

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. Thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have seem'd so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst they can say of me, is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave *Falstaff*: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

S C E N E V.

Enter Bardolph, and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*!

Bard.