

Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britons must take! For me, my ranfome's death,
 On either fide I come to fpend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by fome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd! *Lucius* is taken.
 'Tis thought, the old man and his fons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,
 That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of 'em can be found. — Stand, who is there?

Post. A *Roman*,
 Who had not now been drooping here, if feconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of *Rome* fhall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: he brags his fervice
 As if he were of note; bring him to th' king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Prifon.

Enter Pofthumus, and two Jailers.

1 *Jail.* **Y**OU fhall not now be ftol'n, you've locks upon you;
 So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or ftomach.

[*Exeunt Jailers.*]

Post. Moft welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
 I think, to liberty: yet am I better
 Than one that's fick o' th' gout, fince he had rather
 Groan fo in perpetuity than be cur'd
 By th' fure phyfician, death; who is the key
 T' unbar thefe locks. My confcience! thou art fetter'd