

SHALLOW Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth. Come, cousin Silence. And then to bed.

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

SHALLOW Barren, barren, barren. Beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.

FALSTAFF This Davy serves you for good uses. He is your serving-man and your husband.

SHALLOW A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

SILENCE Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall

(V iii: 1-16)

FALSTAFF I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SILENCE Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*Enter Davy.*

DAVY *[to Bardolph]* There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

SHALLOW Davy!

DAVY Your worship! *[to Bardolph]* I'll be with you straight. - A cup of wine, sir?

SILENCE *[sings]*

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine,  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

FALSTAFF Well said, Master Silence.

SILENCE An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

FALSTAFF Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

SILENCE *[sings]*

Fill the cup, and let it come,  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

(V iii: 37-51)

FALSTAFF Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow - be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward - get on thy boots. We'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! *[Exit Bardolph.]* Come, Pistol, utter more to me, and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow. I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends, and woe to my lord chief justice!

(V iii: 127-135)