

Hof. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For god's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare; he doth it as like one of those harlotry players,
as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-brain. — *Harry*,
I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also,
how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it
is trodden on, the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted,
the sooner it wears. Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's
word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine
eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me.
If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point; why, being son
to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heav'n
prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd.
Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take purses? a question
to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often
heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of
pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth
the company thou keep'st: for, *Harry*, now do I not speak to
thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not
in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man,
whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his
name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful
look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think,
his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly
given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks.
If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the
fruit, then, peremptorily, I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*:
him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry.