

Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd  
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf:  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country: 'thwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country base, than to commit such slaughter,  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd) *For shame*  
*Make good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,*  
*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:*  
*To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! stand;*  
*Or we are Romans, and will give you that*  
*Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save*  
*But to look back in frown: stand, stand.* These three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing;) with this word, *stand, stand,*  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks  
Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some turn'd coward  
But by example (o, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began  
A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon  
A rout confusion-thick: forthwith they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,  
Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open