

*Sil.* Indeed, fir, to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of *Clement's* inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

*Sil.* You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

*Shal.* I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cotswold* man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*, now fir *John*, a boy; and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, duke of *Norfolk*.

*Sil.* This fir *John*, cousin, that comes hither anon about foldiers?

*Shal.* The same fir *John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan's* head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a fruiterer, behind *Gray's* inn. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death (as the psalmist saith) is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, fir.

*Shal.* Dead! see, see! he drew a good bow: and dead! he shot a fine shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clap'd in the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old *Double* dead?

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