

IV.v

PHILASTER

COUNTRY FELLOW.

I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 WOODMAN.

That you shall, and receive thanks. 145

COUNTRY FELLOW.

If I get clear of this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.
Exeunt.

[IV.vi]

Enter Bellario.

BELLARIO.

A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
Forever if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you. I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you 5
Than quick above you. Dullness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!

Enter Philaster.

PHILASTER.

I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me. 10
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd
And I a loathed villain. If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me. 15
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. *Cry within.*

Hark, I am pursu'd. You gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape. 20
They have no mark to know me but my wounds,
If she be true. If false, let mischief light

5. *corse*] corpse.

PHILASTER

IV.vi

On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy. I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. 25
Wounds him.

BELLARIO.

Oh, death I hope is come! Blest be that hand;
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake.

PHILASTER.

I have caught myself. *Philaster falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here
Is he that struck thee. Take thy full revenge. 30
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death.
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess. Tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me
And I will second thee. Get a reward. 35

BELLARIO.

Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

PHILASTER.

How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

BELLARIO.

Else were it vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha' not bled much. Reach me that noble hand.
I'll help to cover you.

PHILASTER.

Art thou true to me? 40

BELLARIO.

Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in among those bushes. Who does know
But that the gods may save your much lov'd breath?

PHILASTER.

Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do? 45

31. *mean thee*] mean to use thee.

33. *followers*] pursuers (*OED*).

35. *Get a reward*] A line may have been dropped at this point in the Q2 text (Turner notes this possibility); there is a comma after *reward*, the last word on sig. H4^r, and the catchword is *And*. The next line, at the top of sig. I1, is Bellario's speech *Fly, fly, my lord*.