

*P. Henry.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Henry.* Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Henry.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen.

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew*.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

*P. Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

*Poins.* Pray heav'n, you have not murder'd some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse: thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

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*P. Henry.*