

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou can'st find out *Sneak's* noise; mistress *Tear-sheet* would fain hear some musick. Despatch! the room where they sup is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master *Poins* anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir *John* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 Draw. Then here will be old *Uti*: it will be an excellent stragatem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out *Sneak*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Hostess, and Dol.

Host. Sweetheart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but you have drank too much canary; and that's a marvellous searhing wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can say, what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that was well said: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court — Empty the jordan — and was a worthy king: — How now, mistress *Dol*?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress *Dol*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, *Dol*: we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

E e e 2

Dol.