

*2 Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. — Here, *Robin*, if I die, I give thee my apron; and, *Will*, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, *Tom*, take all the money that I have. — O lord bless me, I pray god! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much to fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* *Peter*, forsooth.

*Sal.* *Peter*? what more?

*Peter.* *Thump*.

*Sal.* *Thump*? Then see thou thump thy master well.

*Arm.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow.

*York.* Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. — Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

*[they fight, and Peter strikes him down.]*

*Arm.* Hold, *Peter*, hold! I confess, I confess treason. *[dies.]*

*York.* Take away his weapon: — fellow, thank god, and the good wine in thy master's way.

*Peter.* O god! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in the right.

*K. Henry.* Go, and take hence that traitor from our sight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And god in justice hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully. —

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE