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CORIOLANUS   Act 3 Sc 1

Character's age: 30's

1   I'll give my reasons,
        More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
        Was not our recompense, resting well assured
        That ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
5   Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
        They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
        Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war
        Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
        Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
10   Which they have often made against the senate,
        All cause unborn, could never be the motive
        Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
        How shall this bosom multitude digest
        The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
15   What's like to be their words: 'we did request it;
        We are the greater poll, and in true fear
        They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
        The nature of our seats and make the rabble
        Call our cares fears; which will in time
20   Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
        The crows to peck the eagles. No, take more:
        What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
        Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
        Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
25   Insult without all reason, where gentry, title, wisdom,
        Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
        Of general ignorance,—it must omit
        Real necessities, and give way the while
        To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
30   Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
        You that will be less fearful than discreet,
        That love the fundamental part of state
        More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
        A noble life before a long, and wish

35   To jump a body with a dangerous physic
        That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
        The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
        The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
        Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
40   Of that integrity which should become't,
        Not having the power to do the good it would,
        For the in which doth control't.