

Item, sack, two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, anchovies and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! — What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a^a march of twelvescore. The money shall be pay'd back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's House in Wales.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?

And uncle *Worcester* — A plague upon it! —
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit, cousin *Percy*; sit, good cousin *Hot-spur*:
For by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*

Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale; and with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spok'e of.

^a i. e. it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore yards. See Vol. I. P. 251.