

# Coriolanus

## Act V, sc. 3 (line 12)

**AUFIDIUS**

*Only their ends*

*You have respected; stopp'd your ears against*

*The general suit of Rome; never admitted*

*A private whisper, no, not with such friends*

*That thought them sure of you.*

**CORIOLANUS**

This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,

Loved me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge

Was to send him; for whose old love I have,

Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse

And cannot now accept; to grace him only

That thought he could do more, a very little

I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,

Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this?

*Shout within*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow

In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.  
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;  
As if Olympus to a molehill should  
In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' let the Volsces  
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself  
And knew no other kin.