

deputy the other day; and as he said to me — it was no longer ago than wednesday last — Neighbour *Quickly*, says he; — master *Domb* our minister was by then: — neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name: now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive, says he, no swagging companions. — There come none here. — You would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swagging; I am the worse, when one says *swagger*: feel masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Pist.* Save you, sir *John*!

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, sir *John*, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress *Dorothy*; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you mistress *Dorothy*.

*Dol.*