

3.2 *Enter* NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL *and* BOY

BARBOLPH On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach!
NYM Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot, and for
mine own part I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is
too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.
PISTOL 'The plain-song' is most just, for humours do abound. 5
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die,
[Sings] And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.
BOY Would I were in an ale-house in London. I would give all my 10
fame for a pot of ale, and safety.
PISTOL And I.
[Sings] If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie. 15
BOY [Sings] As duly
But not as truly
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter LLEWELLYN

LLEWELLYN Up to the preach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!
PISTOL Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould! Abate thy rage, 20
abate thy manly rage! Abate thy rage, great duke! Good
bawcock, bate thy rage. Use lenity, sweet chuck.
NYM These be good humours! Your honour wins bad humours!
Exeunt [Pistol, Bardolph and Nym, pursued by Llewellyn]
BOY As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am
boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would 25
serve me, could not be man to me, for indeed three such antics
do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and
red-faced, by the means whereof a faces it out but fights not.
For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the
means whereof a breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For 30
Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men,
and therefore he scorns to say his prayers lest a should be
thought a coward, but his few bad words are matched with as
few good deeds, for a never broke any man's head but his own,
and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal 35
anything and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it
twelve leagues and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and
Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they
stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men
would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's 40
pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs, which makes
much against my manhood if I should take from another's
pocket to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I
must leave them and seek some better service. Their villainy
goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. 45

Exit