

SCENE VI.

Enter Falstaff, and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, fir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, fir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: so shall you still be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you fir *John Falstaff*?

Fal. As good a man as he, fir, whoe'er I am: do ye yield, fir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouze up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are fir *John Falstaff*; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmorland, and others.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now; —
Call in the pow'rs, good cousin *Westmorland*. — [*Exit West.*
Now, *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallow's back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I have founde'd
ninescore