

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Peto; Falstaff meets them, playing on his Truncheon, like a Fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion.

Hof. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress *Quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What did'st thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go!

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank god on.

Hof. I am nothing to thank god on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

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Hof.