

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* 'Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! — *Paladour*,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much  
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,  
And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock;  
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick *Fidele*!  
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour  
I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine nature! how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
(Their royal blood enchas'd,) as the rude wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful  
That an invifible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not feen from other; valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange  
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Reenter Guiderius.*

*Guid.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent *Cloten's* clodpoll down the stream,

In