

## SCENE III.

*Changes again to London.**Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.*

*Host.* **P**R'YTHEE, honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

*Pist.* No, for my manly heart doth yearn. —

*Bardolph,* be blith: — *Nym,* rouze thy vaunting veins: —

*Boy,* bristle thy courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heav'n, or in hell.

*Host.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur's* bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur's* bosom. He made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, sir *John*? quoth I: what, man? be o' good cheer: so a' cried out, god, god, god, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of god; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so a' bad me lay more cloths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone: then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Host.* Ay, that a' did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Host.* Nay, that a' did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that he did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*Host.* A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

*Boy.*