

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, sir *John*? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man, knows where to have me; thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal*? a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*; and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but, as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion; do'st thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee longwinded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am
a villain: