

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. *Jesu* bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats: — ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves! young men must live: you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith. *[here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.]*

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild-duck.

P. Henry. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

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