

SCENE III.

The Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. COME, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!*

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. — *Poins! Hal!* a plague upon you both! *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew! — a plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat guts! lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal.