

And on it said a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee. —
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave; come, ^a arm him. — Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, fir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revoltors
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of *Cloten's* death, we being not known nor muster'd
Among the bands may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

^a That is, take him up in your arms.

Guid.