

and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not (got be praised and plesed!) any hurt in the orld; he is maintain the pridge most valiantly with excellent discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there; I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no estimation in the orld, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient *Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a soldier firm and sound of heart
And buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless stone —

Flu. By your patience, ancient *Pistol*: fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutabilities, and variations: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rowles and rowles and rowles; in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a *pix*, and hanged must a'be: damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death
For *pix* of little price. Therefore go speak,
The duke will hear thy voice;

^a This is conformable to history, a soldier (Hall tells us Hen. 5. year 3. fol. 14) being hang'd at this time for such a fact.

And