

ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

*P. Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the letter: —

*Poins.* *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, prince of Wales, greeting.* — Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Henry.* Peace!

*Poins.* *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.* Sure, he means brevity in breath; shortwinded. — *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I love thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe.* My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Henry.* That's to make him eat plenty of his words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Henry.* Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us: — is your master here in *London*?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Henry.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord; in *East-cheap*.

*P. Henry.* What company?

*Page.* *Ephesians*, my lord, of the old church.

*P. Henry.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress *Quickly*, and mistress *Dol Tear-sheet*.

*P. Henry.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Henry.* Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, *Ned*, at supper?

*Poins.*