

*The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! we have th' advantage of the ground;  
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
The villany of our fears.

*Guid. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.*

*Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hoodwink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes  
Let's reenforce, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

*Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* **C**AM'ST thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did:

Though you it seems came from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought: the king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of *Britain* seen; all flying  
Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely