

foldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

*Feeble*. It shall suffice.

*Fal*. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. — Who is the next?

*Shal*. *Peter Bulcalf* of the green!

*Fal*. Yea, marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

*Bul*. Here, sir.

*Fal*. Trust me, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me *Bulcalf*, till he roar again.

*Bul*. O, good my lord captain!

*Fal*. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

*Bul*. O, sir, I am a diseased man.

*Fal*. What disease hast thou?

*Bul*. A whorson cold, sir; a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

*Fal*. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

*Shal*. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal*. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

*Shal*. O, sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint *George's* fields?

*Fal*. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

*Shal*. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

*Fal*. She lives, master *Shallow*.

*Shal*. She never could away with me.

*Fal*. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master *Shallow*.

*Shal*. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal*. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

*Shal*. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old;  
certain