

a villain: and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell; and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

*P. Henry.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd, — still? — Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone.

[*Exit Hostess, weeping.*]

Now, *Hal*, to the news at court for the robbery, lad: how is that answer'd?

*P. Henry.* O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is pay'd back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

*P. Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Henry.* I have procured thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, god be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Henry.* *Bardolph*!

*Bard.* My lord.

*P. Henry.* Go, bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my brother *John*: this to my lord of *Westmorland*. — Go, *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple* hall at two o'clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money, and order for their furniture. The