

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did it,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp*. — If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon't. — Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,

B b 2

And

[*aside.*