

Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obeyed. Please you to march;
 And I shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclined.

Cominius. March on, my fellows:
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. [*they march on*]

[I. 7.] *Before the gates of Corioli*

'*TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout*'

Lartius. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties
 As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
 Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
 For a short holding. If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieutenant. Fear not our care, sir.

Lartius. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
 Our guider, come; to th' Roman camp conduct us.
 [*they march on*]

[I. 8.] *Near the Roman camp*

'*Alarum as in battle.*' '*Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS,*
from opposite sides

Marcus. 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.

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

Aufidius. If I fly, Marcus,
 Holloa me like a hare.

Marcus. 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 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*'

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

'*Marcus fights till they be driven away 'breathless'*

[I. 9.] '*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded.*'
 '*Enter, from one side, 'COMINIUS with the Romans'; from
 the other side, 'MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf'*'

Cominius. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
 Thou't 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 frightened,
 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