

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain; farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet: I have misus'd the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banes; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a struck deer, or a hurt wild fowl. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services: and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n; the cankers of a calm world and long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd ancient: and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host of saint *Albans*; or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

X x 2

*Enter*