

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous as, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

*Bard.* Hath not the boy profited? Away, you whorson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally *Althea's* dream, away!

*P. Henry.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

*P. Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [gives him money.]

*Poins.* O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

*P. Henry.* And how doth thy master, *Bardolph*?

*Bard.* Well, my good lord: he heard of your grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

*P. Henry.* Deliver'd with good respect: and how doth the *Martlemas*, your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes.

*Poins reads.* *John Falstaff, knight,* — [gives Poins the letter.] Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, *there is some of the king's blood spilt.* How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready