

Coriolanus

1.9

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Martius, bloody, and Aufidius, at several doors

MARTIUS

I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUFIDIUS

We hate alike.

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

MARTIUS

Let the first budger die the other's slave, 5
And the gods doom him after.

AUFIDIUS

If I fly, Martius,

Holla me like a hare.

MARTIUS

Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioles' walls,
And made what work I pleased. 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me masked. For thy revenge, 10
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

AUFIDIUS

Wert thou the Hector

That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

*Here they fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid
of Aufidius. Martius fights till the Volsces be driven
in breathless, [Martius following]*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemneÁd seconds. 15

Exit