

# Cymbeline

## 4.4

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*

**GUIDERIUS**

The noise is round about us.

**BELARIUS**

Let us from it.

**ARVIRAGUS**

What pleasure, sir, find we in life to lock it  
From action and adventure?

**GUIDERIUS**

Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans  
Must or for Britains slay us, or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

5

**BELARIUS**

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the King's party there's no going. Newness  
Of Cloten's death±±we being not known, not mustered 10  
Among the bands±±may drive us to a render  
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with torture.

**GUIDERIUS**

This is, sir, a doubt

In such a time nothing becoming you  
Nor satisfying us.

15

**ARVIRAGUS**

It is not likely

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quartered files, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

20

**BELARIUS**

O, I am known

Of many in the army. Many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves,  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless

25

To have the courtesy your cradle promised,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

**GUIDERIUS** Than be so, 30  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th'army.  
I and my brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so oe'rgrown,  
Cannot be questioned.

**ARVIRAGUS** By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither. What thing is't that I never 35  
Did see man die, scarce ever looked on blood  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison,  
Never bestrid a horse save one that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

**GUIDERIUS** By heavens, I'll go.  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not, 45  
The hazard therefore due fall on me by  
The hands of Romans.

**ARVIRAGUS** So say I, amen.

**BELARIUS**  
No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys! 50  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I'll lie.  
Lead, lead. (*Aside*) The time seems long. Their blood  
thinks scorn  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.  
*Exeunt*