

## SCENE IV.

*Continues in London.**Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.*

*P. Henry.* **T**RUST me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

*P. Henry.* It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast! *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I: for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And god knows, whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaseth, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! tell me, how many good young princes should do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is.

*P. Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

*Poins.* Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Henry.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.*