

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches: for to serve bravely, is, to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely; —

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as ^a rheumatick as to two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goujeres! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [to Dol.]

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hog'shead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack*: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither; it is the foulmouth'dst rogue in *England*.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir *John*; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear — it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master *Tisick* the

^a *She means to say splenetick.*

deputy