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**Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, and tragedies**

**Shakespeare, William**

**London, 1632**

**Universitätsbibliothek Basel**

Persistent Link: <https://doi.org/10.3931/e-rara-148581>

The Merry Wives of Windsor

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# THE Merry VVives of VVindsor.

## Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.  
Shallow.

**S**ir Hugh, perswade me not : I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir Iohn Falstaffes, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire. (Coram.

Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace and Shal. I (Cosen Slender) and Cust-alorum.

Slender. I, and Rato-lorum too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero.

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't : and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may : they may give the dozen white Luce in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Evans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well : it agrees well passant ; It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coat.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz.)

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady : if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures ; but that is all one : if Sir Iohn Falstaffe have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evans. It is not meet the Councell heare of a Ryot : there is no feare of Got in a Ryot : The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot : take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha ; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my praine, which peradventure prings good discretions with it. There is Anne-Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistris Anne Page ? she has browne haire, and speaks like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, & silver, is her Grand-sire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventene yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistris Anne Page.

Slender. Did her Grand-sire leave her seven hundred pound ?

Evans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slender. I know the yong Gentlewoman, shee has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilitie is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest M<sup>r</sup>. Page is Falstaffe there ?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lye ? I doe despise a lye, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true : the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers : I will peat the doore for M<sup>r</sup>. Page. What hoa ? Got blesse your house here.

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. Who's there ?

Evans. Here is got's plesing and your friend, and Iustice Shallow, and here's yong Master Slender : that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. I am glad to see your Wörships well : I thanke you for my Venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you : much good doe it your good heart : I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd : how doth good mistresse Page ? and I thank you alwayes with my heart, la : with my heart.

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you : by yea and no I doe.

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. I am glad to see you good Master Slender.

Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on Cosale.

M<sup>r</sup>. Pa. It could not be judg'd sir.

Slender. You'll not confesse, you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault : 'tis a good dogge.

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. A Cur sir.

Shal. Sir, hee's a good Dog, and a faire Dog, can there be more said ? he is good, and faire. Is Sir Iohn Falstaffe here ?

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. Sir, he is within : and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)

M<sup>r</sup>. Page. Sir, he doth in some fort confesse it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeve me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, faith he is wrong'd.

*Ma. Pa.* Here comes *Sir John*.

*Fal.* Now, *Master Shallow*, you'll complaine of mee to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my Deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your Keepers Daughter?

*Shal.* Tut a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it strait, I have done all this: That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were knowne in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Evans.* *Pauca verba*; (*Sir John*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

*Bar.* You *Banbury Cheese*.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

*Evans.* Peace I pray you: now let us understand; there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, *Master Page* (fidelicet *Master Page*) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

*M. Pa.* We three to heare it, and end it between them.

*Evans.* Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my Note-booke, and we will afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great discrectly as we can.

*Fal.* *Pistol*.

*Pist.* He heares with eares.

*Evans.* The *Tevill* and his *Tam*, what phrase is this, he heares with eare? why it is affectations.

*Fal.* *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

*Slen.* I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seaven groates in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece, of *Tead Miller*: by these gloues.

*Fal.* Is this true *Pistol*?

*Evans.* No, it is false, if it is a pickepurse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou Mountaine Forreiner: *Sir John*, and *Master mine*, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denyall in thy *labrus* here; word of deniall, froth, and scum thou lye'st.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hookes humour on me, that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this Hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an Ass.

*Fal.* What say you *Scarlet* and *John*?

*Bar.* Why sir (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himsef out of his five sentences.

*Evans.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheer'd: and so conclusions past the Car-cires.

*Slen.* I, you spake in Latine then to: but 'tis no matter; He nere be drunke whilst I live againe, but in honest, civill, godly company for this trick: if I be drunke, He be drunke with those that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Evans.* So got-udge me, that is a vertuous mind.

*Fal.* You heare all these matters deny'd, Gentlemen you heare it.

*M. Page.* Nay daughter, carry the Wine in, wee'll drinke within.

*Slen.* Oh heaven: This is *Mistris Anne Page*.

*M. Page.* How now *Mistris Ford*?

*Fal.* *Mistris Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leave good *Mistris*.

*M. Page.* Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all unkindnesse.

*Slen.* I hadd rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here: How now *Simple*, where have you beene? I must waite on my selfe, must I? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

*Sim.* Booke of Riddles, why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Alhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

*Shal.* Come *Coz*, come, *Coz*, we stay for you: a word with you *Coz*: marry this, *Coz*: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre off by *Sir Hugh* here: doe you understand me?

*Slen.* I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason,

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I doe Sir.

*Evans.* Give care to his motions; (*M. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will doe as my *Cofen Shallow* sayes: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Country, simple though I stand here.

*Evans.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* I, there's the point Sir.

*Evans.* Marry is it: the very point of it, to *M. An. Page*.

*Slen.* Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Evans.* But can you affection the o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope sir, I will doe as it shall become one that would doe reason.

*Evans.* Nay, got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must:

Will you (vpon good dowry) marry her?

*Slen.* I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, (sweet *Coz*): what I doe is to pleasure you (*Coz*) can you love the Maide?

*Slen.* I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marryed, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolately.

*Evans.* It

*Evan.* It is a ferry discretion answer : save the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely : his meaning is good.

*Sh.* I, I thinke my Colen meant well.

*Sl.* I, or else I would I might be hang' (la.)

*Sh.* Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris Anne.

*An.* The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your Worships company.

*Sh.* I will waite on him, (faire Mistris Anne.) (Grace.

*Evan.* Od'splefled will : I will not be absence at the

*An.* Wil't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

*Sl.* No, I thanke you forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*An.* The dinner attends you sir.

*Sl.* I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth : goe Sirrha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Colen *Shallow* : a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man ; I keepe but three men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead : but what though, yet I live a poore Gentleman borne.

*An.* I may not goe in without your Worship : they will not sit till you come.

*Sl.* I'faith, lie eate nothing : I thanke you as much as though I did.

*An.* I pray you sir walke in.

*Sl.* I had rather walke here ( I thanke you ) I bruiz'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veney's for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

*An.* I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

*Sl.* I love the sport well, but I shal as soon quarrell at it, as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the Beare loofe, are you not?

*An.* I indeed Sir.

*Sl.* That's meat and drinke to me now : I have seene *Sacker'son* loofe, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine : but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it, that it past : But women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

*Ma. Pa.* Come gentle M. *Slender*, come: we stay for you.

*Sl.* He eat nothing, I thanke you sir.

*Ma. Pa.* By cocke and pye you shall not choofe Sir : come, come.

*Sl.* Nay, pray you lead the way.

*Ma. Pa.* Come on Sir.

*Sl.* Mistris Anne, your selfe shall goe first.

*An.* Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

*Sl.* Truly I will not goe first : truly-la : I will not doe you that wrong.

*An.* I pray you Sir.

*Sl.* He rather be unmannerly then troublesome : you doe your selfe wrong indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans and Simple.

*Evan.* Goe your wayes and aske of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way ; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

*Sim.* Well Sir.

*Evans.* Nay, it is petter yet : give her this letter ; for it is a'oman that altogether acquaintance with Mistris *Anne Page* ; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page* : I pray you be gone : I will make an end of my dinner ; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter?

*Ho.* What sayes my Bully Rooke? speake Schollerly, and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly mine Host ; I must turne away some of my followers.

*Ho.* Discard, (Bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag ; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

*Ho.* Thou'rt an Emperour (*Cesar*, *Keisar* and *Phazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe* : he will draw, he will tap, laid I well (Bully *Hector*?)

*Fa.* Doe so (good mine Host.)

*Ho.* I have spoke, let him follow : let me see thee froth, and live : I am at a word : follow.

*Fa.* *Bardolfe* follow him, a *Tapster* is a good trade : an old Cloake makes a new Terkin : a wither'd Servingman, a fresh *Tapster*, goe, adieu.

*Ba.* It is a lite that I have desir'd : I will thrive.

*Pist.* O base hungarian wight : wilt y the Spigot weild.

*Ni.* He was gotten in drink : is not the humor cocceited.

*Fa.* I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox : his Thefts were too open : his filching was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

*Ni.* The good humour is to steale at a minutes rest.

*Pist.* Convey, the wife it call : Steale? foh : a fico for the phrase.

*Fa.* Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

*Pist.* Why then let Kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

*Pist.* Yong Ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

*Pist.* I ken the Wight, he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards and more.

*Fal.* No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeed I am in the Waste two yards about : but I am now about no waste : I am about thrift) briefly : I doe meane to make love to *Ford's* wife : I spie entertainment in her : shee discourfes : she carves : she gives the leere of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am sir *John Falstaff*.

*Pist.* He hath studied her will; and translated her will : out of honesty into English.

*Ni.* The Anchor is deepe : will that humour passe?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse : he hath a legend of Angels.

*Pist.* As many divels entertaine : and to her Boy say I.

*Ni.* The humor rises : it is good: humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guided my foot : sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

*Ni.* I thanke thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me up like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purie too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold and bounty: I will bee Cheators to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: wee will thrive (Lads) wee will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, And by my side weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

*Ni.* I will run no base humour: here take the humour-Letter; I will keepe the haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold Sirrha, beare you these Letters rightly, Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaint, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away oth'hoofe, seeke shelter, packe:

*Falstaffe* will learne the honour of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

*Pist.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Taster lie have in Pouch when thou shalt lacke, Base Phrygian Turke.

*Ni.* I have operations, Which be humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Ni.* By Welkin, and her Starre.

*Pist.* With wit, or Steele?

*Ni.* With both the humours, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

*Pist.* And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaffe* (Varlet vile)

His Dove will prove; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

*Ni.* My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contentis*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

*Qu.* What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Cafe-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

*Ru.* He goe watch.

*Qu.* Goe, and we'll have a Poffet for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-coale-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is.

*Si.* I, for fault of a better.

*Qu.* And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

*Si.* I forsooth.

*Qu.* Doe's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife?

*Si.* No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine-colour'd Beard.

*Qu.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Si.* I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betwene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

*Qu.* How say you: oh, I should remember him: doe's he not hold up his head (as it were) and strut in his gate?

*Si.* Yes indeed doe's he.

*Qu.* Well, heaven send *Anne Page* no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good giile, and I wish—

*Ru.* Out alas: here comes my Master.

*Qu.* We shall all be shent: Run in here, good yong man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne 'a, &c.)

*Ca.* Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, unboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

*Qu.* I forsooth ile fetch it you:

I am glad he went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man, he would have beene horne mad.

*Ca.* Fe, fe, fe, fe, moi foi, il fait for ehando, Le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

*Qu.* Is it this Sir?

*Ca.* Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, de-peeck quickly:

Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

*Qu.* What *John Rugby*, *John*?

*Ru.* Here sir.

*Ca.* You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*: Come, take a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

*Ru.* 'Tis ready sir, here in the Porch.

*Ca.* By my trot I tarry too long: od's-me: que ay ie oublic: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Qu.* Ay-me, he'll find the yong man there, and be mad.

*Ca.* O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Closset?

Villanie, La-roone; *Rugby*, my Rapier.

*Qu.* Good Master be content.

*Ca.* Wherefore should I be content-a?

*Qu.* The yong man is an honest man.

*Ca.* What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closset.

*Qu.* I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee from *Parson Hugh*.

*Ca.* Vell.

*Si.* I forsooth, to desire her to—

*Qu.* Peace, I pray you.

*Ca.* Peace-a-your-tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

*Si.* To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of marriage.

*Qu.* This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Ca.* Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some Paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

*Qu.* I

*Qui.* I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly : but notwithstanding man, Ile doe for your Master what good I can : and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house ; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

*Qui.* Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early, and downe late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would have no words of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Mistris *Anne Page* : but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

*Cai.* You, Iack'Nape : givie-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a challenge : I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvey Iack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make : — you may be gon : it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, hee shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

*Qui.* Alas : he speaks but for his friend.

*Cai.* It is no matter a ver dat : doe not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de Iack-Priest : and I have appointed mine Host of de Iarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I will my selfe have *Anne Page*.

*Qui.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give folkes leave to prate : what the good-jer.

*Cai.* *Rugby*, come to the Court with me : by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore : follow my heeles *Rugby*.

*Qui.* You shall have *An*-fooles head of your owne : No, I know *Ans* mind for that : never a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Ans* mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven.

*Fenton.* Who's within there, ho?

*Qui.* Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

*Fen.* How now (good woman) how dost thou?

*Qui.* The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

*Fen.* What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

*Qui.* In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

*Fen.* Shall I do any good thinkst thou? shall I not loofe my suit?

*Qui.* Troth Sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loves you : have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

*Fen.* Yes marry have I, what of that?

*Qui.* Well, thereby hangs a tale : good faith, it is such another *Nan*; (but I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread : we had an houres talke of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maids company : but (indeed) she is given too much to Allicholy and musing, but for you — well — goe to —

*Fen.* Well : I shall see her to day : hold, there's monee for thee : Let me have thy voyce in my behalfe : if thou seest her before me, commend me. —

*Qui.* Will I? I faith that we will : And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woocers.

*Fen.* Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

*Qui.* Farewell to your Worship : truly an honest Gentleman : but *Anne* loves him not : for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's : out upon't : what have I forgot?

*Exit.*

### Actus secundus : Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris *Page*, Mistris *Ford*, Master *Page*, Master *Ford*, *Pistol*, *Nim*, *Quickly*, *Host*, *Shallow*.

*Mist. Page.* What, have I scap'd Love-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see?

*Aske me no reason why I love you, for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his Counsailour : you are not yong, no more am I : goe to then, there's sympathy : you are merry, so am I : ha, ha, then there's more sympathy : you love Sacke, and so doe I : would your desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee ; I will not say pitty me, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase ; but I say, love me : By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night : Or any kind of light, with all his might, For thee to fight. John Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod of Iury* is this? O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an unwayed Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The devills name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, he hath not beene thrice In my Company : what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth : (heaven forgive me :) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men : how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Mis. Ford.* Mistris *Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mis. Page.* And trust me, I was comming to you; you looke very ill.

*Mis. Ford.* Nay, Ile nere beleeve that; I have to shew to the contrary.

*Mis. Page.* Faith but you doe in my mind.

*Mis. Ford.* Well : I doe then : yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary : O Mistris *Page*, give me some counsaile.

*Mis. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mis. Ford.* O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor.

*Mis. Page.* Hang the trifie (woman) take the honor : what is it? dispence with trifles : what is it?

*Mis. Ford.* If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so : I could be knighted.

*Mis. Page.* What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

*Mis. Ford.* We burne day-light, heere, read, read : perceive how I might be knighted, I shall thinke the worfe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet hee would not swears : praise

praise womens modesty : and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproofe to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but they doe no more adhere and keepe place together, then the hundred Psalmes to the tune of Greensleeves : What tempest (Troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) ashore at Windsor ? How shall I be revenged on him ? I thinke the best way were to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace : Did you ever heare the like ?

*Mis. Page.* Letter for letter ; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs : to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heer's the twyn-brother of thy Letter : but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (see more :) and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt : for he cares not what he puts into the presse, when he would put us two : I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount *Pelion* : Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

*Mis. Ford.* Why this is the very same : the very hand : the very words : what doth he thinke of us ?

*Mis. Page.* Nay I know not : it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty : Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure unlesse he know some straine in me, that I know not my selfe, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mis. Ford.* Boarding, call you it ? Ile be sure to keepe him aboute decke.

*Mis. Page.* So will I : if he come under my hatches, Ile never to Sea againe : Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting : give him a show of comfort in his Suir, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

*Mis. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the charinesse of our honesty : oh that my husband saw this Letter : it would give eternall food to his jealousie,

*Mis. Page.* Why looke where he comes ; and my good man too : hee's as farre from jealousie, as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mis. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mis. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasie Knight : Come hither.

*Ford.* Well : I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires : Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why sir, my wife is not yong.

*Pist.* He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves thy Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife ?

*Pist.* With liver, burning hot : prevent : Or goe thou like Sir *Alton* he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles : O, odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name Sir ?

*Pist.* The horne I say : Farewell : Take heed, have open eye, for theeves doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe sing. Away sir Corporall *Nim* :

Beleeve it (*Page*) he speakes fence.

*Ford.* I will be patient : I will find out this.

*Nim.* And this is true : I like not the humor of lying : he hath wronged me in some humors : I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her : but I have a sword : and it shall bite upon my necessity : he loves your wife ; There's the short, and the long : My name is Corporall *Nim* : I speake, and I avouch ; 'tis true : my name is *Nim* : and *Falstaffe* loves your wife : adieu, I love not the humor of bread and cheese : adieu.

*Page.* The humour of it (quoth'a ?) heer's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I doe find it : well,

*Page.* I will not beleeve such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o'th' *Towne* commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

*Page.* How now *Meg* ?

*Mis. Page.* Whither goe you (*George* ?) harke you.

*Mis. Ford.* How now (*sweet Franke*) why art thou melancholy ?

*Ford.* I melancholy ? I am not melancholy : Get you home, goe.

*Mis. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now : will you goe, *Mistress Page* ?

*Mis. Page.* Have with you : you'll come to dinner *George* ? Looke who comes yonder : she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

*Mis. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her : shee'll fit it.

*Mis. Page.* You are come to see my daughter *Anne* ?

*Qui.* I forsooth : and I pray how do's good *Mistress Anne* ?

*Mis. Page.* Goe in with us and see : we have an houres talke with you.

*Page.* How now Master *Ford*.

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

*Page.* Yes, and you heard what the other told me ?

*Ford.* Doe you thinke there is truth in them ?

*Page.* Hang 'em slaves : I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it, But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men : very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men ?

*Page.* Marry were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that, Do's he lye at the Garter ?

*Page.* I marry do's hee : if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I doe not misdoubt my wife : but I would bee loath to turne them together : a man may be too confident : I would have nothing lye on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Looke where my ranting Host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he lookes so merrily : How now mine Host ?

*Host.* How now Bully-Rooke : thou'rt a Gentleman Cavei-ro Justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow, (mine Host) I follow : Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him Cavei-ro-Justice : tell him Bully-Rooke.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Cains* the French Doctor.

*Ford.* Good

*Ford.* Good mine Host o'th' Garter : a word with you.

*Host.* What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke ?

*Shal.* Will you goe with us to behold it ? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places : for (beleeve me) I heare the Parson is no lester : harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no saist against my Knight ? my guest-Cavaleire ?

*Shal.* None, I protest : but Ile give you a pottle of burn'd Sacke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broome* : onely for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, (Bully :) thou shalt have egress and regresse, (said I well ?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight : will you goe An-heires ?

*Shal.* Have with you mine Host.

*Page.* I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

*Shal.* Tut sir : I could have told you more : In these times you stand on distance : your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what : 'tis the heart (Master *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere : I have seene the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you foure tall fellowes skip like Rattes.

*Host.* Heere boyes, heere, heere : shall we wag ?

*Page.* Have with you : I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

*Ford.* Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wives frailty ; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily : she was in his company at *Page*'s house : and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe* ; if I find her honest, I lose not my labour : if she be other-wife, 'tis labour well bestowed.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardollfe, Ford.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny : I have beene content (Sir) you should lay my countenance to pawne : I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nims* ; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones : I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when *Mistresse Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst not thou share ? hadst thou not fiftene pence ?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason : thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, gratis ? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you : goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Picket-hatch* : goe, you'll not beare a Letter for me you rogue ? you stand upon your honor : why, (thou unconfinable baseness) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the terme of my honor precise : I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of heaven on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle : to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs ; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, under the shelter of your honor ? you will not doe it ? you ?

*Pist.* I doe relent : what would thou more of man ?

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Qui.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good-wife.

*Qui.* Not so and't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid then.

*Qui.* Ile be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

*Fal.* I doe beleeve the swearer ; what with me ?

*Qui.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two ?

*Fal.* Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Qui.* There is one *Mistresse Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this wayes : I my selfe dwell with *M. Doctor Caius*.

*Fal.* Well, on ; *Mistresse Ford*, you say.

*Qui.* Your worship sayes very true ; I pray your worship come a little neerer this wayes.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, no body heares : mine owne people, mine owne people.

*Qui.* Are they so ? heaven blesse them, and make them his servants :

*Fal.* Well ; *Mistresse Ford*, what of her ?

*Qui.* Why, Sir ; shee's a good creature ; lord, lord, your Worship's a wanton : well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

*Fal.* *Mistresse Ford* ; come, *Mistresse Ford*.

*Qui.* Marry this is the short, and the long of it : you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull : the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Canary : yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches ; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly ; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and gold, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womans heart : and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her : I had my selfe twenty Angels given me this morning, but I desie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty : and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles : nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

*Fal.* But wht sayes she to me ? be briefe my good shee-*Mercury*.

*Qui.* Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter : for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleven.

*Qui.* I, forsooth : and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of : *Master Ford* her husband will be from home : alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him : hee's a very jealousie-man ; she leades a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

*Fal.* Ten, and eleven.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

*Qui.* Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: *Mistresse Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a civill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I thinke you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

*Qui.* Blessing on your heart for't.

*Fal.* But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford's* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

*Qui.* That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a tricked indeed: But *Mistris Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little *Page*: and truly *Master Page* is an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life then she do's: doe what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Qui.* Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, he may come and goe betwene you both: and in any case have a way-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednesse: old folkes you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well, commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

*Pist.* This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more failes, pursue: up with your fights: Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

*Fal.* Saist thou so (old *Iacke*) goe thy wayes: Ile make more of thy old body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it be fairely done, no matter.

*Bar.* Sir *John*, there's one *Master Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent you worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

*Fal.* *Broome* is his name?

*Bar.* I Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to me, that ore' flowes such liquor: ah, ha, *Mistresse Ford* and *Mistresse Page*, have I encompassed you? goe to, *via*.

*Ford.* 'Blesse you sir.

*Fal.* And you sir: would you speake with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave *Drawer*.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broome*.

*Fal.* Good *Master Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all wayes doe lye open.

*Fal.* Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the hearing.

*Fal.* Speake (good *Master Broome*) I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have beene a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good meanes as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

*Fal.* Well Sir.

*Ford.* I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating observance: Ingross'd opportunities to meeete her: se'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give mee sight of her: not onely bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what shee would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have received none, unlesse Experience be a lewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

*"Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues,  
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a faire house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir.

*Ford.* Beleeve it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, onely give

give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift: she dwels so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattail'd against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*.

*Fal.* Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, give me your hand: and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir.

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no *Mistresse Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: If I shall be with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance: doe you know *Ford* Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath massies of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the Cuckold-rogues Coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor o're the Cuckolds hornes: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate o're the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night. *Exit.*

*Ford.* What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who sayes this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welshman* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, than my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then she rumi-

nates, then she devises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy: eleven o'clock the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: sic, sic, sic: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

*Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

Enter *Caius*, *Rugby*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Host*.

*Caius.* Iacke *Rugby*.

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* What is the clocke, *Iacke*.

*Rug.* 'Tis past the houre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

*Cai.* By gar, he has save his soule, dat he is no-come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iacke Rugby*) he is dead already, if he become.

*Rug.* He is wife Sir: he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

*Cai.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

*Rug.* Alas sir, I cannot fence.

*Cai.* Villany, take your Rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear: her's company.

*Host.* Blessè thee, bully-Doctor.

*Shal.* Save you M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Now good M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor.

*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, sir.

*Caius.* What be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stocke, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what sayes my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

*Cai.* By gar, he is de Coward-Iacke-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinall: *Hector* of Greece (my Boy)

*Cai.* I pray you beare witness, that me have slay, fixe or seven, two tree howres for him, and he is no-come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man (M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor) he is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

*Page.* Master *Shallow*; you have your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Body-kins M<sup>r</sup>. *Page*, though I now be old, and of peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are Iustices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (M<sup>r</sup>. *Page*) we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (M<sup>r</sup>. *Page*.)

*Page.* 'Tis true, M<sup>r</sup>. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* It will be found so, (M<sup>r</sup>. *Page*) M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworne of the peace: you have shew'd your selfe a wise Physician, and sir *Hugh* hath shown himselfe a wise and patient Churchman: you must goe with me, M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor.

*Host.*

*Host.* Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mockewater.

*Cai.* Mocke-water? vat is dat?

*Host.* Mocke-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

*Cai.* By gar, then I have as much Mocke-vater as de Englishman: scuruy-Iack-dog-Priest: by gar, me vill cut his cares.

*Host.* He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

*Cai.* Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Cai.* By gar, me do looke he shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Cai.* Me tanck you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuett, and Mr. Page, and eeke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the Towne to Frogmore.

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it do well?

*Shal.* We will doe it.

*All.* Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

*Cai.* By gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Iacke-an-Ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him dye: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with me through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farme-house a Feasting: and thou shalt woe her: Cride-game, said I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag then.

*Cai.* Come at my he eles, Iacke Rugby.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

*Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.*

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master Slenders serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

*Sim.* Marry Sir, the pittie-wary, the Parke-ward; every way: old Windsor way, and every way but the Towne way.

*Evans.* I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

*Sim.* I will sir.

*Evans.* Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of mind: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaves costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To shallow Rivers to whose falls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow. Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry.

*Melodious birds sing Madrigall: — When as I sat in Babylon: and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.*

*Sim.* Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* Hec's welcome: To shallow Rivers, to whose falls: Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow; and another Gentleman; from Frogmore; over the stile, this way.

*Evans.* Pray you give me my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

*Enter All.*

*Shal.* How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

*Slender.* Ah sweet Anne Page.

*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* Plesse you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

*Shal.* What? the Sword, and the word?

Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

*Page.* And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

*Evans.* There is reasons, and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you: to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

*Evans.* Fery-well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourescore yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his piace, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

*Evans.* What is he?

*Page.* I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physitian.

*Evans.* Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge.

*Page.* Why?

*Evans.* He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knave besides: a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

*Page.* I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

*Slender.* O sweet Anne Page.

*Enter Caius.*

*Shal.* It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-sunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

*Page.* Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

*Shal.* So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Host.* Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Cai.* I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Evans.* Pray you use your patience in good time.

*Cai.* By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

*Evans.* Pray you let us not be laughing-stockes to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaves Cogs-combe.

*Cai.* Diable, Iacke Rugby, mine Host de Iarteer, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

*Evans.* As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile be judgement by mine Host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Gallia, and Gausle, French, and Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

*Cai.*

*Cai.* I, dat is very good, excellant.

*Hof.* Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machivell? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he gives me the Proverbes, and the No-verbes. Give me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O sweet *Anne Page*.

*Cai.* Ha'do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-fof of us, ha, ha?

*Evan.* This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our praines together to be revenge on this same scall scurvey-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

*Cai.* By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring-me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

*Evan.* Well, I will smite his uoddles: pray you follow.

### Scena Secunda.

*Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof.*

*Evans, Caius.*

*Mist. Page.* Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

*Rob.* I had rather (forfooth) goe before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.)

*Mis. Pa.* O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a

*Ford.* Well met *Mistris Page*, whither goe you.

*Mis. Page.* Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

*Ford.* I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mis. Page.* Be sure of that, two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

*M. Pa.* I cannot tel what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name

*Rob.* Sir *John Falstaffe*. (sirrah?)

*Ford.* Sir *John Falstaffe*.

*M. Pa.* He, he, I can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at

*Ford.* Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

*M. Pa.* By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

*Ford.* Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve scoote: he peeces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the wind; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modesty from the so seeming *Mist. Page*, divulge *Page* himselte for a secure and wilfull *Atheon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry ayme. The clocke gives me my Qu,

and my assurance bids me searce, there I shall find *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather praised for this, then mock'd, for it is as positive, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will goe.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met *Mr. Ford*.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all goe with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse my selfe *Mr. Ford*.

*Slen.* And to must I Sir, We have appointed to dine with *Mistris Anne*, And I would not breake with here for more mony Then he speake of.

*Shal.* We have linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will father *Page*.

*Page.* You have *Mr. Slender*, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (*Mr. Doctor*) is for you altogether.

*Cai.* I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so much.

*Hof.* What say you to yong *M. Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verses, bee speakes holliday, he smels Aprill and May, he will carry't he will carry't, tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monster: *Mr. Doctor*, you shall goe, so shall you *Mr. Page*, and you *Sir Hugh*.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer wooing at *Mr. Page*.

*Cai.* Goe home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

*Hof.* Farewell my hearts, I will to my Honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canary with him.

*Ford.* I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, he make him dance. Will you goe, Gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Mistris Ford, Mistris Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.*

*Mis. Ford.* What *John*, what *Robert*?

*Mis. Page.* Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

*Mis. Ford.* I warrant. What *Robin* I say,

*Mis. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mis. Ford.* Heere, set it downe.

*Mis. Pa.* Give your men the charge, we must be briefe.

*M. Ford.* Marry as I told you before (*John* and *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houfe, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whittlers in *Dorchet Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

*M. Page.* You will doe it? (direction.)

*M. Ford.* I ha told them over and over, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*Mis. Page.* Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?

*Mis. Ford.* How now my *Eyas-Musket*, what newes  
*Rob.* My M. Sir *John* is come in at your backe doore  
(*Mis. Ford.*) and requests your company.

*Mis. Pa.* You little *Jack-a-lent*, have you bin true to us?

*Rob.* I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your  
being heere: and hath threatened to put me into everlast-  
ing liberty, if I tell you of it: for he swears hee'l turne  
me away.

*Mis. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine  
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new dou-  
blet and hose. Ile goe hide me.

*Mis. Ford.* Doe so: goe tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mis-*  
*tris Page*, remember you your *Qu*.

*Mis. Page.* I warrant thee, if I doe not act it, hisse me.

*Mis. Ford.* Goe too then: we'l use this unwholsome  
humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him  
to know Turtles from Iayes. Enter *Fal*.

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heavenly *Iewell*? Why  
now let me dye, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the  
period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

*Mis. Ford.* O sweet Sir *John*.

*Fal.* *Mis. Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mis. tris*  
*Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband  
were dead, Ile speake it before the best lord, I would  
make thee my Lady.

*Mis. Ford.* I your Lady Sir *John*! Alas, I should be a  
pittifull Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France shew me such another:  
I see how thine eye would emul ate the Diamond: Thou  
hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes  
the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian  
admittance.

*Mis. Ford.* A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *John*:  
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make  
an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixure of thy foote,  
would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femi-  
circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy  
foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not  
hide it.

*Mis. Ford.* Beleevе me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? Let that perswade  
thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I  
cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-many  
of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women  
in mens apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in sim-  
ple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and  
thou deseru'st it.

*Mis. Ford.* Do not betray me sir, I feare you love *M. Page*.

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the  
Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the reeke of  
a Lime-kill.

*Mis. Ford.* Well, heaven knowes how I love you,  
And you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keepe in that mind, Ile deserve it.

*Mis. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;  
Or else I could not be in that mind. *Within.*

*Rob.* *Mis. tris Ford*, *Mis. tris Ford*: here's *Mis. tris Page* at  
the doore, swearing, and blowing, and looking wildely,  
and would needs speake with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me, I will ensconce me behind  
the Arras.

*M. Ford.* Pray you doe so, she's a very tatling woman.  
Whats the matter? how now? Enter *Mis. Page*.

*Mis. Page.* O *mistris Ford* what have you done?  
You'r sham'd, y'are overthrowne, y'are undone for ever.

*M. Ford.* What's the matter, good *mistris Page*?

*M. Page.* O weladay, *mistris Ford*, having an honest  
man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

*Mis. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mis. Page.* What cause of suspicion? Out upon you:  
How am I mistooke in you?

*Mis. Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter?

*Mis. Page.* Your husbands comming hither (woman)  
with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentle-  
man, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your  
consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are  
undone.

*Mis. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mis. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such  
a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com-  
ming, with halfe *Windsor* at his heeles, to serch for such  
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe  
cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here,  
convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your  
senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to  
your good life for ever.

*Mis. Ford.* What shall I doe? There is a Gentleman my  
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much,  
as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were  
out of the house.

*Mis. Page.* For shame, never stand (you had rather, and  
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke  
you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide  
him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a  
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe  
in heere, and throw soule linnen upon him, as if it were  
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by  
your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

*Mis. Ford.* He's too big to goe in there: what shall I doe?

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:  
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

*Mis. Page.* What Sir *John Falstaffe*? Are these your  
Letters Knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, helpe me away: let me creepe in  
heere: ile never \_\_\_\_\_

*Mis. Page.* Helpe to cover your master (boy:) Call  
your men (*Mis. tris Ford*) You dissembling Knight.

*Mis. Ford.* What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Goe, take up these  
cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Looke  
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Dat-*  
*chet-Meade*: quickly, come.

*Ford.* Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,  
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest,  
I deserve it: How now? Whither beare you this?

*Ser.* To the Landresse forsooth?

*Mis. Ford.* Why, what have you to doe whither they  
beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck:  
bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,  
And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my  
dreme: heere, heere, heere be my keyes, ascend my  
Chambers, search, seeke, find out: Ile warrant wee'll  
unkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now  
uncape.

*Page.* Good master *Ford*, be contented:  
You wrong your selfe too much.

*Ford.* True (*master Page*) up Gentlemen.  
You shall see sport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

*Evan.* This is fery fantastick humors and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France :

It is not jealous in France. — *Exeunt.*  
*Page.* Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his search.

*Mis. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mis. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, That my husband is deceived, or Sir *Iohn.*

*Mis. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

*Mis. Ford.* I am halfe affraid he will have need of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

*Mis. Page.* Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same itraine, were in the same distresse.

*Mis. Ford.* I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspition of *Falstafes* being heere: I never saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now.

*Mis. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more trickes with *Falstafes*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mis. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish Carion, *Mist. Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mis. Page.* We will doe it: let him be sent for to morrow by eight a clocke to have amends. *Enter All.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

*Mis. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mis. Ford.* You use me well, *Mist. Ford*? doe you?

*Ford.* I, I doe so.

*Mis. Page.* Heaven make you better then your thoughts  
*Ford.* Amen.

*Mi. Pa.* You doe your se'fe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*)

*Ford.* I, I: I must beare it.

*Ev.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heaven forgive my finnes.

*Caius.* Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

*Page.* Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not asham'd? What spirit, what divell suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windsor castle*.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

*Evan.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o' mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Cai.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well, I promis'd you a dinner: come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come *Mi. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mocke him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house to breattfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

*Ford.* Anything.

*Ev.* If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

*Cai.* If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

*Ford.* Pray you goe, *M. Page*.

*Evan.* I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knave, mine Host.

*Cai.* Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

*Ev.* A lowsie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mis. Page.*

*Fen.* I see I cannot get thy fathers love, Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

*Anne.* Alas, how then?

*Fen.* Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth object, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expence, I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me,

My Riots past, my wilde Societies,

And tels me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fen.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,

Albeit I will confesse, thy fathers wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne* :)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew

Then stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:

And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,

That now I ay me at.

*An.* Gentle *M. Fenton*,

Yet seeke my fathers love, still seeke it fir,

If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

*Shal.* Breake their talke *Mist. Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

*Slen.* He make a shaft or a bolt on'e, slid, tis but ventu-

*Shal.* Be not disinaid. (ring.)

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

*Qui.* Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

*An.* I come to him. This is my fathers choyce:

O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd fat is

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

*Qui.* And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

*Shal.* Shee's comming: to her Coz.

O boy, thou hadst a father.

*Slen.* I had a father (*M. An.*) my uncle can tel you good jests of him: pray you Vncle, tel *Mist. Anne* the jest how my father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

*Shal.* *Mist. Anne*, my Cozen loves you.

*Slen.* I that I doe, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slen.* I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jo ynture.

*Anne.* Good Master *Shallow* let him wooe for himselfe.

*Shal.* Marry I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she calls you (*Coz*) He leave you.

*Anne.* Now Master *Slender*.

*Slen.* Now good *Mist. Anne*.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven:) I am not such a sickely creature, I give Heaven praise:

*Anne.* I meane (M. Slender) what would you with me?  
*Slen.* Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so: if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.  
*Page.* Now Master Slender; Love him daughter Anne. Why how now? What does Master Fenton heare? You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.  
*Fen.* Nay Master Page, be not impatient.  
*Mis. Page.* Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.  
*Page.* She is no match for you.  
*Fen.* Sir, will you heare me?  
*Page.* No, good Master Fenton.  
 Come Master Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in; Knowing my wind, you wrong me (Master Fenton).  
*Qui.* Speake to Mistris Page.  
*Fen.* Good Mistris Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I doe, Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire. Let me have your good will.  
*Anne.* Good mother, doe not marry me to yond foole.  
*Mis. Page.* I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.  
*Qui.* That's my Master, Master Doctor.  
*Anne.* Alas I had rather be fet quicke i'th earth, And bow'd to death with Turnips.  
*Mis. Page.* Come, trouble not your selfe good Master Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs goe in, Her father will be angry.  
*Fen.* Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell Nan.  
*Qui.* This is my doing now; Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looke on Master Fenton, this is my doing.  
*Fen.* I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Give my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy pains. *Exit.*  
*Qui.* Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistris Anne, or I would Master Slender had her: or (in sooth) I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and Ile be as good as my word, but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaffe from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exit.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.*  
*Fal.* Bardolfe I say.  
*Bar.* Heere Sir.  
*Fal.* Goe, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Have I liv'd to be carryed in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be serv'd such another tricke, Ile have my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with a little remorse, as they would have drown'de a

blind bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my fize, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I should downe. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should have beene a Moontaine of Mummy.

*Bar.* Here's Mistris Quickly, Sir to speake with you.  
*Fal.* Come, let me poure in some Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellis as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.  
*Bar.* Come in woman. *Enter Quickly.*  
*Qui.* By your leave: I cry you mercy? Give your worship good morrow.  
*Fal.* Take away these Challices: Goe, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.  
*Bar.* With Egges, Sir?  
*Fal.* Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?  
*Qui.* Marry Sir, I come to your worship from Mi. Ford.  
*Fal.* Mistris Ford? I have had Ford enough: I was throwne into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.  
*Qui.* Alas the day (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their e-rection. *(promise.)*  
*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans  
*Qui.* Well, she laments sir for it, that it would yerne your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.  
*Fal.* Well, I will visit her, tell her so; and bid her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.  
*Qui.* I will tell her.  
*Fal.* Doe so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?  
*Qui.* Eight and nine Sir.  
*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not misse her.  
*Qui.* Peace be with you sir. *Exit.*  
*Fal.* I marvaile I heare not of Master Broome: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. *Enter Ford.*  
*Ford.* Blesse you Sir.  
*Fal.* Now Master Broome, you come to know What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife.  
*Ford.* That indeed (Sir John) is my businesse.  
*Fal.* Master Broome I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.  
*Ford.* And sped you Sir?  
*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly Master Broome.  
*Ford.* How so sir, did she change htr determination?  
*Fal.* No (M. Broome) but the peaking Cornuto her husband (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual harum of jelousie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, and (as it were) spok the prologue of our Couedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wives love.  
*Ford.* What? While you were there?  
*Fal.* While I was there.  
*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?  
*Fal.* You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one Mistris Page, gives intelligence of Fords approach: and in her invention, and Fords wives distraction, they convey'd me into a bucke-basket

Ford.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea: a Buck-basket: ram'd me in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords Knaves, his hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry me in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous Knave their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare lest the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went he, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutchdish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing hot, in that ferge like a Horsehooe; thinke of that: hissing hot, thinke of that (Master Broome.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have sufferd all this. My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I have beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her husband in this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse me to my appointment: Come to me at your convenient leisure, & you shall know how I speed: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adjew, you shall have her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford. *Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha? is this a vision? is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible he should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-boxe: But least the Divell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, He be hornemad.

*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mis. Page. Is he at M. Fords already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come sodainely.

Mis. Page. He be with her by and by: He but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?

Eva. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. Blessing of his heart.

Mis. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband sayes my sonne profits nothing in the world at his booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither William; hold up your head; come.

Mis. Page. Come on sir ha, hold up your head; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Evan. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had beene one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Evan. Peace, your ratlings. What is (*Faire*) William?

Will. Pulcher.

Qui. Poulcats? there are fairer things then Poulcats, sure.

Evan. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) William?

Will. A stone.

Evan. And what is a stone (*William*)?

Will. A Peeble.

Evan. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis.*

Evan. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hac, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo hic, haec, hoc*: pray you marke: *genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accusativo-case*.

Will. *Accusativo hinc.*

Evan. I pray you have your remembrance (*child*) *Accusativo, hinc, haec, hoc*:

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the *Focative case* (*William*)?

Will. *O, Vocativo, O.*

Evan. Remember *William, Focative, is caret.*

Qui. And that's a good roote,

Evan. O'man, forbear.

Mis. Page. Peace.

Evan. What is your *Genitive case plural* (*William*)?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Evan. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, horum.*

Qui. Vengeance of *Ginyes case*; sic on her: never name her (*child*) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the child such words: hee teaches him to *hic*, and to *hac*; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*; sic upon you.

E 3

Eva. O man

*Evan.* O'man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cafes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

*Mis. Page.* Prethee hold thy peace.

*Evan.* Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your wayes and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewell *M. Pa.*

*Mis. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*.

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mis. Ford, Mis. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.*

*Fal.* *Mistress Ford*, Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a haire bredth, not onely *Mistress Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: but are you sure of your husband now?

*Mis. Ford.* He's a birding (sweet sir *John*.)

*Mis. Page.* What ho, gossip *Ford*: what ho.

*Mis. Ford.* Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*. *Enter.*

*Mis. Page.* How now (sweet heart) who's at home besides your selfe?

*Mis. Ford.* Why none but mine owne people.

*Mis. Page.* Indeed?

*Mis. Ford.* No certainly: speake louder.

*Mis. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

*Mis. Ford.* Why?

*Mis. Page.* Why woman, your husband is in his old lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffetts himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

*Mis. Ford.* Why, do's he talke of him?

*Mis. Page.* Of none but him, and swears he was carried out the last time he search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his owne foole-ry.

*Mis. Ford.* How neere is he *Mistress Page*?

*Mis. Pag.* Hard by, at streets end; he will be here anon.

*Mis. Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is heere.

*Mis. Page.* Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

*Mis. Ford.* Which way should he goe? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

*Fal.* No, ile come no more i'th Basket: *Enter.* May I not goe out ere he come?

*Mis. Page.* Alas: three of Master *Ford's* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere he came: But what make you heere?

*Fal.* What shall I doe? Ile creepe up into the chimney.

*Mis. Ford.* There they alwayes use to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mis. Ford.* He will seeke there on my word: Neither Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* Ile goe out then.

*Mis. Ford.* If you goe out in your owne semblance, you dye Sir *John*, unlesse you goe out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

*Mis. Page.* Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheife, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather then a mischeife.

*Mis. Ford.* My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne above.

*Mis. Page.* On my word it will serve him: she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up Sir *John*.

*Mis. Ford.* Goe, goe, sweet Sir *John*: *Mistress Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

*Mis. Page.* Quicke, quicke, we'll come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while. *Exit.*

*Mis. Ford.* I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her.

*Mis. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

*Mis. Ford.* But is my husband comming?

*Mis. Page.* I in good fadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mis. Ford.* We'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

*Mis. Page.* Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

*Mis. Ford.* Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe up, ile bring linnen for him straight.

*Mis. Page.* Hang him dishonest Varler,

We cannot misuse him enough:

We'll leave a prooffe by that which we will doo,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We doe not act, that often, jest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, still Swine eats all the draugh.

*Mis. Ford.* Goe Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if he bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch. *Enter Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of the Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had as leife beare so much Lead.

*Ford.* I, but if it prove true (*Master Page*) have you any way then to unfoole me againe? Set downe the basket villaine: somebody call my wife: Youth in a Basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a ging, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the divell be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest

nelt cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passeth *M. Ford*: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

*Evans.* Why, this is Lunatickes: this is mad as a mad dog.

*Shal.* Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too sir, come hither *Mistress Ford*, *Mistress Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (*Mistress*) doe I?

*Mist. Ford.* Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

*Page.* This passeth.

*Mist. Ford.* Are you not asham'd, let the cloathes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Evans.* 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket I say.

*M. Ford.* Why man, why?

*Ford.* Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe? in my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

*Mist. Ford.* If you finde a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity this is not well *M. Ford*: This wrongs you.

*Evans.* *M. Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousie.

*Ford.* Well, hee's not here I seeke for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else but in your braine.

*Ford.* Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

*M. Ford.* What hoa (*Mistress Page*) come you and the old Woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman? what old woman's that?

*Mist. Ford.* Why it is my Maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

*Ford.* A Witch, a Queane, an old cozening Queane: Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, we doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charms, by Spels, by th'Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman. *Enter Fal.*

*Mist. Page.* Come Mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

*Ford.* He *Prather*: Out of my doore you Witch, you Rag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: He conjure you, he Fortune-tell you. *Exit Fal.*

*Mist. Page.* Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you have kil'd the poore woman.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay he will doe it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

*Ford.* Hang her Witch.

*Evans.* By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard under his Muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousy: If I cry out thus upon no traile, never trust me when I open againe.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

*Mist. Page.* Trust me he beate him most pitifully.

*M. Ford.* Nay by th'Masse that hee did not: hee beate him most unpitifully, me thought.

*Mist. Page.* He have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

*Mist. Ford.* What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

*M. Page.* The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the Divell have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I thinke, in the way of waste, attempt us againe.

*Mist. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how wee have served him?

*Mist. Page.* Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can finde in their hearts, the poore unvertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mist. Ford.* He warrant they'l have him publikely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publikely sham'd.

*Mist. Page.* Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things coole. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Sir, the *Germane* desires to have three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me speake with the Gentlemen, they speake *Englissh*?

*Bar.* I Sir? He call him to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses, but He make them pay: He sawce them, they have had my houses a weeke at command: I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, He sawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Ford, and Evans.*

*Evans.* 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as ever I did looke upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

*Mist. Page.* Within a quarter of an houre.

*Ford.* Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnesse; Now doth thy honor stand

(In

(In him that was of late an Hereticke)  
As firme of faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more :  
Be not extream in submission, as in offence,  
But let our plot goe forward : Let our wives  
Yet once againe (to make us publike sport)  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way then that they spoke of.

*Page.* How? to send him word they'l meet him in the  
Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'l never come.

*Evans.* You say he hath been throwne into the River: and  
has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman : me thinkes  
there should be terrours in him, that he should not come :  
Methinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall have no de-  
fires.

*Page.* So thinke I too.

*M. Ford.* Devise but how you'l use him when he comes.  
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*M. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the  
Hunter (sometime a Keeper here in *Windsor* Forrest)  
Doth all the Winter time at still of midnight  
Walke round about an Oake, with great ragg'd hornes,  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,  
And makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine  
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.

You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know  
The superstitious idle-headed-*Eld*  
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age  
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a truth:

*Page.* Why yet there want not many that doe feare  
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hernes* Oake :  
But what of this?

*Mis. Ford.* Marry this is our devise,  
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meet with us.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'l come,  
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,  
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

*M. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and  
*Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little sonne, thus :  
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse  
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,  
With rounds of waxen *Tapers* on their heads,  
And *Rattles* in their hands; upon a sodaine,  
As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once  
With some diffused song : Vpon their sight  
We two, in great amazednesse will flye :  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And Fairy-like to pinch the uncleane Knight ;  
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,  
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread  
In shape prophane.

*Ford.* And till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposed *Fairies* pinch him sound,  
And burne him with their *Tapers*.

*M. Pa.* The truth being knowne,  
We'l all present our selves; dis-horne the spirit,  
And mocke him home to *Windsor*.

*Ford.* The children must  
Be practis'd well to this, or they'l nev'r doo't.

*Evans.* I will teach the children their behaviours: and I  
will be like a Iacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight with  
my *Taber*.

*Ford.* That will be excellent,  
He goe buy them vizards.

*Mist. Page.* My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the  
*Fairies*, finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That filke will I goe buy, and in that time  
Shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,  
And marry her at *Eaton* : goe, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

*Ford.* Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broomie*,  
Hee'l tell me all his purpose : sure hee'l come.

*Mi. Pa.* Feare not you that : Goe get us properties  
And tricking for your *Fairies*,

*Evans.* Let us about it,  
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

*Mis. Page.* Goe *Mist. Ford*,  
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde :  
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,  
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page* :  
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot :  
And he, my husband best of all affects :  
The Doctor is well monyed, and his friends  
Potent at Court : he, none but he shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

*Exit.*

### Scena quinta.

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans,  
Cain, Quickly.*

*Host.* What wouldst thou have? (Boore) what? (thick  
skin) speake, breathe, discusse : brieft, short, quicke, snap.

*Sim.* Marry sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Fal-  
staffe* from *M. Slender*.

*Host.* There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle,  
his standing bed and truckle bed : 'tis painted about  
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new : go, knock  
and call : hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian unto  
thee : Knocke I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into  
his chamber : Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come  
downe : I come to speake with her indeed.

*Host.* Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd :  
Ile call, Bully-Knight, Bully-Sir *John* : speake from thy  
Lungs Military : Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine  
Ephesian cals.

*Fal.* How now, mine Host?

*Host.* Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* taries the comming  
downe of thy fat woman : Let her descend (Bully) let  
her descend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, priva-  
cy? Fie.

*Fal.* There was (mine Host) an old fat woman even  
now with me, but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you sir, was't not the wife woman of  
*Brainford*?

*Fal.* I marry was it (Muffel-shel) what would you  
with her?

*Sim.* My Master (Sir) my Master *Slender*, sent to her  
seeing her goe through the streets, to know (Sir) whe-  
ther one *Nim* (Sir) that beguild him of a chaine, had the  
chaine, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

*Fal.* Marry she sayes, that the very same man that be-  
guil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozen'd him of it.

*Simp.* I would I could have spoken with the woman  
her

her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Hof.* I, come: quicke.

*Fal.* I may not conceale them (sir.)

*Hof.* Conceale them, or thou di'st.

*Sim.* Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What Sir.

*Fal.* To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so sir?

*Fal.* I sir: like who more bold.

*Sim.* I thanke your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

*Hof.* Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (sir *Iohn*) was there a wife woman with thee?

*Fal.* I, that there was (mine *Hof*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter Bardolph.*

*Bar.* Out alas (sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

*Hof.* Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

*Bar.* Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behinde one of them in a flow of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three *Germane-Divels*; three Doctor *Fau-stuffes*.

*Hof.* They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine) doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

*Enter Evans.*

*Ev.* Where is mine *Hof*?

*Hof.* What is the matter sir?

*Evans.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to towne, tels me there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hofs* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Colebrooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vouting-stockes: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well. *Exit. Enter Caius.*

*Cai.* Ver'is mine *Hof de Iartecere*?

*Hof.* Here (Master Doctor) in perplexity and doubtfull delemma.

*Cai.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamany*: by my trot: der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu. *Exit.*

*Hof.* Huy and cry (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: fye, run: hu and cry (villaine) I am undone. *Exit.*

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have beene cozened and beaten too: if it should come to the care of the Court, how I have beene transform'd; and how my transformation hath beene wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dri'd Peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my wind were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

*Enter Quickly.*

*Qu.* From the two parties forfooth.

*Fal.* The Divell take one party, and his Dam the

other: and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their fakes; more than the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

*Qu.* And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou mee of blacke and blue? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd mee, the Knave Constable had set me ith' Stockes, ith' common Stockes for a Witch.

*Qu.* Sir, let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a letter will say somewhat: (good hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

*Fal.* Come up into my Chamber.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Fenton, Hof.*

*Hof.* Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

*Fen.* Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a Gentleman) Ile give thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

*Hof.* I will heare you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keepe your counsell.

*Fen.* From time to time, I have acquainted you With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chuser) Even to my wilh; I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, solarded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested Without the shew of both: fat Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest Ile shew you here at large (harke good mine *Hof*): To night at *Hernes Oke*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Faيري Queene: The purpose why, is here: in which disguise While other jests are something ranke on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry: She hath consented: Now Sir, Her mother, (even strong against that match And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their mindes, And at the *Deanry*, where a Priest attends Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She (seemingly obedient) likewise hath Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests, Her father meanes she shall be all in white; And in that habite, when *Slender* sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her goe, She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended (The better to devote her to the Doctor; For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose enroab'd,  
With Ribands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to goe with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother?

*Few.* Both (my good Host) to goe along with me,  
And here it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar  
To stay for me at Church, twixt twelve and one,  
And in the lawfull name of marrying,  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device; Ile to the Vicar,  
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Few.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.*

*Fal.* Prethee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers, Away, goe, they say there is Divinity in odde numbers, either in Nativity, chance, or death: away.

*Qui.* Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile doe what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

*Fal.* Away I say, time weares, hold up your head and mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the matter will be knowne to night, or never. Be you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes-Oake*, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome) like a poore-old-woman; that same Knave (*Ford* her husband) hath the finest mad Divell of jealousy in him (Master Broome) that ever govern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of man (Master Broome) I feare not Goliah with a Weavers beame, (because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haste, goe along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese, plaid Trewant and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, Ile tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom tonight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M. Broome) follow. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

*Page.* Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember sonne *Slender*, my daughter.

*Slen.* I forsooth, I have spoke with her, and wee have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: but what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a' clocke.

*Page.* The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven prosper our sport. No man meanes evil but the Divell, and we shall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.*

*Mist. Page.* M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor, my daughter is in greene, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly: goe before into the Parke: we two must goe together.

*Cai.* I know vat I have to do, adieu. *Exit.*

*Mist. Page.* Fare you well (sir:) my husband will not rejoyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

*Mist. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fairies? and the Welch Divell *Herne*?

*Mist. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes Oake*, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mist. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mist. Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will be mock'd.

*Mist. Ford.* Wee'l betray him finely.

*Mi. Pa.* Against such Lewdsters, and their Lechery, Those that betray them doe no treachery.

*Mist. Ford.* The houre draws on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Evans and Fairies.*

*Evans.* Trib, trib, Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords: doe as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

### Scena quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mistresse Page, Mistris Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.*

*Fal.* The *Windsor* Bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute draws on: Now the hot-bloodied-gods assist mee: Remember love, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love set on thy hornes. O powerfull Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man, a Beast. You were also (*Iupiter*) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipo-

omnipotent Love, how nere the god drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a Beast, (O Love, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Love) a fowle-fault. When gods have hot backes, what shall poore men doe? For me, I am here a *Windsor* Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th *Forrest*. Send me a coole rut-time (Love) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deare?) My male-Deere?

*Fal.* My Doe with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of *Greene-sleeves*, haile-kissing *Comfits*, and snow *Eringoes*: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee here.

*M. Ford.* *Mistress Page* is come with me (Sweetheart.)

*Fal.* Divi'd me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeathe your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a childe of Conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

*M. Page.* Alas, what noyse?

*M. Ford.* Heaven forgive our finnes.

*Fal.* What should this be?

*M. Ford.* *M. Page.* Away, away.

*Fal.* I thinke the Divell will not have me damn'd, Least the Oyle that's in me should fet hell on fire; He would never else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

*Qui.* Fairies, blacke, gray, greene, and white,  
You Moone-shine Revellers, and shades of night.  
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office, and your quality.  
Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names: Silence you ayry toys.  
Cricket, to *Windsor* Chimneyes shalt thou leape:  
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept,  
There pinch the Maides as blue as *Bilbery*,  
Our radiant Queene hates Sluts and sluttery.

*Fal.* They are Fairies, he that speakes to them shall die.  
He winke and conch: No man their workes must eye.

*Ev.* Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid  
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,  
Raife up the Organs of her fantasie,  
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancy,  
But those as sleepe and thinke not on their finnes,  
Pinch them armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shinnes.

*Qu.* About, about:  
Search *Windsor* Castle (Elves) within, and out.  
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every sacred roome,  
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,  
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,  
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.  
The severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre  
With juyce of Balme; and every precious flowre,  
Each faire Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest,  
With loyall Blazon evermore be blest.  
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing  
Like to the *Garters*. Compasse in a Ring,  
Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,  
More fertile-fresh then all the field to see:  
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pense*, write  
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blue, and white,  
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich Embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;  
Fairies use Flowers for their Characterie,  
Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,  
Our dance of custome round about the Oke  
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

*Ev.* Pray you locke hand in hand, your selves in order set;  
And twenty Glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes be  
To guide our Measure round about the tree.  
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,  
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe.

*Pist.* Wilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy birth.

*Qu.* With tryall-fire touch me his finger end:  
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend  
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A triall, come.

*Evans.* Come, will this wood take fire?

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Qu.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.  
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull Rime,  
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

*Fie on sinfull phantasie: Fie on Lust and Luxurie:  
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts doe blow them higher and higher.*

*Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: pinch him for his Villanie.  
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,  
Till Candles, and Starlight, and Moone-shine be out.*

*Page.* Nay doe not flye, I thinke we have watcht you  
now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your  
turne?

*M. Page.* I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher.  
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windsor* Wives?  
See you these husbands? Doe not these faire Okes  
Become the *Forrest* better then the Towne?

*Ford.* Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

*M. Broome.* *Falstaff's* a Knave, a Cuckoldly Knave,  
Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:  
And Master *Broome*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*,  
but his Buck-basket, his Cudgell, and twenty pounds of  
money, which must be paid to *M. Broome*, his horses are  
arrested for it, *M. Broome*.

*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn*, we have had ill lucke: we could never  
meet: I will never take you for my Love againe, but  
I will alwayes count you my Deere.

*Fal.* I doe begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

*Ford.* I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not Fairies:  
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not  
Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine  
surprize of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the fop-  
pery into a receiv'd believe, in despight of the teeth of all  
rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how  
wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill im-  
ployment.

*Evans.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, serve Got, and leave your  
desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

*Evans.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray  
you.

*Ford.*

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to wooe her in good *English*.

*Fal.* Have I laid my braine in the Sunne and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

*Evan.* Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Seefe and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realme.

*Mist. Page.* Why Sir *John*, doe you thinke, though we would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Divell could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a Hodge-pudding? A bag of Flax?

*Mist. Page.* A puff man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

*Page.* And as poore as *Iob*.

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Evan.* And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearing, and staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a Plummet ore me, use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry sir, wee'l bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr *Broome*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have beene a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerefull Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

*Mist. Page.* Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Caius* wife.

*Enter Slender.*

*Slender.* Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

*Page.* Sonne? How now? How now sonne, Have you dispatch'd?

*Slender.* Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

*Page.* Of what, sonne?

*Slender.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and shee's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not beene i't Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd mee. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might never stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

*Page.* Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

*Slender.* What need you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had beene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparell) I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter By her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in greene, and cryed Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters Boy.

*Mist. Page.* Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed shee is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

*Enter Caius.*

*Caius.* Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married one Garfoone, a Boe; oon Pefant, by gar: A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

*M. Pa.* Why? did you take her in white?

*Caius.* I be gar, and 'tis a Boy: be gar, Ile raise all *Windsor*.

*Ford.* This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

*Page.* My heart misgives me, here comes M. *Fenton*. How now M. *Fenton*?

*An.* Pardon good father, good my mother pardon,

*Page.* Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with M. *Slender*?

*M. Pa.* Why went you not with M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor Maid?

*Fen.* You doe amaze her: heare the truth of it,

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:

Th'offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious curf'd houres

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Staid not amaz'd, here is no remedy:

In Love, the heavens themselves doe guide the state,

Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have tane a speciall stand

to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee

joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs runne, all sorts of Deere are

chac'd.

*M. Pa.* Well, I will muse no further: M. *Fenton*,

Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:

Good husband, let us every one goe home,

And laugh this sport ore by a countrey fire,

Sir *John* and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so (Sir *John*):

To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*