

And on the gates of *Lud's* town set your heads;  
Yield, mountaineer.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Reenter Bellarius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour,  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute,  
'Twas very *Cloten*.

*Arv.* In this place we left them;  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of daring terrours; for defect of judgment  
Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

*Reenter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.*

*Guid.* This *Cloten* was a fool; an empty purse,  
There was no money in't: not *Hercules*;  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Guid.* I'm perfect what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report,  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' gods, they grow,  
And set them on *Lud's* town.

*Bel.* We're all undone!

*Guid.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But