

disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*; — none, *Ned*, none; — no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardise doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down *Bardolph* irrecoverable; and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Henry. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! for the other, I owe her money: and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman —

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis*.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at *Westminster*;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

F f f 2

Come