

**УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

CORIOLANUS

Уильям Шекспир

Coriolanus

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William Shakespeare

Coriolanus

Dramatis Personae

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS
Generals against the Volscians
TITUS LARTIUS
COMINIUS
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus
Tribunes of the People
SICINIUS VELUTUS
JUNIUS BRUTUS
YOUNG MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus
A ROMAN HERALD
NICANOR, a Roman
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians
LIEUTENANT, to Aufidius
CONSPIRATORS, With Aufidius
ADRIAN, a Volscian
A CITIZEN of Antium
TWO VOLSCIAN GUARDS
VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia
GENTLEWOMAN attending on Virgilia
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Aediles, Lictors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and
other
Attendants

SCENE: Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium

ACT I. SCENE I. Rome. A street

Enter a company of mutinous citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons

FIRST CITIZEN. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

ALL. Speak, speak.

FIRST CITIZEN. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

ALL. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

FIRST CITIZEN. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the

people.

ALL. We know't, we know't.

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

ALL. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!

SECOND CITIZEN. One word, good citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good.

What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield

us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess

they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear. The

leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an

inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is

a

gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we

become

rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in

thirst for revenge.

SECOND CITIZEN. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

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

SECOND CITIZEN. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

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

SECOND CITIZEN. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

FIRST CITIZEN. I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it

to that end; though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it

was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

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

FIRST CITIZEN. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations;

he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts

within] What shouts are these? The other side o' th' city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To th' Capitol!

ALL. Come, come.

FIRST CITIZEN. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA

SECOND CITIZEN. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd

the people.

FIRST CITIZEN. He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

MENENIUS. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

FIRST CITIZEN. Our business is not unknown to th' Senate; they have

had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll

show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

MENENIUS. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

FIRST CITIZEN. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

MENENIUS. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,

You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' th' state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

FIRST CITIZEN. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er car'd for
us

yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses cramm'd with
grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal
daily

any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide
more

piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If
the

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

us.

MENENIUS. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale. It may be you have heard it;

But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To stale't a little more.

FIRST CITIZEN. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think
to

fob off our disgrace with a tale. But, an't please you,
deliver.

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

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answer'd-

FIRST CITIZEN. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MENENIUS. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus-

For look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak- it tauntingly replied

To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly

As you malign our senators for that

They are not such as you.

FIRST CITIZEN. Your belly's answer- What?

The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,

With other muniments and petty helps

Is this our fabric, if that they-

MENENIUS. What then?

Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? What then?

FIRST CITIZEN. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body-

MENENIUS. Well, what then?

FIRST CITIZEN. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

MENENIUS. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small- of what you have little-
Patience awhile, you'st hear the belly's answer.

FIRST CITIZEN. Y'are long about it.

MENENIUS. Note me this, good friend:

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered.
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he
'That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
You, my good friends'— this says the belly; mark me.

FIRST CITIZEN. Ay, sir; well, well.

MENENIUS. 'Though all at once cannot

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

FIRST CITIZEN. It was an answer. How apply you this?

MENENIUS. The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members; for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' th' common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

FIRST CITIZEN. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MENENIUS. For that, being one o' th' lowest, basest, poorest,

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

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS

Hail, noble Marcius!

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

FIRST CITIZEN. We have ever your good word.

MARCIUS. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

MENENIUS. For corn at their own rates, whereof they say
The city is well stor'd.

MARCIUS. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by th' fire and presume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol, who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

MENENIUS. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

MARCIUS. They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs-

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them- a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale- they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

MENENIUS. What is granted them?

MARCIUS. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus-
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

MENENIUS. This is strange.

MARCIUS. Go get you home, you fragments.

Enter a MESSENGER, hastily

MESSENGER. Where's Caius Marcius?

MARCIUS. Here. What's the matter?

MESSENGER. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

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

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

FIRST SENATOR. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us:
The Volsces are in arms.

MARCIUS. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

COMINIUS. You have fought together?

MARCIUS. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

FIRST SENATOR. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COMINIUS. It is your former promise.

MARCIUS. Sir, it is;

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

LARTIUS. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other
Ere stay behind this business.

MENENIUS. O, true bred!

FIRST SENATOR. Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

LARTIUS. [To COMINIUS] Lead you on.

[To MARCIUS] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

COMINIUS. Noble Marcius!

FIRST SENATOR. [To the Citizens] Hence to your homes; be
gone.

MARCIUS. Nay, let them follow.

The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray follow.

Ciizens steal away. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS

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

BRUTUS. He has no equal.

SICINIUS. When we were chosen tribunes for the people-

BRUTUS. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

SICINIUS. Nay, but his taunts!

BRUTUS. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

SICINIUS. Bemock the modest moon.

BRUTUS. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

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

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

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

BRUTUS. Come.
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed

In aught he merit not.
SICINIUS. Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
BRUTUS. Let's along. Exeunt

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate House

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS with SENATORS of Corioli

FIRST SENATOR. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are ent'red in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

AUFIDIUS. Is it not yours?

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

[Reads] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely 'tis for you;
Consider of it.'

FIRST SENATOR. Our army's in the field;
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

AUFIDIUS. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be short'ned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

SECOND SENATOR. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
Th' have not prepar'd for us.

AUFIDIUS. O, doubt not that!
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,

And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

ALL. The gods assist you!

AUFIDIUS. And keep your honours safe!

FIRST SENATOR. Farewell.

SECOND SENATOR. Farewell.

ALL. Farewell. Exeunt

SCENE III. Rome. MARCIUS' house

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA, mother and wife to MARCIUS; they set them down on two low stools and sew

VOLUMNIA. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more

comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier

rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet

he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth

with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her

beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person-

that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if

renown made it not stir- was pleas'd to let him seek danger where

he was to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he

return'd his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than

now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

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

VOLUMNIA. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein

would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen

sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my

good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country

than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN

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

VIRGILIA. Beseech you give me leave to retire myself.

VOLUMNIA. Indeed you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;

See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;

As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:

'Come on, you cowards! You were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,

Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow

Or all or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA. His bloody brow? O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA. Away, you fool! It more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria

We are fit to bid her welcome. Exit GENTLEWOMAN

VIRGILIA. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOLUMNIA. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee

And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter GENTLEWOMAN, With VALERIA and an usher

VALERIA. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA. Sweet madam!

VIRGILIA. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VALERIA. How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers. What are

you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little

son?

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

VOLUMNIA. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look

upon his schoolmaster.

VALERIA. O' my word, the father's son! I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him a Wednesday half an

hour together; has such a confirm'd countenance! I saw him run

after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or

how

'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it. O, I warrant, how

he

mammock'd it!

VOLUMNIA. One on's father's moods.

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

VIRGILIA. A crack, madam.

VALERIA. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play
the

idle huswife with me this afternoon.

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

VALERIA. Not out of doors!

VOLUMNIA. She shall, she shall.

VIRGILIA. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the
threshold

till my lord return from the wars.

VALERIA. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; come, you

must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIRGILIA. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with
my

prayers; but I cannot go thither.

VOLUMNIA. Why, I pray you?

VIRGILIA. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VALERIA. You would be another Penelope; yet they say all the
yarn

she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of
moths.

Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that
you

might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

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

VALERIA. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent
news

of your husband.

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

VALERIA. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from
him

last night.

VIRGILIA. Indeed, madam?

VALERIA. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it.

Thus it

is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the
general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord
and

Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they
nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is
true,

on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

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

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

VALERIA. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then.
Come,

good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'
door and go along with us.

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

VALERIA. Well then, farewell. Exeunt

SCENE IV. Before Corioli

Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with drum and colours, with CAPTAINS and soldiers.
To them a MESSENGER

MARCIUS. Yonder comes news; a wager- they have met.

LARTIUS. My horse to yours- no.

MARCIUS. 'Tis done.

LARTIUS. Agreed.

MARCIUS. Say, has our general met the enemy?

MESSENGER. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

LARTIUS. So, the good horse is mine.

MARCIUS. I'll buy him of you.

LARTIUS. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

MARCIUS. How far off lie these armies?

MESSENGER. Within this mile and half.

MARCIUS. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two SENATORS with others, on the walls of Corioli

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

FIRST SENATOR. No, nor a man that fears you less than he:

That's lesser than a little. [Drum afar off] Hark, our
drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls

Rather than they shall pound us up; our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [Alarum far off] Hark you far off!

There is Aufidius. List what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

MARCIUS. O, they are at it!

LARTIUS. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces

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

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches

Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing

MARCIUS. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of- Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind! Backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you. Look to't. Come on;
If you'll stand fast we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches. Follow me.

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

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

[MARCIUS enters the gates]

FIRST SOLDIER. Fool-hardiness; not I.
SECOND SOLDIER. Not I. [MARCIUS is shut in]
FIRST SOLDIER. See, they have shut him in.
ALL. To th' pot, I warrant him. [Alarum continues]

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS

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

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy

FIRST SOLDIER. Look, sir.
LARTIUS. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[They fight, and all enter the city]

SCENE V. Within Corioli. A street

Enter certain Romans, with spoils

FIRST ROMAN. This will I carry to Rome.
SECOND ROMAN. And I this.
THIRD ROMAN. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[Alarum continues still afar off]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS With a trumpeter

MARCIUS. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!

Exeunt pillagers

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

LARTIUS. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

MARCIUS. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well;
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

LARTIUS. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

MARCIUS. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

LARTIUS. Thou worthiest Marcius! Exit MARCIUS
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! Exeunt

SCENE VI. Near the camp of COMINIUS

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with soldiers

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

Enter A MESSENGER

Thy news?
MESSENGER. The citizens of Corioli have issued
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle;

I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

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

MESSENGER. Above an hour, my lord.

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

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

Enter MARCIUS

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

MARCIUS. Come I too late?

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

MARCIUS. Come I too late?

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

MARCIUS. O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

COMINIUS. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

MARCIUS. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

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

MARCIUS. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen,
The common file- a plague! tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

COMINIUS. But how prevail'd you?

MARCIUS. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?
COMINIUS. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.
MARCIUS. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
COMINIUS. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
MARCIUS. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we have shed together, by th' vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
COMINIUS. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
MARCIUS. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here-
As it were sin to doubt- that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [They all shout and wave their
swords, take him up in their arms and cast up their caps]
O, me alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all; the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
COMINIUS. March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. Exeunt

SCENE VII. The gates of Corioli

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a LIEUTENANT, other soldiers, and a scout

LARTIUS. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding. If we lose the field
We cannot keep the town.

LIEUTENANT. Fear not our care, sir.

LARTIUS. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come; to th' Roman camp conduct us. Exeunt

SCENE VIII. A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps

Alarum, as in battle. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS at several doors

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

AUFIDIUS. We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

MARCIUS. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

AUFIDIUS. If I fly, Marcus,
Halloa me like a hare.

MARCIUS. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd. For thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

AUFIDIUS. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

**Here they fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of
AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS fights till they be driven in breathless**

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. Exeunt

SCENE IX. The Roman camp

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, at one door, COMINIUS with the Romans; at another door, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf

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

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit

LARTIUS. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld-

MARCIUS. Pray now, no more; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done- that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been- that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

COMINIUS. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

MARCIUS. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves rememb' red.

COMINIUS. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses-
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store- of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
Before the common distribution at
Your only choice.

MARCIUS. I thank you, General,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

**A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius, Marcius!' cast up
their caps and lances. COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare**

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

COMINIUS. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you-
Like one that means his proper harm- in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him
With all th' applause-and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
Bear th' addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums]

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

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

COMINIUS. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back. Send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

LARTIUS. I shall, my lord.

CORIOLANUS. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my Lord General.

COMINIUS. Take't- 'tis yours; what is't?

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

COMINIUS. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

LARTIUS. Marcius, his name?

CORIOLANUS. By Jupiter, forgot!

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

COMINIUS. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. Exeunt

SCENE X. The camp of the Volsces

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

AUFIDIUS. The town is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUFIDIUS. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

FIRST SOLDIER. He's the devil.

AUFIDIUS. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suff'ring stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOLDIER. Will not you go?

AUFIDIUS. I am attended at the cypress grove; I pray you-
'Tis south the city mills- bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

FIRST SOLDIER. I shall, sir. Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE I. Rome. A public place

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

MENENIUS. The augurer tells me we shall have news tonight. BRUTUS. Good or bad? MENENIUS. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius. SICINIUS. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends. MENENIUS. Pray you, who does the wolf love? SICINIUS. The lamb. MENENIUS. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. BRUTUS. He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear. MENENIUS. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you. BOTH TRIBUNES. Well, sir. MENENIUS. In what enormity is Marcius poor in that you two have not in abundance? BRUTUS. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all. SICINIUS. Especially in pride. BRUTUS. And topping all others in boasting. MENENIUS. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city- I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you? BOTH TRIBUNES. Why, how are we censur'd? MENENIUS. Because you talk of pride now- will you not be angry? BOTH TRIBUNES. Well, well, sir, well. MENENIUS. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures- at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud? BRUTUS. We do it not alone, sir. MENENIUS. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride. O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could! BOTH TRIBUNES. What then, sir? MENENIUS. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates-alias fools- as any in Rome. SICINIUS. Menenius, you are known well enough too. MENENIUS. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are- I cannot call you Lycurguses- if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? BRUTUS. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough. MENENIUS. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. BRUTUS. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol. MENENIUS. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships. More of your conversation would

infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.
[BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside]

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