

I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould;  
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;  
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck.

*Nym.* These be good humours: your honour wins bad humours. *[Exeunt.]*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all the three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white liver'd, and red fac'd; by the means whereof, he faces it out, but fights not. For *Pistol*, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nym*, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. *Bardolph* stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. *Nym* and *Bardolph* are sworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they stole a fireshovel. I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs, which makes much against my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit Boy.]*

*Enter Gower, and Fluellen.*

*Gower.* Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come  
to