

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains that all the travellers fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little left to lose:

A man I am, cross'd with adversity;

My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan*.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of
thievery.

Val.