

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Road or Highway near Feversham.

BLACK WILL AND SHAKEBAG.

SHAKEBAG.

DAMNATION! posted as you were, to let him 'scape!

BLACK WILL.

I pray thee, peace.

SHAKEBAG.

Green and I beheld him pass carelessly by within reach of your dagger. If you had held it but naked in your hand, he would have stabbed himself as he walk'd.

BLACK WILL.

I had not power to do it; a sudden damp came over me;—I never felt so in my life—A kind of palsy seized me.

SHAKEBAG.

Palsy! when you are upon your duty! go, go and sleep, or drink away your fears. You tremble still.—

BLACK WILL.

I tremble! my courage was never yet call'd in question, villain. When I fought at Boulogne under the late king, both armies knew and feared me.

SHAKEBAG.

That might be, because they did not know you. Dog, I'll shake you off to your old trade of filching
in