

*Fal.* Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

*P. Henry.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou are uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*P. Henry.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this: an I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill, and Bardolph.*

*Gads.* Stand!

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice: —

*Bardolph,* what news?

*Bard.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hang'd.

*P. Henry.* You four shall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* But how many be of them?

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds, will they not rob us?

*P. Henry.* What, a coward, sir *John Paunch*?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*P. Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him: farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.*