Venus*, 682, "He *cranks* and crosses with a thousand doubles." In Milton, *L'Allegro*, 27, "Quips and *cranks* and wanton wiles," it means 'quibbles.' An iron *crank* is so called from its bent end.

D

Demerits (i. 1. 271). Bullokar's *English Expositor* (1616) defines as 'deserts,' and Minsheu (1617) s.v. says *vide* 'merit;' but Cotgrave (1611) gives as the English of *démérite* "desert, merite, also a disservice, *demerite*." For the good sense see *Othello*, i. 2. 22, quoted in note, and for the bad *Macbeth*, iv. 3.

226, "Not for their own *demerits*, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls." An unmistakable instance of the first is quoted from Hall's *Chronicle*, "This noble prince for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester."

Determine (iii. 3. 42; v. 3. 120). Through O.F. from Lat. *determinare*, 'to bring to a *term*, or end.' Here used intransitively. So *Antony*, iv. 3. 2, "It will *determine* one way."

Disease (i. 3. 104). From O.F. *desaise*, which Cotgrave defines as "Sickness, disease, or *being ill at ease*." The English word is found in the same two senses. For the verb cf. *Woman Killed with Kindness*, "Fie, fie, that for my private discontent I should *disease* a friend, and be a trouble To the whole house." (NARES.)

Disgest (i. 1. 149). A frequent 17th century form of *digest*. So *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 299, &c.

Disproperty (ii. 1. 238). 'To cause property to cease to be such.' The word is not known to occur elsewhere.

E

Embarquement (i. 10. 22). 'Arrest.' No other instance of this word is quoted from an English author. It is given in Cotgrave as a French word, and explained to mean "An embarking, also an *imbarguing*." Richardson quotes *embarged*, from Hakluyt's *Voyages*, "Our marchants with their goods were *embarged* or arrested." (Span.)

Empiricute (ii. 1. 109). A coinage of Menenius for *empiric*, which occurs in *All's Well*, ii. 1. 125. Through F. and Lat. from Gk. *ἐμπειρικὸς*, 'experienced;' and so either in a good sense 'one who follows experience' (an empiric), or 'a quack.'

End (v. 6. 37). Probably a corruption of *in*, 'to house corn' (as *vild* from *vile*), said to be still in dialectical use. For *in* cf. *All's Well*, i. 3. 48, "Leave to *in* the crop."

Enforce. Through O.F. *enforcer*, from Lat. *fortia*, 'to strengthen.' This verb has many uses akin to those of 'urge,' which has almost replaced it. In ii. 3. 220 it means 'lay stress upon.' Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iii. 2. 42, "His glory not extenuated nor his offences *enforced*;" *Antony*, v. 2. 125. In iii. 3. 3. the sense is 'press hard.' Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 112, "The flint who much *enforced* shows a hasty spark." In iii. 3. 21 it means 'demand with urgency.' Cf. *Lear*, ii. 3. 20, "*Enforce* their charity."

Envy. Through F. from Lat. *invidia* ('hatred'). Besides the ordinary sense of 'jealousy' (i. 1. 111, 229), it has in Shakespeare that of 'malice,' 'hate,' 'spite,' as in iii. 3. 3, 56, 93; iv. 5. 71, 100.

F

Favour (iv. 3. 9). Through F. from Lat. *favorem*, 'the face,' (especially its expression), 'countenance.' *Cymbeline*, v. 5, "I have surely seen him, his *favour* is familiar to me;" *Macbeth*, i. 5. 73, &c. Bacon says, "In beauty that of *favour* is more than that of colour." The sense of 'face' arose from that of 'grace,' whereas *countenance* meant 'face' first, and 'grace' afterwards. A passage in which both words might be construed either way is *Proverbs* xvi. 15, "In the light of the king's countenance is life; and his *favour* is as a cloud of the latter rain."

Fell (ii. 3. 44). O.E. *fel*, 'fierce.'

File (i. 6. 42; ii 1. 21; v. 6. 34). Through F. from Low Lat. *fila*, 'a string of things' (classical, *filum*, 'a thread') 'a rank,' or 'row,' one behind another.

Flaw (v. 3. 74). "A flaw of wind is a gust which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth." (SMITH'S *Sea Grammar*, 1627, quoted by Dyce.)

Flout (ii. 3. 159). A form of *flute*, 'to jeer.' "Fit enim fistulatione et inflatione oris irrisio." (MINSHEU.)

Fob (i. 1. 92). E. 'cheat.' To *fob off* is 'to put off with a jest or trick.' So 2 *Henry IV.* ii. 1. 37, "I have borne and borne and borne, and have been *subb'd off*, and *subb'd off*, and *subb'd off* from this day to that." In *Othello*, iv. 2. 197, the form is *fopt*, with which cf. *fop*. G. *foppen*; Du. *fopperij* (= 'cheating.')

Fond (iv. 1. 26). Pp. of *sonnen*, 'to act foolishly,' from *son*, 'a fool.' The sense of 'loving' (v. 3. 161) is by derivation from this.

Fosset (ii. 1. 63). O.F. *fausset* (*faulser*, 'to make a breach in,' from Lat. *falsare*), 'a tap.'

G

Gangrene (iii. 1. 303). 'To mortify.' Through F. and Lat. from Gk. γάγγραινα, reduplicate from γάδνεν, 'to gnaw.' Only here in Shakespeare.

Gird (i. 1. 255). E. Originally 'to strike,' as in Chaucer, *Monke's Tale*, 556, "To sleen him and to *girden* of his head." Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 329, "*Gridding* sword" (a metathesis). For the sense of 'mock' see 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 7, "Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me." The noun *gird* occurs in *Taming of Shrew*, v. 2. 58; 1 *Henry VI.* iii. 1. 131.

H

Hie (i. 2. 27). E. 'hasten.'

Honest (i. 1. 61; ii. 3. 131). 'Honourable.' A common title of address. Cf. "Upon those members of the body which we thynke lest *honest* put we most *honesty* on." (1551. 1 *Cor.* xii. 23.)

Humorous (ii. 1. 43). 'Subject to a humour;' here 'choleric.' So *As You Like It*, i. 2. 278, "The Duke here *humorous*." There were supposed to be four *humours* or moistures in the body—blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy—from the preponderance of any one of which arose a *humorous* disposition. The classical place on the subject is the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour*. Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. 4, and Nym in *Henry V.* and *Merry Wives*.

Husbandry (iv. 7. 22). From *husband*, 'the master of a house.' Scand. 'management,' 'economy.' So *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 4, "There's *husbandry* in heaven; Their candles are all out." We speak of *husbanding* strength, &c.

Huswife (i. 3. 69). E. 'housewife.' This passage will help to show how the word acquired its bad meaning (modern *kussy*); e.g. *Henry V.* v. 1. 85, "Doth fortune *play the huswife* with me?"

I

Interim (i. 6. 5). 'Interval.' Lat. *interim*, adv. 'in the meanwhile.'

J

Jump (iii. 1. 153). 'Risk.' Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 7. 7, "We'd *jump* the life to come;" Holland's *Pliny*, xxv. 5, "It (ellebore) putteth the patient to a *jump* or great hazzard."

K

Kam (iii. 1. 301). Celt. 'crooked,' familiar as the river on which *Cambridge* stands. Not found in English before the 16th century, though *cammed* is in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*.

The phrase "clean kam" is quoted from Tomson's *Calvin*, "We mean not to say, walk on, behaue yourselues manfully, and go cleane kam ourselues like Creuses." A reduplicated form is *kim kam*, as in Stanyhurst's *Virgil* (1582), "The wavering commons in *kim-kam* sectes are hurled" (*Scinditur interea studia in contraria vulgus*). Cf. also *akimbo*, *camock*, 'a crooked shrub.'

L

Leasing (v. 2. 97). O.E. from A.S. *ledsing*, 'a falsehood.' *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 105, "Mercury endure thee with *leasing*;" *Psalms* iv. 2; v. 6. (Prayer Book.)

Lie (i. 9. 80; iv. 4. 8). 'Lodge.' 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2. 299, "When I *lay* at Clement's inn."

Lieve (iv. 5. 174). E. 'dear.' 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1. 164, "My *liefest* liege." In Shakespeare usually in the phrase 'I had as *lieve*,' or '*lief*.'

Limitation (ii. 3. 136). 'Appointment,' 'appointed time.' Cf. *Measure for Measure*, iv. 3. 175, "Having the hour *limited*, and an express command." *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 56, "'Tis my *limited* service."

List (iii. 2. 128). E. 'desire.' The same word as *lust*. *Listless* means 'without desire.'

Lockram (ii. 1. 199). A coarse linen, so called from Lokrenan, or St. Ronan's cell in Brittany, where it is made. Steevens quotes from *Wit in a Constable*, "Thou thoughtst because I did wear *Lokram* shirts, Ide no wit." For the epithet *richest*, cf. Greene's *Vision*, "His ruffe was of *fine lockram*" (STEEVENS), which shows it must have been made of several qualities.

Lurch (ii. 2. 99). There are at least two words *lurch*, (1) a form of *lurk*, as in *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 26, "I am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to *lurch*," whence arose the sense of 'stealing;' and (2) a game of cards, from F. *lourche*; but it is clear that they have influenced each other. For (1) is commonly used of *card-sharpers*, as in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, rep. 18, "To *lurch* a poor coney of so many thousand at a time;" and further *lourche* is explained by Cotgrave not only as "the game called *lurche*," but as "a *lurch* in game," a *lurch*, as we learn from Florio, being "a maiden-set," or as Coles translates it, "*facilis victoria*;" so that there might easily arise the verb "to *lurch*," meaning 'to win easily.' Either of these senses suits

the passage in this play. There is another connexion in which the word is found, which throws light on the general sense; as Bacon, *Essay* 45, "Too near (great cities) *lurcheth* all provisions," with which compare Palsgrave (1530), "I *lurtche* as one doth his felowes at meate with eatyng to hastily. Syt not at his messe, for he wyll *lurtche* you than."

M

Malkin (ii. 1. 198). A diminutive of *Matilda*, once a fashionable name. "There were six Matildas of royal lineage between William I. and Henry II. alone." (BARDSELY'S *Surnames*, 78); thus it became common (cf. the number of Albert Edwards in villages at present), and so the likeliest name for a servant girl, or slattern. Hence it was applied to a mop for cleaning ovens. Others think the slattern was so called from the mop.

Mammock (i. 3. 64). Only here in Shakespeare. Both Colgrave and Minsheu recognize the substantive, but neither h:s the verb. Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Moor's *Suffolk Glossary*, "*Mammuck*. To cut and hack victuals wastefully."

May. E. 'to be able.' Cf. Ger. *mögen*. Chaucer frequently employs it with 'can' (= know how), as "I neither may ne care."

Merely (iii. 1. 301). 'Entirely.' From Lat. *merus*, 'pure.' Cf. *Othello*, ii. 2. 3, "The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet."

Microcosm (ii. 1. 55). From Gk. *μικρός* + *κόσμος*, 'a little world.' Minsheu gives *Microcosmus*, as part of his definition of *Man*, with the explanation, "Quod totius universi pulcritudinem analogice in se contineat." The doctrine is well expressed in a sentence from Pico of Mirandola, quoted by Pater, *Renaissance*, "Tritum est in scholis esse hominem minorem mundum, in quo mixtum ex elementis corpus et spiritus cælestis, et plantarum anima vegetalis, et brutorum sensus, et ratio, et angelica mens, et Dei similitudo conspicitur." Cf. Browne, *Religio Medici*, ii. 11, "The world that I regard is myself; it is the *microcosm* of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation." See also i. 34 of the same book.

Mischief (iv. 5. 64). Opposed in M.E. to *bon-chief* (Lat. *caput*), 'ill result.' Formerly used in a wider sense than now. Cf. *Litany*, "From all evil and *mischief*;" *Psalm xxxv. 8* (P.B.), "That he may fall into his own *mischief*."

Moe (ii. 3. 123; iv. 2. 21). A comparative adjective (allied to German *mehr*, Lat. *magis*), generally used for the comparative of 'many,' as *more* was for the comparative of 'much.' Mr. Wright notes that it was frequent in the A.V. of the Bible, but has been silently changed by modern printers.

Mummers (ii. 1. 67). 'Maskers.' Wedgwood considers that the word arose from nurses' habit of covering their faces and saying *mum*, to frighten children.

Mountebank (iii. 2. 132). Ital. 'one who mounts a bench' to sell quack medicines, or juggle. *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 142, "I bought an unction of a *mountebank*."

N

Napless (ii. 1. 224). 'Threadbare.' To *nap* or *nop* was to cut off the *knops* or knots on cloth, so that *napless* ought to mean 'without knots;' but as *nap* came to be used for 'napped cloth,' *napless* came to mean 'without threads.'

O

Occupation (iv. 1. 14; 6. 99). 'Trade.' Thus in Gonzalo's Republic was to be 'no occupation.' (*Tempest*, ii. 1. 154.) Cf. *occupy* in *Ezekiel* xxvii. 16, "They *occupied* in thy fairs;" *S. Luke* xix. 13, "*Occupy* till I come."

Opinion (i. 1. 270). Through Fr. from Lat. *opinionem*, 'judgment;' used sometimes in the sense of 'reputation,' as in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 91, "With purpose to be dressed in an *opinion* of wisdom;" 102, "This fool gudgeon, this *opinion*," Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Christian Morals*, ii. 8, "*Opinion* rides upon the neck of reason, and men are happy, wise, or learned, according as that Empress shall set them down in the Register of *Reputation*."

Opposite (ii. 2. 19). 'Adversary.' *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 293, "He is the most skillful, bloody, and fatal *opposite* that you could have found in Illyria."

Owe (iii. 2. 130; v. 2. 79). 'Own,' with which it is etymologically connected. Frequent in Shakespeare. Cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 407, "No sound that the earth *owes*."

P

Palter (iii. 1. 57). 'Equivocate,' 'trifle.' *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 125, "Secret Romans, that have spoke the word, and will not *palter*." Skeat thinks the original sense was 'to haggle over something worthless,' from *paller*, 'rags,' which must have been in use, though only the derived adjective *paltry* has been recorded.

Pester (iv. 6. 7). Through Fr. (*em*)*pestrer* ('to hobble a horse at pasture') from Lat. *pastorium* ('a clog'), 'to encumber,' 'crowd.' "Pestered with innumerable multitudes of people." (NORTH'S *Plutarch*.) (The word *pastern* means both a 'clog' and the part of the horse's feet to which it was fastened.)

Physical (i. 5. 18). 'Salutary.' *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 261, "Is Brutus sick, and is it *physical* To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours Of the dank morning?"

Pick (i. 1. 199). 'Pitch.' Cf. *Henry VIII.* v. 4. 99, "I'll *pick* you o'er the pales else." For the double form cf. *ache* and *atche*, *poke* and *potch* (i. 10. 15), *lurk* and *lurch* (ii. 2. 105), *eke* and *eche* (*Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 53).

Poll. 'Head,' and so 'person.' *By the poll* (iii. 3. 10) means 'head by head;' *the poll* (iii. 1. 133), 'the number of heads.' *To poll* (iv. 5. 200) is 'to shave the head.' 2 *Sam.* xiv. 26, "He *polled* his head" (of Absalom). Cf. *poll-tax*, *pole-ax* (=pollax), *pollard*.

Portance (ii. 3. 225). Through F. from Lat. 'carriage,' 'behaviour.' Also in *Othello*, i. 3. 139, "My redemption thence, and *portance* in my travel's history."

Possess (ii. 1. 124). 'Inform precisely.' *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 65, "Is he yet *possessed* how much ye would?"

Post (v. 6. 50). Through F. from Lat. *pos(ita)*. "Originally a *fixed place*, as a military post; then a fixed place on a line of road where horses are kept for travelling; a stage, or station; thence it was transferred to the person who travelled in this way, using relays of horses, and finally to any quick traveller." Cotgrave gives '*courrier*, a post.'

Potch (i. 10. 15). Same word as *poke*. Cf. *pitch* and *pick*. (See **Pick**.)

Practice (iv. 1. 33) has the same double sense as *artifice*. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 2. 328, "The foul *practice* hath turned itself on

me;" *As You Like It*, i. 1. 156, "He will *practise* against thee by poison."

Prank (iii. 1. 23). E. Cotgrave gives as the equivalents of *Ajolier*, "To *pranke*, tricke up, set out, make fine;" and *l'alsgrave* has, "I *pranke* ones gounne, I set the plyghtes in order. See yonder olde man, his gounne is pranked as if he were but a yonge man." Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 10, "Me poor lowly maid, most goddess-like *pranked* up."

Proper (i. 9. 53). Through F. from Lat. *proprium*. (1) 'Own.' *Tempest*, iii. 3. 60, "Men hang and drown their *proper* selves," 1 *Chron.* xxix. 3. (2) 'Unique,' and so 'handsome.' *Hebrews* xi. 23, "A *proper* child."

Provand (ii. 1. 241). From M.E. *provencule*, which also retains its three syllables in the form *provender*, used elsewhere by Shakespeare; through F. from Low Lat. *præbenda*, 'a payment,' 'a daily allowance of food.'

Pule (iv. 2. 53). From F. *piauler*, explained by Cotgrave "To peepe, or cheepe (as a young bird); also to pule or howle (as a young whelp)." *Romeo*, iii. 5. 185, "A wretched *puling* fool, or whining mammet."

Q

Quarry (i. 1. 197). Through F. *curié*, from Low Lat. *corata*, 'intestines.' *Curie* is defined by Cotgrave as "a (dog's) reward, the hounds' fees of, or part in, the game they have killed." The English word was used more generally; it is defined by Bullokar as "Venison which is taken in hunting." The word is used here by a metaphor, as in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 375, "This quarry cries on havoc, O proud Death, what feast is toward in thine eternal cell, That thou so many princes at a shot so bloodily hast struck."

R

Rascal (i. 1. 158). French, said to be from a verb *rascler*, 'to scrape,' and so to mean 'refuse.' It was applied especially as a term of chase, but also to men. "*Plebecula*, lytell folk or raskalle; *plebs*, folk or *raskalle*," cited by Way.

Reason (i. 9. 56; iv. 6. 52). 'Converse.' *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 8. 27, "I *reasoned* with a Frenchman yesterday." Knight quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, "There is no end of women's *reasoning*." Cf. Ital. *ragionare*.

Recreate (v. 3. 114). P.p. of *recroire*, 'to believe again,' and so perhaps 'alter one's faith;' but this is doubtful. The participle had the special sense of 'tired,' 'faint-hearted,' and the predominant sense in English is that of 'coward,' which may come thus direct, or be due to the use of the common law term, *se recedere*, 'to confess oneself defeated.'

Reechy (ii. 1. 199). E. 'dirty,' literally 'smoky,' a weaker form of 'reeky,' familiar in the name "Auld Reekie," for Edinburgh. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 143, "Like Pharaoh's soldiers in the *reechy* painting" (blackened by smoke).

Reek (ii. 2. 117; iii. 3. 119). 'Smoke.' See **Reechy**.

Rejourn (ii. 1. 64). 'Adjourn.' Cf. North's *Plutarch*, p. 713, "The Prætors had made so many rejournements and delays, that they had driven it off to the last day of hearing."

Repeal (iv. 1. 41; 7. 32; v. 5. 5) = 're-appeal,' from O.F. *rapeler*, 'recall.' *Julius Caesar*, iii. 1. 51; 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 2. 349.

Rive (v. 3. 152). Scand. 'split.' *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 6.

Road (iii. 1. 5). 'Raid,' 'inroad.' This noun is connected with the verb *ride*, and is used in three chief senses; (1) 'a way,' (2) 'a place for ships to ride,' (3) as here. For this sense cf. 1 *Sam.* xxvii. 10, "Whither have ye made a *road* to-day?" (R.V. *raid*); *Henry V.* i. 2. 138.

Rote (iii. 2. 55). *By rote* means 'along a beaten track' (from *route* (Lat. *rupt.*), 'a way broken through obstacles'); *routine* is a diminutive. The verb is quoted from Drayton, "If by chance a tune you *rote*;" and Skeat gives, from Palsgrave, "I *roote* in custome, je habitue."

Rub (iii. 1. 59). 'That which causes friction;' hence 'an impediment,' specially in the game of bowls. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 134, "To leave no *rubs* nor botches in the work;" *Henry V.* ii. 2. 188, "Every *rub* is smoothed on our way." "Elmer used for recreation to bowl in a garden, and Martin Marprelate thence took this taunting scoff, that the Bishop would cry, *Rub, Rub, Rub* to his bowl, and when 't was gone too far say the devil go with it, and then, quoth he, the bishop would follow." (WOOD, *Athene Ox.*) *Richard II.* iii. 4. 4.

Ruth (i. 1. 196). Scand. 'pity,' from 'to rue.' *Ruthful* and *ruthless* are derivatives.

S

Scandal (ii. 1. 43). Through F. and Lat. from Gk. *σκάνδαλον* ('a stumbling-block'), 'slander,' of which it is another form (*scandele, escandele, escandle, escandre, esclandre*).

Sconce (iii. 2. 99). 'A bulwark,' so applied to the skull as the armour of the head; frequent as a familiar word for the head. *Comedy of Errors*, i. 2. 79, "I shall break that merry *sconce* of yours;" ii. 2. 37, "And you use these blows long, I must get a *sconce* for my head" (with a quibble).

Sea-mark (v. 3. 74). Occurs also in *Othello*, v. 2. 267, "Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail." A good illustration occurs in *Faery Queen*, ii. 10—

"Ne did it then deserve a name to have
Till that the venturous mariner that way,
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southern sea-coast lay,
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his *sea-marke* made,
And named it Albion."

Seld (ii. 1. 203). *Seldom* is strictly an adverb from *seld*, formed by adding the dat. pl. suffix, as in *whil-om*.

Sennet (ii. 1). Derivation uncertain. A particular set of notes on the trumpet, of which nothing is known except that it was different from a flourish; for Dekker has in *Satiromastix*, "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*."

Shent (v. 2. 94). Part. of *shend*. E. 'shame.' "If a man norrische long heer it is *shenscipe* to him." (WYCLIF.) Only this part. occurs in Shakespeare.

Single (ii. i. 34). From Late Lat. *singulus*, 'alone.' It was common in the sense of 'single-hearted,' as in *Matt.* vi. 22, and so was debased and used for 'silly,' just like *simple*, with which it is connected.

Sithence (iii. 1. 46). 'Since,' which is contracted from it.

Sooth (ii. 2. 71; iii. 1. 68). **Soothing** (i. 9. 43). 'Flatter;' an extension of the ordinary sense of 'humour.' Cf. i *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 7, "I cannot flatter, I do defy the tongues of *soothers*."

Sowl (lv. 5. 198). "To *sowle by the ears*, Aures summa vi vellere." (COLE'S *Lat. Dict.*) Steevens quotes from Heywood.

"Venus will sowle me by the ears for this;" and Tyrwhitt, from *Strafford's Letters*, "A lieutenant soled him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room." Major Moor, *Suffolk Words*, has "Sowle. To seize a swine by the ear," and this has been suggested as a possible etymology.

Stain (i. 10. 18). For *distain*, through O.F. *desteindre* ("to dead or take away the colour of."—COTGRAVE), from Lat. *dis + tingere*, 'to dim.' Cf. *Antony*, iii. 4. 27, "I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother."

State (v. 4. 21). Used sometimes for a 'chair of state.' *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 5, "Our hostess keeps her state." The *state* was originally the 'canopy' (cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, x. 445, "Under state of richest texture spread"); then the 'canopied chair.' Cf. the F. *dais*, which Cotgrave explains, "A cloth of estate, Canopie, or Heaven, that stands over the heads of Princes thrones; also *the whole state*, or seat of estate."

Strain (v. 3. 148). E. 'race.' "Anchises, happiest of the human strain." (CHAPMAN'S *Homer*.) *Julius Caesar*, v. 1. 59, "O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain." From this comes (2) the sense of 'natural disposition.' *Lear*, v. 3. 40. "Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain."

Success (i. 1. 259; v. 1. 63). From Lat. *succedere* ('to follow after'), 'an issue,' whether good or bad. Cf. *All's Well*, iii. 6. 86, "I know not what the success will be, but the attempt I vow." But in Shakespeare *success* is frequently used, as with us, for 'good success,' as in i. 9. 73.

Sufferance. Through F. from Lat. *sufferre*, (1) 'endurance.' (iii. 1. 24.) Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 84, "Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish." (2) 'Suffering.' (i. 1. 24.) Cf. *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 115, "The sufferance of our souls."

Surcease (iii. 2. 121). Through F. *surseoir*, from Lat. *supersedere*, 'to desist.' The noun (derived from F. *sursis*), which occurs in *Macbeth*, i. 7. 4, "To catch with its surcease, success," is said to be the older form; it was a law term. The word is not connected with *cease*. (Lat. *cessare*.)

T

Tag (iii. 1. 246). Scand. 'the metal point at the end of a lace.' Here used shortly for *tag-rag* (= 'tag and rag; i.e. 'ends and shreds'), a term of abuse for the rabble, which occurs in *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 260, "If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, I am no true man."

Target (iv. 5. 118). Dimin. of *targe*. E. 'a shield.' "The mark to fire at is named from its resemblance to a round shield." (SKEAT.)

Tent (i. 9. 30; iii. 1. 234). A *tent* was a roll of lint used by surgeons for searching and cleansing a wound; another name for it was a *proof*. The derivation is through F. from Lat. *tentare*, 'to probe.'

Testy (ii. 1. 40). From O.F. *testu*, 'heady.' *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 46, "Must I stand and crouch under your *testy* humour?"

Tetter (iii. 1. 78). E. 'a skin disease.' Shakespeare uses verb and noun. *Hamlet*, i. 5. 71, "A most instant *tetter* barked about, Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust, All my smooth body." *Tetter*-wort is an old name of the Lesser Celandine, from its supposed effects as a cure.

U

Unbarbed (iii. 2. 99). 'Unarmed,' 'uncovered.' *Barbes*, or more correctly *bardes* (but Cotgrave gives *barbes* as the English equivalent of French *bardes*), were horse trappings, whether armour or caparison. *Richard III.* i. 1. 10, "*Barbed* steeds." Browning has revived *barded* in *James Lee ('s Wife)*, "A war-horse, *barded* and chanfroned too" (the chanfron was the headpiece).

V

Vail (iii. 1. 97). For 'avail,' from F. *avaler* (cf. *avalanche*), 'to lower.' *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 28, "*Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs." Cockeram, in the amusing second section of his *Eng. Dict.* (1613), gives *vail your bonnet* as a finer phrase for 'put off your hat.' Not to be confused with *veil* (from *velum*).

Vent (i. 1. 208, 225; iii. 1. 256; iv. 5. 220). O.E. *sent*, through F. *fendre*, from Lat. *findere*, 'an aperture;' e.g. *Troilus*, v. 3. 82, "Thy wounds do bleed at many *vents*." Thence the sense easily passed, by means of the verb, to what was 'vented,' 'a discharge,' as in *Antony*, v. 2. 352, "Here on her breast there is a *vent* of blood." The verb is used in the sense of 'to emit,' or specially 'to utter.' It is possible that the meaning may have been modified by a supposed connexion with *ventus*.

Vild (iii. 1. 10). A common form of *vile*. See *End. Tempest*, i. 2. 358, &c., *Faery Queen*, i. 6. 3.

Vouch (i. 9. 23; iii. 1. 297; v. 6. 5). Through F. from Lat. *vocare*, 'to attest,' 'affirm strongly.' The noun occurs in ii. 3. 115, "Their needless *vouches*;" i.e. 'attestations.'

W

Weal (i. 1. 150; ii. 3. 182; iii. 1. 174). E. 'welfare.' *Wealth*, which is used often in this sense in the Prayer Book, is an extended form. Sometimes used for 'common weal' (cf. "Weal o' th' common," i. 1. 150), or 'commonwealth,' as in 1 *Henry VI.* iii. 1. 66, "The special watchmen of our English *weal*." So *wealsmen* (ii. 1. 59) = 'statesmen.'

Weed (ii. 3. 152, 222). E. 'garment.' Survives in the phrase "widow's weeds."

Wreak (iv. 5. 82). E. 'vengeance.' *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 3. 33, "Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."

Y

Yond (iii. 1. 49; iv. 5. 101; v. 4. 1). Strictly an adverb (O.E. *geon-d*), as in *Tempest*, i. 2. 409, "Say what you seest *yond*;" but also used incorrectly for the adjective *yon*.

ON SCANSION

1. A regular Shakespearian blank verse line is made up of ten syllables, so arranged as to bear five stresses. In a typical verse the stresses fall on the alternate even syllables. Stress has nothing to do with quantity; both stressed and unstressed syllables may be either long or short. The following is an example of a regular line:

“My náme is Caius Március, who hath doné.” (iv. 5. 62.)

2. One or two of the stresses may be slight, especially that in the last place, but two slight stresses very rarely come together.

“Yet cáme'st thou tò a mórsel òf this féast.” (i. 9. 10.)

“As is the ósprey tò the fish, who takes it.” (iv. 7. 34.)

“I téll you, friends, most clárifiable cáre.” (i. 1. 64.)

“Let him aláone, or só manÿ so mínded.” (i. 6. 72.)

“That prósp'rously I háve attemp'ted, ànd
With blóody pássage léd your wárs ev'n tò
The gates of Rome.” (v. 6. 75.)

The character of blank verse rhythm varies very much according to the use made of such slight stresses. In the later plays Shakespeare came more and more to employ weak monosyllables at the end of the line, as in the last example. (See *Introd.* p. xiv.)

3. For the sake of emphasis the stress is often shifted back from the even to the odd syllable. This inversion is most frequent after a pause, and so at the beginning of a line or sentence. A few examples are given of inversion in the several feet.

(1) “Whíther | 'tís bent: | most like | ly 'tis | for yóu | .”
(i. 2. 16.)

(2) “The góds, | nó't the | patri | cians, máke | it; ànd | .”
(i. 1. 72.)

“Thou 'rt tír'd, | thé'n in | a wórd | I ál | so ám | .”
(iv. 5. 91.)

“IÍath thús | stóod for | his cóun | try, there | fore please |
(you).” (ii. 2. 39.)

(3) "The wáy | it tákes, | crácking | ten thóu | sand cúrbs | ."
(i. 1. 69.)

"Your tóngue, | tho' bút | bástards | and sýll | ables | ."
(iii. 2. 56.)

"Whereóf | we've táen | goód and | good stóre | of áll | ."
(i. 9. 31.)

"Which óur | divínes | lóse by | 'em, you 'll | mar áll | ."
(ii. 3. 58.)

(4) "From sláves | that ápes | would béat. | Plúto | and
hél | ."
(i. 4. 36.)

"We ré | comménd | to you | tribunes | o' th' peo | (plc)."
(ii. 2. 149)

(5) "And sá | ving thóse | that éye (thee) | your knée, |
sírrah | ."
(v. 3. 75.)

(1, 2) "While she | cháts him: | the kít | chen má | kin pins | ."
(ii. 1. 198.)

(1, 3) "Under | the góds, | kéeep you | in áwe, | which else | ."
(i. 1. 185.)

4. Sometimes there are (a) more, or (b) fewer, syllables than *ten*, the stresses being still *five*.

(a) A strong stress will carry with it more than one syllable, and advantage is taken of this to vary the verse. The accompanying syllables must be short; e.g. *the* after the prepositions *in*, *to*, *of*, which in this case is printed *th'* in the text, following the Folio, though it need not be always so pronounced.*

"Even | to *th'* court, | the heart, | to *th'* seat | o' *th'* brain | ."
(i. 1. 135.)

In this way, in late plays, are treated such words as *popular*, *benefit*, *capitol*, *absolute*, *mutiny*, *enemy*, *misery*, *calamity*. In the latest plays this licence, as others, is carried to excess, and we get lines like—

"The cóckle òf rebéllion, *insolence*, *sedition*."

"*The nobility* are véxed, *whom we see* have síded." (iv. 2. 2.)

"Nó, I 'll nor séll nor givé (him): *lënd you him* I will." (i. 4. 6.)

And perhaps—

"*Art thou céer* | tain this | is trúe? is it | most céer | (tain)?"
(v. 4. 44.)

"*To the ensú* | ing áge abhórred. Spéak to me, són!"
(v. 3. 147.)

But see § 8.

* Cf. this frequent elision of the later plays with such a passage as the following from the *Merchant of Venice* (ii. 5. 28):

"When you hear *the* drum
And *the* vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to *the* casements then," &c.

(b) A stressed syllable may stand without its usual unstressed syllable.

"ú Seé | him plúck | Aufid | ius dówn | by the háir | ." (i. 3. 29.)

5. Occasionally, when the sense is broken, there are fewer stresses than five.

"I the great toe? why the great toe? | ú - | ." (i. 1. 155.)

"Which he was lord | of - | or whether nature." (iv. 7. 41.)

"I speak from certainties. | ú - | Nay, more." (i. 2. 32.)

"That won you without blows! | ú - | Despis(ing)." (iii. 3. 131.)

"In the same time 't is made? I will | not - | ." (v. 3. 21.)

"Your valour puts well forth; pray, fol | low - | ." (i. 1. 250.)

6. Blank verse allows an extra-metrical syllable at the end of the line. In Italian blank verse this is the rule. In English the licence is commoner with some writers than with others; with Fletcher, for instance, it is habitual; with Shakespeare it becomes more frequent in later plays. Mr. Fleay (*Manual*, p. 135) gives the number of "double endings," as they are called, in *Coriolanus*, as 708, against 148 in *Richard II.*, and 369 in *Julius Cæsar*.

"What work's, | my coun | trymen, | in hand? | Where go |
(you)?" (i. 1. 53)

"Becomes | not Rome | nor has | Cori | olan | (us)." (iii. 1. 58.)

Sometimes two syllables are extra.

"As children from a bear, the Volsces shun | (ning him)."

(i. 3. 30.)

"A worthy officer i' th' war; but in | (solent)." (iv. 6. 30.)

"At Gre | cian swords | contemn | ing. Tell | Vale | (ria)."

(i. 3. 42.)

As blank verse runs on without a regular pause at the end of the line, the verse may be supposed to end anywhere. (Hence Shakespeare can use lines of four, five, six, or seven syllables. See § 7.) This may explain why extra-metrical syllables, whether one or two, may occur at any place in the line. They are most usual after the second or third foot; *i.e.* at the most usual break (*caesura*).

"Of the whole bo(dy): but, if you do remember." (i. 1. 133.)

"To the discontented mem(bers), the mutinous parts." (i. 1. 110.)

"Yet are they passing cow(ardly). But, I beseech you." (i. 1. 202.)

7. Besides the five foot line, Shakespeare admits lines of three feet (i. 1. 199; v. 1. 71)—especially in couplets; *i.e.* lines of six feet with a break in the middle (i. 1. 192, 195; 7. 2)—lines of two feet, half lines (i. 1. 252), and Alexandrines (i. 4. 6).

