

Come from the north; and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir *John Falstaff*.

P. Henry. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Born with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak: — *Falstaff*, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we
must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door?
how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently:
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, firrah: — farewell, hostess; — farewell,
Dol. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are fought
after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd
on. Farewel, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will
see you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst —
well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty
nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted
man — well, fare thee well!

Bard. Mistress *Tear-sheet*!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress *Tear-sheet* come to my master.

Host. O, run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT