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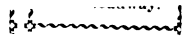
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*The Plays & Poems of Shakespeare:
Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Coriolanus. ...*

William Shakespeare, Edmond Malone



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THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. XI.



Westall, del.

Starling, sc.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
Ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus.
Act IV. Scene III.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE,

ACCORDING TO THE
IMPROVED TEXT OF EDMUND MALONE,
INCLUDING THE LATEST REVISIONS,
WITH
A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AN INDEX,
AND
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,
FROM DESIGNS BY ENGLISH ARTISTS.

EDITED BY
A. J. VALPY, A.M.
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.
VOL. XI.

LONDON :
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1857.

Whatever other learning Shakspeare wanted, he was master of two books unknown to many of the profoundly read, though books which the last conflagration alone can destroy ;—the book of nature, and that of man.

DR. YOUNG.

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PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

HEAR.

xi.

▲

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
PERICLES.

The History of Apollonius, king of Tyre, contained in an old book of the fifteenth century, intituled *Gesta Romanorum*, appears to have formed the groundwork of the present drama. Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, has related the same story, the incidents and antiquated expressions of which may here be distinctly traced; and hence, as Gower himself is introduced to perform the office of Chorus, it seems reasonable to conjecture that the work of the old poet has been chiefly followed.

That the greater part of this production was the composition of Shakspeare, is rendered highly probable by the elaborate disquisitions of Steevens and Malone, who have decided, from the internal evidence, that he either improved some older imperfect work, or wrote in connexion with some other author; that it contains more of his language than any of his doubted dramas; that many scenes throughout the whole piece are his, and especially the greater part of the last three acts; and that what he did compose was his earliest dramatic effort, being assigned to the year 1590. The external evidences are, that Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio Shakspeare, entered *Pericles* at Stationers' Hall in 1608, though it

appeared the next year from another publisher, with Shakspeare's name in the title-page; that it was acted at Shakspeare's own theatre, the Globe; and that it is ascribed to him by several authors near his time. This play is not to be found in the folio of 1623, the editors having probably forgotten it until the book was printed, as they did *Troilus and Cressida*, which is inserted in the volume, but not in the Table of Contents.

The text of this play is so wretchedly corrupt, that it does not so much seem to want illustration as emendation, in which little assistance can be obtained from the inspection of the earliest printed copies, which appear in so imperfect a form, that there is scarcely a single page undisfigured by the grossest errors.

'On the whole,' says Mr. Steevens, 'were the intrinsic merits of *Pericles* yet less than they are, it would be intitled to respect among the curious in dramatic literature. As the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable, not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of *Rafaelle*; so *Pericles* will continue to owe some part of its reputation to the touches it is said to have received from the hand of Shakspeare.'

A R G U M E N T .

Antiochus, king of Antioch, in order to keep his daughter unmarried, subjects all suitors to the penalty of death who fail to expound a riddle which is recited to each: the beauty and accomplishments of the young princess overcome all their apprehensions, and prove fatal to many. At length, Pericles, prince of Tyre, explains the riddle to the monarch, who determines to reward his ingenuity by procuring his assassination. To avoid the impending danger, which he is unable to resist, and to preserve his territories from invasion, Pericles quits his kingdom, and arrives at Tharsus, where his timely interposition preserves Cleon and his subjects from the horrors of famine. He is afterwards driven by a storm on the shore of Pentapolis, where he marries Thaisa, the daughter of king Simonides, who, in accompanying her husband to his kingdom, is delivered of a daughter at sea, named Marina. The body of Thaisa, who is supposed to be dead, is enclosed in a box by her disconsolate husband, and committed to the waves, which drive it towards the coast of Ephesus, where Cerimon, a compassionate and skilful nobleman, succeeds in restoring the vital functions of the lady, who afterwards becomes the priestess of Diana. In the mean time, Pericles commits his infant to the custody of Cleon and his wife, and embarks for Tyre. At the age of fourteen, Marina excites the jealousy of her guardians by the superiority of her attainments, which obscures the talents of their own daughter. A ruffian is accordingly hired to deprive her of life, who is about to execute his orders, when she is rescued from destruction by pirates, who hurry her to Mitylene; at which place she is recognised by her father, who, deceived by the representations of his perfidious friends, is bitterly lamenting her supposed death. By the directions of the goddess Diana, who appears to him in a dream, he repairs to Ephesus, where he recovers his long-lost Thaisa, and unites his daughter in marriage to Lysimachus, the governor of Mitylene; while Cleon and his wife fall victims to the fury of the enraged populace.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
 PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
 HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
 CLEON, governor of Tharsus.
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mitylene.
 CERIMON, lord of Ephesus.
 THALIARD, lord of Antioch.
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
 MARSHAL.
 A PANDER, and his WIFE.
 BOULT, their servant.
 GOWER, as Chorus.

DAUGHTER OF ANTIOCHUS.
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
 THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
 MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
 LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
 DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
 Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes :
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes, and holy-ales ;¹
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
The purpose is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that, to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring ;

¹ Ales drunk at church festivals.

I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the great
 Built up; this city for his chiefest seat;
 'The fairest in all Syria :
 (I tell you what mine authors say)
 This king unto him took a pheere,¹
 Who died, and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace ;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke.
 Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage pleasures playfellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.²

¹ Wife : this word signifies a mate or companion.

² Pointing to the heads of those unfortunate suitors which were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch.

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise. [music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter DAUGHTER OF ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparel'd like the
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.¹
 Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflamed desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
 pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare

¹ i. e. the companion of her mildness.

This body, like to them, to what I must :¹
 For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it. error.
 I'll make my will then ; and, as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
 So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[to the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion then ;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove
 prosperous !

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness and courage.

[he reads the riddle.

' I am no viper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh, which did me breed :
 I sought a husband ; in which labour,
 I found that kindness in a father.

¹ To what I must come.

He's father, son, and husband mild;
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two,
 As you will live, resolve it you.'

Sharp physic is the last:¹ but, O you powers!
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
 acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
 [takes hold of the hand of the princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
 But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt;
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait,²
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
 hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life;
 For that's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

¹ i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle.

² i. e. no honest man

Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown ;
 For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
 'To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
 casts
 Copp'd hills¹ towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
 throng'd
 By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die
 for 't.
 Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their
 will ;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
 It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
 All love the womb that their first beings bred ;
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head ! he has found
 the meaning ;—
 But I will gloze with him.² [*aside.*] Young prince
 of Tyre,
 Though, by the tenor of our strict edict,

¹ Hills rising to a top or head.

² Deceive him by mild behavior.

Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honor and your worth.

[Exeunt Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight !
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where¹ now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father ;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.

¹ Whereas.

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
 Then, lest' my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
 we mean

To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy ;
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner :
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
 For by his fall my honor must keep high.
 Who attends on us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Tha. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our
 mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 'Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold :
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
 him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Tha. My lord,

"Tis done.

Enter MESSENGER.

Ant. Enough.—

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Ant.

As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

Tha. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure : so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to thy head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : why should this charge
of thoughts ?

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By me so used a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me
quiet !

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them ;

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by misread,
Have after-norishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares¹ it be not done :
And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
Nor boots it me to say, I honor him,
If he suspect I may dishonor him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known :
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land ;
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist ;
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who wants no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them)

¹ i. e. takes care.

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return
to us,

Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger
glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their norishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself ;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise ;
Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer :
I thank thee for it ; and high Heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid !

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest ;
Which by my knowlege found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe : but thou
know'st this ;

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector ; and being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years :
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth)
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;
 When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprovest me for it)——

Hel.

Alas, sir !

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
 cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came ;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
 leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear ;
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by public war or private treason
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for awhile,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :
But in our orbs¹ we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince.²
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An antechamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Tha. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I
am sure to be hanged at home : 'tis dangerous.
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.
Now do I see he had some reason for it : for if a

¹ In our different spheres.

² Overcome.

king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Farther to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Tha. How! the king gone! *[aside.*

Hel. If farther yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Tha. What from Antioch? *[aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so :

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So put himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Tha. Well, I perceive *[aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would:
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please;¹
He'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.——

¹ i. e. must do their pleasure, treat him as they will.

But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Tha. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;

But, since my landing, as I have understood,

Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire;—

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A room in the governor's house.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cleon. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench
it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,

'Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;

Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes;

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cleon. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows too sound deep our woes

Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that,
If Heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years ;
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cleon. This Tharsus, o'er which I have govern-
ment,

(A city, on whom plenty held full hand)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at :
Whose men and dames so jetted¹ and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight :
All poverty was scorn'd ; and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cleon. But see what Heaven can do ! By this our
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and
air

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,

¹ Strutted.

They are now starved for want of exercise :
Those palates, who not used to hunger's savor,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
Those mothers, who, to nouse up¹ their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping :
Here many sink ; yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cleon. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter LORD.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor ?

Cleon. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste.
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighboring
shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

¹ Nurse fondly.

Cleon. I thought as much.
 One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor ;
 And so in ours : some neighboring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,¹
 To beat us down, the which are down already ;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
 Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like him's untutored to repeat :
 Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will, and what they can,
 What need we fear ?
 The ground's the lowest, and we are half-way there.
 Go, tell their general, we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;²
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

¹ Forces.

² i. e. if he stands on peace. A Latin sense.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our ships and number of our men
 Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets :
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
 And these our ships, you happily¹ may think
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
 With bloody views, expecting overthrow,—
 Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread,²
 And give them life, who are hunger-starved, half
 dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
 And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise.
 We do not look for reverence, but for love ;
 And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

¹ For haply.

² i. e. to make bread for your needy subjects.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
 awhile,
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis,¹ to incest bring;
 A better prince, and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.
 I'll show you those in troubles reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation²
 (To whom I give my benizon)³
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can;⁴
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue to make it glorious:
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

¹ Think.

² Meaning Pericles. Conversation is here used in the sense of conduct or behavior.

³ Blessing.

⁴ Pays as much respect to whatever he says as if it were holy writ.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles ; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon ; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally.

Gower. Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labors ; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre ;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him ;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest :
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow :
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and spilt ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :

And here he comes : what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower ; this long 's the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas ! the sea hath cast me on the rocks ;
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he 'll crave.

Enter THREE FISHERMEN.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away,
or I 'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help

them, when, well-a-day! we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I' as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;

And from their watery empire recollect
 All that may men approve, or men detect!
 Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it
 be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and
 nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your
 coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to
 cast thee in our way!

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the
 wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
 For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
 He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them
 in our country of Greece, gets more with begging,
 than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for
 here's nothing to be got nowadays, unless thou
 canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
 But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
 A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
 And have no more of life, than may suffice
 To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
 For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;¹ and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish*. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish*. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish*. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides do you call him?

1 *Fish*. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

¹ Pancakes.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter the TWO FISHERMEN, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots¹ on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends? I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeathe to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life;—
' Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield

¹ Bots are the worms that breed in horses.

'Twixt me and death;' and pointed to this brace :¹
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again.
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman.
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give
thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we
that made up this garment through the rough seams
of the waters: there are certain condolences,
certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll
remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.

¹ Armour for the arm.

By your furtherance, I am clothed in steel ;
 And, spite of all the rupture of the sea,
 'This jewel holds his bidding on my arm :
 Unto thy value will I mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases.¹

2 *Fish*. We 'll sure provide : thou shalt have my
 best gown to make thee a pair ; and I 'll bring thee
 to the court myself.

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will :
 This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

The same. *A public way or platform leading to the
 lists : a pavilion by the side of it, for the reception
 of the King, Princes, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, and *Attendants*.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege ;
 And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them,² we are ready ; and our
 daughter,
 In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,

¹ ' A kind of loose breeches.'—Steevens.

² Return them notice.

Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which Heaven makes like to itself.
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain
The labor of each knight, in his device.¹

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his
Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer² himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word,³ *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*the second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

¹ Armorial ensign.

² Offer.

³ Motto.

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*.¹ [the third Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*.

[the fourth Knight passes.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside
down:

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[the fifth Knight passes.

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[the sixth Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

¹ More by sweetness than by force.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
 Can any way speak in his just commend :
 For, by his rusty outside, he appears
 To have practised more the whipstock¹ than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
 To an honor'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
 Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
 The outward habit by the inward man.²
 But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
 Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, 'The mean knight!'*]

SCENE III.

The same. A hall of state. A banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
 To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
 To place upon the volume of your deeds,
 As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
 Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
 Since every worth in show commends itself.

¹ The carter's whip.

² i. e. the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are my princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you 're her labor'd scholar. Come, queen o' the
feast,

(For, daughter, so you are) here take your place :
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honor'd much by good Simo-
nides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days : honor we
love ;

For who hates honor, hates the gods above.

Mar. Sir, yond 's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me,¹ she not thought upon.

¹ These delicacies go against my stomach.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat.
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman ;
He has done no more than other knights have done ;
Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You king's to me like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did veil¹ their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light,
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave ;
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the
brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips)

We drink this health to you.

Knights.

We thank your grace.

¹ Lower.

Sim. Yet pause awhile :
 Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
 As if the entertainment in our court
 Had not a show might countervail his worth.
 Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is it
 To me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter :
 Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
 Who freely give to every one that comes
 To honor them ; and princes, not doing so,
 Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
 Are wonder'd at.
 Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
 Here say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine to
 him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
 Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.
 He may my proffer take for an offence,
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How ?
 Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
 better. *[aside.]*

Sim. And farther tell him, we desire to know,
 Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
 freely.

Thai. And farther he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pe-
ricles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,¹
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*the Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures* are as excellent.

¹ Accoutred.

^{*} Dancing.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied
[*the Knights and Ladies dance.*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp.

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

But you the best. [*to Pericles.*] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: yours,
sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A room in the governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me;—
Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which, the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous, capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esc. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esc. 'Tis very true.

Enter THREE LORDS.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without re-
proof.

3 *Lord.* And cursed be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a
word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day, my
lords.'

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the
top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Heli-
cane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And be resolved,¹ he lives to govern us ;
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in
 our censure :²

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
 Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
 Will soon to ruin fall ; your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane !

Hel. Try honor's cause ; forbear your suffrages :
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you,
 To forbear choice i' the absence of your king ;
 If in which time expired, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not
 yield ;

And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavor it.

¹ Satisfied.

² The most probable in our opinion.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands :

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter ; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know ;

That, for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,

Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord ?

Sim. Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery :

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honor will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So.

They're well despatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine ;
 I like that well :—nay, how absolute she's in 't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no !
 Well, I commend her choice ;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft, here he comes : I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholden to you,
 For your sweet music this last night : my ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
 sir, of

My daughter ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*aside.*]

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But hent all offices to honor her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed, might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honor's cause.

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter; she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*aside.*] I'll tame
you;

I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*aside.*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to
mine;—

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be ruled by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too:

And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy:

And, for a farther grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Now sleep yslaked¹ hath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'erfed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
 And time, that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche.²
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides shows his daughter the letter: she rejoices: she and

¹ Quenched.² Eke.

*Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.
Then Simonides, &c. retire.*

Gower. By many a dearn¹ and painful perch,²
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coignes,³
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest.⁴ At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes to oppress,
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
'Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'

¹ Lonely.

² A perch is a measure of five yards and a half.

³ Corners.

⁴ Assist the search.

Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
(Omit we all their dole and woe)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut ; but Fortune's mood ¹
Varies again : the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-neighbor ! ²
Doth fall in travail with her fear :
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I will ³ relate ; action may
Conveniently the rest convey ;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

¹ Disposition.

² An exclamation equivalent to Welladay.

³ I shall not.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast,¹ rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep! O, still thy
 deafening,
 Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
 Sulphureous flashes!—O, how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen? Thou storm, thou! venom-
 ously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lych. Here is a thing
 Too young for such a place; who, if it had
 Conceit,² would die as I am like to do.
 Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

¹ This wide expanse.

² Thought.

Per. How, how, Lychorida?

Lych. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honor with you.¹

Lych. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustering birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcomed to this world,
That e'er was prince's child: happy what follows!
'Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,²
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter TWO SAILORS.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

¹ Contend with you in honor.

² Than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counter-balance.

Per. Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw ;¹
It hath done to me the worst : yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins² there ; thou wilt not,
wilt thou ? Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard ; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir : with us at sea it still hath
been observed ; and we are strong in earnest : there-
fore briefly yield her ; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen !

Lych. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;
No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave ; but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,

¹ Blast.

² Ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when
the wind is unfavorable.

Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
calked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is
this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach
it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

*Enter CERIMON, a SERVANT, and some Persons who
have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phi. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men :
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many ; but such a night as
this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return :
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*to Philemon.*

*[Exeunt Philemon, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.]*

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gen.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gen.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gen.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake ;
The very principals¹ did seem to rend,
And all to topple :² pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

¹ The principals are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

² Tumble.

2 *Gen.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;

'Tis not our husbandry.¹

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gen.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire² about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning³ were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend ;

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,

Together with my practice, made familiar

To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That Nature works, and of her cures ; which give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,

¹ Economical prudence.

² A bed richly and comfortably furnished.

³ Knowledge.

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gen.* Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored :
And not your knowlege, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter TWO SERVANTS with a chest.

Ser. So ; lift there.

Cer. What is that ?

Ser. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest ;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down ; let's look on it.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis calk'd and bitumed !—
Did the sea cast it up ?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open :
Soft, soft !—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gen.* A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril : so,—up with it.

O you most potent god ! what 's here ? a corse !

1 *Gen.* Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and en-
treasured,

With bags of spices full ! A passport too !

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters !

[*unfolds a scroll.*

' Here I give to understand, [reads.

If e'er this coffin drive a-land,

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane¹ cost.

Who finds her, give her burying ;

She was the daughter of a king :

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity !'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe ! This chanced to-night.

2 *Gen.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;

For, look, how fresh she looks ! They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

¹ Worldly.

The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more.—How thou stirr'st, thou
block!—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gen. The Heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*she moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2 *Gen.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gen.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbors;

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear
her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.*]

SCENE III.

Tharsus. A room in Cleon's house.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and
MARINA.*

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cleon. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dio. O your sweet queen!
'That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end

Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cleon. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace,¹ that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honor and your goodness teach me to it,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor all,
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.² So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dio. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

¹ Bounty.

² i. e. though I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct.

Cleon. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
o' the shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,¹ and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace

Your offer. Come, dearest madam !—O, no tears ;
Lychorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer, which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time ; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,

¹ Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.

Where you may bide until your date expire.¹
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
 Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
 His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters ; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place
 Of general wonder : but, alack !
 That monster Envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife :
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage fight : this maid
 Hight² Philoten ; and it is said

¹ Until you die.

² Called.

For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be :
 Be 't when she weaved the sleided ¹ silk
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;
 Or when she would with sharp needl ² wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records ³ with moan ; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian ; ⁴ still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute ⁵ Marina : so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant ⁶ instrument of wrath

¹ Untwisted.² Needle.³ Sings.⁴ i. e. do homage to Diana by the composition of hymns in her praise.⁵ The highly accomplished.⁶ Prepared.

Prest¹ for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content :
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Tharsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dio. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to
 do it :

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee ; but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leo. I'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dio. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.

¹ Ready : from the French word *prêt*.

Thou art resolved ?

Leo. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus¹ of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dio. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favor's² changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you:
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dio. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,

¹ The earth.

² Countenance.

With more than foreign heart.¹ We every day
 Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you ;
 Walk, and be cheerful once again : reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dio. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
 Remember what I have said.

Leo. I warrant you, madam.

Dio. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for awhile ;
 Pray you, walk softly ; do not heat your blood.
 What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.
 [*Exit Dionyza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leo. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leo. Was 't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cried, ' Good seamen ! ' to the sailors, galling

¹ i. e. with the same warmth of affection as if I were his countrywoman.

His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leo. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber.¹ ' Ha ! ' says one, ' wilt out ? '
And, with a dropping industry, they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leo. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leo. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : pray, but be not tedious ;
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leo. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or

¹ A ship-boy.

My life imply her danger ?

Leo. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favor'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought ;
Good sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leo. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter PIRATES, whilst Marina is struggling.

1 *Pi.* Hold, villain ! [*Leonine runs away.*]

2 *Pi.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pi.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leo. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes ;
And they have seised Marina. Let her go :
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's
dead,
And thrown into the sea : but I 'll see farther.
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mitylene. A room in a brothel.

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pan. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pan. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pan. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven,——

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pan. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for' worms: but I'll go search the market. [*Exit Boult.*]

Pan. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pan. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with¹ the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.² Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pan. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling: but here comes Boult.

Enter PIRATES, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*to Marina.*] My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pi.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough³ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

¹ Is not equal to.

² Half-open

³ Bid a high price.

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pan. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit Boult.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke) or that these
pirates
(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard thrown
me

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And, I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There

was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers. Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere¹ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must;

¹ Certain.

for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dio. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cleon. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dio. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cleon. Were I chief lord of all the spacious
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat! What canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dio. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates.
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent;¹
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
'She died by foul play.'

Cleon. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

¹ Simpleton.

Do like this worst.

Dio. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain¹ you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding
Whoever but his approbation added,
Though not his preconsent, he did not flow
From honorable courses.

Dio. Be it so then :
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,²
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cleon. Heavens forgive it :

Dio. And as for Pericles,
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn : her monument
Is almost finish'd ; and her epitaphs,
In glittering golden characters, express

¹ Lineage.

² A coarse wench.

A general praise to her, and care in us,
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cleon. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth, with thine angel's face,
Seise with thine eagle's talons.

Dio. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies ;
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gower. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short ;
Sail seas in cockles ; have, and wish but for 't ;
Making,¹ to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight)
'To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,

¹ Travelling.

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought ;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on)

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile :
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES with his train ; CLEON
and DIONYZA at the other. Cleon shows Pericles
the tomb of Marina ; whereat Pericles makes la-
mentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion
departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire.*

Gower. See how belief may suffer by foul
show !

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
shower'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs :
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea : he bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel¹ tears,

¹ body.

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit:¹
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]

'The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter:
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the
 earth:

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does (and swears she 'li never
 stint)²

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy welladay
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. *! Exit.*

¹ Be pleased to know.

² Cease.

SCENE V.

Mitylene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, TWO GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gen.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gen.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gen.* But to have divinity preached there ! Did you ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gen.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses : shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gen.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pan. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her ! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-

furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pan. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lys. You may so: 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man. [*to Marina, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name, but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester¹ at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing: but I protest to thee,

¹ A wanton.

pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now ;
If put upon you, make the judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this ? how's this ? Some more : be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle Fortune
Hath placed me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air !

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
thee ;

Persever still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent ; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold ; here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[*as Lysimachus is putting up his purse, Boulton enters.*

Boulton. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper! Your
house,

But for this virgin, that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit Lysimachus.*

Boulton. How's this? We must take another
course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is
not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under
the cope,¹ shall undo a whole household, let me be
gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boulton. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
the common hangman shall execute it. Come your
way: we'll have no more gentlemen driven away.
Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now? what's the matter?

Boulton. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

¹ i. e. under the canopy of heaven.

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her, Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,

Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou 'rt the damn'd doorkeeper to every coystrel¹
That hither comes inquiring for his tib :²
To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable ; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one.

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman ; Any of these ways are better yet than this : For that which thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. That the gods
Would safely from this place deliver me !

Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom

¹ Paltry fellow.

² A cant term for a common woman.

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them: but since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays:

Deep clerks¹ she dumbs; and with her needl²
composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle,³ silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

¹ Learned men.

² For needle.

³ Inkle is a species of tape.

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this
coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from
whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;¹
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark;
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd:² please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

¹ i. e. once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination.

² i. e. where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited, and more should be shown if our stage would permit.

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch; a barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter TWO SAILORS, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*to the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN.

1 Gen. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray
you

To greet them fairly.

[*the Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*Pericles discovered.*] this
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal¹ night,

¹ Destructive.

Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail,

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst

wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony

And other choice attractions, would allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,¹

Which now are midway stopp'd.

She is all happy as the fairest of all,

And, with her fellow maids, is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[he whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit

Lord, in the barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name: but, since your kind-

ness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you

farther,

That for our gold we may provision have,

Wherein we are not destitute for want,

But weary for the staleness.

Lys.

O, sir, a courtesy,

¹ i. e. ears.

Which if we should deny, the most just God
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,
 And so inflict our province. Yet once more
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir; I will recount it :—
 But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
 The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
 Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she
 came

Of gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish
 No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient.
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery,
 Provided none but I and my companion
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
 And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
 My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear,—' Go not till he speak.'

[*aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
 To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.

You are like something that—What country-woman?

Here, of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been : my queen's square
brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ,
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe ?¹

Mar. Should I tell my history.
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak ;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?

¹ Possess.

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceived thee) that thou
camest

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story:
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity¹ out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

¹ The utmost of human suffering.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient :
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter,
And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
No motion ?¹—Well ; speak on. Where were you
born,

And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ? thy mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the very minute I was born ;
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little.
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be :
My daughter's buried. [*aside.*] Well ; where were
you bred ?

¹ No puppet dressed up to deceive me.

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable¹
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor
Most wise in general. Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

¹ I will believe every word you say.

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir;
Give me a gash; put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us. This is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that;
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.¹

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect) the heir of king-
doms,

And a mother like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?

¹ i. e. though nothing ever happened to awake a doubt concerning your veracity.

Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee; rise: thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been
By savage Cleon) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowlege,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O Heavens, bless my girl! But hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear——

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids: let me rest. [*he sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head.

[*the curtain before the pavilion of
Pericles is closed.*]

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina,
and attendant Lady.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him
as in a vision.*

Diana. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe ;

Do 't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Diana disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee !—Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons¹ I'll tell thee why.

[to *Helicanus*.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems,
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exit.

Enter GOWER, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gower. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, as my last boon, give me;
(For such kindness must relieve me)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he² had done his sacrifice,

¹ Soon.

² i. e. Pericles.

As Dian bade ; whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.¹
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess ; a number of virgins on each side ; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES with his train ; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina, who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery.² She at Tharsus
 Was nursed with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder ; but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene, against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

¹ Consume.² i. e. her white robe of innocence.

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favor !
You are, you are—O royal Pericles !——

[*she faints.*]

Per. What means the woman ? she dies ! help.
gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no :
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upbn this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O, she 's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blustering morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and placed
her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,
Whither I invite you. Look ! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look !
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense ¹ bend no licentious ear,

¹ Sensual passion.

But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[shows a ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport. You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[kneels to Thaisa.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man ?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found ;
How possibly preserved ; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen relives ?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;
How she came placed here within the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana !
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,¹ that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form ;

¹ This beard.

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gower. In Antioch¹ and his daughter, you
have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when Fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honor'd name

¹ *i. e.* the king of Antioch.

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn ;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[Exit Gower.]

CORIO LANUS.

SHAK.

XL

H

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

CORIOLANUS.

This play was neither entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, nor printed, till the year 1623, when it appeared in the folio edition of Heminge and Condell. From a slight resemblance between the language of the fable told by Menenius in the first scene, and that of the same apologue in Camden's Remains, published in 1605,—Malone supposes the passage to have been imitated from that volume. He assigns the production, however, to 1609 or 1610; partly because most of the other plays of Shakspeare have been reasonably referred to other years, and therefore the present might be most naturally ascribed to a time when he had not ceased to write, and was probably unemployed; and partly from the mention of the mulberry by Volumnia; the white species of which fruit was brought into England in great quantities in 1609, though possibly other sorts had been already planted here.

A rigid adherence to historical truth is preserved in the characters and events of this drama. Many of the principal speeches are copied from Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus, as translated by Sir Thomas North. The time of action comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons

Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266.

‘This tragedy,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘is one of the most amusing of our author’s performances. The old man’s merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady’s dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero’s fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.’

The word *Cōriolānus* was always pronounced as a quadrisyllable, until the late Mr. Kemble pronounced it *Coriolānus*, in five syllables. It is true that the name of the town is pronounced *Corioli*; but it is well known that the addition of a syllable in composition frequently alters the position of the accent. But in the present case we must regulate our pronunciation by the metre in Shakspeare. In one line, indeed, of the tragedy of *Coriolanus*—

‘Coriolanus of Corioli,’

the word may be pronounced either *Coriolānus*, or *Cōriolānus*; for although it is here evidently a word of five syllables, the first foot may be a trochee or an iamb, by a common license, in iambic poetry. In another line—

‘Caius Marcus Coriolanus. Bear—’

it is likewise of five syllables; but *Cori* may be a

trochee as well as *Marcus*; and Shakspeare is by no means strict in avoiding trochees, even in the middle of a verse. There is a line which, were it the only one in which the name occurred, would justify the modern fashionable pronunciation:—

‘Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus—’

but the use of the trochee will settle the metre; and Steevens reads *Romans*, because he says that ‘Coriolanus is accented on the first, and not the second syllable.’

But to prove beyond the possibility of a doubt the legitimate quantity of the word, the lines in which it occurs shall be here inserted:—

- ‘In honor follows, Coriolanus—’
- ‘Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.’
- ‘By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom—’
- ‘I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus—’
- ‘Let him be call’d for. Call for Coriolanus.’

Here, indeed, Steevens supplies the preposition, in which he is followed by subsequent editors.

- ‘Where, at the senate house? There, Coriolanus.’
- ‘To the people. Coriolanus, patience.’
- ‘The consul Coriolanus. He a consul!’
- ‘My surname Coriolanus.¹ The painful service—’
- ‘That we have bled together. Coriolanus—’

If these quotations do not satisfy the reader, who is of opinion that Shakspeare is often irregular in his

¹ This is one of many instances in which Shakspeare introduces a supernumerary syllable at the end of a clause, as well as at the end of a verse. So in the *Tempest*:—

- ‘And he’s composed of harshness. I must remove—
- ‘Expell’d remorse and nature; who with Sebastian—

metre, he will be convinced by the authority of another poet, who is always correct and consistent. The Coriolanus of Thomson will furnish instances, which shall be here brought together :—

- ‘ Of Coriolanus ; that alone is left me.’
- ‘ The gods by thee—I see it, Coriolanus.’
- ‘ Why, Tullus, this delay? May Coriolanus—’
- ‘ Is your demand? O Coriolanus, Rome—’
- ‘ Stop, Coriolanus, ere beyond retreat—’
- ‘ This answer, Coriolanus, is the dictate—’
- ‘ Your pardon, Volsci, but this Coriolanus—’
- ‘ We thank thee, Coriolanus, but a Roman—’
- ‘ In which they were prescribed by Coriolanus—’
- ‘ That Coriolanus in the Volscian army—’
- ‘ O Coriolanus, when with hostile arms—’
- ‘ Oft hast thou justly triumph’d, Coriolanus.’
- ‘ To boast that Coriolanus was my son—’
- ‘ Since, Coriolanus, thou dost still retain—’
- ‘ Be firm and persevere. ‘ Ah! Coriolanus—’
- ‘ What shall I say? Nay, tell me, Coriolanus—’
- ‘ Of broken faith. O swear not, Coriolanus—’
- ‘ Nay, if thou yieldest, yield like Coriolanus.’
- ‘ With safety! Heavens! And think’st thou Coriolanus—’

The actor, to whom allusion has been made, has been reprehended, publicly and privately, for pronouncing *aches* as a dissyllable in the line—

‘ Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar—’

He was perfectly correct in his conception of the metre. The word *ach-es*, like *moon-es*, in Shakspeare, and many other monosyllables in our ancient poets, was pronounced as a dissyllable. His fault was in sounding *ch* as it is in *chaff*, and not as it is in *chorus*. He ought to have said *ak-es*, unless he modernised the verse into—

‘ Fill all thy bones with aches, and make thee roar.’

A R G U M E N T .

The expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome is succeeded by a famine, during which the plebeians extort from the weakness of the nobility a gratuitous distribution of corn, together with the appointment of two popular officers called tribunes to protect their interests from the alleged oppression of the patricians. The haughty Coriolanus, by his opposition to these concessions, renders himself highly unpopular : his civil defects are however soon after effaced by the splendor of his military achievements, which are rewarded by his appointment to the consulate by the senate, whose choice is about to be ratified by the suffrages of the people, when the powerful influence of the two tribunes procures his rejection. The violence of temper displayed by Coriolanus at this disappointment affords matter of triumph to his crafty adversaries, who condemn him to perpetual banishment, by a decree of the people. Exasperated at this insult, the illustrious exile repairs to the capital of the Volscians, who gladly aid him in his schemes of revenge by investing him and their own general Aufidius with a joint command, which speedily overcomes all opposition ; and the hostile occupation of Rome is expected with terror by its affrighted citizens. The conqueror, in the mean time, refuses to listen to the most solemn embassies of his countrymen, until his mother and wife, accompanied by a deputation of eminent Roman matrons, at length prevail on him to raise the siege. The Volscian army soon after returns home, where Coriolanus, while justifying his conduct to the senate, is assassinated by a band of conspirators in the interest of his colleague Aufidius.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

YOUNG MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

ROMAN HERALD.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

LIEUTENANT to Aufidius.

CONSPIRATORS with Aufidius.

CITIZEN of Antium.

TWO VOLSCIAN GUARDS.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

GENTLEWOMAN, attending Virgilia.

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

SCENE, partly in Rome, and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

CORIO LANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of CITIZENS, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

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

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

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

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

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

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

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens, the pa-

tricians good :¹ 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 particularise their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes :² for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

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

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

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

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *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.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you

¹ i. e. rich. Good is here used in the mercantile sense.

² Thin as rakes.

account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *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.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

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

1 *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.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling,¹ 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 neighbors,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already

¹ Intimation.

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

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
 cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their
 storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for
 usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any whole-
 some act established 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
 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 scale 't¹ a little more.

¹ Spread it.

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

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where¹ the other instru-
ments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 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,² but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly³
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cit. Your belly's answer. What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

¹ Whereas.

² With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt.

³ Exactly.

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?

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

Men. Well, what then?

1 *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'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend:

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash like his accusers; and thus answer'd:—
 ' True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
 ' That I receive the general food at first,
 Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
 Because I am the storehouse, 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 the seat o' the
 brain;
 And, through the cranks¹ and offices of man,

¹ Windings.



Dorter del.

Starling sc.

CORIOLANUS
Volturnus & Virginia.
Act I. Scene III.

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,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. ' Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each;
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flower of all,
 And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

1 *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' the common; you shall
 find,

No public benefit which you receive,
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves. What do you
 think?—

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
 poorest

Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost.
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
 Lead'st first, to win some vantage.
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;

The one side must have bale.¹ Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissensious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 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 you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun : your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,
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 favors, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust
ye ?

¹ Harm, damage.

With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble that was now your hate,
 Him vile that was your garland. What's the
 matter,

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 the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and
 give out

Conjectural marriages · making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
 enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,¹
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry²
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick³ my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
 suaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,

Compassion.

SHAK.

² A heap of dead.

XI

³ Pitch.

I

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;—

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 an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale)—they threw their
caps,

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice; one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Where 's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here. What 's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't ; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

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

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us ;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility ;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I 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.

1 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?

Lar. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol, where, I
know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Lar. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you:
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone!

[*to the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The Volces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valor puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Lar. and Men.*
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the peo-
ple,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts!

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird¹ the
gods.

¹ To sneer at.

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,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To 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
Of his demerits¹ rob Cominius.

Bru. Come ;
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his
faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes

¹ Merits and demerits had formerly the same meaning.

Upon his present action.¹

Bru.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli. The senate-house.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain SENATORS.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath 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 press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumor'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent; most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:

¹ 'We will learn what he is to do, besides going himself; what are his powers, and what is his appointment.'—Johnson.

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which, in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in ¹ many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.

If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Subdue.

SCENE III.

Rome. An apartment in Marcius' house.

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they sit 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 honor, than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding;—I, considering how honor 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.¹ 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.

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

Vol. Then his good report should have been my

¹ An honor awarded to him who preserved the life of a citizen.

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 GENTLEWOMAN.

Gen. 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 Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus;—
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

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

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

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

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

Re-enter GENTLEWOMAN, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

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

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

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

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he 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 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it! O, I warrant, how he mam-mocked¹ it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

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

Vir. A crack,² madam.

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

¹ Tore.

² Hasty, fiery.

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

Val. Not out of doors ?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

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

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

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

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

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

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

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

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

Vir. Indeed, madam ?

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volces 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 honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam: I will obey you in every thing 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.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' 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 colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a MESSENGER.

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

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy.

Mes. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lar. 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?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
SENATORS and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[other alarums.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lar. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,
ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

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 Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.

The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.

Re-enter MARCIUS.

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

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to 't. Come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire 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.

[he enters the gates, and is shut in.

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[alarum continues.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lar. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lar. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
Marcius:

A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

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

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lar. O, 'tis Marcius:

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

[they fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.

Within the town. A street.

Enter certain ROMANS, with spoils.

1 *Ro.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Ro.* And I this.

3 *Ro.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
 hours

At a crack'd drachm!¹ 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;

¹ An old Roman coin.

And, hark, what noise the general makes!—to
him.

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste
To help Cominius.

Lar. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st:
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lar. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit Marcius.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

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 en-
countering,

Enter MESSENGER.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

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

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

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums.

How couldst thou in a mile confound¹ an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

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

Enter MARCIUS.

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

Mar. 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.

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 you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;

Expend.

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 ;
 He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,
 The common file, (a plague !—tribunes for them !)
 The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
 From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not
 think.

Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
 If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. *Marcus,*
 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, *Marcus,*
 Their bands i' the vaward¹ are the Antiates,
 Of their best trust ; o'er them Aufidius,
 Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,

¹ Front.

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a* LIEUTENANT, *a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lar. So, let the ports¹ be guarded: keep your duties,
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries² 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.

Lar. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Gates.

² Companies consisting of a hundred men.

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and Volscian camps.

Alarum. 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,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[they fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius.]

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.¹

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.]

¹ In affording such ill-timed assistance.

SCENE IX.

The Roman camp.

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Florish. Enter, at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
 Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
 And, gladly quaked,¹ hear more; where the dull
 tribunes,
 That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,
 Shall say, against their hearts,—' We thank the
 gods,
 Our Rome hath such a soldier!'—
 Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
 Having fully dined before.

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

Lar. O general,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison:
 Hadst thou beheld——

¹ i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.

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 : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we 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, ' Marcius!
Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances.
Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall
I' the 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 wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolic;
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 proper¹ 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,

¹ Own.

With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamor of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*florish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;

And, when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you.
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.¹

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,² with whom we may articulate,³
 For their own good, and ours.

Lar. 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 : 'tis yours. What is 't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor man's house ; he used me kindly :
 He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;

¹ i. e. endeavor to preserve your good opinion to the extent of my power.

² The chief men.

³ Enter into articles.

But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lar. 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:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The camp of the Volces.

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

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the 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,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard.
 He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
 Hath not that honor in 't it had ; for where ¹
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True sword to sword, I'll potch ² at him some way ;
 Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's
 poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
 Shall fly out of itself. ³ Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements ⁴ 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 his heart. Go you to the
 city ;

Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will you not go ?

Auf. I am attended ⁵ at the cypress grove. I
 pray you,

('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
 How the world goes ; that to the pace of it

¹ Whereas.

² Push, strike.

³ Shall deviate from its native generosity.

⁴ Embargoes or prohibitions.

⁵ Waited for.

I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol.

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

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

Bru. Good, or bad?

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

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

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

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

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

Both Tri. Well, sir.

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

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

Sic Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

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

Both Tri. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now. Will you not be angry?

Both Tri. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

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

Bru. What then, sir?

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

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favoring the first complaint; hasty and

tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men¹ as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you gave me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of m, microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson² conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

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

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a 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

¹ Statesmen.

² Blind.

all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

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

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en 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 to the back of the scene.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

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

Vol. Honorable 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!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

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

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—
A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you: I saw it.

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.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

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

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

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

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

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

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not

have been so fidiused for all the chests in 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.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*to the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the 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' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh;—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*a shout and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets!

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :
 Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie ;
 Which, being advanced, declines ; and then men
 die.

*A Sennet.*¹ *Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and
 TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned
 with an oaken garland ; with Captains, Soldiers,
 and Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did
 fight

Within Corioli's gates, where he hath won,
 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these
 In honor follows, Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus ! [*florish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this ; it does offend my heart :

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O !

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [*kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honor newly named,

What is it ? Coriolanus, must I call thee ?

But, O, thy wife,——

Cor. My gracious² silence, hail !

¹ Florish on cornets.

² Graceful

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, par-
don. *[to Valeria.]*

Vol. I know not where to turn.—O welcome
home;

And welcome, general; and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could
weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Wel-
come:

A curse begin at very root of his 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
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[to his Wife and Mother.]

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 honors.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy : only there
Is 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.

*[florish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as
before. The Tribunes remain.]*

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 malkin¹ pins
Her richest lockram² 'bout her reechy³ neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks
windows
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens⁴
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in

¹ Wench.

² Lockram was a kind of cheap linen.

³ Greasy.

⁴ Priests seldom seen.

Their nicely-gauded ¹ cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
 From where he should begin and end ; but will
 Lose those that 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 honors ;
 Which that he'll give them, make as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

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

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it,
 rather

¹ Adorned.

Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

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

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; ¹
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest ² the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he
would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand ³
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

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

¹ 'As our advantage requires.'—M. Mæxi.

² Prompt.

³ For provender.

Enter MESSENGER.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

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

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

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter TWO OFFICERS, to lay cushions.

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

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

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

2 *Off.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved

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

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite.¹ 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.

2 *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,² without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors 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.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man. Make way; they are coming.

¹ Adversary.

² Took off their caps.

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 also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honors like himself.

1 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. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,¹
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts

¹ i. e. your kind interposition with the common people.

Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

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

Men. That 's off,¹ that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
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.

¹ That is nothing to the purpose.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,

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

Men. Masters o' 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 honor,
Than one of his ears to hear it? Proceed, Com-
nius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valor 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 chin¹ he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed

¹ i. e. without a beard.

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honors
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world : he covets less
Than misery ¹ itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

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

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

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

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

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to 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

¹ Avarice.

One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't.

Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor 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 honor.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor !

[*florish : then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He will re-
quire 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 the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several CITIZENS.

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

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

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

1 *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.

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

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *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.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks.—You may, you may.¹

3 *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 and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behavior. 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 honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

¹ i. e. you may divert yourself, as you please, at my expense.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*

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

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor.

What must I say?—

I pray, sir;—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir; my wounds:

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

Men.

O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor.

Think upon me? Hang 'em!

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

Men.

You 'll mar all:

I 'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray
you,

In wholesome manner.

[*Erit.*

Enter TWO CITIZENS.

Cor.

Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a
brace.

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

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

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir ;

'Twas never my desire yet,

To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

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

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, 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 ?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.

I have your alms : adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no
matter. [*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

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.

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

Cor. Your enigma ?

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

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

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

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowlege 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 !

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't.
 What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honor go
 To one that would do thus. I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter THREE OTHER CITIZENS.

Here come more voices!
 Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your
 voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

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

6 *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! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor.

Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
 tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

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

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

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

Repair to 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,
'Tis warm at his heart.

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

Re-enter CITIZENS.

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

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

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

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

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

3 *Cit.*

Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

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

Cit.

No; no man saw 'em.

[*several speak.*]

3 *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,

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

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,

I have no farther with you.' Was not this mockery?

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

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru.

Could you not have told him,

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

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

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

2 *Cit.* And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
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,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,¹
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labor'd,

¹ Carriage.

(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Preoccupied 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' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people;
And nobly named so, being twice 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,
Scaling¹ his present bearing with his past,

¹ Weighing.

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 the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all
[*several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on :
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage¹ of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol.
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the
people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. take advantage.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. A street.

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lar. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

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

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lar. On safeguard he came to me; and did
curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lar. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lar. How often he had met you, sword to
sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lar. At Antium.

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

[*to Lartius.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

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

For they do prank¹ them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the com-
mons?

Bru. Cominius, &c.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,

¹ Plume, deck.

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 it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call't not a plot.

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How? I inform them?

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

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

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

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the peop'le stir: if you will pass

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

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

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused, set on : this pal-
tering¹

Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely²
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !

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

Men. Not now, not now.

1 *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 norish 'gainst our senate
The cockle³ of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd number ;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

¹ Shuffling.

² Treacherously.

³ Cockle is a weed which grows up with corn.

Men. Well, no more.

1 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 meazels,¹
Which we disdain should tetter² us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows?³ mark you
His absolute 'shall?'

Com. 'Twas from the canon.⁴

Cor. 'Shall!'

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

¹ Lepers.

² Infect.

³ A minnow is one of the smallest river fish.

⁴ 'i. e. according to law.'—M. Mason.

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not
spirit

To say, he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; ¹ 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,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself.
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power)

i. e. let the ignorance that gave it him, vail or bow down before him.

I say, they norish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

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

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the
corn

Was not our recompense ; resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread¹ the gates : this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valor, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native²
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this bosom multiplied³ digest
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words :—' We did request
it :

We are the greater poll,⁴ 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

¹ Pass through.

² Natural parent, cause of birth.

³ This multitudinous bosom.

⁴ Number.

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

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wis-
dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance ;—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you,——

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt¹ the change of 't ; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump² 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 dishonor
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

¹ Fear

² Risk.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

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

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ediles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ediles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seise him, ediles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[they all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath:
Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune. Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you;—Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

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

1 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 establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. 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' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

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

Bru. Ediles, seise him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

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

Ediles. 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,
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, with-
draw 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 Ediles,
and the People are all beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone;
away;

All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house:

Leave us to cure this cause.

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

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd) not Romans, (as they are
not,

Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol)—

Men. Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.¹

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

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

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag² return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
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
patch'd
With cloth of any color.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*]

¹ *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his 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.*]

¹ 'Time will be in our debt: our time of triumph will come hereafter.'—Malone.

² Rabble.

Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

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

Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

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

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

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

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[several speak together.]

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace.

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

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, 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 a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

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

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

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to despatch
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 deserved¹ children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

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

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country:

¹ For deserving.

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
 Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
 A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.¹

Bru. Merely² awry: when he did love his
 country,

It honor'd him.

Men. 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 farther.

Men. One word more, one word.
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
 Tie leaden pounds to his 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 ediles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the
 wars
 Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
 In bolted³ language; meal and bran together

¹ Quite awry.

² Absolutely.

³ Finely sifted.

He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

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

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—we'll attend
you there;
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

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

SCENE II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present
me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,¹ my mother
 Does not approve me farther, who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance² stood up
 To speak of peace or war. I talk of you:

[*to Volumnia.*

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
 me

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

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

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
 are,
 With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
 The thwartings of your dispositions, if
 You had not show'd them how you were disposed
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

¹ Wonder.

² Rank.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and SENATORS.

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

You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours;

But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger

To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic

For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,

Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I' the 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 honor, 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 honor, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you;
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Than to take in ¹ a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts ²
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

¹ Subdue.

² Our common clowns.

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

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

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling: or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier; and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be ruled: although, I know, thou
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

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

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

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will :—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce ?¹
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do 't :
Yet were there but this single plot² to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place.

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

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

Vol. I pr'ythee 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 :

¹ Unshaven head.

² Piece, portion.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent¹ in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
 knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath received an alms!—I will not do 't;
 Lest I surcease to honor 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 dishonor,
 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 owe² thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content :

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 :

¹ Lodge.

² Own.

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, farther.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away; the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

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

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 envy¹ to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.

¹ Accuse him of his hatred.

Enter an EDILE.

What, will he come ?

Edile. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Edile. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favor'd him.

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

Edile. I have ; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Edile. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, ' It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment ; then let them,
If I say, fine, cry ' fine ;' if death, cry ' death ;'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Edile. 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.

Edile. 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 Edile.*]

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used
 Ever to conquer, and to have his worth¹
 Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
 Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
 What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck.

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

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
 Will bear the knave² by the volume.—The honor'd
 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!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter EDILE, *with Citizens.*

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Edile. List to your tribunes; audience! Peace, I
 say.

¹ His full quota or proportion.

² i. e. will bear being called a knave.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charged no farther than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
'The warlike service he has done, consider;
'Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

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

Men. Consider farther,
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.¹

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonor'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

¹ Rather than import ill will to you.

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true; I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take

From Rome all season'd office,¹ 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' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor? Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers;—I would say.

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him;—even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

¹ All office established by time

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 farther:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying: pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow!

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against¹ the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not² in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;—in the name o' the people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

¹ Maliciously opposed.

² Not only.

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

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenced: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from ¹ Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life.
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry ² of curs! whose breath I
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air; I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still

¹ For.

² Pack.

To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not till it feels)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated¹ captives, to some nation
That won you without blows. Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

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

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

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

[*the people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

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

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Depressed, subdued.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. Before a gate of the city.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.
The beast

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

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

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime ge-
 neral

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardening spectacles: tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond¹ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
 well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your
 son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous² baits and practice.

Vol.

My first³ son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee awhile: determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure⁴ to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth

¹ Foolish.

² Insidious.

³ Noblest.

⁴ For exposure.

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 wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,¹ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
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, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home : he's gone, and we'll
no farther.

¹ True metal.

The nobility are vex'd, who, 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 Edile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

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

Vol. O, you're well met. The hoarded plague
o' the 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.—Will you be gone ?

[*to Brutus.*]

Vir. You shall stay too. [*to Sicinius.*] I would, I
had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what:—yet
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too. I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir.

What then?

He'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
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas 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,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see ?)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unlog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup
with me ?

Vol. Anger 's my meat : I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let 's go :
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a ROMAN and a VOLCE, meeting.

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

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

Ro. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them. Know you me yet?

Volce. Nicanor? No.

Ro. The same, sir.

Volce. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favor is well appeared by your tongue.¹ 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.

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

Volce. 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.

Ro. 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.

Volce. Coriolanus banished?

Ro. Banished, sir.

¹ Your face is made known by your tongue; or, I recollect you by your voice.

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

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

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

Ro. 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 ?

Volce. A most royal one ; the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,¹ and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Ro. 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.

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

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

¹ Already in pay.

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis 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,

Enter a CITIZEN.

In puny battle slay me.—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?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart;
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together; who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other ; by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a SERVANT.

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

Enter another SERVANT.

2 *Ser.* 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 FIRST SERVANT.

1 *Ser.* 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.

Re-enter SECOND SERVANT.

2 Ser. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?¹ Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter THIRD SERVANT. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What fellow's this?

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

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

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

¹ Fellows.

Cor. True, so I am.

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

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten¹ on cold bits. [*pushes him away.*]

3 Ser. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 Ser. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I' the city of kites and crows? What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, sir? Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou pratest, and pratest: serve with thy trencher;
hence! [*beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and SECOND SERVANT.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

¹ Fatten.

2 *Ser.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? What wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man; what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling.*]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

[*servants retire.*]

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

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

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

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done to thee particularly, and to all the Volces, 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,¹ And witness of the malice and displeasure

¹ Memorial.

Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains :

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the 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 wreak¹ in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame² seen through thy country;—speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee: for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes

'Thou art tired;—then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :

¹ Resentment.

² Disgraceful diminutions of territory

Twelve several times ; and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me :
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half-dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 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,
 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.*]

1 *Ser.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Ser.* 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.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Ser.* 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.

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

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot¹ one.

2 *Ser.* Who? my master?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six of him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

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

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

¹ Know.

Re-enter THIRD SERVANT.

3 *Ser.* O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

1 *and* 2 *Ser.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.

1 *and* 2 *Ser.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general; Caius Marcius.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Ser.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

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

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.¹

2 *Ser.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news?

3 *Ser.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the 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

¹ Meat cut across to be broiled.

eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the 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 sowle¹ the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.²

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* 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 ir. directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,³ they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

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

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

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace,

¹ Pull.

² Cleared.

³ In high spirits.

as far as day does night: it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.¹ Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,² deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* 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 o' 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

¹ Rumor, materials for discourse.

² Softened and dispirited.

Dissensious numbers pestering 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 Me
nenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

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

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 e'en, our neighbors.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

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

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors. We wish'd 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
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.¹

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 EDILE.

Edile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volces, with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius

¹ Suffrage.

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
 Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
 Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for
 Rome;

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
 Of Marcius?

Bru. Go, see this rumor whipp'd. It cannot
 be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
 We have record, that very well it can;
 And three examples of the like have 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 MESSENGER.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
 All to the senate-house: some news is come in,
 That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave.
 Go, whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
 Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,¹
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mes. 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 ?

¹ Units.

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses ;—

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

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

Men. Pray now, your news ?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your
news ?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,——

Com. If!

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than Nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men ; you, that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,¹ and
The breath of garlick-eaters !

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
work !

¹ Mechanics.

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly¹ revolt; and who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

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

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him
even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis 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
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

¹ With pleasure.

Men. How! Was it we? We loved him; but,
like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of CITIZENS.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. Faith, we hear fearful news.

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

2 Cit. And so did I.

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

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!¹—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

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

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

2 *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

¹ Pack: in allusion to a pack of hounds.

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

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

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

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the 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 :

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 ¹ to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honors even : whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion,² but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war : but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,³
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in 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 founder, strengths by strengths do
fail.

¹ The osprey is an eagle that preys on fish.

² From the helmet to the chair of civil authority.

³ i. e. not all in their full extent.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Rome. A public place.

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

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath
said,

Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd¹
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire

¹ Unwillingly condescended.

Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd¹ for Rome,
To make coals cheap : a noble memory !²

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected : he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas 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,
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-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us 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.

¹ Harassed yourselves.

² For memorial.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness?—Say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-
sure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowlege

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 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him :
'Twas very faintly he said, ' Rise ; ' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife ;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country : therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An advanced post of the Volscian camp before Rome.

*The GUARD at their stations. Enter to them,
MENENIUS.*

1 *Guard.* Stay. Whence are you ?

2 *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.

1 *Guard.* From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Guard.* You may not pass; you must return :
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *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 ¹ to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 *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 : ² I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified :
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing : ³ therefore, fel-
low,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *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

¹ Prizes.

² Friend.

³ Lie.

as virtuous to lie as to live chastely : therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 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.

1 Guard. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 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 dotant¹ 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.

2 Guard. Come, my captain knows you not.

¹ For dotard.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *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 *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion,¹ I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant² cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of 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.

¹ Fellow.

² A Jack in office.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not; my affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts.¹ 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, for² I loved thee,
Take this along: I writ it for thy sake,

[gives a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

1 *Guard.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Guard.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power.
You know the way home again.

1 *Guard.* Do you hear how we are shent³ for
keeping your greatness back?

2 *Guard.* What cause, do you think, I have to
swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your ge-
neral: for such things as you, I can scarce think
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will

¹ 'i. e. though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are conjoined.'—Johnson.

² Because.

³ Reprimanded.

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.*

1 *Guard.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Guard.* The worthy fellow is our general. He is 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-mor-
row

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly¹
I have borne this business.

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

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

¹ Openly.

(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more: a very little
 I have yielded too. Fresh embassies and suits,
 Nor from the state nor private friends hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

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

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood: but, out, affection!
 All bond and privilege of nature, break!
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
 What is that courtesy worth, or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am
 not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

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

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

Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say, For that, 'Forgive our Romans.'—O, a kiss, Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge ! Now, by the jealous queen of heaven,¹ that kiss I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*kneels*.

Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd ! Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee ; and unproperly Show duty, as mistaken all the 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

¹ Juno, the guardian of marriage.

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
 Murdering impossibility, to make
 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,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st
 prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,¹
 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 things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

¹ Gust, storm.

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 any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll
Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
ment

And state of bodies would bewray¹ 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
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

¹ Show.

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,
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 : ¹ if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one ;—thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

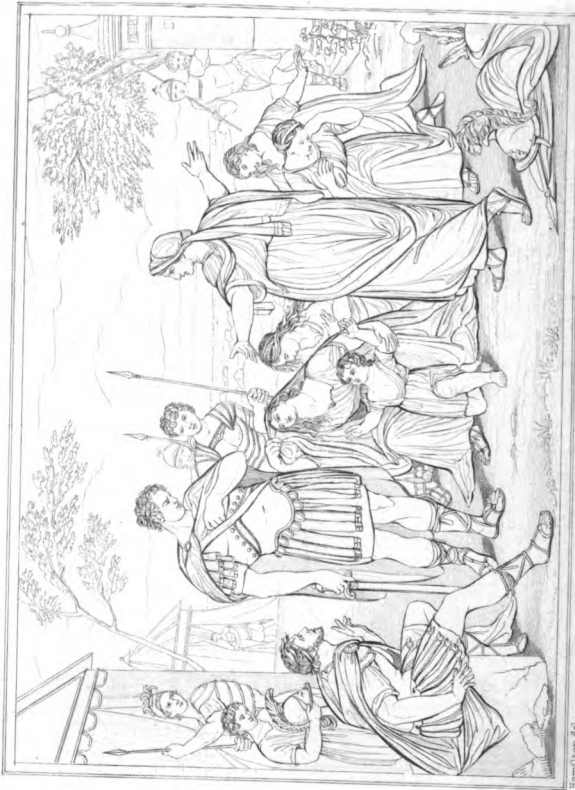
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's iace to see.
I have sat too long.

[*rising.*

¹ Terminate.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn
 us,
 As poisonous of your honor. No; our suit
 Is that you reconcile them: while the Volces
 May say, 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Ro-
 mans,
 'This we received;' and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd
 For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great
 son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,—
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ;—'The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
 Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains¹ of honor,
 To imitate the graces of the gods,
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you.

¹ Niceties, refinements.



Hamilton, del.

Starling, sc.

CORIOLANUS.
Coriolanus, Volturnus, Virgilia, &c.
Act V. Scene III.

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world

More bound to his mother, yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honor. 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 :
This is the last :—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us :
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny'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 despatch :
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother !

[*holding Volumnia by the hands, silen*

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 prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him: but let it come.
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;
 And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion: but, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and, pray
 you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
 honor

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[*aside.*

[*the Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*to Volumnia, Virgilia, &c*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counterseal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign¹ 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?

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

¹ Angls.

corselet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery: he sits in his state,¹ as a thing made for Alexander: what he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

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

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

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

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

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house.

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Sic.

What's the news?

¹ Chair of state.

Mes. Good news, good news : the ladies have prevail'd ;

The Volces 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 ?

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

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you ;

*[trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten,
all together : shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! *[shouting again.]*

Men. This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day :
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[shouting and music.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings ;
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [going.]

*Enter the LADIES, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome.
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires : strew flowers before
them ;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius ;
Repeat¹ him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !

All. Welcome, ladies !
Welcome ! [a flourish with drums and trumpets.]
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Antium. A public place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go, tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports² by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping

¹ Recall.

² Gates.

To purge himself with words : despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants,*

Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of Aufidius's faction.

Most welcome !

1 *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,

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

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,

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

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell :

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilet
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;

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

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

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
 Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth ;
 Presented to my knife his throat. I took him ;
 Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
 In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men ; served his designments
 In mine own person ; 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 seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
 He waged me with his countenance,¹ as if
 I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord :
 The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
 When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
 For no less spoil than glory,——

Auf. There was it,
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.²
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
 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.]*

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,

¹ Thought me rewarded with his smiles.

² i. e. this is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities.

And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath s'ain, their base throats
tear

With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the LORDS of the city.

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.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin ; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ;¹ making a treaty, where
There was a yielding ; this admits no excuse.

¹ i. e. rewarding us at our own cost.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colors ; a crowd of* CITIZENS *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and,
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honor to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest 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 stolen name,
Coriolanus in Corioli ?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
 (I say, your city) to his wife and mother ;
 Breaking his oath and resolution, 'like
 A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
 Counsel o' the war ; but, at his nurse's tears,
 He whined and roar'd away your victory ;
 'That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
 Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears !

Cor. Ha !

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it.—Boy !—O slave !——
 Pardon me, lords ; 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave
 lords,

Must give this cur the lie ; and his own notion
 (Who wears my stripes impress'd on him ; that must
 bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
 The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,
 Stain all your edges on me.—Boy !—False hound !
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
 Flutter'd your Volces 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?

Con. Let him die for 't. [*several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces;
do it presently. He killed my son,—my daughter:
—he killed my cousin Marcus:—he killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage!—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth.¹ His last offence to us
Shall have judicious² 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!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill
Coriolanus, who falls; and Aufidius
stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor
will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters, all, be
quiet;

Put up your swords.

¹ His fame overspreads the world.

² For judicial.

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 honors
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *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.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufdius 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' the chiefest soldiers ; I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury ;—
Yet he shall have a noble memory.¹

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

¹ For memorial.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The adventures of Julius Cæsar and his untimely death had occupied the pens of several of our early dramatic authors previous to the composition of this tragedy, which is conjectured by Malone to have made its appearance in 1607; about which period, William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, published a tragedy on the same subject, in which the assassination of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. To none of these sources, however, so far as we are acquainted with them, does Shakspeare appear to have been at all indebted; whilst every scene of his play proclaims his obligations to Plutarch's Lives, then recently translated by Sir Thomas North. This drama was neither entered at Stationers' Hall, nor printed, before 1623; but a memorandum in the papers of the late Mr. George Vertue states that a play, called Cæsar's Tragedy, was acted at court before April 10, 1613, which is supposed to have been the present piece; it being a frequent practice at that time to alter the name of our author's plays.

The events contained in this drama commence with the festival of the Lupercalia, in February, A. U. C. 709, and conclude with the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, about the end of October, A. U. C. 711.

‘Of this tragedy,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘many particular passages deserve regard; and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and un-affecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare’s plays: his adherence to the real story and to Roman manners seems to have impeded the natural vigor of his genius.’

A R G U M E N T .

The defeat of the two sons of Pompey in Spain having extinguished all opposition, Cæsar returns in triumph to the city, in order to prepare for his Parthian expedition, previous to which he is anxious to assume the crown, which is publicly presented to him by Mark Antony at the festival of the Lupercalia. Alarmed at this prospect of regal usurpation, a band of conspirators, with Brutus and Cassius at their head, resolve to emancipate their country from tyranny; and the conqueror is accordingly assassinated in the senate-house. The humane though mistaken policy of Brutus preserves the life of Antony, who soon finds means to excite the populace in his favor, and expel the conspirators from Rome. The endeavors of this profligate man to succeed to the despotism of his late master prove unsuccessful; and he is reluctantly compelled to admit Octavius Cæsar, and a powerful general named Lepidus, to a share of the government, with whom a triumvirate is at length formed. After issuing a sanguinary proscription, in which Cicero is included, and witnessing the destruction of their domestic enemies, Octavius and Antony embark for Macedonia, in pursuit of Brutus and Cassius, who risk a general engagement near Philippi, in which the republican army is totally routed; while their daring leaders are reduced to the melancholy necessity of resorting to a voluntary death to escape the vengeance of their victorious opponents.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

} triumvirs after the death of Julius
Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.

A SOOTHSAYER.

CINNA, a poet. Another POET.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, and VOLUMNIUS,
friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,
servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants. &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards
at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of CITIZENS.

Fla. Hence; home, you idle creatures; get you home;

Is this a holyday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a laboring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender
of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work: but, indeed, sir, we make holyday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holyday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone ;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good countrymen ; and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved :
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol :
This way will I : disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.¹

Mar. May we do so ?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

¹ Honorary ornaments.

Fla. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A public place.

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following ; among them a SOOTHSAYER.

Cæ. Calphurnia !

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*music ceases.*]

Cæ.

Calphurnia !

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæ. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar, my lord !

Cæ. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia ; for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember :
 When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæ. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. [*music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæ. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again.
[*music ceases.*

Cæ. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar ! Speak : Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæ. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæ. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng : look upon
Cæsar.

Cæ. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæ. He is a dreamer : let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet.*¹ *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :

¹ Florish of instruments.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness
 And show of love, as I was wont to have :
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius,*
 Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference.¹
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors :
 But let not therefore my good friends be grieved ;
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
 Nor construe any farther my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion ;²
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

¹ Discordant opinions and desires.

² i. e. the nature of your feelings.

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear ;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection ; I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale¹ with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*florish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Chose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

¹ Make common.

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honor more than I fear, death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus.

As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

'Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of controversy:

But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,

Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear; so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain;
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their color fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
 world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,—
 Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper¹ should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. *[shout. flourish.]*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men

¹ Temperament, constitution.

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them.

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*shout.*]

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man!

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once,¹ that would have brock'd

'The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous

¹ Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins.

What you would work me to, I have some aim :¹
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther moved. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear ; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :—
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret² and such fiery eyes,

¹ Guess.

² A ferret has red eyes.

As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæ. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar!

Cæ. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous:
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæ. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf;
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar and his train. Casca stays behind.]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the

third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca,—we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation,¹ if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:

¹ i. e. a mechanic.

—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, ‘Alas, good soul!’ and forgave him with all their hearts: but there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so : till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed : therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard,¹ but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

¹ i. e. has an unfavorable opinion of me.

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who gazed upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 'These are their reasons;'—'They are natural;'
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
 this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
 heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of
 life,

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;¹
Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
'That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

¹ Why they deviate from nature.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night ;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol :
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean : is it not, Cas-
sius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thewes¹ and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits :
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown, by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,

¹ Muscles.

That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious¹ for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable dangerous consequence;

¹ Active.

And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element,
 In favor's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
 Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
 this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
 The noble Brutus to our party,—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
 paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window: set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man intire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. Brutus's orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. *[Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
'The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse¹ from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,²
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;

¹ Pity, tenderness.

² Experience.

Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel
 Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*opens the letter, and reads.*

' Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!'

' Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake; '—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.

' Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out;
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
 Rome?

Lucius. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.¹

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,²
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honors you: and every one doth wish

¹ Distinction of countenance.

² If thou walk in thy true form.

You had but that opinion of yourself.
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*they whisper.*]

D. Bru. Here lies the east: doth not the day
break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak; break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ?¹ and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,²
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

¹ Prevaricate.

² Cautious.

Met. O, let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not ; let us not break with
him ;¹

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

D. Bru. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only
Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged. I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy² afterwards :
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;

¹ i. e. disclose the matter to him.

² For malice.

And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! but, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious ;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers :
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him :
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Tre. There is no fear in him : let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Tre. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;

For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

D. Bru. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,
 I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
 Let me work :

For I can give his humor the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :¹
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us. We'll leave
 you, Brutus ;—

¹ By his house ; i e make that your way home.

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves true
 Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes :
 But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures,¹ nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
 now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
 Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks:

¹ Ideal shapes.

I urged you farther ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,¹
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise ; and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
 Of the dank² morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ;
 And tempt the rheumy³ and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind.
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees

¹ Temper.

² Damp.

³ Moist.

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*knocking within.*]

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart :
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows.—
 Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks ?

Lucius. Here is a sick man, that would speak
 with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
 tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
 Caius,

To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in Cæsar's palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-
gown.

Cæ. Nor heaven, nor earth have been at peace
to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar.' Who's within?

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. My lord ?

Cæ. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to
walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæ. Cæsar shall forth : the things, that threaten'd
me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,¹
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled² in the air,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

¹ i. e. I never paid regard to prodigies or omens.

² Clashed, encountered.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæ. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæ. Cowards die many times before their deaths.
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-
day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæ. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;

And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæ. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus; he shall tell them so.

D. Bru. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar!

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day; tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæ. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

D. Bru. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæ. The cause is in my will; I will not come:

That is enough to satisfy the senate :
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it .
And these does she apply for warnings, and por-
tents,

And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day .

D. Bru. This dream is all amiss interpreted :
It was a vision fair and fortunate .

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance .

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified .

Cæ. And this way have you well expounded it .

D. Bru. I have, when you have heard what I can
say ;

And know it now . The senate have concluded'
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar .
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change : besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,—
' Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

'Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?'
 Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
 And reason to my love is liable.¹

Cæ. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
 phurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
 TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæ. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?—
 Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
 What is 't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæ. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
 Is notwithstanding up.—Good' morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæ. Bid them prepare within :—

¹ Subordinate.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.
 Now, Cinna; now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius!
 I have an hour's talk in store for you;
 Remember that you call on me to-day.
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tre. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*aside.*
 That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæ. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
 with me;
 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
 The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
 Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to
 Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus
 Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast
 wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in
 all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou
 be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives
 way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!
 Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.¹
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live,
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same street, before
 the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house,
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
 Why dost thou stay?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
 again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
 O constancy, be strong upon my side !
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
 Art thou here yet ?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do ?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
 And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
 well,
 For he went sickly forth : and take good note,

¹ Envy.

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth,¹ madam, I hear nothing.

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng, that follows Cæsar at the heels,

¹ In truth.

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
 Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
 That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
 Say, I am merry: come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the senate sitting.

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYERS.
 Florish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæ. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

D. Bru. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæ. What touches us ourself, shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar : read it instantly.

Cæ. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well. [*advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and
the Senators take their seats.*]

D. Bru. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:¹ press near, and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæ. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:— [*kneeling.*

Cæ. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn preordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,²
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

¹ Ready.

² Foolish.

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear.
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæ. What, Brutus?

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæ. I could be well moved, if I were as you :
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star.
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks.
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;¹
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion ;² and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this ;—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæ. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

¹ Intelligent.

² Solicitation.

D. Bru. Great Cæsar,——

Cæ. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm : he is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Cæ. *Et tu, Brute ?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*dies. The Senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
' Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !'

Bru. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

D. Bru. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where 's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing ;—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed :
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, 'Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!'

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

D. Bru. What, shall we fortify

Cas. Ay, every man away :

Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter SERVANT.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of AN-
tony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :¹
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,

¹ ' i. e. grown too high for the public safety.'—Johnson.

And this the bleeding business they have done.
 Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity pity)
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-
 tony :

Our arms, in strength of malice,¹ and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metel-
 lus ;—
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
 bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

¹ Strong in the deed of seeming malice just performed.

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me ;—
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand.
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.¹
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

¹ Used by old writers for death.

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek :
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place ;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
 You know not what you do : do not consent

[*aside.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral :
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission ;
 And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.



Westall, del.

Starling, sc.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Antony lamenting over the body of Caesar.

Act III. Scene I.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Ecce it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide¹ of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :

¹ Course.

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry ' Havock !' ¹ and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Ser. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,——
 O Cæsar !—— *[seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
 Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
 hath chanced :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet :
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile :
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,

¹ A word, by which declaration was made that no quarter would be granted.

In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of
 CITIZENS.*

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
 reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus
 goes into the rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
 cause, and be silent that you may hear : believe me

for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer ;—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[several speaking at once.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart;—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech,

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace : let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse :—was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me :

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take
the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.¹

O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men :
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark An-
tony.

Cit. The will, the will : we will hear Cæsar's
will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not
read it ;

¹ i. e. the meanest man is now too high to show him any respect.

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony :
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors. Honorable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will !
read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*he comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring : stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the
body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii. —
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,¹
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treasure flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint ² of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here ;

¹ Statua, for statue, is common among the writers of our author's time.

² Impression.

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor
live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honorable:

What private griefs¹ they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither writ,² nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

For grievances.

² i. e. no penned or premeditated oration.

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know :
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come ; seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me
 speak.

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble An-
 tony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
 what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ; the will : let's stay, and hear
 the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.¹

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—We'll revenge his
 death.

¹ A drachma was of the value of 7d. sterling.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never.—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter CINNA, the poet.

Cin. Poet. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :¹
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly ; you were best.

Cin. Poet. What is my name ? Whither I am
going ? Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man
or a bachelor ? Then to answer every man directly
and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely I say, I am
a bachelor.

¹ My mind is oppressed with ill omens.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Poet. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. Poet. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Poet. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Poet. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. Poet. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in Antony's house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die ; their names are
prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die : consent you,
Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I
damn¹ him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Oct. So you thought him ;

¹ Condemn.

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit ;
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so :
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head ;
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the
utmost ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*march within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine ene-
mies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And, when you do them,——

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs¹ softly;—I do know you well:
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Within the tent of Brutus; Lucius and Titinius at
some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
this:—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

¹ For grievances.

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice¹ offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ;—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

¹ Trifling.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in :¹ I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more ; I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is 't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all
this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : fret till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

¹ To limit my authority by your direction or censure.

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me,
Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
 Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not . he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived¹
 my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
 appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world :
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

¹ Split.

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals :
There is some grudge between them ; 'tis not meet
they be alone.

Lucius. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals : what do you
mean ?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humor when he knows his
time :

What should the wars do with these jigging¹ fools ?
Companion,² hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

¹ A jig, in our author's time, signified a metrical composition as well as a dance.

² Fellow.

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup :
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree :
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead, and by that order of
proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art¹ as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

¹ In theory.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
 Do stand but in a forced affection ;
 For they have grudged us contribution :
 The enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged ;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends ;
 Our legions are brimfull, our cause is ripe :
 The enemy increaseth every day ;
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity ;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 'There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala;—

Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy ; I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much ; but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might :
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument :
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see ;—is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*he sits down.*]

Enter Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Lucius. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord; I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn ¹ us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage:
 But 'tis not so.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*march.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army;
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
 Make forth; the generals would have some words.

¹ *Summon.*

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, ' Long live ! hail, Cæsar !'

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators.

When think you that the sword goes up again ?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope :

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,¹

Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honor,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct.

Come, Antony ; away !

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.]

Cas. Why, now blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and
swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho !

Lucilius, hark ! a word with you.

Lucil.

My lord.

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

¹ Race, lineage.

Cas. Messala !

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day, as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign¹
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted² us.
This morning are they fled away, and gone ;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,

¹ Foremost standard.

² Accompanied.

Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life ;—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might
 know
 The end of this day's business, ere it come!
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
 bills¹
 Unto the legions on the other side; [*loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

¹ Billets containing directions for the officers.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, 'Titinius ;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Exit Pindarus.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round ;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end :
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about

Wita horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
 Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;
 Now, Titinius!—now some 'light.—O, he 'lights
 too :—he 's ta'en ;

And, hark ! [*shout.*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—
 O, coward that I am, to live so long !
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
 oath !

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
 'That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala;
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come: our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*dies.*]

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, YOUNG
 CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time :

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—

'Tis three o' clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, SOLDIERS of both armies ;
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with
me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend :

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[charges the enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend : know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is over-
powered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;
And mayst be honor'd being Cato's son.¹

1 *Sol.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[offering money.]
Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

1 *Sol.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sol.* Room, no ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general :—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead ;

¹ i. e. worthy of him

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my
lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus!

[*whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then; no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius! list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
 Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
 And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
 I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
 Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit :
 It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
 Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius.
 Thou know'st that we two went to school together :
 Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
 Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord : there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Vo-
 lumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony,
 By this vile conquest, shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history :
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would
 rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*alarum. Cry within ; ' Fly, fly, fly.'*]



Westall, del.

Starling, sc.

JULIUS CÆSAR .
Death of Brutus
Act V Scene V

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence. I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect :

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first. Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*he runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master ?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.¹

¹ Take them into my service.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer¹ me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar :
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! '

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.—
So, call the field to rest ; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.]

¹ Recommend.

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