

# Coriolanus

## 1.6

*Enter certain Romans with spoils*

**FIRST ROMAN** This will I carry to Rome.

**SECOND ROMAN** And I this.

**THIRD ROMAN** A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

*[He throws it away.]*

*Alarum continues still afar off. Enter Martius, bleeding, and Lartius with a trumpeter. Exeunt Romans with spoils*

**MARTIUS**

See here these movers that do prize their honours  
At a cracked drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons, 5  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!  
And hark what noise the general makes. To him.  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, 10  
Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city,  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

**LARTIUS** Worthy sir, thou bleed'st.  
Thy exercise hath been too violent 15  
For a second course of fight.

**MARTIUS** Sir, praise me not.  
My work hath yet not warmed me. Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus  
I will appear and fight.

**LARTIUS** Now the fair goddess fortune 20  
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page.

**MARTIUS** Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest. So farewell.

**LARTIUS** Thou worthiest Martius! 25  
*Exit Martius*

Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place.  
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

*Exeunt [severally]*