

Boy. He said once, the deule would have him about women.

Host. He did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember, he saw a flea stick upon *Bardolph's* nose, and said it was a black foul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Come, let's away. — My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let senses rule; the word is, pitch and pay:
Trust none; for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And holdfast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. — Yokefellows in arms,
Let us to *France*, like horseleeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march. Come!

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu!

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewel; adieu! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French King's Palace.

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy,
and the Constable.*

Fr. King. **T**HUS come the *English* with full power upon us;
And more than carelessly it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of *Berry*, and of *Bretagne*,

OF