

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 255

in a throng—Murder's too genteel a business for your capacity.—Sirrah, I have taken more gold at noon-day, than ever you filch'd copper by candle light.

BLACK WILL.

Cowardly slave, you lye.

SHAKEBAG.

A coward! s'blood! that shall be proved. Come on.

BLACK WILL.

To thy heart's blood.

SHAKEBAG.

To thine.

[*They fight.*]

Enter GREEN.

GREEN.

What! are you mad! for shame, put up your sword.

SHAKEBAG.

Not till I have had his life.

BLACK WILL.

Fool, guard thy own.

GREEN.

Pray hear me, gentlemen.

BLACK WILL.

Stand farther off.

SHAKEBAG.

Away.

GREEN.

This broil will ruin all.

SHAKEBAG.

He begun it.

BLACK