

Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less: for *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He has pay'd for that: the mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust; yet reverence
(The angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as *Ajax'*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin. [*Exit Bellarius.*]

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

Song.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Golden lads and girls all must,

As chimneysweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to clothe and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak:

The