

PISTOL God save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack. Do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PISTOL I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

FALSTAFF She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

HOSTESS Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PISTOL Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOLL Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PISTOL I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL Away, you cut-purse rascal! You filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! You basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? Much!

(II, iv : 100 - 120)

PISTOL

Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.

'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'

Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.

Give me some sack. And, sweetheart, lie thou there.

*[Lays down his sword.]*

Come we to full points here, and are etceteras nothing?

FALSTAFF Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! We have seen the seven stars.

DOLL For God's sake, thrust him down stairs. I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PISTOL Thrust him down stairs! Know we not Galloway nags?

FALSTAFF Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

BARDOLPH Come, get you down stairs.

PISTOL

What! shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?

*[Snatches up his sword.]*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

(II, iv : 163 - 183)