

Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
 Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
 O'er-born i'th' former wave; ten chas'd by one
 Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty;
 Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; though you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any.^a

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. This is a lord: o noble misery
 To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own wo charm'd,^b
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; and hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives in war. Well, I will find him:
 For being now a favourer to the *Roman*,
 No more a *Briton*, I've resum'd again
 The part I came in: fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

^a ---- Than to work any.
 Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhymes.

Lord. Farewel, &c.

^b Meaning that his wo seem'd as a charm which protected him.

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