

## SCENE XII.

*Enter Sheriff, and the Carrier.*

*P. Henry.* Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry  
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*P. Henry.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,  
A grofs fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Henry.* The man, I do assure you, is not here;  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him:  
And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Henry.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Henry.* I think, it is good morrow; is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

*[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]*

*P. Henry.* This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*:—go,  
call him forth.

*Peto. Falstaff!* fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like  
a horse.

*P. Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: search his  
pockets. *[he searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.]*  
What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Henry.* Let's see, what be they? read them.

*Peto. Item,* a capon, 2 s. 2 d.

*Item,* sauce, 4 d.

*Item,*