

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

*Poins. Francis!*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Henry.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart —

*Poins. Francis!*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Henry.* How old art thou, *Francis*?

*Fran.* Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be —

*Poins. Francis!*

*Fran.* Anon, sir: — pray you, stay a little, my lord,

*P. Henry.* Nay, but hark you, *Francis*; for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O lord, I would it had been two.

*P. Henry.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins. Francis!*

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Henry.* Anon, *Francis*? no, *Francis*, but to-morrow, *Francis*; or, *Francis*, on thursday; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*, —

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, *Spanish*-pouch?

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*P. Henry.* Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will fully: in *Barbary*, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins. Francis!*

*P. Henry.* Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

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