

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the duke of *Glo'ster's* purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the costard, with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

*Cla.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Cla.* In god's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

*Cla.* But not as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, loyal.

*Cla.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Cla.*