

Guid. This is, fir, a doubt,
In fuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor fatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horfes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears fo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will wafte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you fee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And befides, the king
Hath not deferv'd my fervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopelefs
To have the courtefy your cradle promis'd,
But to be ftill hot fummer's tanlings, and
The fhinking flaves of winter.

Guid. Than be fo,
Better to ceafe to be. Pray, fir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourfelf
So out of thought, and thereto fo o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this fun that fhines,
I'll thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did fee man die, fcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venifon?
Never beft rid a horfe fave one, that had
A rider like myfelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am afham'd
To look upon the holy fun, to have
The benefit of his blefs'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go:
If you will blefs me, fir, and give me leave,

I'll