

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:  
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Now Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Lord Percy's House.*

*Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was lay'd; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could