```xml
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  <teiHeader>
    <fileDesc>
      <titleStmt>
        <title type="statement">The Tragedie of Coriolanus from Mr. William
Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
        Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp;
        tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
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          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
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        <respStmt>
          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
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          <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
          <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss">Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It Solutions
PVT. LTD.</orgName>
          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="PW">
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```xml
            <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
            <resp>project management</resp>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
         </respStmt>
         <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
            <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
         </respStmt>
         <respStmt xml:id="JS">
            <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
         </respStmt>
         <respStmt xml:id="ES">
            <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
            <resp>proofing</resp>
            <resp>encoding</resp>
         </respStmt>
         <respStmt xml:id="JC">
            <persName>James Cummings</persName>
            <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
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         <funder>
            <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
      Crowdfunding</funder>
         <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
      </titleStmt>
      <editionStmt>
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April
      2014</date>
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            <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian
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      <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
         </publisher>
         <date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
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        Library Systems and Services</orgName>
        </authority>
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            <addrLine>Osney Mead</addrLine>
            <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
              <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
          </address>
        <availability>
          <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
        </availability>
        <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
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          <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
          <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
        tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
          <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
        tragedies</title>
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          </pubPlace>:
      <publisher>
            <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
        Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
          </publisher>
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          <date type="entry" when="1623-11-08">8 November 1623 (entered)</date>
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          <idno type="alephSysNo">015592789</idno>
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          <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
          <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
          <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
          <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare
First Folios a
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        descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
          <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
        Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
          <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First
Folios,
        With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
        1999), p.1-19</note>
        </bibl>
        <msDesc>
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            <settlement>Oxford</settlement>
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            <repository>Bodleian Library</repository>
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          1624-1664?]</idno>
            </altIdentifier>
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          shelfmark, 1906-?]</idno>
            </altIdentifier>
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            <titlePage>
              <docTitle>
                <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
                  <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                  <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp; <lb/>TRAGEDIES.
</titlePart>
                <titlePart>Publiſhed according to the True Originall
Copies.</titlePart>

              </docTitle>

              <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at the
charges
          of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
          <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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                    <height unit="mm">349</height>
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```xml
        <width unit="mm">323</width>
      </dimensions>
    </support>
    <foliation>
      <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76,
79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
      <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59
misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161
misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p.
189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered
252; p.
265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some
copies;
p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166
numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count:
p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered
38;
p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
    </foliation>
    <collation>
      <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly
cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB²], ²A-2B⁶
2C² a-g⁶ χgg⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶ gg² Gg⁶
hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ ²g⁸ h-v⁶
x⁴
'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶
x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.</p>
      <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-
nn2
mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
      <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf
a1
recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1
recto.</p>
    </collation>
    <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
reader".
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare
Books.</condition>

  </supportDesc>
  <layoutDesc>
    <layout>
      <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
      <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
      <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.
```

Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
                <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
              </layout>

              </layoutDesc>
            </objectDesc>
            <decoDesc>
              <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
              <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-
                Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier
                state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading,
                especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the
                jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate
                in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier
                state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
              </decoNote>
              </decoDesc>
              <additions>
                <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
                unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".
                2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.
                (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on
                leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after
                leaving the Library.</p>
              </additions>
              <bindingDesc>
                <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the
                Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red
                sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head
                of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
                Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
                Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out
                on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from
                a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between
                1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod.
                Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
              </bindingDesc>
            </physDesc>
            <history>
              <origin>
                <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The
                printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
              </p>

```xml
        </origin>
        <acquisition>
          <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date
when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
          Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at
          shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
          of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the
          newer <bibl>
              <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
          to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
          "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a
          bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of
<num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
          <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
          the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall,
          Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
          family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was
          reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
          raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and
          purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The
          Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt
          Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
          <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
          digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and
          Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
        </acquisition>
      </history>
      <additional>
        <surrogates>
          <listBibl>
            <bibl type="digitalFacsimile">Digital facsimile images available at:
<ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
/bibl>
          </listBibl>
        </surrogates>
      </additional>
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  </sourceDesc>
</fileDesc>
<profileDesc>
  <particDesc>
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        <persName type="standard">First Citizen</persName>
```

```xml
        <persName type="form">1</persName>
        <persName type="form">1 Cit.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Cit.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Citizen.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-lor.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Lord</persName>
        <persName type="form">1 Lord.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Lord.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-sen.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Senator</persName>
        <persName type="form">1 Sen.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Sen.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Senat.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-ser.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Servingman</persName>
        <persName type="form">1 Ser.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-srv.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Servingman</persName>
        <persName type="form">1.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1</persName>
        <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-con.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Conspirator</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Con.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-off.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Officer</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Off.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-rom.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Roman</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Rom.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-sol.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Soldier</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Sol.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-wat.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Watchman</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Wat.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-cor-cit.2">
        <persName type="standard">Second Citizen</persName>
        <persName type="form">2</persName>
```

```xml
    <persName type="form">2 Cit.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2 Citizen.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Cit.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-lor.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Lord</persName>
    <persName type="form">2 Lord.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Lord.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-sen.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Senator</persName>
    <persName type="form">2 Sen.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Sen.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Sena.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-ser.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Servant</persName>
    <persName type="form">2 Ser.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-srv.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Servingman</persName>
    <persName type="form">2.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
    <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-con.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Conspirator</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Con.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-off.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Officer</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Off.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-rom.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Roman</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Rom.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-sol.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Soldier</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Sol.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-wat.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Watchman</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Wat.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-cor-cit.3">
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    <persName type="form">3</persName>
    <persName type="form">3 Cit.</persName>
```

```xml
        <persName type="form">3. Cit.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-con.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Conspirator</persName>
        <persName type="form">3. Con.</persName>
        <persName type="form">3. Consp.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-lor.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Lord</persName>
        <persName type="form">3. Lord.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-rom.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Roman</persName>
        <persName type="form">3. Rom.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-cns">
        <persName type="standard">All Conspirators</persName>
        <persName type="form">All Consp.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-lds">
        <persName type="standard">All Lords</persName>
        <persName type="form">All Lords.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lords.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-pps">
        <persName type="standard">All The People</persName>
        <persName type="form">All People.</persName>
        <persName type="form">All Ple.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-all">
        <persName type="standard">All Citizens</persName>
        <persName type="form">All.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Omnes.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-srv.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Servingman</persName>
        <persName type="form">3.</persName>
        <persName type="form">3</persName>
      </person><person xml:id="F-cor-auf">
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Vulscians</persName>
        <persName type="form">Auf.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Auff.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Auffi.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Auffid.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Aufid.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-trs">
        <persName type="standard">Both Tribunes</persName>
        <persName type="form">Both Tri.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-bot">
          <persName type="standard">Both</persName>
          <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-yco">
          <persName type="standard">Young Coriolanus, son to
Coriolanus</persName>
          <persName type="form">Boy.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-bru">
          <persName type="standard">Junius Brutus, tribune of the
people</persName>
          <persName type="form">Bru.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Brut.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Brutus.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-cit">
          <persName type="standard">Citizen</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cit.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-com">
          <persName type="standard">Cominius, general against the
Volscians</persName>
          <persName type="form">Com.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-cor">
          <persName type="standard">Coriolanus, previously Caius Marcius
Coriolanus</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cor.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cori.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Corio.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Coriol.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mar.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Mart.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Martius.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-aed">
          <persName type="standard">Aedile</persName>
          <persName type="form">Edi.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Edile.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ædile.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ædiles.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-gen">
          <persName type="standard">Gentlewoman, attending on
Virgilia</persName>
          <persName type="form">Gent.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-cor-her">
```

```xml
        <persName type="standard">Herald</persName>
        <persName type="form">Herauld.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-lar">
        <persName type="standard">Titus Lartius, general against the
Volscians</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lar.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lart.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lartius.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Latius.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Tit.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Titus Lartius.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-lie">
        <persName type="standard">Lieutenant, to Aufidius</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lieu.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-men">
        <persName type="standard">Menenius Agrippa, friend to
Coriolanus</persName>
        <persName type="form">Me.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Men.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mene.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Menen.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-mes">
        <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-nob">
        <persName type="standard">Nobleman</persName>
        <persName type="form">Noble.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-off">
        <persName type="standard">Officer</persName>
        <persName type="form">Off.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-pat">
        <persName type="standard">Patrician</persName>
        <persName type="form">Patri.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-rom">
        <persName type="standard">Roman</persName>
        <persName type="form">Rom.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-cor-sic">
        <persName type="standard">Sicinius Velutus, tribune of the
people</persName>
        <persName type="form">Scici.</persName>
```

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            <persName type="form">Scicin.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sic.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sicin.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-sen">
            <persName type="standard">Senator</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sen.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sena.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Senat.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-sol">
            <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sol.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Soul.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sould.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-tri">
            <persName type="standard">Tribune</persName>
            <persName type="form">Tri.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-val">
            <persName type="standard">Valeria, friend to Virgilia</persName>
            <persName type="form">Val.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Valer.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Valeria.</persName>
          </person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-vir">
            <persName type="standard">Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus</persName>
            <persName type="form">Vir.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Virg.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Virgil.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Vlug.</persName>
            <persName type="form">2. Ladies.</persName></person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-vlm">
            <persName type="standard">Volumnia, mother to
Coriolanus</persName>
            <persName type="form">Vol.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Volum.</persName>
            <persName type="form">2. Ladies.</persName></person>
          <person xml:id="F-cor-vol">
            <persName type="standard">Volsce</persName>
            <persName type="form">Volce.</persName>
          </person>
        </listPerson>
      </particDesc>
    </profileDesc>
  </teiHeader>
  <text type="play" xml:id="F-cor">
    <body>
      <div type="play" n="26">
```

```xml
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0619-0.jpg" n="1"/>
<head rend="center">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</head>
<div type="act" n="1">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Company of
Mutinous Citizens, with
      Staues, <lb/>Clubs, and other weapons.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
      <speaker>1. Citizen.</speaker>
      <p>
        <c rend="decoratedCapital">B</c>Efore we proceed any further,
heare me speake.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>Speake, speake.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
      <p>You are all resolu'd rather to dy then <lb/>to famish?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>Resolu'd, resolu'd.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
      <p>First you know, <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi> is chiefe
enemy <lb/>to the
        people.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>We know't, we know't.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
      <p>Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own <lb/>price. Is't a
Verdict?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
      <p>One word, good Citizens.</p>
```

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
        <p>We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-<lb/>cians good: what Authority
surfets one, would releeue <lb/>vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie
while it <lb/>were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeued vs
hu-<lb/>manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse <lb/>that
afflicts vs, the obiect of our misery, is as an inuento-<lb/>ry to
particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a <lb/>gaine to them. Let vs
reuenge this with our Pikes, ere <lb/>we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake
this in <lb/>hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
        <p>Would you proceede especially against <hi rend="italic">Caius
<lb/>Martius</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <p>Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com-<lb/>monalty.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
        <p>Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his <lb/>Country?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
        <p>Very well, and could bee content to giue him <lb/>good report for't, but that hee
payes himselfe with bee-<lb/>ing proud.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, but speak not maliciously.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
        <p>I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie, <lb/>he did it to that end: though
soft conscienc'd men can be <lb/>content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it
to please <lb/>his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to <lb/>the
altitude of his virtue.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
```

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<p>What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac-<lb/>count a Vice in him: You
must in no way say he is co-<lb/>uetous.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
<p>If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusa-<lb/>tions he hath faults
(with surplus) to tyre in repetition. <lb/>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Showts within.</stage>
<lb/>What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen:
<lb/>why stay we
prating heere? To th' Capitoll.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
<p>Come, come.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
<p>Soft, who comes heere?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius Agrippa.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
<p>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Menenius Agrippa</hi>, one that hath al-<lb/>wayes
lou'd the people</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
<p>He's one honest enough, wold al the rest wer so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
<l>What work's my Countrimen in hand?</l>
<l>Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter</l>
<l>Speake I pray you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
<p>Our busines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they <lb/>haue had inkling this fortnight
what we intend to do, <choice>
<abbr>ẘ</abbr>
<expan>which</expan>
</choice>
```

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<lb/>now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue
<lb/>strong breaths,
they shal know we haue strong arms too.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest</l>
    <l>Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
    <p>We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>I tell you Friends, most charitable care</l>
    <l>Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.</l>
    <l>Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well</l>
    <l>Strike at the Heauen with your staues, as lift them</l>
    <l>Against the Roman State, whose course will on</l>
    <l>The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes</l>
    <l>Of more strong linke assunder, then can euer</l>
    <l>Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,</l>
    <l>The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and</l>
    <l>Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,</l>
    <l>You are transported by Calamity</l>
    <l>Thether, where more attends you, and you slander</l>
    <l>The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,</l>
    <l>When you curse them, as Enemies.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
    <p>Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs <lb/>yet. Suffer vs to famish, and
their Store-houses cramm'd <lb/>with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to
support Vsu-<lb/>rers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against
<lb/>the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to <lb/>chaine vp and
restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs <lb/>not vppe, they will; and there's all
the loue they beare <lb/>vs.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>Either you must</l>
    <l>Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,</l>
    <l>Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you</l>
    <l>A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,</l>
    <l>But since it serues my purpose, I will venture</l>
    <l>To scale't a little more.</l>
```

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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2 Citizen.</speaker>
    <l>Well, Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke</l>
    <l>To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:</l>
    <l>But and't please you deliuer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>There was a time, when all the bodies members</l>
    <l>Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:</l>
    <l>That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">aa</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I'th</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0620-0.jpg" n="2"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>I'th midd'st a th'body, idle and vnactiue,</l>
    <l>Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing</l>
    <l>Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments</l>
    <l>Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele,</l>
    <l>And mutually participate, did minister</l>
    <l>Vnto the appetite; and affection common</l>
    <l>Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
    <p>Well sir, what answer made the Belly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,</l>
    <l>Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:</l>
    <l>For looke you I may make the belly Smile,</l>
    <l>As well as speake, it taintingly replyed</l>
    <l>To'th'discontented Members, the mutinous parts</l>
    <l>That enuied his receite: euen so most fitly,</l>
    <l>As you maligne our Senators, for that</l>
    <l>They are not such as you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
    <l>Your Bellies answer: What</l>
    <l>The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,</l>
    <l>The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,</l>
    <l>Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,</l>
    <l>With other Muniments and petty helps</l>
    <l>In this our Fabricke, if that they   </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
```

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  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes.</l>
  <l>What then? What then?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <l>Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,</l>
  <l>Who is the sinke a th'body.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Well, what then?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <l>The former Agents, if they did complaine,</l>
  <l>What could the Belly answer?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>I will tell you,</l>
  <l>If you'l bestow a small (of what you haue little)</l>
  <l>Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>Y'are long about it</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Note me this good Friend;</l>
  <l>Your most graue Belly was deliberate,</l>
  <l>Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.</l>
  <l>True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)</l>
  <l>That I receiue the generall Food at first</l>
  <l>Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,</l>
  <l>Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop</l>
  <l>Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,</l>
  <l>I send it through the Riuers of your blood</l>
  <l>Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'seate o'th'Braine,</l>
  <l>And through the Crankes and Offices of man,</l>
  <l>The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines</l>
  <l>From me receiue that naturall competencie</l>
  <l>Whereby they liue. And though that all at once</l>
  <l>(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>I sir, well, well.</p>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Though all at once, cannot</l>
  <l>See what I do deliuer out to each,</l>
  <l>Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all</l>
  <l>From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,</l>
  <l>And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too't?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>It was an answer, how apply you this?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,</l>
  <l>And you the mutinous Members: For examine</l>
  <l>Their Counsailes, and their Cares; disgest things rightly,</l>
  <l>Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde</l>
  <l>No publique benefit which you receiue</l>
  <l>But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,</l>
  <l>And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?</l>
  <l>You, the great Toe of this Assembly?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest</l>
  <l>Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:</l>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,</l>
  <l>Lead'st first to win some vantage.</l>
  <l>But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,</l>
  <l>Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,</l>
  <l>The one side must haue baile.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Caius
Martius.</stage>
  <l>Hayle, Noble <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues</l>
  <l>That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,</l>
  <l>Make your selues Scabs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
```

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      <p>We haue euer your good word.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter</l>
  <l>Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,</l>
  <l>That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,</l>
  <l>The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,</l>
  <l>Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:</l>
  <l>Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,</l>
  <l>Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,</l>
  <l>Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,</l>
  <l>To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,</l>
  <l>And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes,</l>
  <l>Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are</l>
  <l>A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that</l>
  <l>Which would encrease his euill. He that depends</l>
  <l>Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,</l>
  <l>And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?</l>
  <l>With euery Minute you do change a Minde,</l>
  <l>And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:</l>
  <l>Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,</l>
  <l>That in these seuerall places of the Citie,</l>
  <l>You cry against the Noble Senate, who</l>
  <l>(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else</l>
  <l>Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say</l>
  <l>The Citie is well stor'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Hang 'em: They say?</l>
  <l>They'l sit by th'fire, and presume to know</l>
  <l>What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise,</l>
  <l>Who thriues, &amp; who declines: Side factions, &amp; giue out</l>
  <l>Coniecturall Marriages, making parties strong,</l>
  <l>And feebling such as stand not in their liking,</l>
  <l>Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough?</l>
  <l>Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,</l>
  <l>And let me vse my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie</l>
  <l>With thousands of these quarter'd slaues, as high</l>
  <l>As I could picke my Lance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:</l>
  <l>For though abundantly they lacke discretion</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,</l>
    <l>What sayes the other Troope?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>They are dissolu'd: Hang em;</l>
    <l>They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouerbes</l>
    <l>That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate</l>
    <l>That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not</l>
    <l>Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds</l>
    <l>They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd</l>
    <l>And a petition granted them, a strange one,</l>
    <l>To breake the heart of generosity,</l>
    <l>And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps</l>
    <l>As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,</l>
    <l>Shooting their Emulation.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <p>What is graunted them?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms</l>
    <l>Of their owne choice. One's <hi rend="italic">Iunius
Brutus</hi>,</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Sicinius Velutus</hi>, and I know not. Sdeath,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0621-0.jpg" n="3"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>The rabble should haue first vnroo'st the City</l>
    <l>Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time</l>
    <l>Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames</l>
    <l>For Insurrections arguing.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <p>This is strange.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Go get you home you Fragments.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger
hastily.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <p>Where's <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi>?</p>
```

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <p>Heere: what's the matter?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
      <p>The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <p>I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent <lb/>Our mustie
superfluity. See
        our best Elders.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sicinius Velutus,
Annius Brutus <choice>
        <orig>Cominisu</orig>
        <corr>Cominius</corr>
      </choice>, Titus <lb/>Lartius, with other Senatours.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
      <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
<lb/>The
        Volces are in Armes.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <l>They haue a Leader,</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Tullus Auffidius</hi> that will put you too't:</l>
      <l>I sinne in enuying his Nobility:</l>
      <l>And were I any thing but what I am,</l>
      <l>I would wish me onely he.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <p>You haue fought together?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <l>Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, &amp; he</l>
      <l>vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make</l>
      <l>Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion</l>
      <l>That I am proud to hunt.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
      <l>Then worthy <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
```

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    <l>Attend vpon <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> to these Warres.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>It is your former promise.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Sir it is,</l>
  <l>And I am constant: <hi rend="italic">Titus Lucius</hi>, thou</l>
  <l>Shalt see me once more strike at <hi rend="italic">Tullus</hi>
face.</l>
  <l>What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
  <l>No <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi>,</l>
  <l>Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,</l>
  <l>Ere stay behinde this Businesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Oh true-bred.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know</l>
  <l>Our greatest Friends attend vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
  <l>Lead you on: Follow <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>, we must
followe</l>
  <l>you, right worthy your Priority.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Noble <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
  <p>Hence to your homes, be gone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Nay let them follow,</l>
  <l>The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,</l>
  <l>To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,</l>
  <l>Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.</l>
</sp>
```

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<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Citizens steale away. Manet
Sicin. &amp;
    Brutus.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Was euer man so proud as is this <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <p>He has no equall.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <p>Mark'd you his lip and eyes.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Nay, but his taunts.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <p>Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Bemocke the modest Moone.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <p>The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne <lb/>Too proud to be
so valiant.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-<lb/>daines the
shadow which
    he treads on at noone, but I do <lb/>wonder, his insolence can brooke to be
    commanded vn-<lb/>der Cominius?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <l>Fame, at the which he aymes,</l>
      <l>In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot</l>
      <l>Better be held, nor more attain'd then by</l>
```

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<cb n="2"/>
<l>A place below the first: for what miscarries</l>
<l>Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe</l>
<l>To th'vtmost of a man, and giddy censure</l>
<l>Will then cry out of <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>: Oh, if he</l>
<l>Had borne the businesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<l>Besides, if things go well,</l>
<l>Opinion that so stickes on <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, shall</l>
<l>Of his demerits rob <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
<l>Come: halfe all <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> Honors are to <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>
</l>
<l>Though <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> earn'd them not: and all his
faults</l>
<l>To <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> shall be Honors, though
indeed</l>
<l>In ought he merit not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<l>Let's hence, and heare</l>
<l>How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion</l>
<l>More then his singularity, he goes</l>
<l>Vpon this present Action.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
<p>Let's along.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tullus Auffidius with
Senators of
Coriolus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
<l>So, your opinion is <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>,</l>
<l>That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,</l>
<l>And know how we proceede,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Is it not yours?</l>
    <l>What euer haue bin thought one in this State</l>
    <l>That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome</l>
    <l>Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone</l>
    <l>Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke</l>
    <l>I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;</l>
    <l>They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne</l>
    <l>Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,</l>
    <l>The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Cominius, Martius</hi> your old Enemy</l>
    <l>(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)</l>
    <l>And <hi rend="italic">Titus Lartius</hi>, a most valiant Roman,</l>
    <l>These three leade on this Preparation</l>
    <l>Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:</l>
    <l>Consider of it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Our Armie's in the Field:</l>
  <l>We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready</l>
  <l>To answer vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>Nor did you thinke it folly,</l>
  <l>To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when</l>
  <l>They needs must shew themselues, which in the hatching</l>
  <l>It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery,</l>
  <l>We <choice>
      <orig>shalbe</orig>
      <corr>shal be</corr>
    </choice> shortned in our ayme, which was</l>
  <l>To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome</l>
  <l>Should know we were a-foot.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Noble <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>,</l>
  <l>Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,</l>
  <l>Let vs alone to guard <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>
  </l>
  <l>If they set downe before's: for the remoue</l>
  <l>Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde</l>
  <l>Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>O doubt not that,</l>
  <l>I speake from Certainties. Nay more,</l>
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<l>Some parcels of their Power are forth already,</l>
<l>And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.</l>
<l>If we, and <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi> chance to meete,</l>
<l>'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strike</l>
<l>Till one can do no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
<p>The Gods assist you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
<p>And keepe your Honors safe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
<p>Farewell</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Sen.</speaker>
<p>Farewell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
<p>Farewell.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. omnes.</stage>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">aa2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0622-0.jpg" n="4"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to
Martius: <lb/>They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe <lb/>in a more comfortable sort:
If my Sonne were my Hus-<lb/>band, I should freelier reioyce in that absence
wherein <lb/>he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, <lb/>where he
would shew most loue. When yet hee was but <lb/>tender-bodied, and the onely
Sonne of my womb; when <lb/>youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his

way; when
<lb/>for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him <lb/>an houre from
her beholding; I considering how Honour <lb/>would become such a person, that it was
no better then <lb/>Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not <lb/>stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was <lb/>like to finde
fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from <lb/>whence he return'd, his browes bound
with Oake. I tell <lb/>thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing
<lb/>he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had pro-<lb/>ued himselfe a man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
<p>But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how <lb/>then?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>Then his good report should haue beene my <lb/>Sonne, I therein would haue found
issue. Heare me pro-<lb/>fesse sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue
alike, <lb/>and none lesse deere then thine, and my good <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, I <lb/>had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then
<lb/>one voluptuously surfet out of Action.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gentlewoman.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-gen">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
<p>Madam, the lady <hi rend="italic">Valeria</hi> is come to visit you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
<p>Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<l>Indeed you shall not:</l>
<l>Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:</l>
<l>See him plucke Auffidius downe by th'haire:</l>
<l>(As children from a Beare) the <hi rend="italic">Volces</hi> shunning him:</l>
<l>Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,</l>
<l>Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare</l>

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    <l>Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow</l>
    <l>With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes</l>
    <l>Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe</l>
    <l>Or all, or loose his hyre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
  <p>His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>Away you Foole; it more becomes a man</l>
  <l>Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>
  </l>
  <l>When she did suckle <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, look'd not louelier</l>
  <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> forhead, when it spit forth blood</l>
  <l>At Grecian sword. <hi rend="italic">Contenning</hi>, tell <hi rend="italic">Valeria</hi>
  </l>
  <l>We are fit to bid her welcome.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gent.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vir.</speaker>
  <p>Heauens blesse my Lord from fell <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>
  </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
  <l>Hee'l beat <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> head below his knee,</l>
  <l>And treade vpon his necke.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a
Gentlewoman.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>My Ladies both good day to you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
  <p>Sweet Madam.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vir.</speaker>
  <p>I am glad to see your Ladyship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-val">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
        <p>How do you both? You are manifest house-kee-<lb/>pers. What are you
        sowing heere? A fine spotte in good <lb/>faith. How does your little
Sonne?</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vir.</speaker>
          <p>I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
          <p>He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, <lb/>then looke
vpon his
        Schoolmaster.</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
          <p>A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a <lb/>very pretty boy.
A my troth, I
        look'd vpon him a Wens-<lb/>day halfe an houre together: ha's such a
        confirm'd coun-<lb/>
            <cb n="2"/>tenance. I saw him run after a gilded
        Butterfly, &amp; when <lb/>he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it
againe,
        and o-<lb/>uer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or
        <lb/>whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set <lb/>his
teeth, and
        teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt <lb/>it.</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
          <p>One on's Fathers moods.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
          <p>Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
          <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
          <p>A Cracke Madam.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
          <p>Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you <lb/>play the idle
Huswife with me
        this afternoone.</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
          <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
```

<p>No (good Madam) <lb/>I will not out of doores.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-val">
<speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
<p>Not out of doores?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>She shall, she shall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
<p>Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the <lb/>threshold, till my Lord returne
from the Warres.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-val">
<speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
<p>Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably: <lb/>Come, you must go visit the
good Lady that lies in.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
<p>I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her <lb/>with my prayers: but I cannot
go thither.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>Why I pray you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlug.</speaker>
<p>'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-val">
<speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
<p>You would be another <hi rend="italic">Penelope</hi>: yet they say, all <lb/>the
yearne she spun in <hi rend="italic">Vlisses</hi> absence, did but fill <hi rend="italic">Athica</hi>
<lb/>full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sen-<lb/>sible as your
finger, that you might leaue pricking it for <lb/>pitie. Come you shall go with
vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Vir.</speaker>

<p>No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not <lb/>foorth.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
          <p>In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent <lb/>newes of your
Husband.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
          <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
          <p>Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
          <p>Verily I do not iest with you: there came newes <lb/>from him last
night.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vir.</speaker>
          <p>Indeed Madam.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
          <p>In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. <lb/>Thus it is: the
Volcies
        haue an Army forth, against <choice>
            <abbr>whō</abbr>
            <expan>whom</expan>
          </choice>
          <lb/>
          <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> the Generall is gone, with one part of
our
        Ro-<lb/>mane power. Your Lord, and <hi rend="italic">Titus Lartius</hi>,
are
        set down <lb/>before their Citie <hi rend="italic">Carioles</hi>, they
nothing doubt
        preuai-<lb/>ling, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine
        <lb/>Honor, and so I pray go with vs.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
          <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
          <p>Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you <lb/>in euery thing
heereafter.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
          <l>Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:</l>
          <l>She will but disease our better mirth.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
          <speaker rend="italic">Valeria.</speaker>

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            <l>In troth I thinke she would:</l>
            <l>Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.</l>
            <l>Prythee <hi rend="italic">Virgilia</hi> turne thy solemnesse out a
doore,</l>
            <l>And go along with vs.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
            <speaker rend="italic">Virgil.</speaker>
            <l>No</l>
            <l>At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,</l>
            <l>I wish you much mirth.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-val">
            <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
            <p>Well, then farewell.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt. Ladies.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius, Titus Lartius,
with Drumme
and Co-<lb/>lours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as <lb/>before the City
Corialus: to them <lb/>a Messenger.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
            <l>Yonder comes Newes:</l>
            <l>A Wager they haue met.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
            <p>My horse to yours, no.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
            <p>Tis done.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
            <p>Agreed.</p>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Mar.</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0623-0.jpg" n="5"/>
        <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
            <p>Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <p>They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
    <p>So, the good Horse is mine.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker>
    <p>Ile buy him of you.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
    <l>No, Ile nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will</l>
    <l>For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>How farre off lie these Armies?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <p>Within this mile and halfe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>Then shall we heare their Larum, &amp; they Ours.</l>
    <l>Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,</l>
    <l>That we with smoaking swords may march from hence</l>
    <l>To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">They Sound a Parley: Enter
two Senators with
        others on <lb/>the Walles of Corialus.</stage>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Tullus Auffidious</hi>, is he within your
Walles?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Senat.</speaker>
    <l>No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,</l>
    <l>That's lesser then a little:</l>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Drum a farre off.</stage>
    <l>Hearke, our Drummes</l>
    <l>Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles</l>
    <l>Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,</l>
    <l>Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,</l>
    <l>They'le open of themselues. Harke you, farre off</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum farre
off.</stage>
    <l>There is <hi rend="italic">Auffidious</hi>. List what worke he
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makes</l>
<l>Among'st your clouen Army.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker>
<p>Oh they are at it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
<speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
<l>Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Army of the
Volces.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.</l>
<l>Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight</l>
<l>With hearts more proofe then Shields.</l>
<l>Aduance braue <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>,</l>
<l>They do disdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,</l>
<l>which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows</l>
<l>He that retires, Ile take him for a <hi rend="italic">Volce</hi>,</l>
<l>And he shall feele mine edge.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum, the Romans are beat
back to their
Trenches</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius
Cursing.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>All the contagion of the South, light on you,</l>
<l>You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues</l>
<l>Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd</l>
<l>Farther then seene, and one infect another</l>
<l>Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,</l>
<l>That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run</l>
<l>From Slaues, that Apes would beate; <hi rend="italic">Pluto</hi>
and Hell,</l>
<l>All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale</l>
<l>With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,</l>
<l>Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,</l>
<l>And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,</l>
<l>If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,</l>
<l>As they vs to our Trenches followes.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Another Alarum, and
Martius followes them
to <lb/>gates, and is shut in.</stage>
<l>So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,</l>
<l>'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,</l>

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    <l>Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Gati.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
    <p>Foole-hardinesse, not I.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Sol.</speaker>
    <p>Nor I</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
    <p>See they haue shut him in.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Alarum continues</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <p>To th'pot I warrant him.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Titus Lartius</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
    <p>What is become of <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <p>Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
    <l>Following the Flyers at the very heeles,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>With them he enters: who vpon the sodaine</l>
    <l>Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,</l>
    <l>To answer all the City.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
    <l>Oh Noble Fellow!</l>
    <l>Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,</l>
    <l>And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
    <l>A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art</l>
    <l>Weare not so rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier</l>
    <l>Euen to <hi rend="italic">Calues</hi> wish, not fierce and
terrible</l>
    <l>Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and</l>
    <l>The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds</l>
    <l>Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World</l>
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        <l>Were Feauorous, and did tremble.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius bleeding,
assaulted by the
      Enemy.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sol.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
          <p>Looke Sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
          <l>O 'tis Martius.</l>
          <l>Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They fight, and all
enter the
      City.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter certaine Romanes with
spoiles.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-rom.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Rom.</speaker>
          <p>This will I carry to <hi rend="italic">Rome</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-rom.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2. Rom.</speaker>
          <p>And I this.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-rom.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3. Rom.</speaker>
          <p>A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">exeunt.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum continues still
      a-farre off.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius, and Titus with
a
      Trumpet.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
          <l>See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours/&gt; </l>
          <l>At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones,</l>
          <l>Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would</l>
          <l>Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues,</l>
          <l>Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.</l>
          <l>And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him</l>
          <l>There is the man of my soules hate, <hi
rend="italic">Auffidious</hi>,</l>
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        <l>Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>
take</l>
        <l>Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,</l>
        <l>Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste</l>
        <l>To helpe <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi></l>
        </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
      <l>Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,</l>
      <l>Thy exercise hath bin too violent,</l>
      <l>For a second course of Fight.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <l>Sir, praise me not:</l>
      <l>My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:</l>
      <l>The blood I drop, is rather Physicall</l>
      <l>Then dangerous to me: To <hi rend="italic">Auffidious</hi> thus, I
will appear <lb rend="turnunder"/>
          <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>and fight.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
      <l>Now the faire Goddesse Fortune,</l>
      <l>Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes</l>
      <l>Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:</l>
      <l>Prosperity be thy Page.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <l>Thy Friend no lesse,</l>
      <l>Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
      <l>Thou worthiest <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
      <l>Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,</l>
      <l>Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,</l>
      <l>Where they shall know our minde. Away.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 6]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cominius as it were in
retire, with
    soldiers.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
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<l>Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come <lb rend="turnunder"/>
<pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>off,</l>
<l>Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,</l>
<l>Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,</l>
<l>We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke</l>
<l>By Interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard</l>
<l>The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,</l>
<l>Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,</l>
<l>That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,</l>
<l>May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
<l>The Cittizens of Corioles haue yssued,</l>
<l>And giuen to <hi rend="italic">Lartius</hi> and to <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> Battaile:</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">aa3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I saw</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0624-0.jpg" n="6"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,</l>
<l>And then I came away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
<speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
<l>Though thou speakest truth,</l>
<l>Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<p>Aboue an houre, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
<speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
<l>'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.</l>
<l>How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,</l>
<l>And bring thy Newes so late?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>Spies of the <hi rend="italic">Volces</hi>
</l>
<l>Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele</l>
<l>Three or foure miles about, else had I sir</l>
<l>Halfe an houre since brought my report.</l>
</sp>

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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Whose yonder,</l>
  <l>That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,</l>
  <l>He has the stampe of <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, and I haue</l>
  <l>Before time seene him thus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Come I too late?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>The Shepherd knowes not Thunder <choice>
      <abbr>frō</abbr>
      <expan>from</expan>
    </choice> a Taber,</l>
  <l>More then I know the sound of <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>
Tongue</l>
  <l>From euery meaner man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
  <p>Come I too late?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>I, if you come not in the blood of others,</l>
  <l>But mantled in your owne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker>
  <l>Oh! let me clip ye</l>
  <l>In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;</l>
  <l>As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,</l>
  <l>And Tapers burnt to Bedward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Flower of Warriors, how is't with <hi rend="italic">Titus
Lartius</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>As with a man busied about Decrees:</l>
  <l>Condemning some to death, and some to exile,</l>
  <l>Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other;</l>
  <l>Holding <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi> in the name of Rome,</l>
  <l>Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,</l>
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    <l>To let him slip at will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Where is that Slaue</l>
  <l>Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?</l>
  <l>Where is he? Call him hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Let him alone,</l>
  <l>He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,</l>
  <l>The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)</l>
  <l>The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge</l>
  <l>From Rascals worse then they.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>But how preuail'd you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:</l>
  <l>Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?</l>
  <l>If not, why cease you till you are so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, we haue at disaduantage fought,</l>
  <l>And did retyre to win our purpose.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>How lies their Battell? Know you on <choice>
      <abbr>ẘ</abbr>
      <expan>which</expan>
    </choice> side</l>
  <l>They haue plac'd their men of trust?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>As I guesse <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
  <l>Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients</l>
  <l>Of their best trust: O're them <hi rend="italic">Auffidious</hi>,</l>
  <l>Their very heart of Hope.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>I do beseech you,</l>
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    <l>By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,</l>
    <l>By th'Blood we haue shed together,</l>
    <l>By th'Vowes we haue made</l>
    <l>To endure Friends, that you directly set me</l>
    <l>Against <hi rend="italic">Affidious</hi>, and his <hi
rend="italic">Antiats</hi>,</l>
    <l>And that you not delay the present (but</l>
    <l>Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,</l>
    <l>We proue this very houre.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>Though I could wish,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>You were conducted to a gentle Bath,</l>
    <l>And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer</l>
    <l>Deny your asking, take your choice of those</l>
    <l>That best can ayde your action.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>Those are they</l>
    <l>That most are willing; if any such be heere,</l>
    <l>(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting</l>
    <l>Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare</l>
    <l>Lessen his person, then an ill report:</l>
    <l>If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,</l>
    <l>And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,</l>
    <l>Let him alone: Or so many so minded,</l>
    <l>Waue thus to expresse his disposition,</l>
    <l>And follow <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They all shout and waue
their swords, take
    him vp in their <lb/>Armes, and cast vp their Caps.</stage>
    <l>Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:</l>
    <l>If these shewes be not outward, which of you</l>
    <l>But is foure <hi rend="italic">Volces</hi>? None of you, but is</l>
    <l>Able to beare against the great <hi rend="italic">Auffidious</hi>
    </l>
    <l>A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number</l>
    <l>(Though thankes to all) must I select from all:</l>
    <l>The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight</l>
    <l>(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,</l>
    <l>And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,</l>
    <l>Which men are best inclin'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>March on my Fellowes:</l>
    <l>Make good this ostentation, and you shall</l>
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<l>Diuide in all, with vs.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
     </div>
    <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 7]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Titus Lartius, hauing set a
guard vpon
        Carioles, going with <lb/>Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius
        Mar-<lb/>tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a
        <lb/>Scout.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lar.</speaker>
          <l>So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties</l>
          <l>As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch</l>
          <l>Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue</l>
          <l>For a short holding, if we loose the Field,</l>
          <l>We cannot keepe the Towne.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lie">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
          <p>Feare not our care Sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lart.</speaker>
          <l>Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:</l>
          <l>Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit</stage>
     </div>
    <div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 8]</head>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum, as in
Battaile.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Martius and Auffidius
at seueral
        doores.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
          <l>Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee</l>
          <l>Worse then a Promise-breaker.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Auffid.</speaker>
          <l>We hate alike:</l>
          <l>Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre</l>
          <l>More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,</l>
          <l>And the Gods doome him after.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
          <l>If I flye <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, hollow me like a Hare.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
          <l>Within these three houres <hi rend="italic">Tullus</hi>
          </l>
          <l>Alone I fought in your <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi> walles,</l>
          <l>And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,</l>
          <l>Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge</l>
          <l>Wrench vp thy power to th'highest.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
          <l>Wer't thou the <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>,</l>
          <l>That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,</l>
          <l>Thou should'st not scape me heere.</l>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Heere they fight, and certaine

          Volces come in the ayde <lb/>of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.</stage>
          <l>Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me</l>
          <l>In your condemned Seconds.</l>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Flourish.</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0625-0.jpg" n="7"/>
        <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 9]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded.

        Enter at <lb/>one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At <lb/>another Doore Martius,
          with his <lb/>Arme in a Scarfe.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-com">
          <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
          <l>If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,</l>
          <l>Thou't not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,</l>
          <l>Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,</l>
          <l>Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,</l>
          <l>I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,</l>
          <l>And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,</l>
          <l>That with the fustie Plebeans, hate thine Honors,</l>
          <l>Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods</l>

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    <l>Our Rome hath such a Souldier.</l>
    <l>Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast,</l>
    <l>Hauing fully din'd before.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Titus with his Power, from the
Pursuit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Titus Lartius.</speaker>
    <l>Oh Generall:</l>
    <l>Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:</l>
    <l>Hadst thou beheld   </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
    <l>Pray now, no more:</l>
    <l>My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,</l>
    <l>When she do's prayse me, grieues me:</l>
    <l>I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,</l>
    <l>Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:</l>
    <l>He that ha's but effected his good will,</l>
    <l>Hath ouerta'ne mine Act </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,</l>
    <l>Rome must know the value of her owne:</l>
    <l>'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,</l>
    <l>No lesse then a Traducement,</l>
    <l>To hide your doings, and to silence that,</l>
    <l>Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd,</l>
    <l>Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,</l>
    <l>In signe of what you are, not to reward</l>
    <l>What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
    <l>I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart</l>
    <l>To heare themselues remembred.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>Should they not:</l>
    <l>Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,</l>
    <l>And tent themselues with death: of all the Horses,</l>
    <l>Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,</l>
    <l>The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,</l>
    <l>We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,</l>
    <l>Before the common distribution,</l>
    <l>At your onely choyse.</l>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
        <l>I thanke you Generall:</l>
        <l>But cannot make my heart consent to take</l>
        <l>A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,</l>
        <l>And stand vpon my common part with those,</l>
        <l>That haue beheld the doing.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, <lb/>cast vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius <lb/>and Lartius stand bare.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <l>May these same Instruments, which you prophane,</l>
        <l>Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall</l>
        <l>I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be</l>
        <l>Made all of false-fac'd soothing:</l>
        <l>When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,</l>
        <l>Let him be made an Ouerture for th'Warres:</l>
        <l>No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,</l>
        <l>Which without note, here's many else haue done,</l>
        <l>You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,</l>
        <l>As if I lou'd my little should be dieted</l>
        <l>In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-com">
        <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
        <l>Too modest are you:</l>
        <l>More cruell to your good report, then gratefull</l>
        <l>To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,</l>
        <l>If'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you</l>
        <l>(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,</l>
        <l>Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,</l>
        <l>As to vs, to all the World, That <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi></l>
        <l>Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,</l>
        <l>My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,</l>
        <l>With all his trim belonging; and from this time,</l>
        <l>For what he did before <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>, call him,</l>
        <l>With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,</l>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Marcus Caius Coriolanus</hi>. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish. Trumpets sound,
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and Drums.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-cor-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
            <p>
              <hi rend="italic">Marcus Caius Coriolanus</hi>
            </p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
            <l>I will goe wash:</l>
            <l>And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue</l>
            <l>Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thanke you,</l>
            <l>I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times</l>
            <l>To vnder-crest your good Addition,</l>
            <l>To th'fairenesse of my power.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-com">
            <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
            <l>So, to our Tent:</l>
            <l>Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write</l>
            <l>To Rome of our successe: you <hi rend="italic">Titus Lartius</hi></l>
            <l>Must to <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi> backe, send vs to Rome</l>
            <l>The best, with whom we may articulate,</l>
            <l>For their owne good, and ours.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lartius.</speaker>
            <p>I shall, my Lord.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
            <l>The Gods begin to mocke me:</l>
            <l>I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,</l>
            <l>Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-com">
            <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
            <p>Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
            <l>I sometime lay here in <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>,</l>
            <l>At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,</l>
            <l>He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:</l>
            <l>But then <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> was within my view,</l>
            <l>And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you</l>
            <l>To giue my poore Host freedome.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-com">

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          <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
          <l>Oh well begg'd:</l>
          <l>Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should</l>
          <l>Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, <hi
rend="italic">Titus</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lartius.</speaker>
          <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, his Name.</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>
          <l>By <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi> forgot:</l>
          <l>I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:</l>
          <l>Haue we no Wine here?</l>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-com">
          <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
          <l>Goe we to our Tent:</l>
          <l>The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time</l>
          <l>It should be lookt too: come.</l>
          </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
      <div type="scene" n="10" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 10]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">A flourish. Cornets. Enter
Tullus Auffidius
        <lb/>bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Auffi.</speaker>
          <p>The Towne is ta'ne.</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sol">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sould.</speaker>
          <p>'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.</p>
          </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Auffid.</speaker>
          <l>Condition?</l>
          <l>I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,</l>
          <l>Being a <hi rend="italic">Volce</hi>, be that I am. Condition?</l>
          <l>What good Condition can a Treatie finde</l>
          <l>I'th'part that is at mercy<hi rend="italic">?</hi> fiue times, <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
          <l>I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:</l>
          <l>And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter</l>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0626-0.jpg" n="8"/>
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    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>As often as we eate. By th'Elements,</l>
    <l>If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,</l>
    <l>He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation</l>
    <l>Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where</l>
    <l>I thought to crush him in an equall Force,</l>
    <l>True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,</l>
    <l>Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
    <p>He's the diuell.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <l>Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,</l>
    <l>With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him</l>
    <l>Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,</l>
    <l>Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,</l>
    <l>The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:</l>
    <l>Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp</l>
    <l>Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst</l>
    <l>My hate to <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>. Where I finde him, were it</l>
    <l>At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there</l>
    <l>Against the hospitable Canon, would I</l>
    <l>Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie,</l>
    <l>Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must</l>
    <l>Be Hostages for Rome.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
    <p>Will not you go?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <l>I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you</l>
    <l>('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither</l>
    <l>How the world goes: that to the pace of it</l>
    <l>I may spurre on my iourney.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
    <p>I shall sir.</p>
  </sp>
  </div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
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<head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
<cb n="1"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the
<lb/>people, Sicinius &amp; Brutus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to <lb/>night.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>Good or bad?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Not according to the prayer of the people, for <lb/>they loue not <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>The Lambe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would <lb/>the Noble <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. <lb/>You two are old men, tell me
one thing that I shall aske <lb/>you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
  <p>Well sir.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>In what enormity is <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> poore in, that you <lb/>two haue
not in abundance?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withal.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Especially in Pride.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>And topping all others in boasting.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>This is strange now: Do you two know, how <lb/>you are censured
heere in the City,
I mean of vs a'th'right <lb/>hand File, do you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
  <p>Why? how are we censur'd?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Because you talke of Pride now, will you not <lb/>be angry.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
  <p>Well, well sir, well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe <lb/>of Occasion,
will rob you
of a great deale of Patience: <cb n="2"/> Giue your dispositions the reines,
and bee
angry at your <lb/>pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you,
in
<lb/>being so: you blame <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> for being
proud.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>We do it not alone, sir.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <p>I know you can doe very little alone, for your <lb/>helpes are many, or else your
          actions would growe won-<lb/>drous single: your abilities are to
          Infant-like, for doing <lb/>much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you
          could turn <lb/>your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make <lb/>but an
          Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you <lb/>could.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-bot">
          <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
          <p>What then sir?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <p>Why then you should discouer a brace of vn-<lb/>meriting, proud, violent,
          testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) <lb/>as any in Rome.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, you are knowne well enough too.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <p>I am knowne to be a humorous <hi rend="italic">Patritian</hi>, and <lb/>one that
          loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alay-<lb/>ing Tiber in't: Said,
          to be something imperfect in fauou-<lb/>ring the first complaint, hasty and
          Tinder-like vppon, to <lb/>triuiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the
          But-<lb/>tocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. <lb/>What
          I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath. <lb/>Meeting two such Weales men
          as you are (I cannot call <lb/>you <hi rend="italic">Licurgusses</hi>,) if the
          drinke you giue me, touch my Pa-<lb/>lat aduersly, I make a crooked face at
          it, I can say, your <lb/>Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde
          <lb/>the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your sylla-<lb/>bles. And
          though I must be content to beare with those, <lb/>that say you are reuerend graue
          men, yet they lye deadly, <lb/>that tell you haue good faces, if you see this
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in the
          Map <lb/>of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well
e-<lb/>nough
          too? What harme can your beesome Conspectui-<lb/>ties gleane out of this
          Charracter, if I be knowne well e-<lb/>nough too.</p>
           </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
            <p>Come sir come, we know you well enough.</p>
           </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-men">
            <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
            <p>You know neither mee, your selues, nor any <lb/>thing: you are
ambitious, for poore
          knaues cappes and <lb/>legges: you weare out a good wholesome
Forenoone, in
          <lb/>hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forset-<lb/>seller,
and
          then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a <lb/>second day of
          Audience. When you are hearing a <lb/>matter betweene party and party, if
you
          chaunce to bee <lb/>pinch'd with the Collike, you make faces like
          Mum-<lb/>mers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and <lb/>in
          roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie <lb/>bleeding, the
more
          intangled by your hearing: All the <lb/>peace you make in their Cause, is
calling
          both the parties <lb/>Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.</p>
           </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
            <p>Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a <lb/>perfecter gyber
for the Table,
          then a necessary Bencher in <lb/>the Capitoll.</p>
           </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-men">
            <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
            <p>Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they <lb/>shall encounter
such ridiculous
          Subiects as you are, when <lb/>you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not
woorth
          the <lb/>wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so
<lb/>honourable a
          graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to <lb/>be intomb'd in an Asses
          Packe-saddle; yet you must bee <lb/>saying, <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi> is
          proud: who in a cheape estimation, is <lb/>worth all your predecessors,
since <hi rend="italic">Deucalion</hi>, though per-<lb/>aduenture some of the best
of
          'em were hereditarie hang-<lb/>men. Godden to your Worships, more of

your
conuer-<lb/>sation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of
<lb/>the
Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of <lb/>you.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Bru. and Scic. Aside.</stage>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0627-0.jpg" n="9"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and
Valeria.</stage>
<p>How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone <lb/>were
shee Earthly, no
Nobler; whither doe you follow <lb/>your Eyes so fast?</p>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>Honorable <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, my Boy <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>
appro-<lb/>ches: for the loue of <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi> let's goe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
<p>Ha? <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> comming home?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>I, worthy <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, and with most
prosperous
<lb/>approbation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
<p>Take my Cappe <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>, and I thanke thee:
<lb/>hoo, <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> comming home?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm #F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Ladies.</speaker>
<p>Nay, 'tis true.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
<p>Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath <lb/>another, his
Wife another, and
(I thinke) there's one at <lb/>home for you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
<l>I will make my very house reele to night:</l>
<l>A Letter for me?</l>

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
        <speaker rend="italic">Virgil.</speaker>
        <p>Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <p>A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of se-<lb/>uen yeeres health;
in
        which time, I will make a Lippe at <lb/>the Physician: The most soueraigne
        Prescription in <hi rend="italic">Galen</hi>, <lb/>is but Emperickqutique;
and to
        this Preseruatiue, of no <lb/>better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not
        wounded? <lb/>he was wont to come home wounded?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
        <speaker rend="italic">Virgil.</speaker>
        <p>Oh no, no, no.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
        <p>Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <p>So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a <lb/>Victorie in his
Pocket? the
        wounds become him.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
        <p>On's Browes: <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, hee comes the third
<lb/>time home
        with the Oaken Garland.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <p>Ha's he disciplin'd <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> soundly?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
        <p>
          <hi rend="italic">Titus Lartius</hi> writes, they fought together, but
<lb/>
          <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> got off.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <p>And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him <lb/>that: and he had
stay'd by him, I
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would not haue been so <lb/>fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold
<lb/>that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <p>Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The <lb/>Senate ha's Letters from the
Generall, wherein hee giues <lb/>my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in
this <lb/>action out-done his former deeds doubly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Valer.</speaker>
    <p>In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <p>Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not with-<lb/>out his true purchasing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
    <speaker rend="italic">Virgil.</speaker>
    <p>The Gods graunt them true.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <p>True? pow waw.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is <lb/>hee wounded, God saue your good
Worships? <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>
    <lb/> is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be prowd: <lb/>where is he
wounded?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <p>Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be <lb/>large Cicatrices to shew the
People, when hee shall stand <lb/>for his place: he receiued in the repulse of <hi rend="italic">Tarquin</hi> seuen <lb/>hurts ith' Body.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine <lb/>that I know.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">

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            <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
            <p>Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie <lb/>fiue Wounds vpon
him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-men">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
            <p>Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an <lb/>Enemies Graue.
Hearke, the
          Trumpets.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A showt, and
flourish.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
            <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
            <l>These are the Vshers of <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>:</l>
            <l>Before him, hee carryes Noyse;</l>
            <l>And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,</l>
            <l>Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic" type="business">A Sennet. Trumpets sound.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cominius the Generall,
and Titus
          Latius: be-<lb/>tweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken
<lb/>Garland,
          with Captaines and Soul-<lb/>diers, and a Herauld.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-cor-her">
            <speaker rend="italic">Herauld.</speaker>
            <l>Know Rome, that all alone <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> did
fight</l>
            <l>Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,</l>
            <l>With Fame, a Name to <hi rend="italic">Martius Caius:</hi>
            </l>
            <l>These in honor followes <hi rend="italic">Martius Caius
Coriolanus</hi>.</l>
            <l>Welcome to Rome, renowned <hi
rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sound.
Flourish.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-cor-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <p>Welcome to Rome, renowned <hi
rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
            <p>No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray <lb/>now no
more.</p>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-com">
            <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
            <p>Looke, Sir, your Mother.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
            <p>Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods <lb/>for my
prosperitie.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Kneeles.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
            <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
            <l>Nay, my good Souldier, vp:</l>
            <l>My gentle <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, worthy <hi
rend="italic">Caius</hi>,</l>
            <l>And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,</l>
            <l>What is it (<hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>) must I call thee?</l>
            <l>But oh, thy Wife.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
            <l>My gracious silence, hayle:</l>
            <l>Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,</l>
            <l>That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare,</l>
            <l>Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,</l>
            <l>And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-men">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
            <p>Now the Gods Crowne thee.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-com">
            <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
            <p>And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
            <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
            <l>I know not where to turne.</l>
            <l>Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,</l>
            <l>And y'are welcome all.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-men">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
            <l>A hundred thousand Welcomes:</l>
            <l>I could weepe, and I could laugh,</l>
            <l>I am light, and heauie; welcome:</l>
            <l>A Curse begin at very root on's heart,</l>
            <l>That is not glad to see thee.</l>
            <l>You are three, that Rome should dote on:</l>
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    <l>Yet by the faith of men, we haue</l>
    <l>Some old Crab-trees here at home,</l>
    <l>That will not be grafted to your Rallish.</l>
    <l>Yet welcome Warriors:</l>
    <l>Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;</l>
    <l>And the faults of fooles, but folly.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>Euer right.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
    <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, euer, euer.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Herauld.</speaker>
    <p>Giue way there, and goe on.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
    <l>Your Hand, and yours?</l>
    <l>Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,</l>
    <l>The good Patricians must be visited,</l>
    <l>From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,</l>
    <l>But with them, change of Honors.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>I haue liued,</l>
    <l>To see inherited my very Wishes,</l>
    <l>And the Buildings of my Fancie:</l>
    <l>Onely there's one thing wanting,</l>
    <l>Which (I doubt not) but our Rome</l>
    <l>Will cast vpon thee.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
    <l>Know, good Mother,</l>
    <l>I had rather be their seruant in my way,</l>
    <l>Then sway with them in theirs.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>On, to the Capitall.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Flourish. Cornets.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. in State, as
before.</stage>
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<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0628-0.jpg" n="10"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter Brutus and
Scicinius</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights</l>
  <l>Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling Nurse</l>
  <l>Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,</l>
  <l>While she chats him: the Kitchin <hi rend="italic">Malkin</hi>
pinnes</l>
  <l>Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,</l>
  <l>Clambring the Walls to eye him:</l>
  <l>Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp,</l>
  <l>Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd</l>
  <l>With variable Complexions; all agreeing</l>
  <l>In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins</l>
  <l>Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe</l>
  <l>To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames</l>
  <l>Commit the Warre of White and Damaske</l>
  <l>In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle</l>
  <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Phoebus</hi> burning Kisses: such a
poother,</l>
  <l>As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him,</l>
  <l>Were slyly crept into his humane powers,</l>
  <l>And gaue him gracefull posture.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <p>On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
  <p>Then our Office may, during his power, goe <lb/>sleepe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,</l>
  <l>From where he should begin, and end, but will</l>
  <l>Lose those he ha<gap extent="2"
      unit="chars"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="inkBlot"
      resp="#LMC"/> wonne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
  <p>In that there's comfort.</p>
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  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
    <l>Doubt not,</l>
    <l>The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they</l>
    <l>Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget</l>
    <l>With the least cause, these his new Honors,</l>
    <l>Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,</l>
    <l>As he is prowd to doo't.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <l>I heard him sweare,</l>
    <l>Were he to stand for Consull, neuer would he</l>
    <l>Appeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put</l>
    <l>The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,</l>
    <l>Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds</l>
    <l>Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <p>'Tis right.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <l>It was his word:</l>
    <l>Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,</l>
    <l>But by the suite of the Gentry to him,</l>
    <l>And the desire of the Nobles.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <p>I wish no better, then haue him hold that pur-<lb/>pose, and to put it
in
execution.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <p>'Tis most like he will.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <p>It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a <lb/>sure
destruction.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <l>So it must fall out</l>
    <l>To him, or our Authorities, for an end.</l>
    <l>We must suggest the People, in what hatred</l>
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    <l>He still hath held them: that to's power he would</l>
    <l>Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,</l>
    <l>And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,</l>
    <l>In humane Action, and Capacitie,</l>
    <l>Of no more Soule, nor fitnesse for the World,</l>
    <l>Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand</l>
    <l>Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes</l>
    <l>For sinking vnder them.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <l>This (as you say) suggested,</l>
    <l>At some time, when his soaring Insolence</l>
    <l>Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,</l>
    <l>If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,</l>
    <l>As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze</l>
    <l>Shall darken him for euer.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <p>What's the matter?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>You are sent for to the Capitoll:</l>
    <l>'Tis thought, that <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> shall be
Consull:</l>
    <l>I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,</l>
    <l>And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloues,</l>
    <l>Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,</l>
    <l>Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended</l>
    <l>As to <hi rend="italic">Ioues</hi> Statue, and the Commons
made</l>
    <l>A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:</l>
    <l>I neuer saw the like.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <l>Let's to the Capitoll,</l>
    <l>And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th'time,</l>
    <l>But Hearts for the euent.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <p>Haue with you.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
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</div>
        <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it
          were, <lb/>in the Capitoll.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-cor-off.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
            <p>Come, come, they are almost here: how many <lb/>stand for
Consulships?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-off.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2. Off.</speaker>
            <p>Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one, <lb/>Coriolanus will
carry it.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-off.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
            <p>That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance <lb/>prowd, and loues not
the common
            people.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-off.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2. Off.</speaker>
            <p>'Faith, there hath beene many great men that <lb/>haue flatter'd the
people, who
            ne're loued them; and there <lb/>be many that they haue loued, they know
not
            wherefore: <lb/>so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon
<lb/>no
            better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neyther to <lb/>care whether
they loue,
            or hate him, manifests the true <lb/>knowledge he ha's in their disposition,
and out
            of his No-<lb/>ble carelesnesse lets them plainely see't.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-off.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
            <p>If he did not care whether he had their loue, or <lb/>no, hee waued
indifferently,
            'twixt doing them neyther <lb/>good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate
with
            greater <lb/>deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing
<lb/>vndone,
            that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now <lb/>to seeme to affect the
mallice
            and displeasure of the Peo-<lb/>ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to
            flatter them for <lb/>their loue.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-cor-off.2">

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          <speaker rend="italic">2. Off.</speaker>
          <p>Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey, <lb/>and his assent is
not by such
          easie degrees as those, who <lb/>hauing beene supple and courteous to the
People,
          Bon-<lb/>netted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into
          <lb/>their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his <lb/>Honors
in their
          Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that <lb/>for their Tongues to be
silent, and
          not confesse so much, <lb/>were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report
otherwise,
          <lb/>were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke
<lb/>reproofe and
          rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-off.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Off.</speaker>
          <p>No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make <lb/>way, they are
comming.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">A Sennet. Enter the
Patricians, and the
          Tribunes of <lb/>the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus,
Mene-<lb/>nius,
          Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus <lb/>take their places by
themselues:
          Corio-<lb/>lanus stands.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
          <l>Hauing determin'd of the Volces,</l>
          <l>And to send for <hi rend="italic">Titus Lartius</hi>: it
remaines,</l>
          <l>As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,</l>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0629-0.jpg" n="11"/>
          <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath</l>
          <l>Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,</l>
          <l>Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire</l>
          <l>The present Consull, and last Generall,</l>
          <l>In our well-found Successes, to report</l>
          <l>A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd</l>
          <l>By <hi rend="italic">Martius Caius Coriolanus</hi>: whom</l>
          <l>We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,</l>
          <l>With Honors like himselfe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
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        <l>Speake, good <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>:</l>
        <l>Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke</l>
        <l>Rather our states defectiue for requitall,</l>
        <l>Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th'People,</l>
        <l>We doe request your kindest eares: and after</l>
        <l>Your louing motion toward the common Body,</l>
        <l>To yeeld what passes here.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
        <p>We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and <lb/>haue hearts inclinable to honor
        and aduance the Theame <lb/>of our Assembly.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
        <p>Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if <lb/>he remember a kinder value of
        the People, then he hath <lb/>hereto priz'd them at.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <p>That's off, that's off: I would you rather had <lb/>been silent: Please you to
        heare <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> speake?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
        <p>Most willingly: but yet my Caution was <lb/>more pertinent then the rebuke you giue
        it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <p>He loues your People, but tye him not to be <lb/>their Bed-fellow: Worthie
        <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> speake.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe
      away.</stage>
      <p>Nay, keepe your place.</p>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
        <l>Sit <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>: neuer shame to heare</l>
        <l>What you haue Nobly done.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
        <l>Your Honors pardon:</l>
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    <l>I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,</l>
    <l>Then heare say how I got them.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
    <p>Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
    <l>No Sir: yet oft,</l>
    <l>When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.</l>
    <l>You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,</l>
    <l>I loue them as they weigh—</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <p>Pray now sit downe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,</l>
    <l>When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit</l>
    <l>To heare my Nothings monster'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Coriolanus</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>Masters of the People,</l>
    <l>Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?</l>
    <l>That's thousand to one good one, when you now see</l>
    <l>He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,</l>
    <l>Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed <hi
rend="italic">Cominius</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,</l>
    <l>That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,</l>
    <l>And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,</l>
    <l>The man I speake of, cannot in the World</l>
    <l>Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,</l>
    <l>When <hi rend="italic">Tarquin</hi> made a Head for Rome, he
fought</l>
    <l>Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,</l>
    <l>Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,</l>
    <l>When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue</l>
    <l>The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid</l>
    <l>An o're-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view</l>
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<l>Slew three Opposers: <hi rend="italic">Tarquins</hi> selfe he met,</l>
<l>And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,</l>
<l>When he might act the Woman in the Scene,</l>
<l>He prou'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed</l>
<l>Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,</l>
<l>And in the brunt of seuenteene Battailes since,</l>
<l>He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,</l>
<l>Before, and in Corioles, let me say</l>
<l>I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,</l>
<l>And by his rare example made the Coward</l>
<l>Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before</l>
<l>A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,</l>
<l>And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,</l>
<l>Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:</l>
<l>He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion</l>
<l>Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred</l>
<l>The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted</l>
<l>With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,</l>
<l>And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke</l>
<l>Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,</l>
<l>When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce</l>
<l>His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit</l>
<l>Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,</l>
<l>And to the Battaile came he, where he did</l>
<l>Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere</l>
<l>A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd</l>
<l>Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood</l>
<l>To ease his Brest with panting.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
<p>Worthy man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
<speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
<p>He cannot but with measure fit the Honors <lb/>which we deuise him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
<speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
<l>Our spoyles he kickt at,</l>
<l>And look'd vpon things precious, as they were</l>
<l>The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse</l>
<l>Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds</l>
<l>With doing them, and is content</l>
<l>To spend the time, to end it.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <p>Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
  <p>Call <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-off">
  <speaker rend="italic">Off.</speaker>
  <p>He doth appeare.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <p>The Senate, <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>, are well pleas'd to make <lb/>thee
Consull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <p>It then remaines, that you doe speake to the <lb/>People.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>I doe beseech you,</l>
  <l>Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot</l>
  <l>Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them</l>
  <l>For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:</l>
  <l>Please you that I may passe this doing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, the People must haue their Voyces,</l>
  <l>Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>Put them not too't:</l>
  <l>Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,</l>
  <l>And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,</l>
  <l>Your Honor with your forme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>It is a part that I shall blush in acting,</l>
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    <l>And might well be taken from the People.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
  <p>Marke you that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus</l>
  <l>Shew them th'vnaking Skarres, which I should hide,</l>
  <l>As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre</l>
  <l>Of their breath onely.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>Doe not stand vpon't:</l>
  <l>We recommend to you Tribunes of the People</l>
  <l>Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull</l>
  <l>Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Senat</hi>. To</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0630-0.jpg" n="12"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
  <p>To <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> come all ioy and Honor.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish Cornets.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and
Brutus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>You see how he intends to vse the people.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them</l>
  <l>As if he did contemne what he requested,</l>
  <l>Should be in them to giue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Come, wee'l informe them</l>
  <l>Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place,</l>
  <l>I know they do attend vs.</l>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
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<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter seuen or eight
Citizens.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
   <p>Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought <lb/>not to deny
him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
   <p>We may Sir if we will.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3. Cit.</speaker>
   <p>We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is <lb/>a power that we
haue no power
to do: For, if hee shew vs <lb/>his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to
put our
ton-<lb/>gues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel <lb/>vs
his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble ac-<lb/>ceptance of them.
Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the <lb/>multitude to be ingratefull, were
to make
a Monster of <lb/>the multitude; of the which, we being members, should
<lb/>bring
our selues to be monstrous members.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
   <p>And to make vs no better thought of a little <lb/>helpe will serue:
for once we
stood vp about the Corne, <lb/>he himselfe stucke not to call vs the
many-headed Multi-<lb/>tude.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3. Cit.</speaker>
   <p>We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our <lb/>heads are some
browne, some
blacke, some Abram, some <lb/>bald; but that our wits are so diuersly
Coulord; and
true-<lb/>ly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull,
<lb/>they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-<lb/>sent of
one
direct way, should be at once to all the points <lb/>a'th Compasse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
   <p>Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge my <lb/>wit would
flye.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
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<speaker rend="italic">3. Cit.</speaker>
        <p>Nay your wit will not so soone out as another <lb/>mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd
        vp in a blocke-head: but <lb/>if it were at liberty, 'twould sure
        Southward.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
           <speaker rend="italic">2 Cit.</speaker>
           <p>Why that way?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
           <speaker rend="italic">3 Cit.</speaker>
           <p>To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three <lb/>parts melted away with rotten
        Dewes, the fourth would <lb/>returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a
        Wife.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
           <speaker rend="italic">2 Cit.</speaker>
           <p>You are neuer without your trickes, you may, <lb/>you may.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
           <speaker rend="italic">3 Cit.</speaker>
           <p>Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But <lb/>that's no matter, the greater
        part carries it, I say. If hee <lb/>would incline to the people, there was neuer a
        worthier <lb/>man. <lb/>
             <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with <lb/>Menenius.</stage>
             <lb/>Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke <lb/>his behauiour: we are
        not to stay altogether, but to come <lb/>by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes,
        & by threes. <lb/>He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie
        <lb/>one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voi-<lb/>ces with
        our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile <lb/>direct you how you shall go by
        him.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-all">
           <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
           <p>Content, content.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-men">
           <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
           <p>Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne <lb/>The worthiest men haue

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          done't?</p>
        </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <l>What must I say, I pray Sir?</l>
        <l>Plague vpon't, I cannot bring</l>
        <l>My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,</l>
        <l>I got them in my Countries Seruice, when</l>
        <l>Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>From th'noise of our owne Drummes.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
        <l>Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,</l>
        <l>You must desire them to thinke vpon you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
        <l>Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,</l>
        <l>I would they would forget me, like the Vertues</l>
        <l>Which our Diuines lose by em.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
        <l>You'l marre all,</l>
        <l>Ile leaue you: Pray you speake to em, I pray You</l>
        <l>In wholsome manner.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three of the
Citizens.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <l>Bid them wash their Faces,</l>
        <l>And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,</l>
        <l>You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
        <speaker rend="italic">3 Cit.</speaker>
        <p>We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>Mine owne desert.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2 Cit.</speaker>
        <p>Your owne desert.</p>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>I, but mine owne desire.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">3 Cit.</speaker>
  <p>How not your owne desire?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the <lb/>poore with
begging.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">3 Cit.</speaker>
  <p>You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we <lb/>hope to gaine by
you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Well then I pray, your price a'th'Consulship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1 Cit.</speaker>
  <p>The price is, to aske it kindly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to <lb/>shew you,
which shall bee
  yours in priuate: your good <lb/>voice sir, what say you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2 Cit.</speaker>
  <p>You shall ha't worthy Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voices <lb/>begg'd: I haue
your Almes,
  Adieu.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">3 Cit.</speaker>
  <p>But this is something odde.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2 Cit.</speaker>
  <p>And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.</p>
</sp>
```

<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter two other
Citizens.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
<p>Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune <lb/>of your voices, that
I may bee
Consull, I haue heere the <lb/>Customarie Gowne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker>1.</speaker>
<p>You haue deserued Nobly of your Countrey, and <lb/>you haue not
deserued Nobly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
<p>Your Ænigma.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
<p>You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue <lb/>bin a Rod to
her Friends, you
haue not indeede loued the <lb/>Common people.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
<p>You should account mee the more Vertuous, <lb/>that I haue not bin
common in my
Loue, I will sir flatter <lb/>my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer
estima-<lb/>tion of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since
<lb/>the wisedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, <lb/>then my
Heart, I
will practice the insinuating nod, and be <lb/>off to them most counterfetly,
that
is sir, I will counter-<lb/>fet the bewitchment of some popular man, and
giue
it <lb/>bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may <lb/>be
Consull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. </speaker>
<p>Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore <lb/>giue you our
voices
heartily.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
<p>You haue receyued many wounds for your Coun-<lb/>trey.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
<p>I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing <lb/>them. I will make much of your
voyces, and so trouble <lb/>you no farther.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1 #F-cor-cit.2">
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
<p>The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Coriol.</speaker>
<l>Most sweet Voyces:</l>
<l>Better it is to dye, better to sterue,</l>
<l>Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.</l>
<l>Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere,</l>
<l>To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Their</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0631-0.jpg" n="13"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.</l>
<l>What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?</l>
<l>The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswept,</l>
<l>And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,</l>
<l>For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,</l>
<l>Let the high Office and the Honor go</l>
<l>To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,</l>
<l>The one part suffered, the other will I doe.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three Citizens more.</stage>
<l>Here come moe Voyces.</l>
<l>Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,</l>
<l>Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare</l>
<l>Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six</l>
<l>I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,</l>
<l>Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:</l>
<l>Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
<p>Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without <lb/>any honest mans Voyce.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
<p>Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue <lb/>him ioy, and make him good friend
to the People.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">

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      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Worthy Voyces.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius, with Brutus
and
      Scicinius.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <l>You haue stood your Limitation:</l>
      <l>And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,</l>
      <l>Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inuested,</l>
      <l>You anon doe meet the Senate.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Is this done?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
      <l>The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:</l>
      <l>The People doe admit you, and are summon'd</l>
      <l>To meet anon, vpon your approbation.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Where? at the Senate-house?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
      <p>There, <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>May I change these Garments?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
      <p>You may, Sir.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cori.</speaker>
      <l>That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,</l>
      <l>Repayre toth' Senate-house.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
```

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      <p>Ile keepe you company. Will you along?</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>We stay here for the People.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>Fare you well.</l>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt. Coriol. and
Mene.</stage>
  <l>He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,</l>
  <l>'Tis warme at's heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <l>With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds:</l>
  <l>Will you dismisse the People?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Plebeians.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
  <p>How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>He ha's our Voyces, Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <l>Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,</l>
  <l>He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">3. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
  <p>No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
  <l>Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but says</l>
  <l>He vs'd vs scornefully: he should haue shew'd vs</l>
  <l>His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <p>Why so he did, I am sure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>No, no: no man saw 'em.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">3. Cit.</speaker>
  <l>Hee said hee had Wounds,</l>
  <l>Which he could shew in priuate:</l>
  <l> And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorne,</l>
  <l>I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,</l>
  <l>But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.</l>
  <l>Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,</l>
  <l>Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,</l>
  <l>I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?</l>
  <l>Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,</l>
  <l>To yeeld your Voyces?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <l>Could you not haue told him,</l>
  <l>As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,</l>
  <l>But was a pettie seruant to the State,</l>
  <l>He was your Enemie, euer spake against</l>
  <l>Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare</l>
  <l>I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriuing</l>
  <l>A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,</l>
  <l>If he should still malignantly remaine</l>
  <l>Fast Foe toth' <hi rend="italic">Plebeij</hi>, your Voyces might</l>
  <l>Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,</l>
  <l>That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse</l>
  <l>Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature</l>
  <l>Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,</l>
  <l>And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,</l>
  <l>Standing your friendly Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>Thus to haue said,</l>
  <l>As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,</l>
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    <l>And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt</l>
    <l>Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might</l>
    <l>As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to;</l>
    <l>Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature,</l>
    <l>Which easily endures not Article,</l>
    <l>Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,</l>
    <l>You should haue ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,</l>
    <l>And pass'd him vnelected.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>Did you perceiue,</l>
    <l>He did sollicite you in free Contempt,</l>
    <l>When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,</l>
    <l>That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,</l>
    <l>When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes</l>
    <l>No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry</l>
    <l>Against the Rectorship of Iudgement?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <l>Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:</l>
    <l>And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,</l>
    <l>Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
    <speaker rend="italic">3. Cit.</speaker>
    <p>Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
    <l>And will deny him:</l>
    <l>Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that sound.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
    <p>I twice fiue hundred, &amp; their friends, to piece 'em.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,</l>
    <l>They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take</l>
    <l>Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce</l>
    <l>Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,</l>
    <l>As therefore kept to doe so.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
    <l>Let them assemble: and on a safer Iudgement,</l>
    <l>All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,</l>
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    <l>And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not</l>
    <l>With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,</l>
    <l>How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,</l>
    <l>Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you</l>
    <l>Th'apprehension of his present portance,</l>
    <l>Which most gibingly, vngrauely, he did fashion</l>
    <l>After the inueterate Hate he beares you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,</l>
    <l>That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)</l>
    <l>But that you must cast your Election on him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
    <l>Say you chose him, more after our commandment,</l>
    <l>Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that</l>
    <l>Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,</l>
    <l>Then what you should, made you against the graine</l>
    <l>To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">bb</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Brut</hi>. I,</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0632-0.jpg" n="14"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,</l>
    <l>How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,</l>
    <l>How long continued, and what stock he springs of,</l>
    <l>The Noble House o'th' <hi rend="italic">Martians</hi>: from whence came</l>
    <l>That <hi rend="italic">Ancus Martius, Numaes</hi> Daughters Sonne:</l>
    <l>Who after great <hi rend="italic">Hostilius</hi> here was King,</l>
    <l>Of the same House <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Quintus</hi> were,</l>
    <l>That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,</l>
    <l>And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,</l>
    <l>Was his great Ancestor.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
    <l>One thus descended,</l>
    <l>That hath beside well in his person wrought,</l>
    <l>To be set high in place, we did commend</l>
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        <l>To your remembrances: but you haue found,</l>
        <l>Skaling his present bearing with his past,</l>
        <l>That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke</l>
        <l>Your suddaine approbation.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
        <l>Say you ne're had don't,</l>
        <l>(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:</l>
        <l>And presently, when you haue drawne your number,</l>
        <l>Repaire toth'Capitoll.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <p>We will so: almost all repent in their election.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Plebeians.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
        <l>Let them goe on:</l>
        <l>This Mutinie were better put in hazard,</l>
        <l>Then stay past doubt, for greater:</l>
        <l>If, as his nature is, he fall in rage</l>
        <l>With their refusall, both obserue and answer</l>
        <l>The vantage of his anger.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
        <l>Toth'Capitoll, come:</l>
        <l>We will be there before the streame o'th' People:</l>
        <l>And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,</l>
        <l>Which we haue goaded on-ward.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <cb n="1"/>
    </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="3">
    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Cornets. Enter Coriolanus,
Menenius, all the
Gentry, <lb/>Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>
          <hi rend="italic">Tullus Auffidius</hi> then had made new head.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Latius.</speaker>
        <p>He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd <lb/>Our swifter
Composition.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <l>So then the Volces stand but as at first,</l>
        <l>Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade</l>
        <l>Vpon's againe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-com">
        <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
        <l>They are worne (Lord Consull) so,</l>
        <l>That we shall hardly in our ages see</l>
        <l>Their Banners waue againe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>Saw you <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Latius.</speaker>
        <l>On safegard he came to me, and did curse</l>
        <l>Against the Volces, for they had so vildly</l>
        <l>Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>Spoke he of me?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Latius.</speaker>
        <p>He did, my Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>How? what?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-lar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Latius.</speaker>
        <l>How often he had met you Sword to Sword:</l>
        <l>That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated</l>
        <l>Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes</l>
        <l>To hopelesse restitution, so he might</l>
        <l>Be call'd your Vanquisher.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>At Antium liues he?</p>
      </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-cor-lar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Latius.</speaker>
  <p>At Antium.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,</l>
  <l>To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Scicinius and
Brutus.</stage>
  <l>Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,</l>
  <l>The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth. I do despise them:</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,</l>
  <l>Against all Noble sufferance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <p>Passe no further.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
  <p>Hah? what is that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>It will be dangerous to goe on—No further.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>What makes this change?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <p>The matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>, no.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Haue I had Childrens Voyces?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
      <p>Tribunes giue way, he shall toth'Market place.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <p>The People are incens'd against him.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
      <p>Stop, or all will fall in broyle.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>Are these your Heard?</l>
      <l>Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,</l>
      <l>And straight disclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?</l>
      <l>You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?</l>
      <l>Haue you not set them on?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>Be calme, be calme.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,</l>
      <l>To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:</l>
      <l>Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,</l>
      <l>Nor euer will be ruled.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <l>Call't not a Plot:</l>
      <l>The People cry you mockt them: and of late,</l>
      <l>When Corne was giuen them <hi rend="italic">gratis</hi>, you
repin'd,</l>
      <l>Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them</l>
      <l>Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Why this was knowne before.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <p>Not to them all.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Haue you inform'd them sithence?</p>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>How? I informe them?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>You are like to doe such businesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>Not vnlike each way to better yours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds</l>
  <l>Let me deserue so ill as you, and make me</l>
  <l>Your fellow Tribune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scicin.</speaker>
  <l>You shew too much of that,</l>
  <l>For which the People stirre: if you will passe</l>
  <l>To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,</l>
  <l>Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,</l>
  <l>Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,</l>
  <l>Nor yoake with him for Tribune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Let's be calme.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring</l>
  <l>Becomes not Rome: nor ha's <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>
  </l>
  <l>Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely</l>
  <l>I'th'plaine Way of his Merit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,</l>
  <l>And I will speak't againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Not now, not now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
    <p>Not in this heat, Sir, now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>Now as I liue, I will.</l>
    <l>My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:</l>
    <l>For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,</l>
    <l>Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,</l>
    <l>And therein behold themselues: I say againe,</l>
    <l>In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate</l>
    <l>The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,</l>
    <l>Which we our selues haue plowed for, sow'd, &amp; scatter'd,</l>
    <l>By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,</l>
    <l>Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that</l>
    <l>Which they haue giuen to Beggers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>Well, no more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Senat.</speaker>
    <p>No more words, we beseech you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>How? no more?</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0633-0.jpg" n="15"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,</l>
    <l>Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs</l>
    <l>Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels</l>
    <l>Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought</l>
    <l>The very way to catch them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <l>You speake a'th'people, as if you were a God,</l>
    <l>To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>'Twere well we let the people know't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>What, what? His Choller?</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
      <l>Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,</l>
      <l>By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <l>It is a minde that shall remain a poison</l>
      <l>Where it is: not poyson any further.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>Shall remaine?</l>
      <l>Heare you this Triton of the <hi rend="italic">Minnoues</hi>?
Marke you</l>
      <l>His absolute Shall?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <p>'Twas from the Cannon.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
      <l>Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why</l>
      <l>You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus</l>
      <l>Giuen Hidra heere to choose an Officer,</l>
      <l>That with his peremptory Shall, being but</l>
      <l>The horne, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit</l>
      <l>To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,</l>
      <l>And make your Channell his? If he haue power,</l>
      <l>Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake</l>
      <l>Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,</l>
      <l>Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,</l>
      <l>Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,</l>
      <l>If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,</l>
      <l>When both your voices blended, the great'st taste</l>
      <l>Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,</l>
      <l>And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,</l>
      <l>His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench</l>
      <l>Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,</l>
      <l>It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes</l>
      <l>To know, when two Authorities are vp,</l>
      <l>Neither Supreame; How soone Confusion</l>
      <l>May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take</l>
      <l>The one by th'other.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <p>Well, on to'th'Market place.</p>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth</l>
  <l>The Corne a'th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd</l>
  <l>Sometime in Greece.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Well, well, no more of that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
  <l>Thogh there the people had more absolute powre</l>
  <l>I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Why shall the people giue</l>
  <l>One that speakes thus, their voyce?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Ile giue my Reasons,</l>
  <l>More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne</l>
  <l>Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd</l>
  <l>They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th'Warre,</l>
  <l>Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,</l>
  <l>They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice</l>
  <l>Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,</l>
  <l>There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd</l>
  <l>Most Valour spoke not for them. Th'Accusation</l>
  <l>Which they haue often made against the Senate,</l>
  <l>All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue</l>
  <l>Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?</l>
  <l>How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest</l>
  <l>The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse</l>
  <l>What's like to be their words, We did request it,</l>
  <l>We are the greater pole, and in true feare</l>
  <l>They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase</l>
  <l>The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time</l>
  <l>Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in</l>
  <l>The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Come enough.</p>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>Enough, with ouer measure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>No, take more.</l>
  <l>What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,</l>
  <l>Seale what I end withall. This double worship,</l>
  <l>Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other</l>
  <l>Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisedom</l>
  <l>Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no</l>
  <l>Of generall Ignorance, it must omit</l>
  <l>Reall Necessities, and giue way the while</l>
  <l>To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,</l>
  <l>Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,</l>
  <l>You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,</l>
  <l>That loue the Fundamentall part of State</l>
  <l>More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre</l>
  <l>A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,</l>
  <l>To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,</l>
  <l>That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out</l>
  <l>The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not <gap extent="1"
      unit="chars"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="bleedThrough"
      resp="#LMC"/>icke</l>
  <l>The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor</l>
  <l>Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State</l>
  <l>Of that Integrity which should becom't:</l>
  <l>Not hauing the power to do the good it would</l>
  <l>For th'ill which doth controul't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>Has said enough.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer</l>
  <l>As Traitors do.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:</l>
  <l>What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?</l>
  <l>On whom depending, their obedience failes</l>
  <l>To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:</l>
  <l>When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,</l>
  <l>Then were they chosen: in a better houre,</l>
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    <l>Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,</l>
    <l>And throw their power i'th'dust.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <p>Manifest Treason.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>This a Consull? No.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an Ædile.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <p>The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe</l>
    <l>Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:</l>
    <l>A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,</l>
    <l>And follow to thine answer.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>Hence old Goat.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <p>Wee'l Surety him.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>Ag'd sir, hands off.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones</l>
    <l>Out of thy Garments.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Helpe ye Citizens.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a rabble of Plebeians
with the
    Ædiles.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>On both sides more respect.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Heere's hee, that would take from you all your <lb/>power</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <p>Seize him <hi rend="italic">Ædiles</hi>
      </p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>Downe with him, downe with him.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sen.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2 Sen.</speaker>
      <l>Weapons, weapons, weapons:</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They all bustle about
Coriolanus.</stage>
      <l>Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus</hi>, Citizens.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <l>What is about to be? I am out of Breath,</l>
      <l>Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes</l>
      <l>To'th'people: <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>, patience: Speak
good <hi rend="italic">Sicinius</hi>
      </l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Bb2</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Sicin.</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0634-0.jpg" n="16"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
      <p>Heare me, People peace.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-all">
      <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
      <p>Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, <lb/>speake.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
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        <l>You are at point to lose your Liberties:</l>
        <l>
          <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> would haue all from you; <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
        <l>Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
        <p>Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to <lb/>quench.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sena.</speaker>
        <p>To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
        <p>What is the Citie, but the People?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <p>True, the People are the Citie.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
        <p>By the consent of all, we were establish'd the <lb/>Peoples
Magistrates.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <p>You so remaine.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
        <p>And so are like to doe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-com">
        <note type="editorial" resp="#LMC">Conventionally this speech is
given to Coriolanus.</note>
        <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
        <l>That is the way to lay the Citie flat,</l>
        <l>To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,</l>
        <l>And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges</l>
        <l>In heapes, and piles of Ruine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
        <p>This deserues Death.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,</l>
    <l>Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,</l>
    <l>Vpon the part o'th'People, in whose power</l>
    <l>We were elected theirs, <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> is worthy</l>
    <l>Of present Death.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scici.</speaker>
    <l>Therefore lay hold of him:</l>
    <l>Beare him toth'Rock Tarpeian, and from thence</l>
    <l>Into destruction cast him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <p>Ædiles seize him.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-pps">
    <speaker rend="italic">All Ple.</speaker>
    <p>Yeeld <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, yeeld.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, <lb/>heare me but a
word.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ædiles.</speaker>
    <p>Peace, peace.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,</l>
    <l>And temp'rately proceed to what you would</l>
    <l>Thus violently redresse</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, those cold wayes,</l>
    <l>That seeme like prudent helpes, are very poysonous,</l>
    <l>Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,</l>
    <l>And beare him to the Rock.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Corio. drawes his
Sword.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>No, Ile die here:</l>
    <l>There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,</l>
    <l>Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue seene me.</l>
  </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw <lb/>a while.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>Lay hands vpon him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Helpe <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, helpe: you that be noble, helpe <lb/>him
young and old.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>Downe with him, downe with him.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the
Ædiles, and the <lb/>People are beat in.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away.</l>
  <l>All will be naught else.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Sena.</speaker>
  <p>Get you gone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Shall it be put to that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sena.</speaker>
  <l>The Gods forbid:</l>
  <l>I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,</l>
  <l>Leaue vs to cure this Cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,</l>
  <l>You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.</l>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <note type="editorial" resp="#LMC">Conventionally this speech is
given to Cominius.</note>
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Come Sir, along with vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>I would they were Barbarians, as they are,</l>
  <l>Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,</l>
  <l>Though calued i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll:</l>
  <l>Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>One time will owe another.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th'best of <lb/>them, yea, the two
Tribunes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,</l>
  <l>And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands</l>
  <l>Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,</l>
  <l>Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend</l>
  <l>Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare</l>
  <l>What they are vs'd to beare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Pray you be gone:</l>
  <l>Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request</l>
  <l>With those that haue but little: this must be patcht</l>
  <l>With Cloth of any Colour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, come away.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt Coriolanus and <lb
rend="turnunder"/>Cominius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Patri.</speaker>
  <p>This man ha's marr'd his fortune.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>His nature is too noble for the World:</l>
  <l>He would not flatter <hi rend="italic">Neptune</hi> for his Trident,</l>
  <l>Or <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:</l>
  <l>What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,</l>
  <l>And being angry, does forget that euer</l>
  <l>He heard the Name of Death.</l>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">A Noise within.</stage>
  <l>Here's goodly worke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Patri.</speaker>
  <p>I would they were a bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>I would they were in Tyber.</l>
  <l>What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>Where is this Viper,</l>
  <l>That would depopulate the city, &amp; be euery man himself</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>You worthy Tribunes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock</l>
  <l>With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,</l>
  <l>And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall</l>
  <l>Then the seuerity of the publike Power,</l>
  <l>Which he so sets at naught.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1 Cit.</speaker>
  <l>He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are</l>
  <l>The peoples mouths, and we their hands.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>He shall sure ont.</p>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Peace.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Me.</speaker>
  <l>Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt</l>
  <l>With modest warrant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe</l>
  <l>To make this rescue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Heere me speake? As I do know</l>
  <l>The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Consull? what Consull?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>The Consull <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>He Consull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>No, no, no, no, no.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>If by the Tribunes leaue,</l>
  <l>And yours good people,</l>
  <l>I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,</l>
  <l>The which shall turne you to no further harme,</l>
  <l>Then so much losse of time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sic.</speaker>
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    <l>Speake breefely then,</l>
    <l>For we are peremptory to dispatch</l>
    <l>This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence</l>
    <l>Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere</l>
    <l>Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,</l>
    <l>He dyes to night.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>Now the good Gods forbid,</l>
    <l>That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude</l>
    <l>Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd</l>
    <l>In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam</l>
    <l>Should now eate vp her owne.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Sicin.</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0635-0.jpg" n="17"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>He's a Disease that must be cut away.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease</l>
    <l>Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.</l>
    <l>What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?</l>
    <l>Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost</l>
    <l>(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath</l>
    <l>By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:</l>
    <l>And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,</l>
    <l>Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it</l>
    <l>A brand to th'end a'th World.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>This is cleane kamme.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>Meerely awry:</l>
    <l>When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>The seruice of the foote</l>
    <l>Being once gangren'd, is not then respected</l>
    <l>For what before it was.</l>
  </sp>
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<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Wee'l heare no more:</l>
  <l>Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,</l>
  <l>Least his infection being of catching nature,</l>
  <l>Spred further.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>One word more, one word:</l>
  <l>This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find</l>
  <l>The harme of vnskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)</l>
  <l>Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,</l>
  <l>Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,</l>
  <l>And sacke great Rome with Romanes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>If it were so?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>What do ye talke?</l>
  <l>Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?</l>
  <l>Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres</l>
  <l>Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd</l>
  <l>In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together</l>
  <l>He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,</l>
  <l>Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,</l>
  <l>Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme</l>
  <l>(In peace) to his vtmost perill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
  <l>Noble Tribunes,</l>
  <l>It is the humane way: the other course</l>
  <l>Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,</l>
  <l>Vnknowne to the Beginning.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sic.</speaker>
  <l>Noble <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, be you then as the peoples officer:</l>
  <l>Masters, lay downe your Weapons.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <p>Go not home.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sic.</speaker>
    <l>Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:</l>
    <l>Where if you bring not <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, wee'l proceede</l>
    <l>In our first way.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>Ile bring him to you.</l>
    <l>Let me desire your company: he must come,</l>
    <l>Or what is worst will follow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sena.</speaker>
    <p>Pray you let's to him.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt Omnes.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <l>Let them pull all about mine eares, present me</l>
        <l>Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,</l>
        <l>Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,</l>
        <l>That the precipitation might downe stretch</l>
        <l>Below the beame of sight; yet will I still</l>
        <l>Be thus to them.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Volumnia.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-nob">
        <speaker rend="italic">Noble.</speaker>
        <p>You do the Nobler.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <l>I muse my Mother</l>
        <l>Do's not approue me further, who was wont</l>
        <l>To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created</l>
        <l>To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads</l>
        <l>In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,</l>
        <l>When one but of my ordinance stood vp</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,</l>
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    <l>Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me</l>
    <l>False to my Nature? Rather say, I play</l>
    <l>The man I am.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Oh sir, sir, sir,</l>
    <l>I would haue had you put your power well on</l>
    <l>Before you had worne it out.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>Let go.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
    <l>You might haue beene enough the man you are,</l>
    <l>With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin</l>
    <l>The things of your dispositions, if</l>
    <l>You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd</l>
    <l>Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>Let them hang.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <p>I, and burne too.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius with the
Senators.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <p>Come, come, you haue bin too rough, somthing <lb/>too rough: you
must returne, and
    mend it.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
    <l>There's no remedy,</l>
    <l>Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie</l>
    <l>Cleaue in the midd'st, and perish.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Pray be counsail'd;</l>
    <l>I haue a heart as little apt as yours,</l>
    <l>But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger</l>
    <l>To better vantage.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Well said, Noble woman:</l>
  <l>Before he should thus stoope to'th'heart, but that</l>
  <l>The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Physicke</l>
  <l>For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,</l>
  <l>Which I can scarsely beare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>What must I do?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Returne to th'Tribunes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Well, what then? what then?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Repent, what you haue spoke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,</l>
  <l>Must I then doo't to them?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>You are too absolute,</l>
  <l>Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,</l>
  <l>But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,</l>
  <l>Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,</l>
  <l>I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me</l>
  <l>In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose,</l>
  <l>That they combine not there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Tush, tush.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>A good demand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
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    <l>If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme</l>
    <l>The same you are not, which for your best ends</l>
    <l>You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse</l>
    <l>That it shall hold Companionship in Peace</l>
    <l>With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both</l>
    <l>It stands in like request</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Why force you this?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>Because, that</l>
  <l>Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:</l>
  <l>Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter</l>
  <l>Which your heart prompts you, but with such words</l>
  <l>That are but roated in your Tongue;</l>
  <l>Though but Bastards, and Syllables</l>
  <l>Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.</l>
  <l>Now, this no more dishonors you at all,</l>
  <l>Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,</l>
  <l>Which else would put you to your fortune, and</l>
  <l>The hazard of much blood.</l>
  <l>I would dissemble with my Nature, where</l>
  <l>My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd</l>
  <l>I should do so in Honor. I am in this</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">bb3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Your</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0636-0.jpg" n="18"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,</l>
  <l>And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,</l>
  <l>How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,</l>
  <l>For the inheritance of their loues, and safeguard</l>
  <l>Of what that want might ruine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>Noble Lady,</l>
  <l>Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so,</l>
  <l>Not what is dangerous present, but the losse</l>
  <l>Of what is past.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>I prythee now, my Sonne,</l>
  <l>Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,</l>
  <l>And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)</l>
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    <l>Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse</l>
    <l>Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant</l>
    <l>More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,</l>
    <l>Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,</l>
    <l>Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,</l>
    <l>That will not hold the handling: or say to them,</l>
    <l>Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,</l>
    <l>Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse</l>
    <l>Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,</l>
    <l>In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame</l>
    <l>Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,</l>
    <l>As thou hast power and person.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <l>This but done,</l>
    <l>Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:</l>
    <l>For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,</l>
    <l>As words to little purpose.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Prythee now,</l>
    <l>Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather</l>
    <l>Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,</l>
    <l>Then flatter him in a Bower.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Cominius.</stage>
<p>Here is <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>.</p>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>I haue beene i'th'Market place: and Sir 'tis fit</l>
    <l>You make strong partie, or defend your selfe</l>
    <l>By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <p>Onely faire speech.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his <lb/>spirit.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>He must, and will:</l>
    <l>Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
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    <l>Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?</l>
    <l>Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart</l>
    <l>A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:</l>
    <l>Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose</l>
    <l>This Mould of Martius, they to dust should grinde it,</l>
    <l>And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:</l>
    <l>You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer</l>
    <l>I shall discharge toth' Life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Come, come, wee'le prompt you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said</l>
  <l>My praises made thee first a Souldier; so</l>
  <l>To haue my praise for this, performe a part</l>
  <l>Thou hast not done before.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Well, I must doo't:</l>
  <l>Away my disposition, and possesse me</l>
  <l>Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,</l>
  <l>Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,</l>
  <l>Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce</l>
  <l>That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues</l>
  <l>Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp</l>
  <l>The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue</l>
  <l>Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees</l>
  <l>Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his</l>
  <l>That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,</l>
  <l>Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde</l>
  <l>A most inherent Basenesse</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>At thy choice then:</l>
  <l>To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,</l>
  <l>Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let</l>
  <l>Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare</l>
  <l>Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death</l>
  <l>With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,</l>
  <l>Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:</l>
  <l>But owe thy Pride thy selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
```

```
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>Pray be content:</l>
      <l>Mother, I am going to the Market place:</l>
      <l>Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,</l>
      <l>Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd</l>
      <l>Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:</l>
      <l>Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,</l>
      <l>Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do</l>
      <l>I'th way of Flattery further.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
      <p>Do your will.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Volumnia</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <l>Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self</l>
      <l>To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd</l>
      <l>With Accusations, as I heare more strong</l>
      <l>Then are vpon you yet.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,</l>
      <l>Let them accuse me by inuention: I</l>
      <l>Will answer in mine Honor.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
      <p>I, but mildely.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Well mildely be it then, Mildely.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sicinius and
Brutus.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <l>In this point charge him home, that he affects</l>
      <l>Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,</l>
      <l>Inforce him with his enuy to the people,</l>
      <l>And that the Spoile got on the <hi rend="italic">Antiats</hi>
      </l>
      <l>Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?</l>
```

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      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an Edile.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Edile.</speaker>
        <p>Hee's comming.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
        <p>How accompanied?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Edile.</speaker>
        <l>With old <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, and those Senators</l>
        <l>That alwayes fauour'd him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <l>Haue you a Catalogue</l>
        <l>Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th <lb
rend="turnunder"/>
          <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>Pole?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Edile.</speaker>
        <p>I haue: 'tis ready.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <p>Haue you collected them by Tribes?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Edile.</speaker>
        <p>I haue.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <l>Assemble presently the people hither:</l>
        <l>And when they heare me say, it shall be so,</l>
        <l>I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either</l>
        <l>For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them</l>
        <l>If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,</l>
        <l>Insisting on the olde prerogatiue</l>
        <l>And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Edile.</speaker>
        <p>I shall informe them.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
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    <l>And when such time they haue begun to cry,</l>
    <l>Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd</l>
    <l>Inforce the present Execution</l>
    <l>Of what we chance to Sentence.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Edi.</speaker>
    <p>Very well.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>Make them be strong, and ready for this hint</l>
    <l>When we shall hap to giu't them.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <l>Go about it,</l>
    <l>Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd</l>
    <l>Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth</l>
    <l>Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot</l>
    <l>Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What's</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0637-0.jpg" n="19"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>What's in his heart, and that is there which looks</l>
    <l>With vs to breake his necke.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus, Menenius,
and
Comi-<lb/>nius, with others.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Well, heere he comes.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>Calmely, I do beseech you.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece</l>
    <l>Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:</l>
    <l>Th' honor'd Goddes</l>
    <l>Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice</l>
    <l>Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs</l>
    <l>Through our large Temples with <choice>
        <abbr>y̽</abbr>
        <expan>the</expan>
      </choice> shewes of peace</l>
```

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    <l>And not our streets with Warre.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sen.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1 Sen.</speaker>
    <p>Amen, Amen.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>A Noble wish.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Edile with the
Plebeians.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Draw neere ye people.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Edile.</speaker>
    <l>List to your Tribunes. Audience:</l>
    <l>Peace I say.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>First heare me speake.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-trs">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both Tri.</speaker>
    <p>Well, say: Peace hoe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?</l>
    <l>Must all determine heere?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>I do demand,</l>
    <l>If you submit you to the peoples voices,</l>
    <l>Allow their Officers, and are content</l>
    <l>To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults</l>
    <l>As shall be prou'd vpon you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>I am Content.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.</l>
    <l>The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke</l>
```

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    <l>Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew</l>
    <l>Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue</l>
    <l>Laughter onely.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Consider further:</l>
    <l>That when he speakes not like a Citizen,</l>
    <l>You finde him like a Soldier: do not take</l>
    <l>His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:</l>
    <l>But as I say, such as become a Soldier,</l>
    <l>Rather then enuy you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>Well, well, no more.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>What is the matter,</l>
    <l>That being past for Consull with full voyce:</l>
    <l>I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre</l>
    <l>You take it off againe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Answer to vs.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>Say then: 'tis true, I ought so</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take</l>
    <l>From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde</l>
    <l>Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,</l>
    <l>For which you are a Traitor to the people.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>How? Traytor?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>Nay temperately: your promise.</p>
```

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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:</l>
  <l>Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.</l>
  <l>Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths.</l>
  <l>In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in</l>
  <l>Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say</l>
  <l>Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,</l>
  <l>As I do pray the Gods.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Marke you this people?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>Peace:</l>
  <l>We neede not put new matter to his charge:</l>
  <l>What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,</l>
  <l>Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying</l>
  <l>Those whose great power must try him.</l>
  <l>Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde</l>
  <l>Deserues th'extreamest death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>What do you prate of Seruice.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <p>I talke of that, that know it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>You?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Is this the promise that you made your mother.</p>
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        </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Know, I pray you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Ile know no further:</l>
  <l>Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,</l>
  <l>Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger</l>
  <l>But with a graine a day, I would not buy</l>
  <l>Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,</l>
  <l>Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,</l>
  <l>To haue't with saying, Good morrow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>For that he ha's</l>
  <l>(As much as in him lies) from time to time</l>
  <l>Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes</l>
  <l>To plucke away their power: as now at last,</l>
  <l>Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence</l>
  <l>Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers</l>
  <l>That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,</l>
  <l>And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee</l>
  <l>(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie</l>
  <l>In perill of precipitation</l>
  <l>From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more</l>
  <l>To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,</l>
  <l>I say it shall bee so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <l>It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:</l>
  <l>Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Let me speake:</l>
  <l>I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome</l>
  <l>Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue</l>
  <l>My Countries good, with a respect more tender,</l>
```

`<l>`More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,`</l>`
    `<l>`My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,`</l>`
    `<l>`And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would`</l>`
    `<l>`Speake that.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-cor-sic">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Sicin.`</speaker>`
    `<p>`We know your drift. Speake what?`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-cor-bru">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Bru.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd`</l>`
    `<l>`As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.`</l>`
    `<l>`It shall bee so.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-cor-all">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`All.`</speaker>`
    `<p>`It shall be so, it shall be so.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-cor-cor">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Corio.`</speaker>`
    `<l>`You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,`</l>`
    `<l>`As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,`</l>`
    `<l>`As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,`</l>`
    `<l>`That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,`</l>`
    `<l>`And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.`</l>`
    `<l>`Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:`</l>`
    `<l>`Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes`</l>`
    `<l>`Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still`</l>`
    `<l>`To banish your Defenders, till at length`</l>`
    `<l>`Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,`</l>`
    `<l>`Making but reseruation of your selues,`</l>`
    `<l>`Still your owne Foes) deliuer you`</l>`
    `<l>`As most abated Captiues, to some Nation`</l>`
    `<l>`That wonne you without blowes, despising`</l>`
    `<l>`For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;`</l>`
    `<l>`There is a world elsewhere.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">`Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs.`</stage>`
`<stage rend="italic center" type="business">`They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.`</stage>`
`<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">`Edile`</fw>`
`<pb facs="FFimg:axc0638-0.jpg" n="20"/>`
`<fw type="rh">`The Tragedie of Coriolanus.`</fw>`
`<cb n="1"/>`
`<sp who="#F-cor-aed">`
    `<speaker rend="italic">`Edile.`</speaker>`

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    <l>The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>Go see him out at Gates, and follow him</l>
    <l>As he hath follow'd you, with all despight</l>
    <l>Giue him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard</l>
    <l>Attend vs through the City.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:</l>
    <l>The Gods preserue our Noble Tribunes, come.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="4">
    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia,
Virgilia,
      Menenius, Cominius, <lb/>with the yong Nobility of Rome.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <l>Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast</l>
        <l>With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,</l>
        <l>Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd</l>
        <l>To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits,</l>
        <l>That common chances. Common men could beare,</l>
        <l>That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike</l>
        <l>Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,</l>
        <l>When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues</l>
        <l>A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me</l>
        <l>With Precepts that would make inuincible</l>
        <l>The heart that conn'd them.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
        <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
        <p>Oh heauens! O heauens!</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, I prythee woman.</p>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
  <l>Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,</l>
  <l>And Occupations perish.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>What, what, what:</l>
  <l>I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,</l>
  <l>Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,</l>
  <l>If you had beene the Wife of <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>,</l>
  <l>Six of his Labours youl'd haue done, and sau'd</l>
  <l>Your Husband so much swet. <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>,</l>
  <l>Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,</l>
  <l>Ile do well yet. Thou old and true <hi
rend="italic">Menenius</hi>,</l>
  <l>Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,</l>
  <l>And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,</l>
  <l>I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld</l>
  <l>Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,</l>
  <l>'Tis fond to waile ineuitable strokes,</l>
  <l>As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well</l>
  <l>My hazards still haue beene your solace, and</l>
  <l>Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone</l>
  <l>Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne</l>
  <l>Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne</l>
  <l>Will or exceed the Common, or be caught</l>
  <l>With cautelous baits and practice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>My first sonne,</l>
  <l>Whether will thou go? Take good <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>
  </l>
  <l>With thee awhile: Determine on some course</l>
  <l>More then a wilde exp600sure, to each chance</l>
  <l>That starts i'th'way before thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>O the Gods!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee</l>
  <l>Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,</l>
  <l>And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth</l>
  <l>A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send</l>
  <l>O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,</l>
  <l>And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole</l>
```

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      <l>Ith'absence of the needer.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>Fare ye well:</l>
      <l>Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one</l>
      <l>That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.</l>
      <l>Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and</l>
      <l>My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,</l>
      <l>Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:</l>
      <l>While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall</l>
      <l>Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought</l>
      <l>But what is like me formerly.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
      <l>That's worthily</l>
      <l>As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,</l>
      <l>If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres</l>
      <l>From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods</l>
      <l>I'ld with thee, euery foot.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>Giue me thy hand, come.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the two Tribunes,
Sicinius, and
Brutus, <lb/>with the Edile.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <l>Bid them all home, he's gone: &amp; wee'l no further,</l>
      <l>The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided</l>
      <l>In his behalfe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <l>Now we haue shewne our power,</l>
      <l>Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,</l>
      <l>Then when it was a dooing.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <l>Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,</l>
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    <l>And they, stand in their ancient strength.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <p>Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and
Menenius.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Let's not meet her.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <p>Why?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>They say she's mad.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Oh y'are well met:</l>
    <l>Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
    <p>Peace, peace, be not so loud.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>If that I could for weeping, you should heare,</l>
    <l>Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vir">
    <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
    <l>You shall stay too: I would I had the power</l>
    <l>To say so to my Husband.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Are you mankinde?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,</l>
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    <l>Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship</l>
    <l>To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome</l>
    <l>Then thou hast spoken words.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Oh blessed Heauens!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>Moe Noble blowes, then euer <choice>
      <abbr>y̎</abbr>
      <expan>thou</expan>
    </choice> wise words.</l>
  <l>And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:</l>
  <l>Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne</l>
  <l>Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,</l>
  <l>His good Sword in his hand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>What then?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
  <l>When then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>Bastards, and all.</l>
  <l>Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <p>Come, come, peace.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>I would he had continued to his Country</l>
  <l>As he began, and not vnknit himselfe</l>
  <l>The Noble knot he made.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>I would he had.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>I would he had? Twas thou incenst the rable.</l>
  <l>Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,</l>
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    <l>As I can of those Mysteries which heauen</l>
    <l>Will not haue earth to know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <p>Pray let's go.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Now pray sir get you gone.</l>
    <l>You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:</l>
    <l>As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede</l>
    <l>The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0639-0.jpg" n="21"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)</l>
    <l>Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <p>Well, well, wee'l leaue you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>Why stay we to be baited</l>
    <l>With one that wants her Wits.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Tribunes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Take my Prayers with you.</l>
    <l>I would the Gods had nothing else to do,</l>
    <l>But to confirme my Cursses. Could I meete 'em</l>
    <l>But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart</l>
    <l>Of what lyes heauy too't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>You haue told them home,</l>
    <l>And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,</l>
    <l>And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,</l>
    <l>Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,</l>
    <l>In Anger, <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi>-like: Come, come, come.</l>
</sp>
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<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <p>Fie, fie, fie.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Roman, and a
Volce.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <p>I know you well sir, and you know mee: your <lb/>name I thinke is
<hi rend="italic">Adrian</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volce.</speaker>
  <p>It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <p>I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, <lb/>against 'em.
Know you me
      yet.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volce.</speaker>
  <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Nicanor:</hi> no.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <p>The same sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volce.</speaker>
  <p>You had more Beard when I last saw you, but <lb/>your Fauour is
well appear'd by
      your Tongue. What's <lb/>the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the
Volcean
      <lb/>state to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a <lb/>dayes
iourney.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
  <p>There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrecti-<lb/>ons: The people,
against
      the Senatours, Patricians, and <lb/>Nobles.</p>
</sp>
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        <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
          <p>Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not <lb/>so, they are in a most
          warlike preparation, &amp; hope to com <lb/>vpon them, in the heate of their
          diuision</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-rom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
          <p>The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing <lb/>would make it flame againe.
          For the Nobles receyue so <lb/>to heart, the Banishment of that worthy <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>, that <lb/>they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al
          power from the peo-<lb/>ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.
          <lb/>This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for <lb/>the violent
          breaking out.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
          <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> Banisht?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-rom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
          <p>Banish'd sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
          <p>You will be welcome with this intelligence <hi rend="italic">Ni-<lb/>canor</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-rom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
          <p>The day serues well for them now. I haue heard <lb/>it saide, the fittest time to
          corrupt a mans Wife, is when <lb/>shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble <hi rend="italic">Tullus <lb/>Auffidius</hi>
            <choice>
              <orig>well</orig>
              <corr>will</corr>
            </choice> appeare well in these Warres, his great <lb/>Opposer <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> being now in no request of his coun-<lb/>trey.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-vol">
          <speaker rend="italic">Volce.</speaker>
          <p>He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus <lb/>accidentally to encounter you. You
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haue ended my Bu-<lb/>sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most <lb/>strange things from Rome: all
tending to the good of <lb/>their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
<speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>
<p>A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their <lb/>charges distinctly billetted
already in th'entertainment, <lb/>and to be on foot at an houres warning.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am <lb/>the man I thinke, that shall
set them in present Action. So <lb/>sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your
Company.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vol">
<speaker rend="italic">Volce.</speaker>
<p>You take my part from me sir, I haue the most <cb n="2"/> cause to be glad of
yours.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-rom">
<speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
<p>Well, let vs go together.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell,
Dis-<lb/>guisd, and muffled.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
<l>A goodly City is this <hi rend="italic">Antium</hi>. Citty,</l>
<l>'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre</l>
<l>Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres</l>
<l>Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,</l>
<l>Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones</l>
<l>In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.</l>

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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Citizen.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cit">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>
          <p>And you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Direct me, if it be your will, where great <hi
rend="italic">Auf-<lb/>fidius</hi> lies: Is he in <hi rend="italic">Antium</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cit">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>
          <p>He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his <lb/>house this
night.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Which is his house, beseech you?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cit">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>
          <p>This heere before you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Thanke you sir, farewell.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Citizen</stage>
        <l>Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,</l>
        <l>Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,</l>
        <l>Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise</l>
        <l>Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,</l>
        <l>Vnseparable, shall within this houre,</l>
        <l>On a dissention of a Doit, breake out</l>
        <l>To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes,</l>
        <l>Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep</l>
        <l>To take the one the other, by some chance,</l>
        <l>Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends</l>
        <l>And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,</l>
        <l>My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon</l>
        <l>This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me</l>
        <l>He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,</l>
        <l>Ile do his Country Seruice.</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Musicke playes. Enter a
Seruingman.</stage>
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            <sp who="#F-cor-ser.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1 Ser.</speaker>
              <p>Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I <lb/>thinke our
Fellowes are
              asleepe.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Seruingman.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-cor-ser.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2 Ser.</speaker>
              <p>Where's Cotus: my <choice>
                  <abbr>M.</abbr>
                  <expan>Master</expan>
                </choice> cals for him: <hi rend="italic">Cotus</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit</stage>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
              <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
              <l>A goodly House:</l>
              <l>The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the first
Seruingman.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-cor-ser.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1 Ser.</speaker>
              <l>What would you haue Friend? whence are you?</l>
              <l>Here's no place for you: pray go to the doore?</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
              <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
              <p>I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in be-<lb/>ing <hi
rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter second
Seruant.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-cor-ser.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2 Ser.</speaker>
              <p>Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in <lb/>his head, that
he giues
              entrance to such Companions? <lb/>Pray get you out.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
              <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
              <p>Away.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-ser.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2 Ser.</speaker>
              <p>Away? Get you away.</p>
```

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Now th'art troublesome.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-ser.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2 Ser.</speaker>
          <p>Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1
meets him.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>What Fellowes this?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him <lb/>out
o'th'house: Prythee
          call my Master to him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid <lb/>the
house.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>What are you?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>A Gentleman.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>A maru'llous poore one.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>True, so I am.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta-<lb/>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">tion,</fw>
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    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0640-0.jpg" n="22"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde <lb/>bits.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Pushes him away from
him.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what <lb/>a strange
Guest he ha's
        heere.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <p>And I shall.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit second
Seruingman.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>Where dwel'st thou?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Vnder the Canopy.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>Vnder the Canopy?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>I.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>Where's that?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>I'th City of Kites and crowes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is, <lb/>then thou
dwel'st with
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Dawes too?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>No, I serue not thy Master.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
        <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
        <p>How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>I, tis an honester seruice, then to meddle with <lb/>thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and
        prat'st, serue with thy tren-<lb/>cher: Hence.</p>
     </sp>
     <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Beats him away</stage>
     <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.</stage>
     <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
        <p>Where is this Fellow?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
        <p>Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for <lb/>disturbing the Lords
        within.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
        <l>Whence com'st thou? What wouldst <choice>
           <abbr>yu</abbr>
           <expan>thou</expan>
         </choice>? Thy name?</l>
        <l>Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
        <p>If <hi rend="italic">Tullus</hi> not yet thou know'st me, and seeing <lb/>me, dost
        not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie com-<lb/>mands me name my selfe.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
        <p>What is thy name?</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-cor-cor">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares,</l>
    <l>And harsh in sound to thine.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <l>Say, what's thy name?</l>
    <l>Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face</l>
    <l>Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,</l>
    <l>Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst <choice>
      <abbr>y̔</abbr>
      <expan>thou</expan>
    </choice> me yet?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <p>I know thee not? Thy Name?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>My name is <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi>, who hath
done</l>
    <l>To thee particularly, and to all the Volces</l>
    <l>Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may</l>
    <l>My Surname <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>. The painfull
Seruice,</l>
    <l>The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood</l>
    <l>Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted:</l>
    <l>But with that Surname, a good memorie</l>
    <l>And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure</l>
    <l>Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.</l>
    <l>The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,</l>
    <l>Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who</l>
    <l>Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest:</l>
    <l>And suffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be</l>
    <l>Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,</l>
    <l>Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope</l>
    <l>(Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if</l>
    <l>I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World</l>
    <l>I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight</l>
    <l>To be full quit of those my Banishers,</l>
    <l>Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast</l>
    <l>A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge</l>
    <l>Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes</l>
    <l>Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight</l>
    <l>And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,</l>
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<l>That my reuengefull Seruices may proue</l>
<l>As Benefits to thee. For I will fight</l>
<l>Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene</l>
<l>Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,</l>
<l>Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am</l>
<l>Longer to liue most wearie: and present</l>
<l>My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:</l>
<l>Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,</l>
<l>Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,</l>
<l>Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,</l>
<l>And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse</l>
<l>It be to do thee seruice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
<l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>;</l>
<l>Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart</l>
<l>A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter</l>
<l>Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,</l>
<l>And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more</l>
<l>Then thee allNoble <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>. Let me
twine</l>
<l>Mine armes about that body, where against</l>
<l>My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,</l>
<l>And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep</l>
<l>The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest</l>
<l>As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,</l>
<l>As euer in Ambitious strength, I did</l>
<l>Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,</l>
<l>I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man</l>
<l>Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere</l>
<l>Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,</l>
<l>Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw</l>
<l>Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,</l>
<l>We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose</l>
<l>Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,</l>
<l>Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out</l>
<l>Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since</l>
<l>Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:</l>
<l>We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,</l>
<l>Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,</l>
<l>And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy <hi
rend="italic">Martius</hi>,</l>
<l>Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that</l>
<l>Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all</l>
<l>From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre</l>
<l>Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,</l>
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    <l>Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,</l>
    <l>And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands</l>
    <l>Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,</l>
    <l>Who am prepar'd against your Territories,</l>
    <l>Though not for Rome it selfe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <p>You blesse me Gods.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <l>Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue</l>
    <l>The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take</l>
    <l>Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe</l>
    <l>As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st</l>
    <l>Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies</l>
    <l>Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,</l>
    <l>Or rudely visit them in parts remote,</l>
    <l>To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,</l>
    <l>Let me commend thee first, to those that shall</l>
    <l>Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,</l>
    <l>And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,</l>
    <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> that was much. Your hand: most
welcome.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two of the
Seruingmen.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <p>Heere's a strange alteration?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <p>By my hand, I had thoght to haue stroken him with <lb/>a Cudgell,
and yet my minde
gaue me, his cloathes made <lb/>a false report of him.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
    <p>What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his <lb/>finger and
his thumbe, as one
would set vp a Top.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
    <p>Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing <lb/>in him. He
had sir, a
kinde of face me thought, I cannot <fw type="catchword"
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place="footRight">tell</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0641-0.jpg" n="23"/>
                <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
                <cb n="1"/>tell how to tearme it.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd <lb/>but I
thought there was
            more in him, then I could think.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man
<lb/>i'th'world.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, <lb/>You wot one.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>Who my Master?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>Nay, it's no matter for that.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>Worth six on him.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
<lb/>Souldiour.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>Fai<gap extent="1"
                   unit="chars"
                   reason="illegible"
                   agent="partiallyInkedType"
                   resp="#LMC"/>h looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for
<lb/>the Defence of
            a Towne, our Generall is excellent.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>I, and for an assault too.</p>
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</sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the third
Seruingman.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals</p>
            </sp>
           <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1 #F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
              <p>What, what, what? Let's partake.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as <lb/>liue be a
condemn'd man.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1 #F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
              <p>Wherefore? Wherefore?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Ge-<lb/>nerall, <hi
rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-<lb/>wayes good
enough for
          him</p>
           </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too <lb/>hard for
him, I haue heard
          him say so himselfe.</p>
            </sp>
           <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth <lb/>on't before
<hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a
          <lb/>Carbinado.</p>
            </sp>
           <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue <lb/>boyld and

eaten him too.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>But more of thy Newes.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were <lb/>Son and Heire to Mars, set
            at vpper end o'th'Table: No <lb/>question askt him by any of the Senators, but they
            stand <lb/>bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris <lb/>of him,
            Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the <lb/>white o'th'eye to his
            Discourse. But the bottome of the <lb/>Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle,
            & but one halfe <lb/>of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by
            <lb/>the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he <lb/>sayes, and sole
            the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He <lb/>will mowe all downe before him, and
            leaue his passage <lb/>poul'd.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
              <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
              <p>And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as ma-<lb/>ny Friends as
            Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst <lb/>not (looke you sir) shew
            themselues (as we terme it) his <lb/>Friends, whilest he's in Directitude.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
              <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
              <p>Directitude? What's that?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
              <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
              <p>But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and <lb/>the man in blood, they
            will out of their Burroughes (like <lb/>Conies after Raine) and reuell all with
            him.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">

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          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>But when goes this forward:</p>
        </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the <lb/>Drum strooke
vp this
          afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel <lb/>of their Feast, and to be executed
ere
          they wipe their lips.</p>
        </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <p>Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: <lb/>This peace is
nothing, but to
          rust Iron, encrease Taylors, <lb/>and breed Ballad-makers.</p>
        </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre <lb/>as day do's
night: It's
          sprightly walking, audible, and full <lb/>of Vent. Peace, is a very
Apoplexy,
          Lethargie, mull'd, <lb/>deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard
           Chil-<cb n="2"/>
              <lb/>dren, then warres a destroyer of men.</p>
        </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <p>'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to <lb/>be a
Rauisher, so it
          cannot be denied, but peace is a great <lb/>maker of Cuckolds.</p>
        </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>I, and it makes men hate one another.</p>
        </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.3">
          <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
          <p>Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: <lb/>The Warres
for my money. I
          hope to see Romanes as <lb/>cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are
          rising.</p>
         </sp>
       <sp who="#F-cor-srv.1 #F-cor-srv.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
          <p>In, in, in, in.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
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<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and
Brutus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<l>We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,</l>
<l>His remedies are tame, the present peace,</l>
<l>And quietnesse of the people, which before</l>
<l>Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends</l>
<l>Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had,</l>
<l>Though they themselues did suffer by't, behold</l>
<l>Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see</l>
<l>Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going</l>
<l>About their Functions friendly.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
<p>We stood too't in good time. Is this <hi
rend="italic">Menenius</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<p>'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: <lb/>Haile Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<p>Haile to you both.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<l>Your <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> is not much mist, but with
his</l>
<l>Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would</l>
<l>do, were he more angry at it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<p>All's well, and might haue bene much better, <lb/>if he could haue
temporiz'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<p>Where is he, heare you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<l>Nay I heare nothing:</l>
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        <l>His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three or foure
Citizens.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-all">
          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
          <p>The Gods preserue you both.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <p>Gooden our Neighbours.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
          <p>Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <l>Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees,</l>
          <l>Are bound to pray for you both.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <p>Liue, and thriue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
          <l>Farewell kinde Neighbours:</l>
          <l>We wisht <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> had lou'd you as we
did.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-all">
          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
          <p>Now the Gods keepe you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-trs">
          <speaker rend="italic">Both Tri.</speaker>
          <p>Farewell, farewell.</p>
        </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Citizens</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <l>This is a happier and more comely time,</l>
          <l>Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,</l>
          <l>Crying Confusion.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
          <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi> was</l>
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    <l>A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Insolent,</l>
    <l>O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking</l>
    <l>Selfe-louing.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>And affecting one sole Throne, without <choice>
        <abbr>assistāce</abbr>
        <expan>assistance</expan>
      </choice>
    </p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>I thinke not so.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>We should by this, to all our Lamention,</l>
    <l>If he had gone forth Consull, found it so.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <l>The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome</l>
    <l>Sits safe and still, without him.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an Ædile.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-aed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ædile.</speaker>
    <l>Worthy Tribunes,</l>
    <l>There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison,</l>
    <l>Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers</l>
    <l>Are entred in the Roman Territories,</l>
    <l>And with the deepest malice of the Warre,</l>
    <l>Destroy, what lies before' em.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>,</l>
    <l>Who hearing of our <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> Banishment,</l>
    <l>Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world</l>
    <l>Which were In-shell'd, when <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> stood
for
Rome,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0642-0.jpg" n="24"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>And durst not once peepe out.</l>
  </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Come, what talke you of <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,</l>
  <l>The Volces dare breake with vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Cannot be?</l>
  <l>We haue Record, that very well it can,</l>
  <l>And three examples of the like, hath beene</l>
  <l>Within my Age. But reason with the fellow</l>
  <l>Before you punish him, where he heard this,</l>
  <l>Least you shall chance to whip your Information,</l>
  <l>And beate the Messenger, who bids beware</l>
  <l>Of what is to be dreaded.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>Tell not me: I know this cannot be.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <p>Not possible.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going</l>
  <l>All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming</l>
  <l>That turnes their Countenances.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis this Slaue:</l>
  <l>Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,</l>
  <l>Nothing but his report.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>Yes worthy Sir,</l>
  <l>The Slaues report is seconded, and more</l>
  <l>More fearfull is deliuer'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
  <p>What more fearefull?</p>
```

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
      <l>It is spoke freely out of many mouths,</l>
      <l>How probable I do not know, that <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>
      </l>
      <l>Ioyn'd with <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,</l>
      <l>And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene</l>
      <l>The yong'st and oldest thing.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>This is most likely.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <l>Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish</l>
      <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> home againe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>The very tricke on't.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <l>This is vnlikely,</l>
      <l>He, and <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> can no more attone</l>
      <l>Then violent'st Contrariety.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Messenger.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
      <l>You are sent for to the Senate:</l>
      <l>A fearefull Army, led by <hi rend="italic">Caius Martius</hi>,</l>
      <l>Associated with <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>, Rages</l>
      <l>Vpon our Territories, and haue already</l>
      <l>O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke</l>
      <l>What lay before them.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cominius.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <p>Oh you haue made good worke.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>What newes? What newes?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>You haue help to rauish your owne daughters, &amp;</l>
    <l>To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,</l>
    <l>To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>What's the newes? What's the newes?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and</l>
    <l>Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd</l>
    <l>Into an Augors boare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Pray now, your Newes:</l>
    <l>You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,</l>
    <l>If <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> should be ioyn'd with
Volceans.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <l>If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing</l>
    <l>Made by some other Deity then Nature,</l>
    <l>That shapes man Better: and they follow him</l>
    <l>Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,</l>
    <l>Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,</l>
    <l>Or Butchers killing Flyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>You haue made good worke,</l>
    <l>You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much</l>
    <l>Vpon the voyce of occupation, and</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>The breath of Garlicke-eaters.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:</l>
    <l>You haue made faire worke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <p>But is this true sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>I, and you'l looke pale</l>
  <l>Before you finde it other. All the Regions</l>
  <l>Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists</l>
  <l>Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,</l>
  <l>And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?</l>
  <l>Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>We are all vndone, vnlesse</l>
  <l>The Noble man haue mercy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Who shall aske it?</l>
  <l>The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people</l>
  <l>Deserue such pitty of him, as the Wolfe</l>
  <l>Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they</l>
  <l>Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen</l>
  <l>As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,</l>
  <l>And therein shew'd like Enemies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Me.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand</l>
  <l>That should consume it, I haue not the face</l>
  <l>To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,</l>
  <l>You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>You haue brought</l>
  <l>A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer</l>
  <l>S'incapeable of helpe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-tri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tri.</speaker>
  <p>Say not, we brought it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>How? Was't we? We lou'd him,</l>
  <l>But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,</l>
  <l>Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote</l>
  <l>Him out o'th'Citty.</l>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>But I feare</l>
  <l>They'l roare him in againe. <hi rend="italic">Tullus
Affidius</hi>,</l>
  <l>The second name of men, obeyes his points</l>
  <l>As if he were his Officer: Desperation,</l>
  <l>Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence</l>
  <l>That Rome can make against them.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Troope of
Citizens.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Heere come the Clusters.</l>
  <l>And is <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> with him? You are they</l>
  <l>That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast</l>
  <l>Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting</l>
  <l>At <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> Exile. Now he's comming,</l>
  <l>And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head</l>
  <l>Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes</l>
  <l>As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,</l>
  <l>And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,</l>
  <l>If he could burne vs all into one coale,</l>
  <l>We haue deseru'd it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
  <p>Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1 Cit.</speaker>
  <l>for mine owne part,</l>
  <l>When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
  <p>And so did I.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cit.3">
  <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>
  <p>And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very ma-<lb/>ny of vs, that
we
did we did for the best, and though wee <lb/>willingly consented to his
Banishment,
yet it was against <lb/>our will.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <l>You haue made good worke</l>
      <l>You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <p>Oh I, what else?</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt both.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <l>Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,</l>
      <l>These are a Side, that would be glad to haue</l>
      <l>This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,</l>
      <l>And shew no signe of Feare.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">1. Cit.</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0643-0.jpg" n="25"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1 Cit.</speaker>
      <p>The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's <lb/>home, I euer said
we were i'th
      wrong, when we banish'd <lb/>him.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cit.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2 Cit.</speaker>
      <p>So did we all. But come, let's home.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Cit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <p>I do not like this Newes.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Nor I.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <l>Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth</l>
      <l>Would buy this for a lye.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Pray let's go.</p>
    </sp>
```

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            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Tribunes.</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
           <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 7]</head>
           <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Auffidius with his
Lieutenant.</stage>
             <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
               <p>Do they still flye to'th'Roman?</p>
             </sp>
             <sp who="#F-cor-lie">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
               <l>I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but</l>
               <l>Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate,</l>
               <l>Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,</l>
               <l>And you are darkned in this action Sir,</l>
               <l>Euen by your owne.</l>
             </sp>
             <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
               <l>I cannot helpe it now,</l>
               <l>Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote</l>
               <l>Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlier,</l>
               <l>Euen to my person, then I thought he would</l>
               <l>When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature</l>
               <l>In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse</l>
               <l>What cannot be amended.</l>
             </sp>
             <sp who="#F-cor-lie">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
               <l>Yet I wish Sir,</l>
               <l>(I meane for your particular) you had not</l>
               <l>Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne</l>
               <l>The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.</l>
             </sp>
             <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
               <l>I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure</l>
               <l>When he shall come to his account, he knowes not</l>
               <l>What I can vrge against him, although it seemes</l>
               <l>And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant</l>
               <l>To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:</l>
               <l>And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,</l>
               <l>Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as soone</l>
               <l>As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone</l>
               <l>That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,</l>
               <l>When ere we come to our account.</l>
             </sp>
             <sp who="#F-cor-lie">
               <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
```

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        <p>Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
        <l>All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,</l>
        <l>And the Nobility of Rome are his:</l>
        <l>The Senators and Patricians loue him too:</l>
        <l>The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people</l>
        <l>Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty</l>
        <l>To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome</l>
        <l>As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it</l>
        <l> By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was</l>
        <l>A Noble seruant to them, but he could not</l>
        <l>Carry his Honors <choice>
            <orig>eeuen</orig>
            <corr>euen</corr>
          </choice>: whether 'was Pride</l>
        <l>Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints</l>
        <l>The happy man; whether detect of iudgement,</l>
        <l>To faile in the disposing of those chances</l>
        <l>Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,</l>
        <l>Not to be other then one thing, not moouing</l>
        <l>From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace</l>
        <l>Euen with the same austerity and garbe,</l>
        <l>As he controll'd the warre. But one of these</l>
        <l>(As he hath spices of them all) not all,</l>
        <l>For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,</l>
        <l>So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit</l>
        <l>To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,</l>
        <l>Lie in th'interpretation of the time,</l>
        <l>And power vnto it selfe most commendable,</l>
        <l>Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire</l>
        <l>T'extoll what it hath done.</l>
        <l>One fire d<gap extent="3"
            unit="chars"
            reason="illegible"
            agent="abrasion"
            resp="#LMC"/>es out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;</l>
        <l>Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Come let's away: when <hi rend="italic">Caius</hi> Rome is
thine,</l>
        <l>Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
    </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="5">
    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
```

```xml
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
<cb n="1"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius, Cominius,
Sicinius, Brutus,
<lb/>the two Tribunes, with others.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>No, ile not go: you heare what he hath said</l>
  <l>Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him</l>
  <l>In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:</l>
  <l>But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him</l>
  <l>A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee</l>
  <l>The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd</l>
  <l>To heare <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> speake, Ile keepe at
home.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <p>He would not seeme to know me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <p>Do you heare?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>Yet one time he did call me by my name:</l>
  <l>I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops</l>
  <l>That we haue bled together. <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>
  </l>
  <l>He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,</l>
  <l>He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,</l>
  <l>Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire</l>
  <l>Of burning Rome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
  <l>Why so: you haue made good worke:</l>
  <l>A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,</l>
  <l>To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
  <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
  <l>I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon</l>
  <l>When it was lesse expected. He replyed</l>
  <l>It was a bare petition of a State</l>
  <l>To one whom they had punish'd</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <p>Very well, could he say lesse.</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-com">
      <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
      <l>I offered to awaken his regard</l>
      <l>For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was</l>
      <l>He could not stay to picke them, in a pile</l>
      <l>Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly</l>
      <l>For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt</l>
      <l>And still to nose th'offence.</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
      <l>For one poore graine or two?</l>
      <l>I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,</l>
      <l>And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,</l>
      <l>You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt</l>
      <l>Aboue the Moone. We must be burnt for you.</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <l>Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde</l>
      <l>In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not</l>
      <l>Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you</l>
      <l>Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue</l>
      <l>More then the instant Armie we can make</l>
      <l>Might stop our Countryman.</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>No: Ile not meddle.</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
      <p>Pray you go to him.</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>What should I do?</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <l>Onely make triall what your Loue can do,</l>
      <l>For Rome, towards <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <l>Well, and say that <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi> returne mee,</l>
      <l>As <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi> is return'd, vnheard: what
then?</l>
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    <l>But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot</l>
    <l>With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <l>Yet your good will</l>
    <l>Must haue that thankes from Rome, after the measure</l>
    <l>As you intended well</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Ile vndertak't:</l>
    <l>I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,</l>
    <l>And humme at good <hi rend="italic">Cominius</hi>, much
vnhearts mee.</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">cc</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Hee</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0644-0.jpg" n="26"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>He was not taken well, he had not din'd,</l>
    <l>The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then</l>
    <l>We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt</l>
    <l>To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft</l>
    <l>These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood</l>
    <l>With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Soules</l>
    <l>Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him</l>
    <l>Till he be dieted to my request,</l>
    <l>And then Ile set vpon him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <l>You know the very rode into his kindnesse,</l>
    <l>And cannot lose your way.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Good faith Ile proue him,</l>
    <l>Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge</l>
    <l>Of my successe.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-com">
    <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
    <p>Hee'l neuer heare him.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
    <p>Not.</p>
  </sp>
```

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        <sp who="#F-cor-com">
          <speaker rend="italic">Com.</speaker>
          <l>I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye</l>
          <l>Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury</l>
          <l>The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,</l>
          <l>'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismist me</l>
          <l>Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do</l>
          <l>He sent in writing after me: what he would not,</l>
          <l>Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:</l>
          <l>So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,</l>
          <l>And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him</l>
          <l>For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,</l>
          <l>And with our faire intreaties hast them on.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius to the Watch
or
        Guard.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Wat.</speaker>
          <p>Stay: whence are you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2. Wat.</speaker>
          <p>Stand, and go backe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Me.</speaker>
          <l>You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,</l>
          <l>I am an Officer of State, &amp; come to speak with <hi
rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>
          </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>From whence?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>From Rome.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall <lb/>will no
more heare from
        thence.</p>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-cor-wat.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
  <l>You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before</l>
  <l>You'l speake with <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Good my Friends,</l>
  <l>If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,</l>
  <l>And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,</l>
  <l>My name hath touch't your eares: it is <hi
rend="italic">Menenius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
  <l>Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,</l>
  <l>Is not heere passable.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>I tell thee Fellow,</l>
  <l>Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene</l>
  <l>The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read</l>
  <l>His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified:</l>
  <l>For I haue euer verified my Friends,</l>
  <l>(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity</l>
  <l>Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,</l>
  <l>Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground</l>
  <l>I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise</l>
  <l>Haue (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,</l>
  <l>I must haue leaue to passe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
  <p>Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, <lb/>as you
haue vttered
words in your owne, you should not <lb/>passe heere: no, though it were as
vertuous
to lye, as to <lb/>liue chastly. Therefore go backe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>Prythee fellow, remember my name is <hi
rend="italic">Menenius</hi>, <lb/>alwayes
factionary on the party of your Generall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-wat.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
  <p>Howsoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you say you <lb/>haue, I am
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one that telling
       true vnder him, must say you <lb/>cannot passe. Therefore go backe.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not <lb/>speake with him,
till after
       dinner.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
      <p>You are a Roman, are you?</p>
    </sp>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>I am as thy Generall is.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
      <p>Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, <lb/>when you
haue pusht out your
       gates, the very Defender <lb/>of them, and in a violent popular ignorance,
giuen
       your <lb/>enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
<lb/>easie
       groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your <lb/>daughters, or with
the
       palsied intercession of such a de-<lb/>cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can
you think to blow <lb/>out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in,
with
      <lb/>such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore <lb/>backe
to Rome,
       and prepare for your execution: you are <lb/>condemn'd, our Generall has
sworne you
       out of repreeue <lb/>and pardon.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <l>Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,</l>
      <l>He would vse me with estimation.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
      <p>Come, my Captaine knowes you not.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-men">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
      <p>I meane thy Generall.</p>
    </sp>

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        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least <lb/>I let forth
your halfe
        pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vt-<lb/>most of your hauing, backe.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>Nay but Fellow, Fellow.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus with
Auffidius.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>What's the matter?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: <lb/>you shall know
now that I am in
        estimation: you shall <lb/>perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me
from my
        <lb/>Son <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi>, guesse but my entertainment
with him: if
        <lb/>thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death <lb/>more long
in
        Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-<lb/>hold now presently, and
        swoond for what's to come vpon <lb/>thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely
Synod
        about thy <lb/>particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old
        <lb/>Father <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi> do's. O my Son, my Son! 
thou art
        pre-<lb/>paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. <lb/>I
        was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing assured <lb/>none but my
selfe could
        moue thee, I haue bene blowne <lb/>out of your Gates with sighes: and
coniure thee
        to par-<lb/>don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good
<lb/>Gods
        asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon <lb/>this Varlet heere:
This, who
        like a blocke hath denyed <lb/>my accesse to thee.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <p>Away</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>How? Away?</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
          <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
          <l>Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires</l>
          <l>Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe</l>
          <l>My Reuenge properly, my remission lies</l>
          <l>In Volcean brests. That we haue beene familiar,</l>
          <l>Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather</l>
          <l>Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.</l>
          <l>Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then</l>
          <l>Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,</l>
          <l>Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,</l>
          <l>And would haue sent it. Another word <hi
rend="italic">Menenius</hi>,</l>
          <l>I will not heare thee speake. This man <hi
rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>
          </l>
          <l>Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Auffid.</speaker>
          <p>You keepe a constant temper.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet the Guard and
Menenius.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>Now sir, is your name <hi rend="italic">Menenius</hi>?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <l>'Tis a spell you see of much power:</l>
          <l>You know the way home againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
          <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
          <p>Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your <lb/>greatnesse
backe?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-wat.2">
          <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
          <p>What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Menen.</speaker>
          <p>I neither care for th'world, nor your General: <lb/>for such things as
you. I can
        scarse thinke ther's any, y'are <lb/>so slight. He that hath a will to die by
        himselfe, feares it <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">not</fw>
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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0645-0.jpg" n="27"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
<lb/>you, bee that
you are, long; and your misery increase <lb/>with your age. I say to you, as
I was
said to, Away.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-wat.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>
<p>A Noble Fellow I warrant him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-wat.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>
<l>The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,</l>
<l>The Oake not to be winde-shaken.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Watch.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus and
Auffidius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
<l>We will before the walls of Rome to morrow</l>
<l>Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action,</l>
<l>You must report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly</l>
<l>I haue borne this Businesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
<l>Onely their ends you haue respected,</l>
<l>Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:</l>
<l>Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such frends</l>
<l>That thought them sure of you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
<l>This last old man,</l>
<l>Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,</l>
<l>Lou'd me, aboue the measure of a Father,</l>
<l>Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge</l>
<l>Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue</l>
<l>(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd</l>
<l>The first Conditions which they did refuse,</l>
<l>And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,</l>
<l>That thought he could do more: A very little</l>
<l>I haue yeelded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites,</l>

<l>Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter</l>
<l>Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? </l>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Shout within</stage>
<l>Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow</l>
<l>In the same time 'tis made? I will not.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong
Martius, <lb/>with Attendants.</stage>
<l>My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould</l>
<l>Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand</l>
<l>The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,</l>
<l>All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;</l>
<l>Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.</l>
<l>What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,</l>
<l>Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not</l>
<l>Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,</l>
<l>As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should</l>
<l>In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy</l>
<l>Hath an Aspect of intercession, which</l>
<l>Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces</l>
<l>Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer</l>
<l>Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand</l>
<l>As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Virgil.</speaker>
<p>My Lord and Husband.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
<p>These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
<speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
<l>The sorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd,</l>
<l>Makes you thinke so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
<speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
<l>Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,</l>
<l>And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,</l>
<l>Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,</l>
<l>For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse</l>
<l>Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!</l>
<l>Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kisse</l>
<l>I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe</l>
<l>Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,</l>
<l>And the most noble Mother of the world</l>
<l>Leaue vnsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, <stage rend="italic inline">Kneeles</stage>

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    </l>
    <l>Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew</l>
    <l>Then that of common Sonnes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Oh stand vp blest!</l>
    <l>Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint</l>
    <l>I kneele before thee, and vnproperly</l>
    <l>Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Betweene the Childe, and Parent.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>What's this? your knees to me?</l>
    <l>To your Corrected Sonne?</l>
    <l>Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach</l>
    <l>Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes</l>
    <l>Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:</l>
    <l>Murd'ring Impossibility, to make</l>
    <l>What cannot be, slight worke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee</l>
    <l>Do you know this Lady?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>The Noble Sister of <hi rend="italic">Publicola</hi>;</l>
    <l>The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle</l>
    <l>That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,</l>
    <l>And hangs on <hi rend="italic">Dians</hi> Temple: Deere <hi
rend="italic">Valeria</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
    <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
    <l>This is a poore Epitome of yours,</l>
    <l>Which by th'interpretation of full time,</l>
    <l>May shew like all your selfe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>The God of Souldiers:</l>
    <l>With the consent of supreame Ioue, informe</l>
    <l>Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue</l>
    <l>To shame vnvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres</l>
    <l>Like a great Sea-marke standing euery flaw,</l>
    <l>And sauing those that eye thee.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
      <p>Your knee, Sirrah.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <p>That's my braue Boy.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
      <l>Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,</l>
      <l>Are Sutors to you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>I beseech you peace:</l>
      <l>Or if you'ld aske, remember this before;</l>
      <l>The thing I haue forsworne to graunt, may neuer</l>
      <l>Be held by you denials. Do not bid me</l>
      <l>Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate</l>
      <l>Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not</l>
      <l>Wherein I seeme vnnaturall: Desire not t'allay</l>
      <l>My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
      <l>Oh no more, no more:</l>
      <l>You haue said you will not grant vs any thing:</l>
      <l>For we haue nothing else to aske, but that</l>
      <l>Which you deny already: yet we will aske,</l>
      <l>That if you faile in our request, the blame</l>
      <l>May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>, and you Volces marke, for wee'l</l>
      <l>Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
      <l>Should we be silent &amp; not speak, our Raiment</l>
      <l>And state of Bodies would bewray what life</l>
      <l>We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,</l>
      <l>How more vnfortunate then all liuing women</l>
      <l>Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should</l>
      <l>Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,</l>
      <l>Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare &amp; sorow,</l>
      <l>Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,</l>
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<l>The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing</l>
<l>His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we</l>
<l>Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs</l>
<l>Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort</l>
<l>That all but we enioy. For how can we?</l>
<l>Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?</l>
<l>Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:</l>
<l>Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose</l>
<l>The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person</l>
<l>Our comfort in the Country. We must finde</l>
<l>An euident Calamity, though we had</l>
<l>Our wish, which side should win. For either thou</l>
<l>Must as a Forraine Recreant be led</l>
<l>With Manacles through our streets, or else</l>
<l>Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">cc2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0646-0.jpg" n="28"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed</l>
<l>Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,</l>
<l>I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till</l>
<l>These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,</l>
<l>Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,</l>
<l>Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner</l>
<l>March to assault thy Country, then to treade</l>
<l>(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe</l>
<l>That brought thee to this world.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Virg.</speaker>
  <l>I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,</l>
  <l>To keepe your name liuing to time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-yco">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>A shall not tread on me: Ile run away</l>
  <l>Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Not of a womans tendernesse to be,</l>
  <l>Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:</l>
  <l>I haue sate too long.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-vlm">
  <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, go not from vs thus:</l>
  <l>If it were so, that our request did tend</l>

<l>To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy</l>
<l>The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs</l>
<l>As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite</l>
<l>Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces</l>
<l>May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,</l>
<l>This we receiu'd, and each in either side</l>
<l>Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest</l>
<l>For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)</l>
<l>The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,</l>
<l>That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit</l>
<l>Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name</l>
<l>Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:</l>
<l>Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,</l>
<l>But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:</l>
<l>Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines</l>
<l>To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:</l>
<l>Thou hast affected the fiue straines of Honor,</l>
<l>To imitate the graces of the Gods.</l>
<l>To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,</l>
<l>And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult</l>
<l>That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake?</l>
<l>Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman</l>
<l>Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:</l>
<l>He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,</l>
<l>Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more</l>
<l>Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world</l>
<l>More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate</l>
<l>Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,</l>
<l>Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,</l>
<l>When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,</l>
<l>Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home</l>
<l>Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,</l>
<l>And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so</l>
<l>Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague Thee</l>
<l>That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which</l>
<l>To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:</l>
<l>Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him with our knees</l>
<l>To his sur-name <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> longs more
pride</l>
<l>Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,</l>
<l>This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,</l>
<l>And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,</l>
<l>This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,</l>
<l>But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,</l>
<l>Doe's reason our Petition with more strength</l>
<l>Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:</l>
<l>This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:</l>
<l>His Wife is in <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>, and his Childe</l>
<l>Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:</l>
<cb n="2"/>

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<l>I am husht vntill our City be afire, &amp; then Ile speak a litle</l>
      </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Holds her by the hand
silent.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>O Mother, Mother!</l>
      <l>What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,</l>
      <l>The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene</l>
      <l>They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!</l>
      <l>You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.</l>
      <l>But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,</l>
      <l>Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd,</l>
      <l>If not most mortall to him. But let it come:</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>, though I cannot make true
Warres,</l>
        <l>Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good <hi
rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>,</l>
        <l>Were you in my steed, would you haue heard</l>
        <l>A Mother lesse? or granted lesse <hi
rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>?</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
      <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
      <p>I was mou'd withall.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>I dare be sworne you were:</l>
      <l>And sir, it is no little thing to make</l>
      <l>Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)</l>
      <l>What peace you'l make, aduise me: For my part,</l>
      <l>Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you</l>
      <l>Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
      <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
      <l>I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, &amp; thy Honor</l>
      <l>At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke</l>
      <l>My selfe a former Fortune.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
      <l>I by and by; But we will drinke together:</l>
      <l>And you shall beare</l>
      <l>A better witnesse backe then words, which we</l>
      <l>On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.</l>
      <l>Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserue</l>
      <l>To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords</l>
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        <l>In Italy, and her Confederate Armes</l>
        <l>Could not haue made this peace.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Menenius and
Sicinius.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner <lb rend="turnover"/>
            <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>stone?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <p>Why what of that?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>If it be possible for you to displace it with your <lb/>little finger,
there is
        some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-<lb/>cially his Mother, may preuaile
with
        him. But I say, there <lb/>is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay
        vppon <lb/>execution.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <p>Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the <lb/>condition of a
man.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>There is difference between a Grub &amp; a But-<lb/>terfly, yet
your
        Butterfly was a Grub: this <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>, is <lb/>growne
from Man
        to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more <lb/>then a creeping thing.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
          <p>He lou'd his Mother deerely.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <p>So did he mee: and he no more remembers his <lb/>Mother now,
then an eight yeare
        old horse. The tartnesse <lb/>of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he
walks, he
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moues <lb/>like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Trea-<lb/>ding.
He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes <lb/>like a knell, and his hum
is a Battery. He sits in his State, <lb/>as a thing made for <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>. What he bids bee done, is <lb/>finisht with his bidding. He wants
nothing of a God but <lb/>Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<p>Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<p>I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-<lb/>cy his Mother shall bring
from him: There is no more <lb/>mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that <lb/>shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
<p>The Gods be good vnto vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-men">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<p>No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good <lb/>vnto vs. When we banish'd him,
we respected not them: <lb/>and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not
vs.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Mess.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0647-0.jpg" n="29"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-cor-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>Sir, if you'ld saue your life, flye to your House,</l>
<l>The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,</l>
<l>And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if</l>
<l>The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home</l>
<l>They'l giue him death by Inches.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-sic">
<speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>

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        <p>What's the Newes?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
        <l>Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue <lb rend="turnover"/>
          <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>preuayl'd,</l>
        <l>The Volcians are dislodg'd, and <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>
gone:</l>
        <l>A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,</l>
        <l>No, not th'expulsion of the <hi rend="italic">Tarquins</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <l>Friend, art thou certaine this is true?</l>
        <l>Is't most certaine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:</l>
        <l>Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:</l>
        <l>Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,</l>
        <l>As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Trumpets, Hoboyes,
Drums beate,
        altogether.</stage>
        <l>The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,</l>
        <l>Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans,</l>
        <l>Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">A shout within</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-men">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
        <l>This is good Newes:</l>
        <l>I will go meete the Ladies. This <hi
rend="italic">Volumnia</hi>,</l>
        <l>Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,</l>
        <l>A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,</l>
        <l>A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:</l>
        <l>This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,</l>
        <l>I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sound still with the
Shouts.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <l>First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:</l>
        <l>Next, accept my thankefulnesse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
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        <p>Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <p>They are neere the City.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <p>Almost at point to enter.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sic">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sicin.</speaker>
        <p>Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two Senators, with
Ladies, passing
      ouer <lb/>the Stage, with other Lords.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-sen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sena.</speaker>
        <l>Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:</l>
        <l>Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,</l>
        <l>And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:</l>
        <l>Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>;</l>
        <l>Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:</l>
        <l>Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-cor-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <p>Welcome Ladies, welcome.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Flourish with
Drummes &amp;
      Trumpets.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 6]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tullus Auffidius, with
      Attendants.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
        <l>Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:</l>
        <l>Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,</l>
        <l>Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I</l>
        <l>Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares</l>
        <l>Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:</l>
        <l>The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and</l>
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<l>Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping</l>
<l>To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius
Faction.</stage>
<p>Most Welcome.</p>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Con.</speaker>
<p>How is it with our Generall?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
<p>Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-<lb/>poyson'd, and with his
Charity slaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Con.</speaker>
<l>Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent</l>
<l>Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you</l>
<l>Of your great danger.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
<l>Sir, I cannot tell,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>We must proceed as we do finde the People.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.3">
<speaker rend="italic">3. Con.</speaker>
<l>The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'st</l>
<l>'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either</l>
<l>Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
<speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
<l>I know it:</l>
<l>And my pretext to strike at him, admits</l>
<l>A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd</l>
<l>Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,</l>
<l>He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,</l>
<l>Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,</l>
<l>He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,</l>
<l>But to be rough, vnswayable, and free.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.3">
<speaker rend="italic">3. Consp.</speaker>
<l>Sir, his stoutnesse</l>
<l>When he did stand for Consull, which he lost</l>

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    <l>By lacke of stooping.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>That I would haue spoke of:</l>
  <l>Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,</l>
  <l>Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,</l>
  <l>Made him ioynt-seruant with me: Gaue him way</l>
  <l>In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose</l>
  <l>Out of my Files, his proiects, to accomplish</l>
  <l>My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements</l>
  <l>In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame</l>
  <l>Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride</l>
  <l>To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last</l>
  <l>I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and</l>
  <l>He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if</l>
  <l>I had bin Mercenary.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Con.</speaker>
  <l>So he did my Lord:</l>
  <l>The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,</l>
  <l>When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd</l>
  <l>For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>There was it:</l>
  <l>For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him,</l>
  <l>At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are</l>
  <l>As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour</l>
  <l>Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,</l>
  <l>And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.</l>
  </sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Drummes and Trumpets
sounds, with
  great <lb/>showts of the people.</stage>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Con.</speaker>
  <l>Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poste,</l>
  <l>And had no welcomes home, but he returnes</l>
  <l>Splitting the Ayre with noyse.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Con.</speaker>
  <l>And patient Fooles,</l>
  <l>Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare</l>
  <l>With giuing him glory.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-con.3">
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            <speaker rend="italic">3. Con.</speaker>
            <l>Therefore at your vantage,</l>
            <l>Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people</l>
            <l>With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:</l>
            <l>Which we will second, when he lies along</l>
            <l>After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury</l>
            <l>His Reasons, with his Body.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
            <p>Say no more. Heere come the Lords,</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Lords of the
City.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lds">
            <speaker rend="italic">All Lords.</speaker>
            <p>You are most welcome home.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Auff.</speaker>
            <l>I haue not deseru'd it.</l>
            <l>But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused</l>
            <l>What I haue written to you?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <p>We haue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-cor-lor.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
            <l>And greeue to heare't:</l>
            <l>What faults he made before the last, I thinke</l>
            <l>Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end</l>
            <l>Where he was to begin, and giue away</l>
            <l>The benefit of our Leuies, answering vs</l>
            <l>With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where</l>
            <l>There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.</l>
        </sp>
        <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">cc3</fw>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Auf.</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0648-0.jpg" n="30"/>
        <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Coriolanus.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
            <p>He approaches, you shall heare him.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Coriolanus marching
with Drumme, and
        Colours. The <lb/>Commoners being with him.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:</l>
  <l>No more infected with my Countries loue</l>
  <l>Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting</l>
  <l>Vnder your great Command. You are to know,</l>
  <l>That prosperously I haue attempted, and</l>
  <l>With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to</l>
  <l>The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home</l>
  <l>Doth more then counterpoize a full third part</l>
  <l>The charges of the Action. We haue made peace</l>
  <l>With no lesse Honor to the <hi rend="italic">Antiates</hi>
  </l>
  <l>Then shame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer</l>
  <l>Subscrib'd by'th'Consuls, and Patricians,</l>
  <l>Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what</l>
  <l>We haue compounded on.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>Read it not Noble Lords,</l>
  <l>But tell the Traitor in the highest degree</l>
  <l>He hath abus'd your Powers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Traitor? How now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <p>I Traitor, <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Martius</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>I <hi rend="italic">Martius, Caius Martius</hi>: Do'st thou thinke</l>
  <l>Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> in <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>?</l>
  <l>You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiously</l>
  <l>He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp</l>
  <l>For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:</l>
  <l>I say your City to his Wife and Mother,</l>
  <l>Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like</l>
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    <l>A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting</l>
    <l>Counsaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurses teares</l>
    <l>He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,</l>
    <l>That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart</l>
    <l>Look'd wond'ring each at others.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Hear'st thou Mars?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <p>Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <p>Ha?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aufid.</speaker>
  <p>No more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart</l>
  <l>Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,</l>
  <l>Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer</l>
  <l>I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords</l>
  <l>Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,</l>
  <l>Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that</l>
  <l>Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyne</l>
  <l>To thrust the Lye vnto him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-lor.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1 Lord.</speaker>
  <p>Peace both, and heare me speake.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
  <l>Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,</l>
  <l>Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:</l>
  <l>If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,</l>
  <l>That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Flatter'd your Volcians in <hi rend="italic">Corioles</hi>.</l>
  <l>Alone I did it, Boy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-cor-auf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
  <l>Why Noble Lords,</l>
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    <l>Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,</l>
    <l>Which was your shame, by this vnholy Braggart?</l>
    <l>'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cns">
    <speaker rend="italic">All Consp.</speaker>
    <p>Let him dye for't.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-pps">
    <speaker rend="italic">All People.</speaker>
    <l>Teare him to peeces, do it presently:</l>
    <l>He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine</l>
    <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, he kill'd my Father.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lor.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2 Lord.</speaker>
    <l>Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:</l>
    <l>The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in</l>
    <l>This Orbe o'th'earth: His last offences to vs</l>
    <l>Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand <hi
rend="italic">Auffidius</hi>,</l>
    <l>And trouble not the peace.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Corio.</speaker>
    <l>O that I had him, with six <hi rend="italic">Auffidiusses</hi>, or
more:</l>
    <l>His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <p>Insolent Villaine.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-cns">
    <speaker rend="italic">All Consp.</speaker>
    <l>Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Draw both the Conspirators,
and kils
Martius, who <lb/>falles, Auffidius stands on him.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lds">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
    <p>Hold, hold, hold, hold.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
    <p>My Noble Masters, heare me speake.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-cor-lor.1">
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      <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
      <p>O <hi rend="italic">Tullus</hi>.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-cor-lor.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2. Lord.</speaker>
      <l>Thou hast done a deed, whereat</l>
      <l>Valour will weepe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-cor-lor.3">
      <speaker rend="italic">3. Lord.</speaker>
      <l>Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,</l>
      <l>Put vp your Swords.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
      <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
      <l>My Lords,</l>
      <l>When you shall know (as in this Rage</l>
      <l>Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger</l>
      <l>Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce</l>
      <l>That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours</l>
      <l>To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer</l>
      <l>My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure</l>
      <l>Your heauiest Censure.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-cor-lor.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
      <l>Beare from hence his body,</l>
      <l>And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded</l>
      <l>As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald</l>
      <l>Did follow to his Vrne.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-cor-lor.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2. Lord.</speaker>
      <l>His owne impatience,</l>
      <l>Takes from <hi rend="italic">Auffidius</hi> a great part of
blame:</l>
      <l>Let's make the Best of it.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-cor-auf">
      <speaker rend="italic">Auf.</speaker>
      <l>My Rage is gone,</l>
      <l>And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him vp:</l>
      <l>Helpe three a'th'cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.</l>
      <l>Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:</l>
      <l>Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee</l>
      <l>Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,</l>
      <l>Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,</l>
      <l>Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Exeunt bearing the Body of
```

Martius. A
        dead March <lb/>Sounded.</stage>
         </div>
      </div>
      <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
    </div>
   </body>
  </text>
</TEI>