

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manour, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes barebone. — How now, my sweet creature of bombast! how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was sir *John Braby* from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a *Welsh* hook: what a plague call you him? —

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*; the same; and his son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular —

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry.