

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

*P. Henry.* Fare you well: go. This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between saint *Alban's* and *London*.

*P. Henry.* How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

*Poins.* Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, like drawers.

*P. Henry.* From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was *Jove's* case: from a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. — Follow me, *Ned*. [Exeunt.]

# SCENE VI.

Northumberland's *Castle*.

*Enter* Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, and *Lady* Percy.

*North.* **I** Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to *Percy* troublesome.

*L. North.* I have giv'n over, I will speak no more:  
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;  
And, but by going, nothing can redeem it.

*L. Percy.* O yet, for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars!  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it, than now;  
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,

Threw