

I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of *Romans*!

Arr. So say I; amen!

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long, their blood thinks scorn, [*aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? — O *Pisanio*!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.
But *Imogen's* your own: do your best wills,

And