

Compare with *Cæsar*, and with *Cannibal*,  
And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with  
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Hof.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not  
a *Hiren* here?

*Hof.* On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the  
goujeres? do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*. — Come, give  
me some sack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.*

Fear we broad fides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there:

Come we to full points here, and are & cetera's nothing?

*Fal. Pistol*, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the  
seven stars.

*Dol.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian  
rascal:

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not galloway nags?

*Fal.* Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a shove-groat shilling:  
nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we embrew? then,  
death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! why then, let  
grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds, untwine the sisters three! come,  
*Atropos*, I say. [drawing his sword.

*Hof.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pr'ythee, *Jack*; I pr'ythee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs. [drawing and driving Pistol out.

*Hof.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house,  
before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant  
now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked  
weapons.

*Dol.*