

# Coriolanus

Act II, sc. 3 (line 61)

## CORIANUS

Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heapt

For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus. I am half through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Re-enter three Citizens more*

Here come more voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;

Watch'd for your voices; for Your voices bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six

I have seen and heard of; for your voices have

Done many things, some less, some more your voices:

Indeed I would be consul.