

*Fal.* Some sack, *Francis*.

*P. Henry.* *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

*P. Henry.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*P. Henry.* Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the lord preserve thy good grace! Welcome to *London*! Now heav'n blefs that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from *Wales*?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*leaning his hand upon Dol.*

*Dol.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Henry.* You whoreson candle-mine you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.* Blessing on your good heart; and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Henry.* Yes; and you knew me as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

*P. Henry.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuse.

*P. Henry.* Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, *Hal*.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, *Ned*, in the world; honest *Ned*, none. I disprais'd