

Posthumus Leonatus

Still going?

Exit Lord

This is a lord! O noble misery,

To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!

To-day how many would have given their honours

To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,

And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him

For being now a favourer to the Briton,

No more a Briton, I have resumed 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

Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;

On either side I come to spend my breath;

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.