

to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*: but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry's* company: banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

*P. Henry*. I do, I will. [*knocking, and Hostess goes out.*]

*Enter Bardolph running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

*Reenter the Hostess.*

*Host.* O, my lord, my lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*P. Henry.* And thou a natural coward without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

*P. Henry.* Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*]

*P. Henry.* Call in the sheriff.