

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet; the rascal is gone: ah, you whorson, little valiant villain you!

Hof. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, fir; the rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, fir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue you! alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face — come on, you whorson chops — ah, rogue, I love thee — thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will tofs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, fir.

Fal. Let them play. — Play, firs. — Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whorson little tiny *Bartholomew* boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon, his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury*