

# Coriolanus

## 1.10

*Alarum. A retreat is sounded. [Flourish.] Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans, at another door Martius with his arm in a scarf*

**COMINIUS** *(to Martius)*

If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work  
Thou'lt 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 5  
And, gladly quaked, 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, 10  
Having fully dined before.

*Enter Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit*

**LARTIUS** O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison.  
Hadst thou beheld±±

**MARTIUS** Pray now, no more. My mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done 15  
As you have done, that's what I can; induced  
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 20  
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 vouched,  
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you±± 25  
In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done±±before our army hear me.

**MARTIUS**

I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remembered.

**COMINIUS**

Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30  
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 achieved and city,  
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth  
Before the common distribution 35  
At your only choice.

**MARTIUS**

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 upheld the doing. 40  
*A long flourish. They all cry `Martius, Martius!'  
casting 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-faced soothing. When steel grows  
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made 45  
An overture for th' wars. No more, I say.  
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,  
Or foiled some debile wretch, which without note  
Here's many else have done, you shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical, 50  
As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauced 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 incensed we'll put you, 55  
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 Martius  
Wears this war's garland, in token of the which  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him, 60

With all his trim belonging; and from this time,  
For what he did before Corioles, call him,  
With all th'applause and clamour of the host,  
Martius Caius Coriolanus. Bear th'addition  
Nobly ever! 65

*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums*

**ALL** Martius Caius Coriolanus!

**CORIO LANUS** (to Cominius) 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 70  
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 Corioles back. Send us to Rome 75  
The best, with whom we may articulate  
For their own good and ours.

**LARTIUS** I shall, my lord.

**CORIO LANUS** The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

**COMINIUS** Take't, 'tis yours. What is't? 80

**CORIO LANUS**  
I sometime lay here in Corioles,  
And at a poor man's house. He used me kindly.  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you 85  
To give my poor host freedom.

**COMINIUS** O, well begged!  
Were he the butcher of my son he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

**LARTIUS**  
Martius, his name?

**CORIO LANUS** By Jupiter, forgot!  
I am weary, yea, my memory is tired. 90  
Have we no wine here?

**COMINIUS** Go we to our tent.

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

*[A flourish of cornetts.] Exeunt*