

Act I, Scene 8

A field of battle.

[Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides,]

[p]CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS]

- **Coriolanus**. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
- **Tullus Aufidius**. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
- **Coriolanus**. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
- **Tullus Aufidius**. If I fly, CORIOLANUS,
Holloa me like a hare.
- **Coriolanus**. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
- **Tullus Aufidius**. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.
[They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of]
AUFIDIUS. CORIOLANUS fights till they be driven in
breathless]
Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt]