

*P. Henry.* Dost thou speak like a king? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? — If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

*P. Henry.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand: — judge, my masters.

*P. Henry.* Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

*P. Henry.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince.

*P. Henry.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me: thou art violently carry'd away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropfies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloakbag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*P. Henry.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Henry.* I know, thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, god help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be

to