

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Henry.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *figo* for thee then!

*K. Henry.* I thank you: god be with you.

*Pist.* My name is *Pistol* call'd.

[*Exit.*

*K. Henry.* It forts well with your fierceness.

[*Manet King Henry.*

*Enter Fluellen, and Gower.*

*Gow.* Captain *Fluellen*.

*Flu.* So; in the name of *Chesu Christ*, speak fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in *Pompey's* camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you and beseech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

*K. Henry.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this *Welshman*.

### SCENE III.

*Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*

*Court.* Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think, it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

U u u 2

*Will.*