

action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Hof.* Pr'ythee, sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

*Hof.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

*Fal.* Will I live? — Go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

*Hof.* Will you have *Dol Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words: let's have her. [*Exeunt Hof. and Serjeants.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gower.* At *Basingstoke*, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gower.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaster*, Against *Northumberland* and the arch-bishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good master *Gower*.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master *Gower*, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gower.* I must wait upon my good lord here:

I thank you, good sir *John*.

*Ch. Just.* Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in the countries as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master *Gower*?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, sir *John*?

*Fal.* Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]