

Cymbeline

5.4

*[The trumpets sound a retreat,] then enter Lucius,
Giacomo, and Innogen*

LUCIUS *(to Innogen)*

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwinked.

GIACOMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUCIUS

It is a day turned strangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly.

5

Exeunt