

*P. Henry.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* O 'horseback, ye cuckoo: but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. Henry.* Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Worcester* is stol'n away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*P. Henry.* Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnails, by the hundred.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But, tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Henry.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

*P. Henry.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*P. Henry.* Thy state is taken for a jointstool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king <sup>a</sup> *Cambyfes*' vein.

*P. Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech: — stand aside, nobility.

<sup>a</sup> An old play entitled A lamentable tragedie mixed full of pleasant mirth containing the life of *Cambyfes* king of *Percia*. By Thomas Preston.