

the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather have them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*]

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house, and what made them there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow *Nym*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife, and a thong, to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*^a, go; you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is

^a A noted harbour for thieves and pick-pockets.