

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps if you play the faucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale-rascal, you basket-hilt stale jugler you! Since when, I pray you, fir? what, with two points on your shoulder? march!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Pistol*; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, *Pistol*.

Host. No, good captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd, captain? if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house? — He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*; I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first:

To *Pluto's* damned lake, to the infernal deep,
To *Erebus* and tortures vile also.

Hold hook and line, say I. Down!

Down, dogs; down, fates: have we not ^a *Hiren* here?

Host. Good captain *Peezel*, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horses^b
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,

^a A name he gives to his sword.

^b These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play entitled *Tamberlain's conquests* or *The Scythian Shepherd*.