

turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting host of the garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host?

SCENE VI.

*Enter Host and Shallow.*

*Host.* How now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir *Hugh* the *Welch* priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o' th' garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

*Shal.* Will you go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry knight. Will you go, myn-heers?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the