

## AEMILIUS

**Aemilius.** Arm, arm, my lord;—Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus; **2080**  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

**Aemilius.** Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;  
And, for he understands you are in arms, **2295**  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.