

~~Tut, tut, good enough to toss; food for powder, food  
for powder. They'll fill a pit as well as better.~~

~~Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.~~

~~**WESTMORELAND**~~

~~Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor  
and bare, too beggarly.~~

~~**FALSTAFF**~~

~~Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had  
that, and for their bareness I am sure they never  
learned that of me.~~

~~**PRINCE HENRY**~~

~~No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on  
the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is  
already in the field.~~

**FALSTAFF**

What, is the King encamped?

**WESTMORELAND**

He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too long.

**FALSTAFF**

Well, to the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV. SCENE III. Grievances**

**The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.**

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON*

**HOTSPUR**

Start ——— We'll fight with him tonight.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

It may not be.

**EARL OF DOUGLAS**

You give him then the advantage.

**VERNON**

Not a whit.

**HOTSPUR**

Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

**VERNON**

So do we.

**HOTSPUR**

His is certain; ours is doubtful.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

Good cousin, be advised. Stir not tonight.

**VERNON**

Do not, my lord.

**EARL OF DOUGLAS**

You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

**VERNON**

Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life),  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.  
Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

**EARL OF DOUGLAS**

Yea, or tonight.

**VERNON**

Content.

**HOTSPUR**

Tonight, say I.

**VERNON**

Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition. Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up.  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today,  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself. — End

**HOTSPUR**

So are the horses of the enemy  
In general journey-bated and brought low.  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

**EARL OF WORCESTER**

The number of the King exceedeth ours.  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley*  
*Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT*

**SIR WALTER BLUNT**

I come with gracious offers from the King,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

**HOTSPUR**

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God  
You were of our determination.