

*P. Henry.* What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Henry.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

*P. Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to: these nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

*P. Henry.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

*P. Henry.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

*P. Henry.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. Henry.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

*Fal.*