

[*Here they both call; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

*P. Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door.  
*Poins!* [*Exit Vintner.*]

*Enter Poins.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Henry.* Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Reenter Francis.*] What's o'clock, *Francis*?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Henry.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in *Falstaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Ribi!* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

#### SCENE IX.

*Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.*

*Poins.* Welcome, *Jack*, where hast thou been?

*Fal.*