

*Martius*

Directed by Abigail Olshin

Written/Composed by Beth Rendely

Please find below all lyrics to all nine songs for listening comprehension aid and/or familiarization with the songs before and during the show.

Spoken portions during songs are included. Stage directions and other elements from the libretto are omitted.

**Upper case portions are sung; lower case portions are spoken.**

**(#01) A Place Calling Itself**

*Collis*

VICTORY TO ROME, THE VOLSCIANS ARE BEATEN BACK!  
AS OUR ARMY RETREATED, ALONE SHE TORE  
INTO THE CITY OF CORIOLES.  
SHE WAS A THING OF BLOOD,  
WHOSE EVERY MOTION WAS TIMED WITH DYING CRIES.  
THERE MET SHE ONCE AGAIN WITH THE VOLSCIAN GENERAL  
TULLUS AUFIDIUS.

*Martius*

THOU ART THE ONE OF MY SOUL'S  
HATE.

I SIN IN ENVYING THY NOBILITY,  
AND WERE I ANYTHING BUT WHAT I  
AM,

I WOULD WISH ME ONLY THEE.

THOU ART A LION I AM PROUD TO  
HUNT.

BUT AUFIDIUS ESCAPED?

*Aufidius*

I'D WASH MY FIERCE HAND IN THY HEART.  
I SIN IN ENVYING THY NOBILITY –

I WOULD I WERE A ROMAN;  
I WOULD WISH ME ONLY THEE.

*Agon*

*Collis*

MARTIUS WILL HUNT AUFIDIUS DOWN SOMEDAY.

*Agon*

MARTIUS WILL HAVE BEAUTIFUL SCARS TO SHOW US FROM BATTLE.

BLOODIED, LARGE WOUNDS TO DISPLAY WHEN SHE STANDS FOR ELECTION.

*Terra, Agon, Collis*

SHOW US YOUR SCARS,  
SHOW US YOUR WOUNDS,  
SHOW YOURSELF FOR  
OUR VOTE.

SHOW YOUR WOUNDS,  
SHOW YOUR SCARS,  
SHOW YOURSELF FOR  
OUR VOTE.

SHOW YOUR WOUNDS,  
SHOW YOUR SCARS,  
SHOW YOURSELF FOR  
OUR VOTE.

SHOW YOUR WOUNDS,  
SHOW YOUR SCARS,  
SHOW YOURSELF FOR  
OUR VOTE.

*Martius*

MY WOUNDS BURN  
TO HEAR THEMSELVES  
REMEMBERED.

NO MORE OF THIS.

PRAY NOW, NO –

*Collis*

KNOW,

*Collis (cont.)*

ROME, THAT ALL ALONE  
MARTIUS DID FIGHT WITHIN CORIOLES' GATES:  
WHERE SHE HATH WON,  
WITH FAME, THIS NAME:  
WELCOME TO ROME, CORIOLANUS!

*Collis, Agon, Terra*

CORIOLANUS!  
CORIOLANUS!  
CORIOLANUS!

*Terra*

WHY DO YOU PRAISE OUR CHIEF ENEMY?  
WHILE SHE WINS HONOURS, WE STARVE.  
OUR SUFFERANCE IS THANKS TO THE NOBLES –  
WE REFUTE MARTIUS!

*Collis*

CONSIDER THE SERVICE SHE'S DONE –

*Terra*

SHE PAYS HER MOTHER WITH BEING PROUD.

*Collis*

SHE WIELDS A NOBLE NATURE –

*Terra*

UNYIELDING NATURE IS HER VICE.

*Martius*

WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
WHAT WOULD YOU WISH ME BE?  
EVERY MINUTE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND:  
THE HATED MAN NOBLE, THE GARLANDED NOW VILE.  
YOU WHO PRAISE BLOOD-SHEDDERS,  
WHO CROWN WAR HEROES,  
WOULD HAVE THE SAME SOLDIER MILD?

*Volumnia*

MY GOOD SOLDIER.

*Martius*

MOTHER.

*Volumnia*

My bloodied Caius, worthy Martius, honored Coriolanus. But O, thy wife.

*Martius*

MY GRACIOUS SILENCE, HAIL, VIRGILIA.

**(#02) A Place Calling Itself: Sicinius' and Brutus' Coda**

*Brutus*

YOU NEED LEADERS YOU CAN TRUST.

Leaders who will not attack you as soon as battle for you.

*Sicinius*

SHE'S A THREAT TO PUBLIC SAFETY.

You should not have to vote for such a volatile soldier.

*Sicinius and Brutus*

LET US DO THE PLANNING.

LEAVE IT TO US.

### (#03) *Virgilia's Song*

#### *Virgilia*

DAUGHTER OF SILENCE, WIFE TO A DRAGON  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW TO A FLAMING SPIRIT.

“MY GRACIOUS SILENCE, HAIL.”

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU?  
I WAS GOING TO THANK MARS  
FOR BRINGING MY  
RECKLESS SPOUSE HOME.  
I WOULD HAVE BEGGED YOU TO STOP RAGING A HERO,  
LAMENTING YOUR NEW SCARS.

EVERY LAUREL CROWN ON YOUR HEAD  
IS ANOTHER SCAR IN YOUR MIND.  
HOW MANY UNTIL I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU?  
'TIL YOU ONLY SEE RED AND HEAR SCREAMS?

AND WHEN YOU DO, WILL OUR CHILD GROW UP THINKING  
SHE MUST BLEED TO EARN YOUR APPROVAL?  
WILL OUR CHILD GROW UP THINKING  
SHE MUST BLEED TO EARN MY PRAISE?

MARTIUS, WHEN WILL YOU HEAR ME?  
WHEN WILL YOU BE MY SPOUSE MORE THAN YOUR MOTHER'S CHILD?

MARTIUS, WHEN WILL YOU SEE ME?  
WHEN WILL YOU BE MY LOVED ONE?

## (#04) Make You a Sword?

*Volumnia*

SPEAK PRETTY WORDS TO MAKE THEM THINK ON YOU.

*Martius*

THINK ON ME? I WISH THEY'D ALL FORGET ME.

*Volumnia*

I KNOW YOU'D RATHER BURN IN HELL  
WITH YOUR ENEMY  
THAN FLATTER HIM  
IN HEAVEN –

*Martius*

THAN FLATTER HIM.

YOU'VE PUT ME TO A TASK I  
CANNOT FULFILL.

*Volumnia*

WHO MADE YOU THE HERO YOU ARE?  
WHO GUIDED YOU YOUR WHOLE LIFE?  
YOU'VE SAID MY PRAISES MADE YOU A SOLDIER.  
LET ME PRAISE YOU FOR A PART YOU HAVEN'T YET PLAYED.

*Martius*

MAKE YOU A SWORD OF ME?  
MAKE YOU A SWORD OF ME?  
DID I SUFFER MY WOUNDS ONLY FOR THE PEOPLE'S VOTES?  
DID I PAINT MYSELF IN BLOOD FOR THEIR PRAISE?

HOW DARE THEY STRIP ME EXPOSED TO LEER AT MY SCARS?  
HOW DARE THEY CLAIM MY BODY?  
HOW DARE THEY CLAIM THE BODY THAT BLED WHILE THEY  
RAN FROM THE BATTLEFIELD?  
MOTHER, WHY DID YOU WISH ME Milder?  
WOULD YOU HAVE ME FALSE TO THE NATURE THAT  
EARNED THE GARLAND, THAT EARNED THE VICT'RIES FOR –  
THE GLORY, ONLY EVER FOR –  
I'M A SWORD FOR YOUR GLORY  
A SWORD FOR YOUR PRAISE  
A SWORD FOR YOUR BATTLES AND  
NOW FOR YOUR POLITICS,  
POSTURING POLITICS, LIES AND –

MAKE YOU A SWORD OF ME?  
MAKE YOU A SWORD OF ME?

O ME ALONE!

I WILL NOT DO IT.

*Volumnia*

SHAME ON YOU FOR MAKING YOUR MOTHER BEG OF HER CHILD.  
THIS UNGRATEFUL DISPLAY DISHONORS YOU MORE  
THAN LYING TO A CROWD.

*Martius*

CHIDE ME NO MORE. LOOK, I'M GOING.

**(#05) Banishèd**

*Brutus*

SAVE YOUR TEMPER.  
IN YOUR ABSENCE,  
THE PEOPLE BANISH YOU UNDER CHARGE OF  
CONSPIRACY TO TYRANNY.  
YOU ARE A TRAITOR.

*Sicinius*

*Brutus*

ONE FIRE DRIVES OUT ONE FIRE,  
ONE NAIL OUT ONE NAIL,  
RIGHTS BY RIGHTS FALTER,                      BANISH THE TRAITOR.  
STRENGTHS BY STRENGTHS DO FAIL.

*Sicinius, Brutus, Agon, Collis, Terra*

ONE FIRE DRIVES OUT ONE FIRE,  
ONE NAIL OUT ONE NAIL,  
RIGHTS BY RIGHTS FALTER,  
STRENGTHS BY STRENGTHS DO FAIL.

*Sicinius, Brutus*

*Terra*

*Agon*

*Collis*

*Martius*

IT SHALL BE SO.

IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO.

IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO.

IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO.

IT SHALL BE SO. HOW NOW, YOU

IT SHALL BE SO. CALL ME YOUR

IT SHALL BE SO. TRAITOR?

IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO. IT SHALL BE SO.

*Martius*

YOU COMMON CRY OF CURS, WHOSE BREATH I HATE  
AS REEK OF THE ROTTEN FENS, WHOSE LOVES I PRIZE  
AS THE DEAD CARACSESSES OF UNBURIED MEN  
THAT DO CORRUPT MY AIR, I BANISH YOU.

Despising you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.



## (#06) Three Months

### *Virgilia and Volumnia*

ONE DAY, ONE SLIPS TO TWO  
DAYS, TWO SLIPS TO THREE  
DAYS, THREE SLIPS TO  
ONE DAY, TWO DAYS,  
THREE, FOUR FIVE SIX:  
ONE WEEK, ONE SLIPS TO  
TWO WEEKS, TWO SLIPS TO  
THREE WEEKS, THREE SLIPS  
BY  
ONE DAY, TWO DAYS,  
THREE, FOUR FIVE SIX:  
ONE MONTH, ONE SLIPS TO  
TWO MONTHS, TWO SLIPS TO

### *Virgilia*

THREE MONTHS, I'VE BEEN  
WRITING FOR /  
THREE MONTHS.

### *Volumnia*

/ THREE MONTHS, I'VE BEEN  
RAGING FOR  
THREE MONTHS.

### *Sicinius and Brutus*

TWO DAYS, TWO SLIPS TO  
THREE DAYS, THREE  
SLIPS TO  
ONE DAY, TWO DAYS,  
THREE, FOUR FIVE SIX:  
ONE WEEK, ONE SLIPS TO  
TWO WEEKS, TWO SLIPS TO  
THREE WEEKS, THREE SLIPS  
BY  
ONE DAY, TWO DAYS,  
THREE, FOUR FIVE SIX:  
ONE MONTH, ONE SLIPS TO  
TWO MONTHS, TWO SLIPS TO

THREE MONTHS.

### *Sicinius*

THREE MONTHS,  
ROME'S BEEN AT PEACE FOR  
THREE MONTHS.  
ALL IT TOOK WAS  
ONE PUSH FOR THE PEOPLE  
AND LOOK WHERE WE ARE  
NOW:  
WE'RE PROSPEROUS.

### *Brutus*

WE'RE PROSPEROUS  
WITHOUT MARTIUS.

### *Terra, Agon, Collis*

THREE WEEKS, THREE SLIPS BY  
ONE DAY, TWO DAYS,  
THREE, FOUR FIVE SIX:  
ONE MONTH, ONE SLIPS TO  
TWO MONTHS, TWO SLIPS TO

THREE MONTHS,  
THREE MONTHS.

### *Agon*

NO FEAR OF HER WRATH.

### *Collis*

NO FEAR OF TYRANNY.

### *Terra*

NO PROTECTION AGAINST OUR  
ENEMIES.

*Agon*  
WE ARE OUR OWN CITY.

*Collis*  
NO ONE HERDING US ALONG.

*Terra*  
ONLY THE NEW VULTURES  
WHO NOW ARE TWICE AS  
STRONG.

*Brutus*  
SHE WOULD HAVE MADE  
YOU MULES,  
BUT WE'VE OVERTHROWN  
THE DRAGON.

*Sicinius*  
AND WITH JUST ONE PUSH,  
ONE STEP FOR THE PEOPLE,  
THE PLEBEIANS NOW  
CAN TAKE THEIR  
ONE STEP,  
ONE DRIVES OUT  
ONE THREAT,  
ONE VOICE FOR ONE.

*Brutus*

ONE STEP,  
ONE DRIVES OUT  
ONE THREAT, ONE.

*Martius*  
ONE STEP, ONE TURNS TO  
TWO STEPS, TWO TURN TO  
THREE DAYS, THREE TURN TO  
ONE DAY, TWO DAYS, THREE FOUR FIVE SIX –

ONE WEEK, ONE SLIPS TO  
TWO WEEKS, NO FOOD LEFT  
THREE WEEKS, THREE SLIP BY  
ONE STEP, TWO DAYS, THREE, FOUR FIVE SIX –

ONE MONTH, BEG FOR FOOD  
TWO MONTHS, ALMOST THERE  
THREE MONTHS, THREE AND I'M  
AT THE GATE OF CORIOLES.

## (#07) THE CONSUMMATION

*Martius*

PREPARE THY BROW TO FROWN.

*Aufidius*

I KNOW THEE NOT. THY NAME?

*Martius*

MY NAME IS CAIUS MARTIUS.  
CORIOLANUS.  
OF THE PAINFUL SERVICE, THE DROPS OF BLOOD  
SHED FOR MY THANKLESS COUNTRY,  
ONLY THAT NAME REMAINS.  
IN MERE SPITE, I STAND BEFORE THEE  
TO MAKE MY MISERY SERVE THY TURN.  
I GIVE YOU MY THROAT WITH YOU TO DO AS YOU WISH:  
TO CUT OR ACCEPT INTO YOUR SERVICE.

*Aufidius*

EACH WORD THOU HAST SPOKE  
HAS DUG OUT A ROOT OF ENVY FROM MY HEART.  
LET ME TWINE MY ARMS ABOUT THAT BODY!

NOW THAT I SEE THEE HERE, THOU NOBLE THING,  
MORE DANCES MY RAPT HEART  
THAN WHEN I SAW MY WEDDED WIFE.

I HAVE DREAMT OF ENCOUNTERS TWIXT THYSELF AND ME;  
WE HAVE BEEN DOWN TOGETHER  
IN MY SLEEP,  
UNBUCKLING HELMS,  
FISTING EACH OTHER'S THROAT,  
AND WAKED HALF DEAD WITH NOTHING.

MY WORTHY MARTIUS,  
LEAD OUR REVENGE AGAINST ROME:  
YOUR HAND.  
MOST WELCOME.

## (#08) AUFIDIUS' SONG

*Aufidius*

MY SOLDIERS STILL FLY TO THE ROMAN,  
WHO TAKES PRIDE IN VIOLATING  
MY COMMAND.  
I SEEM THE FOLLOWER, NOT THE PARTNER.

IT IS MY FAULT?  
I GAVE HER WAY IN ALL HER OWN DESIRES.

AS SHE BEARS HERSELF MORE PROUDLY,  
I FALL  
AND AM DARKENED IN HER ACTIONS.

I EMBRACED HER,  
AND I PAWNED MY HONOR FOR HER TRUTH.

BEFORE HER SHE CARRIES NOISE,  
BEHIND HER SHE LEAVES TEARS.  
ALL PLACES YIELD TO HER  
ERE SHE SITS DOWN,  
BUT SHE KNOWS NOT  
WHAT I'LL URGE AGAINST HER –  
THEY ALL SAY THAT PRIDE GOES FIRST  
FOR POWER HAS NOT A TOMB SO EVIDENT AS A THRONE.

YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL,  
MY SOLDIER,  
WE'LL CAST YOU OUT  
AS SOON AS LOVE YOU.

YET YOU DID SEEM TO SHOW GOOD HUSBANDRY TO MY VOLSCIAN STATE;  
YOU WERE A SERVANT ERE YOU CAME HERE.  
YET NOW YOU SEEM TO WANT NOTHING OF A GOD  
BUT ETERNITY, AND A HEAVEN TO THRONE IN.

IN COUPLING WITH YOU, I RAISED YOU,  
AND I LOWERED MYSELF FOR YOUR TRUTH.  
I CANNOT LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO SPARE YOU.  
IF YOU MUST CLAIM YOUR THRONE I MUST MAKE IT A TOMB.

WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? I CAN'T COMMIT.  
I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU –  
I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE.

ONE FIRE DRIVES OUT ONE FIRE, ONE NAIL, ONE NAIL;  
RIGHTS BY RIGHTS FALTER, STRENGTHS BY STRENGTHS DO FAIL,  
O MARTIUS.  
CAIUS, CAIUS, CAIUS, MY MARTIUS.

WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? I MUST NEEDS WIN.  
I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU –  
I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE, MARTIUS.

MY RAGE IS GONE, AND I'M STRUCK WITH SORROW  
I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU  
I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE  
MARTIUS, WHEN ROME IS THINE,  
THOU ART MOST WRETCHED OF ALL –  
THEN THOU ART MINE.  
THOU ART MINE.  
YOU ARE MINE.

## (#09) The Aftermath

*Martius*

MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?  
MOTHER, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?

*Volumnia*

MY MERCIFUL  
MARTIUS. MY  
LOYAL CHILD  
MARTIUS. SEE THIS  
PEACE YOU'VE  
CREATED.

MY HONORABLE  
MARTIUS.

*Virgilia*

YOU SAW ME FIRST,  
EMBRACED ME FIRST,  
BUT YOU ONLY  
LISTENED TO HER.

*Aufidius*

COWARD, YOU  
COWARD.  
MY SOLDIER, MY  
PARTNER, MY LORD.  
MARTIUS, WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?