

*Tewksbury* mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' end for flapdragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

*P. Henry.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

*Poins.* Let us beat him before his whore.

*P. Henry.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kifs me, *Dol.*

*P. Henry.* *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

*Poins.* And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not clasping too his master's old tables, his notebook, his counsel-keeper?

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

*Dol.* By my troth, I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return — well, hearken the end.