

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

*Host.* Why, fir *John*, what do you think, fir *John*? do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the ticht of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: go to, you are a woman, go!

*Host.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, fir *John*; you do not know me, fir *John*: I know you, fir *John*: you owe me money, fir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell: you owe money here besides, fir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

*Host.* O, *Jesu*! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

SCENE